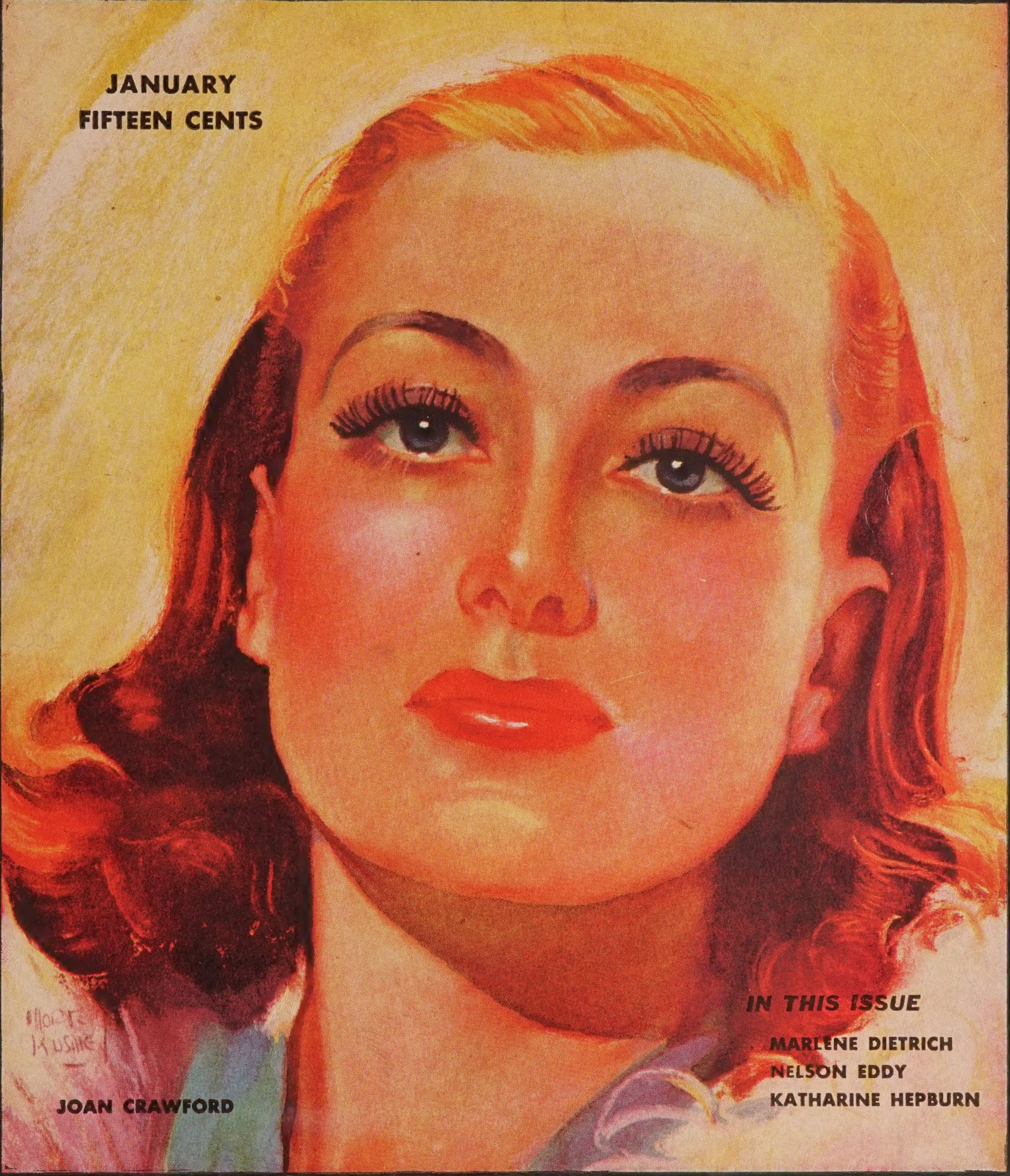
MODERN MOVIES

JANUARY
FIFTEEN CENTS



JOAN CRAWFORD

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NELSON EDDY
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WHY GINGER ROGERS STEALS PICTURES!

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WITH
JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE
FROM THE STORY BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Screen Play by
P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

RKO RADIO PICTURES

THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC
Vol. 1, No. 7
JANUARY, 1938

MODERN MOVIES

ON THE COVER
JOAN CRAWFORD
Painting by Morr Kusnet

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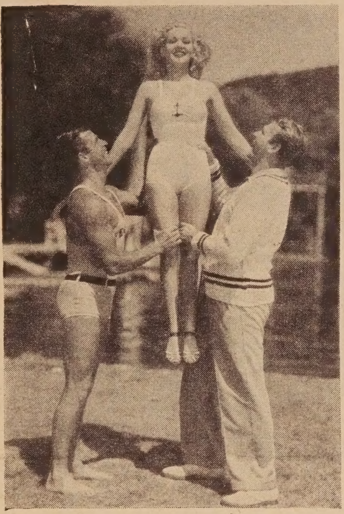
IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

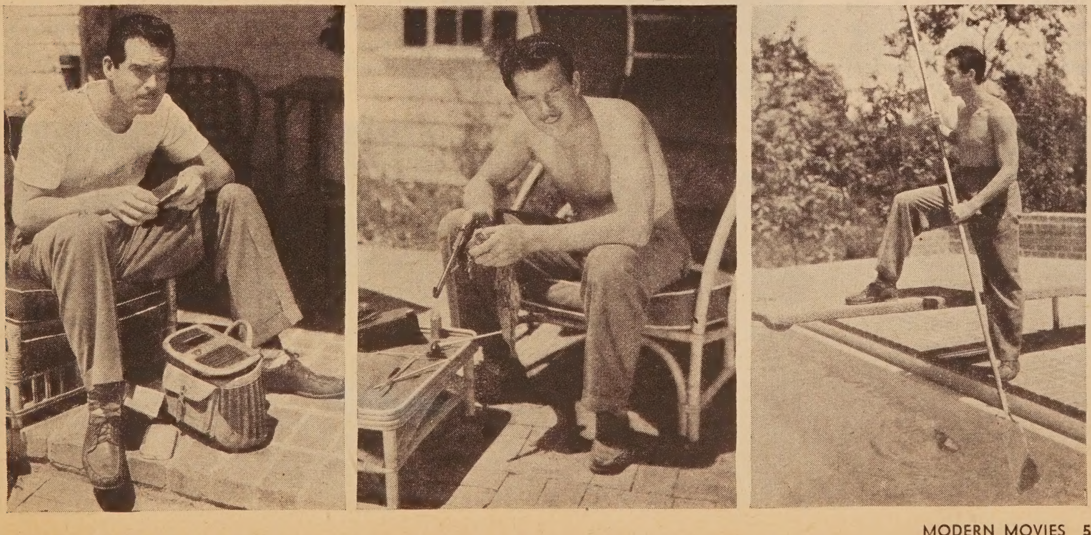
CHATTER: Martha Raye is showing a tender spot in her hotcha makeup . . . . she has made room in her life for enough time to play nurse to a children's hospital in Los Angeles . . . . Keye Luke, Charlie Chan's No. One son, is to exhibit a group of sketches and paintings in New York this winter . . . . Luke to you, Keye . . . . we asked Francis Lederer how much truth there was in the report he and Margo were to be married soon . . . . Lederer said, "All he knew about it was what he read in the newspapers" and it happened the next day! . . . . if you've wondered what's happened to those old favorites, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, they're in South Africa making personal appearances, but will be back in Hollywood in time for Christmas . . . . Freddie Bartholomew returned hurriedly to the Metro lot this month after being on the outs with them . . . . since there's a New Zealand youth by the name of Ronald Sinclair of Freddie's age doing some fancy emoting on that same lot, maybe Freddie's aunt thought it was high time for Freddie to show up . . . . another foreign star to become an American citizen is Anna Sten . . . . is it true there's an actor in Hollywood called "Omar, the Test Maker," because no producer can yet make up his mind to employ the thespian? . . . . Warners' producers are considering the erection of a temporary storage building on the lot due to the fact that Fernand Gravet, their French star, can't find an apartment house in Hollywood willing to store his twenty seven trunks and thirteen pieces of hand luggage . . . . Culver City's greatest publicity stunt to date—that of trying to cop the title of "Hollywood" ended when officials of both cities buried a hatchet in the cement of Grauman's Chinese with no less than Governor Merriam on hand to do some cheering.



Larry Crabbe and Leif Erikson give Betty Grable a "lift." Pleasant work, lads, and you're very lucky to get it

✦

A day in the life of Fred MacMurray. Left, fixing up his fishing tackle "in case—" Center, next he takes a turn at polishing his shooting irons. Lastly, he feels around in his swimming pool for things that people drop there



"I AM a first rate heel who gets into every one's hair.

"To the actors I am a constant annoyance, their moral enemy; to the extras, a bully; to the director an usurper of his functions and to all departments in movie production, an excitable madman.

"I am an assistant director."

So said Walter Mayo of Hollywood. Oh, Mr. Ripley, where are you?

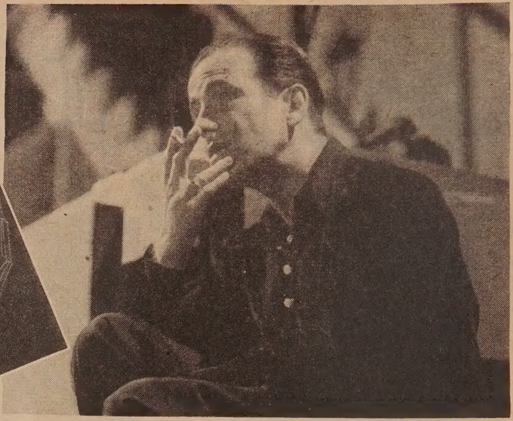
W. C. FIELDS feels so healthy these days that he's lost years and years. So much so that he looked into the mirror one morning, thought he was facing Baby LeRoy and smashed the glass in vexation.

MOVIE dictionary: (Courtesy of Archie Mayo)

Extra: Home brew with a taste for champagne.

Hollywood: A slice of Heaven

Johnny Davis is here being a bad boy as he demonstrates the effect of cigarette smoke on a spider



Humphrey Bogart, the well known screen "villain," on the set for his role in "Swing Your Lady," gives a careful once-over

Bob Burns, the radio star with the friendly voice, has a role in "Wells Fargo" as an Indian scout and express messenger. Some headdress he wears!

built for a DeMille retake.

Hollywood Boulevard: A cow path that thinks it's Garbo.

Character Actor: A beard supporting a man.

Director: A maniac depressive on the upswing.

ANNA MAY WONG'S unique hobby between scenes is working crossword puzzles—not in English, which is hard enough—but in Chinese.

HAIL, Hail, Vick is mightier than the swordfish!

Yes, Victor Moore caught his first swordfish, after trying for twenty-two long, patient years. It weighed 177 pounds.

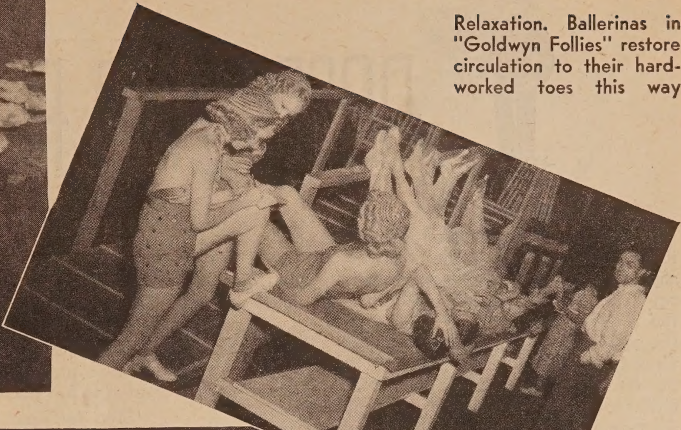
"I was so happy after he was landed," said Moore, "that I just wanted to lie

High kickers all! Such merry, merry doings as are these of Edward Arnold, Shirley Ross and John Trent on the Paramount lot. Looks like fun!

"Smoke gracefully if you smoke," says Sandra Storme. And who should know better than she? Pose is perfect

Gloria Youngblood, of Samuel Goldwyn's, shows the correct way to walk a lion. His name is "Jackie, Jr." He's an amiable pal

Wayne Morris, the ladies' new delight, is an ardent duck hunter during the season



Relaxation. Ballerinas in "Goldwyn Follies" restore circulation to their hard-worked toes this way

down in the bottom of the boat with him!"

REFINEMENT in detail with the old common denominator blazed into the eyes of this columnist the other day. It seems that years ago, Pola Negri lolled in a swanky bed when she made "Deception," and now Gladys Swarthout is to do some lolling in "The Yellow Nightingale," in the same bed which makes for something common to Gladys and Pola.

M*ORE movie dictionary:*

Blonde: a bottle baby.

Brunette: A lady who expected too much of love.

Red-head: Your choice and mine. (This number is to be sung with music.)

CHROMOSOMES, chromatics, color or whatever it is *(Continued on page 9)*

A shot of milk for Mischa Auer, sensational screen comic in Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." That's his picture costume, not his usual attire

Hugh Herbert wears panties while doing the family cooking at Malibu Beach under the keen eye of his Missus

Spencer Tracy dashes into polo action at Riviera Polo Field. Spencer raises his own ponies

The lady at the helm is Ian Hunter's wife. He's watching for shoals, apparently

ROSES AND RAZZES

At Last, Movies Are O.K.

Something has happened the last three or four years—something very significant. Ever since I was a kid the squawk has been going up—"What's the matter with the movies?" Well, the squawkers seem at last to be convinced that nothing is wrong with movies. The last ditch critics are either moping in caves or have themselves gone to Hollywood. They saw the stage play "Dead End," and they thought it great. Then they saw the movie version and found it even greater. They whooped it up for "Stage Play," but when they saw the *real* thing on the screen—so much better than the "legitimate theatre" could do it—they realized, about twenty years too late, that not only had the screen "arrived," but that it was a few hundred laps ahead of the stage.

Berton Simpson
Chattanooga, Tenn.

✦

Not Treating Barbara Stanwyck Right?

I have just finished reading Katherine Albert's article in *Modern Movies* entitled, "Why Is Robert Taylor In England?" I think her treatment of Barbara Stanwyck is contemptible. She infers that Barbara is not good enough for Robert Taylor. I think he would be mighty lucky to get such a splendid character but I can't see what she would get.

The only thing he had to recommend him was good looks and an attractive manner. You imply he should marry some fresh young thing. I wonder how long that sort of marriage would last.

Barbara Stanwyck deserves better treatment than you have given her. I don't believe there are many men in Hollywood deserving of her.

M.E.B.,
New York City.

✦

Perhaps Barbara Is Thinking Things Over

Now that *Modern Movies* has "aired" the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck situation a big light has dawned on me. I am an admirer of both. Barbara is a great actress and a fine trouper. Robert is still an unsophisticated young man, more or less at the mercy of reporters and publicity departments. Those persons who have been trying to rush the two stars into matrimony, ought, I think, to be ashamed of themselves. And, isn't there still another angle? Perhaps Barbara is waiting until Robert has oriented himself in the new and confusing world of motion picture production before coming to *her* decision.

Elva Jenkins
Atlanta, Georgia.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

More Cheers for Bob and Barbara

I like Robert Taylor. I think he's a he-man. I can't see what he has said or done in Hollywood, New York or London, to lessen anyone's admiration for him. Every word the press has quoted as his is straightforward, honest and manly. But he's a shining mark, and, oh, how the scandal mongrels like to mow him down. It's the great American game—"A hero today, a bum tomorrow," you know. But this time the poison has failed to work. He's still tops with his public, and what a public he has!

Katherine Albert's article on Robert and Barbara Stanwyck was candid and fair. I admire both of them all the more after reading it.

Bess LaQuoin
New Orleans, La.

✦

A Recipe for Happiness

After looking through *Modern Movies* the other night, it occurred to me to register my opinion as to who are the screen's handsomest (men of course,) and here is my conclusion: Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, George Brent, Ronald Colman, John Howard, John Boles, Fredric March, Nelson Eddy, Brian Aherne. I think I could be happy with any one of them.

Lucille B.
Great Oaks, Mich.

✦

The "Divine Joan Blondell"

How Joan Blondell rings the bell these days! She's a knockout in "Back in Circulation," and "The Perfect Specimen." The first is just a so-so picture, but Joan, ably aided and abetted by Pat O'Brien, gives it a real punch. The acting is far greater than the story. But "The Perfect Specimen"—*there's* a honey! Joan, as the harum-scarum professor's daughter, is perfectly divine.

Richard Ames
Philadelphia, Pa.

✦

Long Distance Reader

Just a short note telling you how much I enjoy reading *Modern Movies.*

My girl friend, who lives on Long Island, sends me *Modern Movies* each month, and it's so interesting. I do enjoy reading Roses and Razzes, and this month you've got a grand story about Joan Crawford, Simone Simon and Milton Berle.

Well, here's to more success for *Modern Movies.*

Margaret Hunt,
Cardiff, Wales.

✦

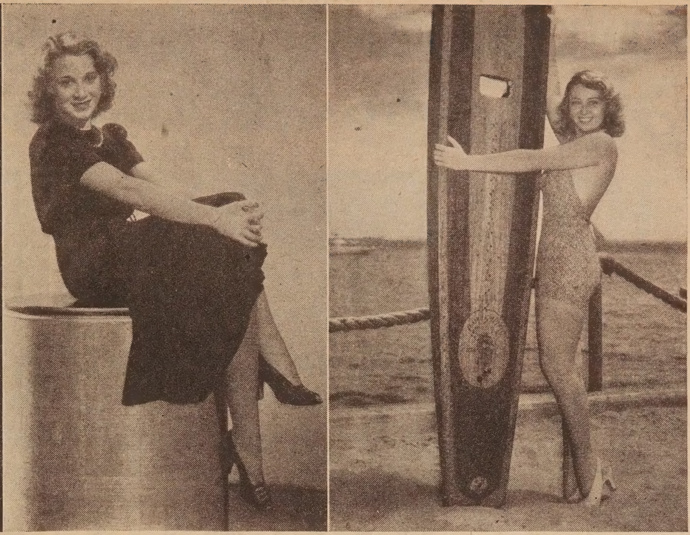
"The Screen's Twenty Greatest"?

Who are the big twenty in motion pictures? Here's the way to find out: Just hang the name of any one of them over the marquee of any theatre and see how the crowd lines up at the box office. The film is only secondary. Here's my list: Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers, Tyrone Power, Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Janet Gaynor, Dick Powell, Nelson Eddy, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Paul Muni, Fred Astaire, Robert Taylor, Marlene Dietrich, Errol Flynn.

The score that never fail to ring the bell!

Arthur Peterson
Chicago, Ill.

Now in "The Great Garrick," Marie Wilson here does an off-screen shot as "Salome." Read her story on Page 38



Two different poses of Joan Blondell? Oh, no! That's Joan at the right, but the other is her sister, Gloria Blondell, cast in "Accidents Will Happen," now under production at Warner Brothers' studio

It Happens in Hollywood

(Continued from page 7)

hits 'em all sooner or later. This may explain Robert Cummings' yen for color in transportation. His latest is a red motorcycle which joins his collection of a green motor bike, a blue automobile and a silver airplane.

SOME indication of what a tousled haired trumpeteer is doing to young hearts these days may be gleaned from the records. Yes, Johnnie Davis, the fair haired sensation of Warners' "Varsity Show" is the boy. We quote from the Warners' fan mail statistic expert.

Errol Flynn receives on the average one hundred letters daily, and the handsome Irish adventurer is the top drawing male star on the Burbank lot. Johnnie Davis, with one picture to his credit, is receiving the astounding rate of eighty letters per day.

FOR years, little Republic studio has been struggling along without a publicity department. Interviewers wandered in and out hardly knowing what was going on—and we'll have no cracks about that being a chronic state for said scribes, either.

Now, capable Hubert Voight is making the fur fly at the Republic lot. Inasmuch as Republic is one of the industry's best producers of horse operas, it's

(Continued on page 79)

Very soulful. Very! Cliff Edwards rolls his eyes ecstatically, while Robert Benchley suspects sour notes. But music is sweet to Rosalind Russell. Quite a smile, that!

WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!

A million dollars worth of fun, glamour and romance!

Claudette
COLBERT
Charles
BOYER

IN THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York... now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic.

Basil
RATHBONE
Anita
LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER
ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow — who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"

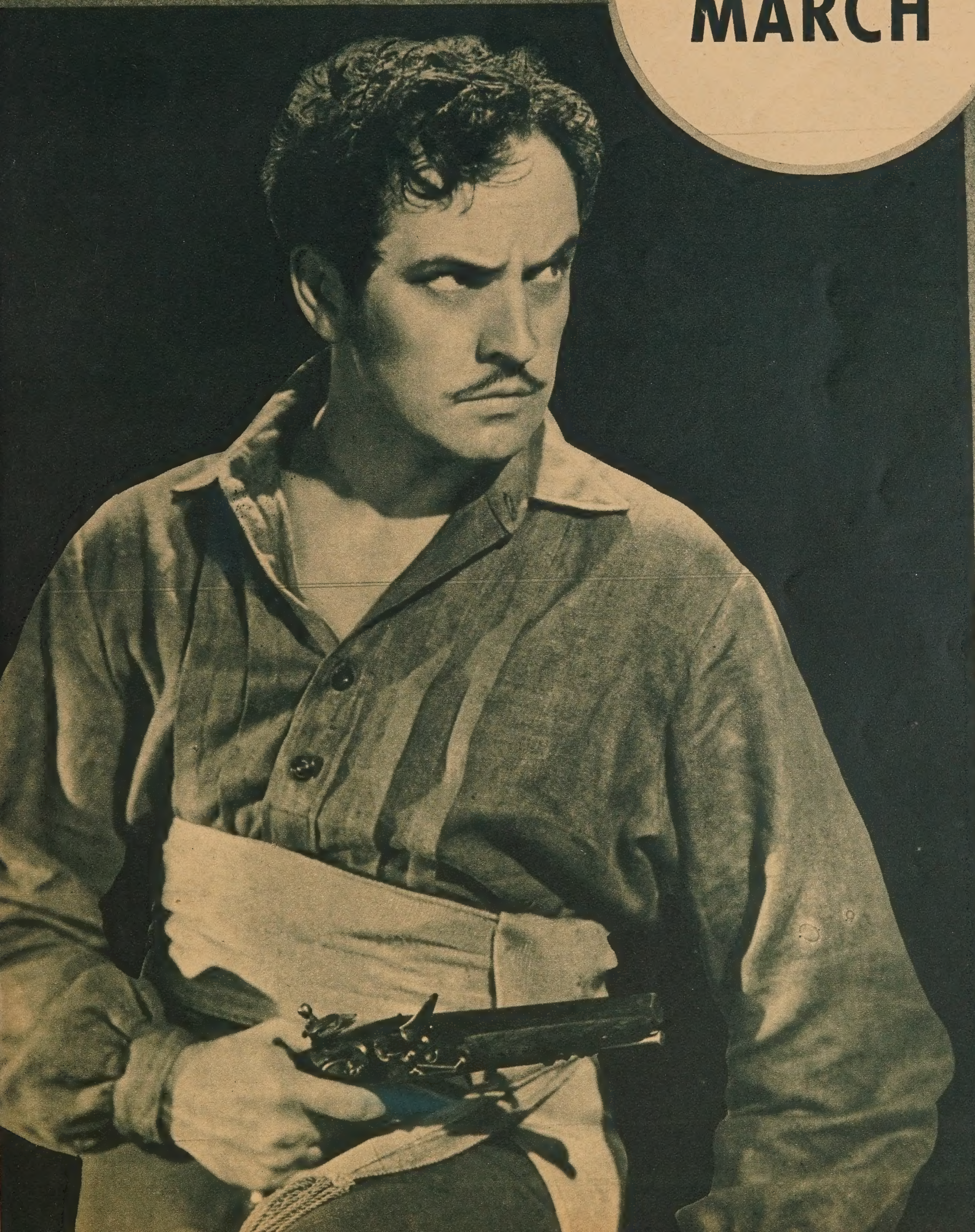
The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank and not a sou they could call their own!

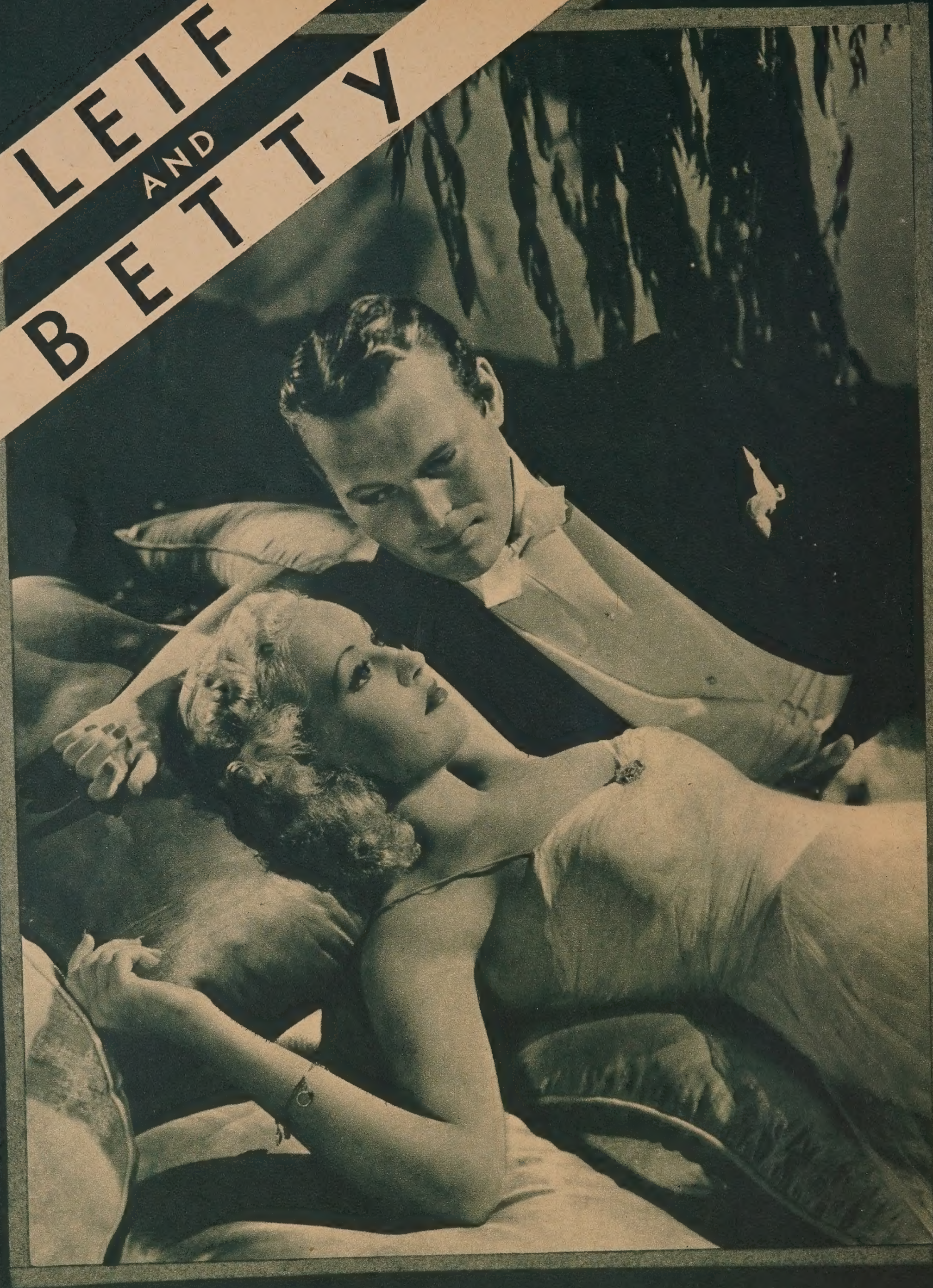
"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.

If Jean Lafitte, French pirate in the Gulf of Mexico a century and a quarter ago, looked like this, he must have been handsome. Freddy March is just the type to play the dashing title role in "The Buccaneer"

FREDRIC MARCH

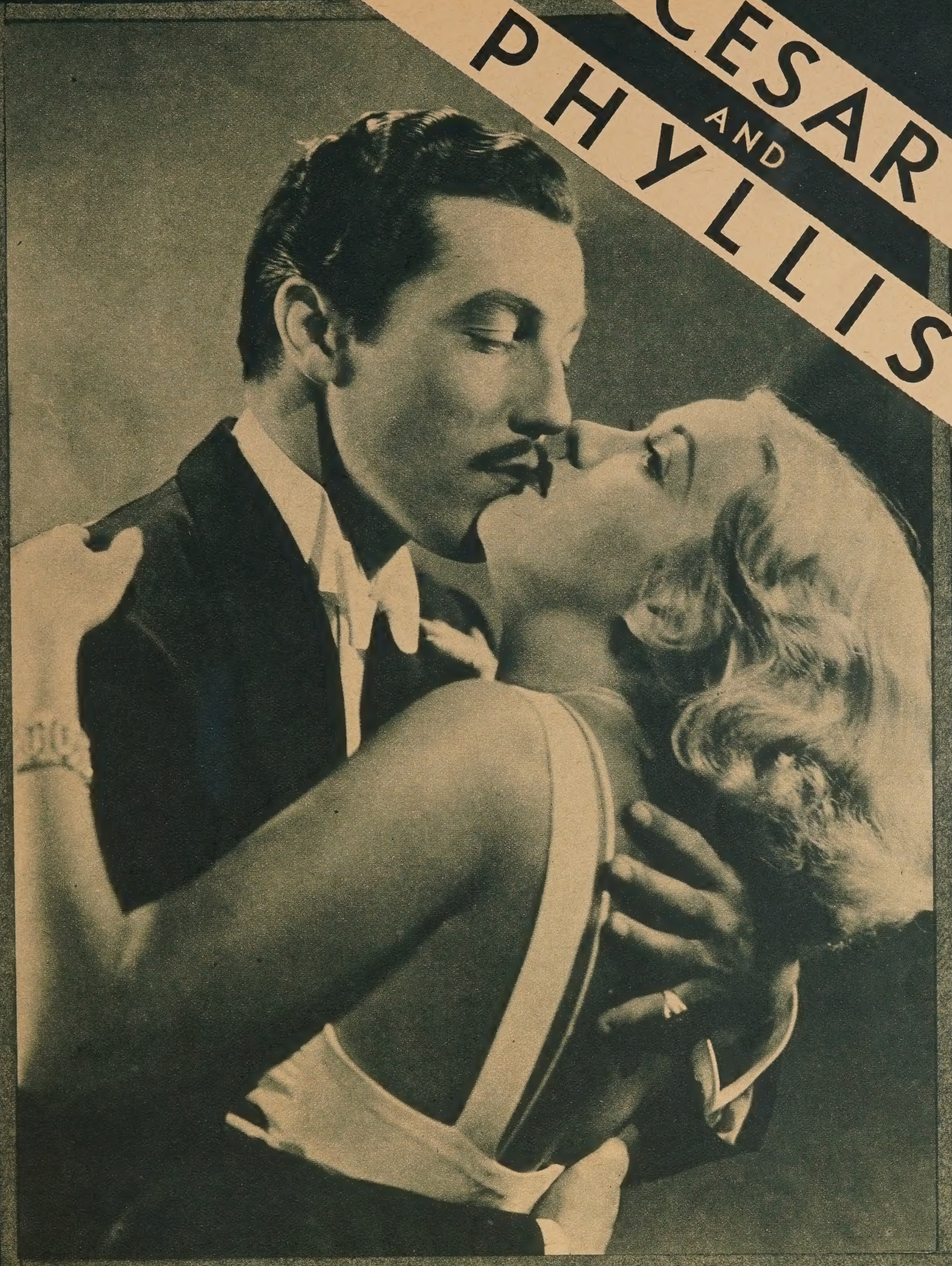


LEIF AND BETTY



This should be a happy moment for Leif Erikson, who is shown with the more than lovely Betty Grable, in this scene from the film, "Thrill of a Lifetime," which this handsome couple have been making for Paramount

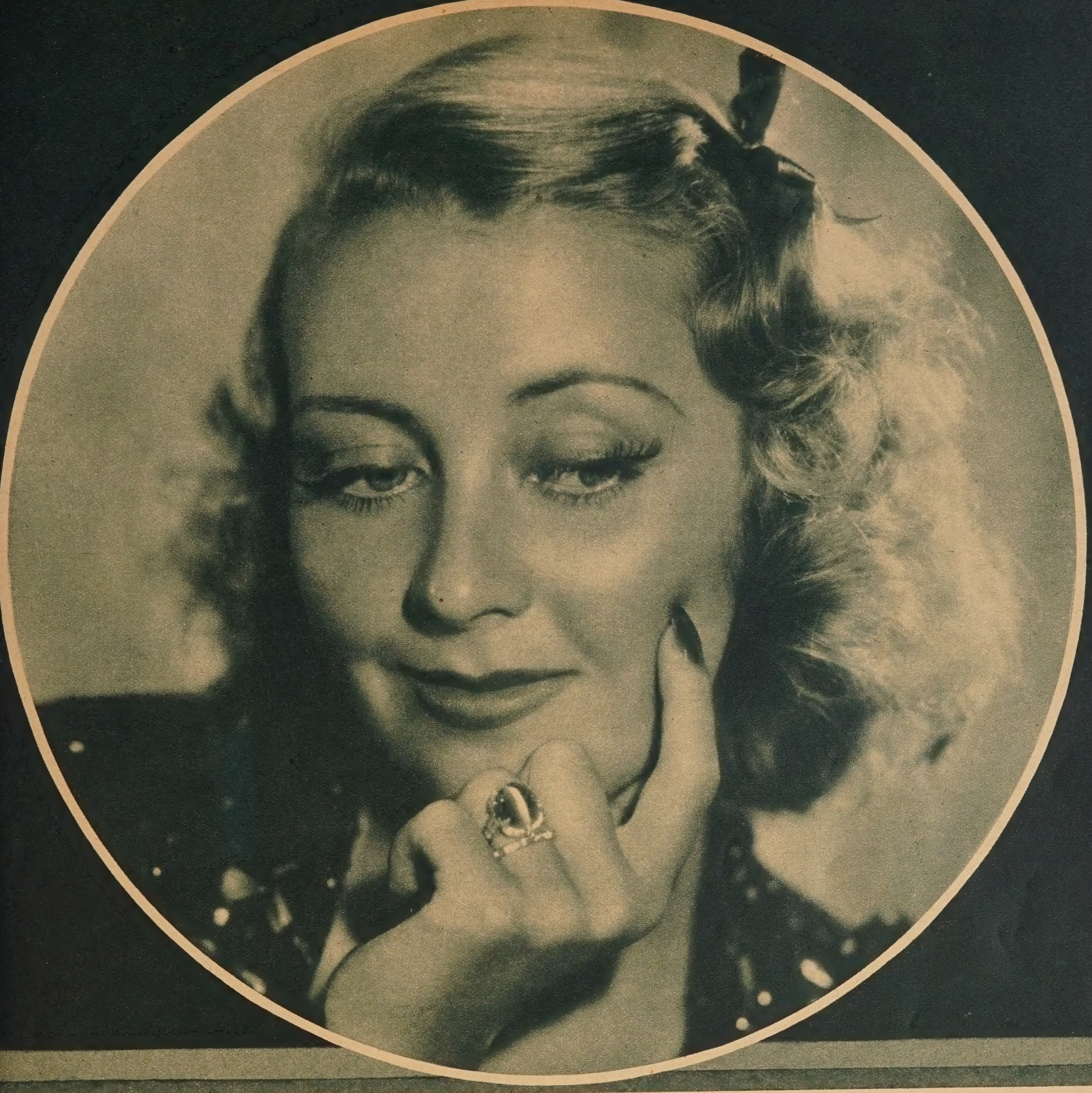
CESAR AND PHYLLIS



This situation may or may not be appropriate to the film from which it is taken, "Dangerously Yours," but there is certainly something serious going on here between charming Phyllis Brooks and handsome Cesar Romero

GRETA GARBO

Garbo poses again for a picture! That's news. Few "sittings" are taken of the perennially-popular Swede, who has maintained her outstanding cinema position these twelve years

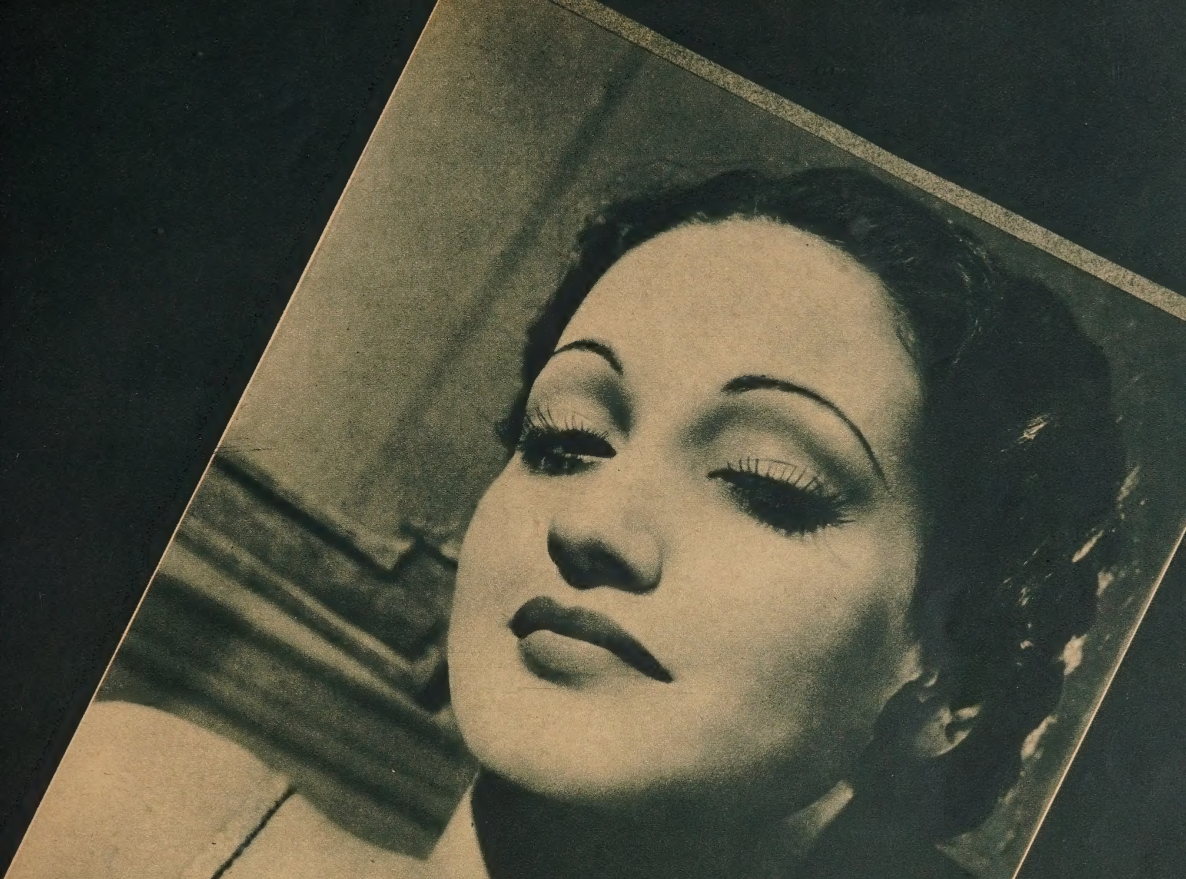


JOAN BLONDELL

It's unusual to catch Joan Blondell in a pensive mood like this. If you'll look closely, though, you'll see a smile flickering, ready to beam forth in Joan's own utterly inimitable way

Charles Boyer, who has that certain something, once called "Continental," but which now enters into feminine controversies concerning "American vs. foreign husbands." You'll find him irresistible in "Tovarich"

CHARLES BOYER



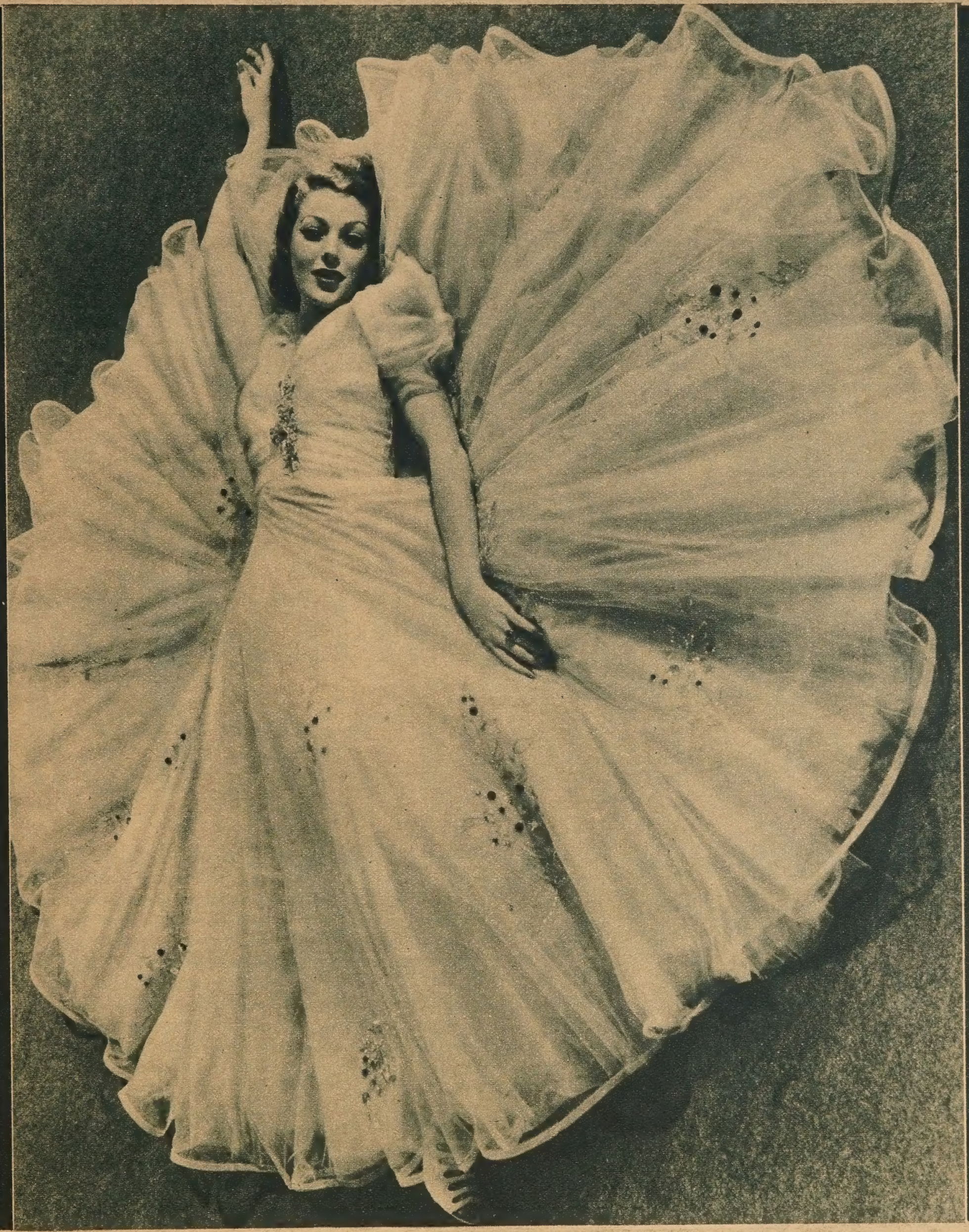
On screen and air the beauty, charm and voice of Dorothy Lamour are equally proclaimed. Exotic of exotics in appearance, she is almost too inscrutable to be plagued by imitators, and so Dorothy stands alone

DOROTHY LAMOUR

SONJA HENIE

Smiling Sonja Henie seems to radiate her own happiness upon the world in this latest photo of her. Well, she's made screen history, so why shouldn't she be happy?

LORETTA YOUNG



What a gorgeous gown is this that Loretta Young is wearing! The subject and the pose are a photographer's ideal of how the perfect picture should really look

The Ginger Rogers you'll know from now on—one of the greatest dramatic artists of the screen

Rhythm! Still Ginger didn't want to go on dancing like this forever

WHY Ginger

She really doesn't try to do it but still it generally happens and here's the reason

by CHARLES CULBERT

IN TALKING about picture stealing you've got to use names, because wherever there is any kind of theft there must necessarily be a victim. And the first name up is that of Katherine Hepburn, for hers is very significant just now in connection with Ginger Rogers.

But first let us go back a few years to contrast Katie's experience in her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," with her latest in "Stage Door." The first is an example of how an actor may, on occasion, purposely avoid picture stealing; the second, how it may be done quite unconsciously. In a certain scene in "Divorcement," Katie rather abruptly faced the camera. She was playing with John Barrymore and the spot was a particularly dramatic one, so it was a break for the newcomer. The explanation was this: John, in a magnanimous mood, spun the lady around, thus eliminating his own face from the scene.

It was a gallant gesture, for to hog a scene is as instinctive with most actors as to blink the eyes in a dust storm.

But it was different in "Stage Door." If ever a film was cut to fit an actress's personality this is it. The action is built around Terry Randall, the socialite with histrionic hankerings. You will recall that a pathetic scene involving a girl's suicide produces a tremendously tense effect. Immediately following this, Terry is given a spot all by herself—in a scene upon the stage of a theatre. It is the high point of the picture. She enters, carrying lilies, symbolic of the child she longs for but has never had. And the lines she delivers are laden with pathos. The script here is really a trick. The writer was counting on the emotional reaction in the audience following the suicide to produce the effect. But that doesn't lessen the power of the scene. As you well know, women around you were dabbing their eyes with their handkerchiefs and men were coughing.

Katherine Hepburn played the role of Terry Randall and by all the laws of theatre and movies "Stage Door" should have been her picture. But when the audience got out into the street after the performance, uppermost in their minds were other scenes and other actresses: A broken down boarding house . . . a group of girls in its parlor, colorful, etched straight from life . . . with bold fronts and aching hearts . . . fighting a hopeless fight . . . struggling to find

As the public has always conceived her

Ginger's work in "Stage Door" was truly a case of picture stealing de luxe

Rogers STEALS PICTURES

a place on the stage . . . holding to the wild dream of some day becoming a great star.

And outstanding among all these vivid personalities was one . . . . snappish of tongue . . . . openly sure of herself . . . . reckless . . . . asking nothing from life she could not herself seize and giving nothing. Yet warm, radiant, underneath sympathetic . . . . the character of Jean, played by Ginger Rogers.

So the dispersing audience reported at home that "It was Ginger Rogers' picture," and when they read the papers the next morning they found the critics confirmed their opinions.

This was picture stealing *de luxe*—one of the most extraordinary in screen *(Continued on page 63)*

Rumor had it that Ginger wasn't pleased with her role in "Top Hat." Astaire liked his part very much

Virginia Bruce refused Jack Gilbert's first invitation to dinner because she lacked suitable clothes. That refusal made her

Gail Patrick sought advice from Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford

How did they get their start? Clever self-publicity stunts together with luck are part of

THE INSIDE STORY OF *Star Creating*

by KATHERINE ALBERT

REMEMBER the scene in "A Star Is Born" where Janet Gaynor serves as a waitress in an executive's home and tries to attract attention by imitating Garbo, Hepburn and West? She had accepted the job because Andy Devine told her, "There'll be a lot of big directors there. Somebody might see you and want you in pictures."

"Somebody might see me" . . . "a great director might want me for a part" . . . "if I could just do something to attract attention" . . . that's the Hollywood hope, the Hollywood cry that is echoed by every young hopeful there.

Perhaps you thought it odd—viewing "A Star Is Born"—that nobody paid much attention to Janet when she acted like the goofiest waitress in the world. Imagine what consternation such shennanigans would cause in your town. It was correct Hollywood behavior, however, that nobody looked twice at Janet.

Every Brown Derby waitress, every manicurist, every salesgirl in Hollywood is a potential star. If Carole Lombard

Here's that famous scene in "A Star is Born," in which Janet Gaynor acts goofy to attract attention—quite correct Hollywood procedure

Someone was needed, "anybody," to feed lines to Bob Montgomery in a test. That was how Karen Morley got her movie chance

ties a bow on her wrist or pins a flower on her handbag or does her hair in a braid, it can be depended upon that her manicurist will effect the same style immediately. "Maybe," she will muse, "maybe somebody will notice me."

W. S. Van Dyke, one of Hollywood's ace directors, was driving down Santa Monica Boulevard one day when a girl threw herself almost under the wheels of his car. If he had not had good brakes and quick wits he might have killed her. Shaken by the fright, Van stopped and picked the girl up. She roused sufficiently to beg him for a job in pictures. P.S. She didn't get the job.

A girl pretended to faint at the feet of a certain director (and it wouldn't be fair to tell his name) just as he was going into his home late one night. She murmured that she was starving. Foolishly, yet from a motive of real compassion, he carried her into his living room. Ten minutes later she threatened to "expose" him for having a minor in his house at that hour unless he gave her a role in a film. How he got out of the jam is another—and longer—story. It looked bad for him for several hours.

TWO girls walked from Hollywood to Brentwood Heights—a distance of some eight miles—told Joan Crawford's servants they were studio secretaries with a message to deliver and, when Joan admitted them, pleaded with her for a screen test. They had not a cent between them—or so they said. Joan gave them bus fare and sent them on their way.

Remember when Dorothy Wilson was taken out of the script department to play in an RKO picture? The press stories at the time declared that Dorothy had no desire for film fame. That—like many publicity yarns—was not true. The desire to act, to "be somebody," as Janet Gaynor said, was strong in her, so she perfected herself in stenography to gain admittance to the studio. She typed the script of her first picture and delivered it to Gregory La Cava, the director. Standing before him, she acted out one of the scenes and begged him to give her the chance to play the rôle.

Dorothy lacked whatever curious alchemy is required for star stuff, but her own scheming and plotting—her own campaign, in other words—got her the chance to appear before the camera. She still earns her living as an actress.

She started as Harriet Lake. She changed her name to Ann Sothern

Joan Fontaine won studio notice when she refused to pose as a bathing girl for publicity stills. Most would-be stars are only too glad to pose

Karen Morley's career was halted because of her marriage. She is attempting a come-back at present writing and if she has as good a campaign today as she did when she began she will make the grade. Karen got into a studio by luck. She stayed there by using her brains.

She was in the casting office applying for a job. At that very moment Clarence Brown needed a girl simply to feed Bob Montgomery lines for a test. "Anybody will do," he said. So they sent Karen.

The test was not designed to show Karen's ability. But she gave her inconsequential job every ounce of energy and talent she had and instead of "feeding" Bob the lines, she read them with intelligence and emotion. Brown was impressed, gave her a contract.

Karen's next step was to make friends with the secretaries of the various directors on the lot. They gave her tips about forthcoming rôles that might suit her. Then Karen would go straight to the producer and beg for those rôles.

Gail Patrick has just signed a new contract. It provides for a salary double of what she has been earning. Once the studio took no interest in her. She was merely an unimportant part of a publicity stunt—the panther woman search. Nine other girls were chosen as contest winners, the idea being to bring them to Hollywood, cash in on some newspaper space and send them back home. But Gail was determined they should not ship her back.

It was sheer luck that Gail hit upon an idea which the psychology of success has proven to be almost infallible. Actually, Gail was sincere in wanting to find out what made the big stars tick. She asked Claudette Colbert if the charm of her voice and her lovely pronunciation were natural or if they could be learned. Claudette, flattered as one always is when another sincerely asks for advice, told Gail all acting technique could be learned and proceeded to give her valuable tips.

Gail asked Joan Crawford how she had learned to pose so effectively for fashion stills. Joan, impressed by Gail's obvious ambition, asked her to come to the studio and watch a sitting. She explained to Gail how to balance the body so that a dress falls in flowing lines. She gave her tips on angling the hips to make them appear more slim. And, so eager was Gail to assimilate all this, Joan took a real interest in the girl and her success.

Such news spreads in Hollywood. The bigwigs heard of this girl who was trying so desperately to improve herself and decided that she should be given a chance.

The "chance" was one that most Hollywood girls would spurn. She was put in a series of Buster Crabbe westerns—and you can't go much lower than that. But Gail was delighted—or, at least, she appeared to be. And she worked just as hard in these hurried B pictures as if she had been the star of a De Mille special.

While she was learning camera technique she experimented with make-up, consulted Travis *(Continued on page 65)*

Margaret Lindsay (here with John Warburton) got into "Cavalcade" by faking an English accent

HE'S PLAYED WITH *Most* OF THEM

John Litel, late film comer, knew nearly everybody "when"—

by MARTHA WARD

John Litel spent fifteen years on the stage before the pictures finally "discovered" him

THAT handsome gentleman, John Litel, who lately has been helping make picture history, is regarded by some as being rather a mystery. It's his finish as an actor that is puzzling. Suddenly, out of nowhere, he appears on the Warner lot and gives performance after performance with a smooth, deft touch that bears mute witness to long acting experience.

A scene between the veteran actor and Margaret Lindsay in "Back in Circulation"

But the only mystery about John Litel is how he has managed so long to stay away from Hollywood, or, rather, from the films, for in his forty-three years of life he has been in a lot of places. Stock company work has been his career, but he knows Broadway well, too. There he has had parts in such plays as "Lily Turner," "Strange Gods," "Sweet Aloes," "Ceiling Zero" and others. These are only some of the recent ones. Litel has been on and off Broadway probably more times than he could count. Edward Everett Horton, Osgood Perkins, Louis Calhern, Guy Kibbee, Pauline Frederick, Ann Harding, Chrystal Hearn, Charlotte Greenwood, Joan Blondell, Evelyn Laye, Corrinne Griffith, Nance O'Neill, Helen Mencken are but a few of the celebrated ones Litel has appeared with on the New York stage.

Between times he has traveled most extensively. He knows foreign countries like any seasoned globe trotter.

One day a Warner scout became interested in him, largely through an accident. Litel was in California visiting his mother who lives there. "Try something with us," Warners urged. So his first venture into the realm of the cinema was a small part in "Fugitive in the *(Continued on page 66)*

After GLAMOUR -what?

Has the vogue run its course? If so, here's a substitute for it

by KATHERINE ALBERT

I SEE by the papers that a man named Russell Mancuso, instructor for the WPA beauty course, declares that the new type of feminine charmer will be the Venus woman, a powerful beauty who will go light on make-up but long on vitamins and instead of doing her stuff in Louis XIV rooms will be all over the place discussing world events. Says Mr. Mancuso, "Presently women will be altogether different from what they are now—superior to men in strength with enough beauty thrown in to sway the affairs of the nation."

How Hollywood feels about the United States cutting in on its type-predicting business is as yet unreported. However, I feel that Mr. Mancuso has something there and that the calorie cuties will clip the glamour queens and mow 'em down. If this happens it proves that glamour has been its own worst enemy.

With an occasional exception—a short flurry when Elisabeth Bergner acted cute by standing in the position of a right angle triangle looking backwards through her legs in "Escape Me Never" and Luise Rainer made goo-goo eyes at William Powell in "Escapade"—glamour has held undisputed sway for six years. I'm sure of my reckoning, for late in 1931 I announced its advent in an article in which I wrote:

"Looking at it purely objectively, glamour seems to be something you get by sitting quietly in a corner and letting not a flicker of intelligence, interest or even just a faint suggestion that you're really alive cross the face." And instructing girls concerning the new ideal, I warned, "When

Joan Crawford's face reveals strongly developed character as well as rare individualistic beauty

In this exquisite pose, Joan Crawford shows glamour at its fascinating best. Joan has made it one of the fine arts

Norma Shearer has the well-bred sophistication that is perfect charm—the secret perhaps is personality

Garbo the mystic. Can this type of glamour really lose its spell for us?

you first try this glamorous business you'll probably get laughed at—but better luck next time. At least, you simply must stop being charming."

Well, everyone did stop being charming and glamour had its day and now I—along with Mr. Mancuso—feel it's in for a good big bust in the nose, defeated by its own essence. The glamour queens have, I feel safe in saying, gone just a little too far.

Actually, this was no fault of the ladies themselves. Many of them wanted to be just simple homebodies, but would the public let 'em off? Not by your false eyelashes!

Take the case of Norma Shearer. Say you'd have a lunch date with her. Along about two o'clock she would ask, "Oh, by the way, are you hungry?" When all the time your stomach was growling like Lionel Barrymore. But the glamour girl mustn't think about food. In fact, the glamour girl—as near

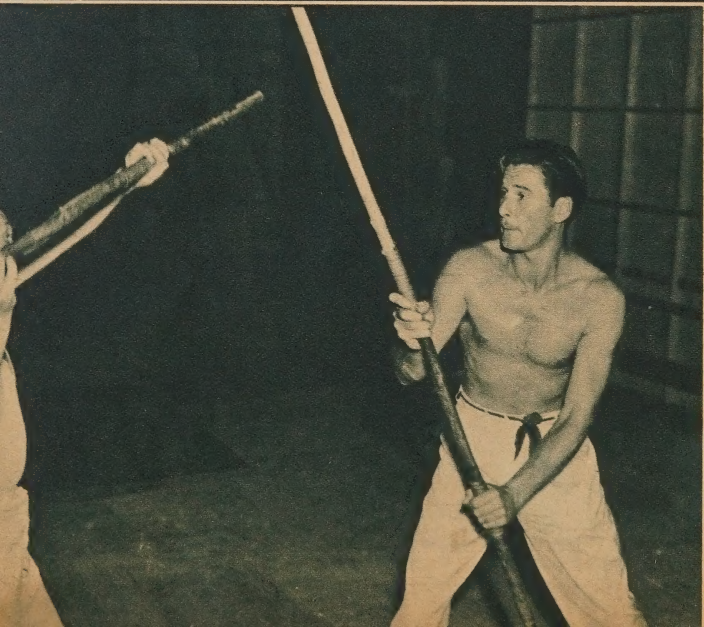
(Continued on page 66)

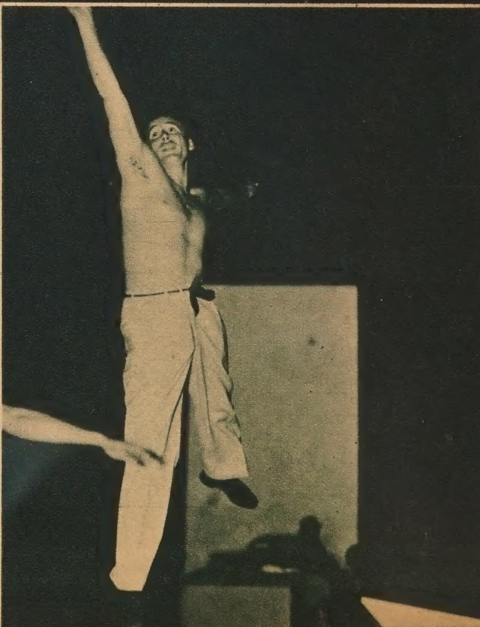
Lovely Marlene Dietrich can make clothes speak the last word in feminine allure. Her figure is a mold for them

Practicing FOR Outlawry

The make-up man fixes Errol Flynn's whiskers preparatory to a test for "Robin Hood"

You've got to be pretty spry to be a forest outlaw, and so here we see Errol making himself fit for the role. Upper right, he practices jumping. Lower right, he goes through an acrobatic stunt. Lower left, he has a fencing bout with that renowned weapon of olden days, the quarter staff





Lovely Maureen O'Sullivan, who is now in England with Robert Taylor making "A Yank at Oxford," poses for this shot of perfection in inimitable Irish pulchritude

How NELSON EDDY

He knows the secret that accounts for most successes—and applies it

by BEN MADDOX

Nelson as a West Point Cadet in his latest, "Rosalie"

IS IT his talent? Or is it his looks or luck that enables Nelson Eddy to handle Hollywood so skillfully?

He is back on the screen after a year's absence. He can stay away like this for concert tours, until M-G-M has exactly the role suitable for him, because he has definitely set himself with the public. He knows how to climb.

"The question I get oftenest, and the one that genuinely annoys me," declares Nelson, "is 'What's the pass-word?' It has variations like 'What button did you push?' or 'What are the magic words?' That always makes me furious. I got a great break, yes. Many deserving people in Hollywood never get such a chance to deliver. But I worked for that opportunity. I got to where the breaks are handed out—the hard way! Luck, sheer luck, doesn't come to many and I never counted on its coming to me. I plugged, figuring that if a miracle didn't happen I'd do fairly well by myself anyway.

"Consider Allan Jones." Only a star as big of heart as

(Below) "Luck, sheer luck, doesn't come to many and I never counted on its coming to me." Nelson always has planned

HANDLES Hollywood

Nelson would point to a rival as he did. "Now they're saying he's lucky. Lucky my eye! Allan's been preparing for what he's receiving now for fifteen years. He's studied voice that long; he and I had the same instructor back in Philadelphia. He was ready for a reward and he has taken advantage of what he deserved. Be satisfied with earning each raise, I maintain, and plug so that if the big stuff comes you'll be in condition to manage it. That's the success secret I know. If you trip, at least you'll have climbed part of the way!

"Perhaps what I'm telling you isn't the 'inside' you expect. But you want the truth about my personal 'system' and here it is."

As handsome as ever, he has a new punch to his personality he never had before. There is a becoming forcefulness found only in a man who has cleared his mind of all petty confusion. He talks now, from experience. Between scenes for "Rosalie" he leaned back in a swivel chair and propped his feet on the desk. The vacant office we'd discovered at the studio crackled with unseen magnetism.

"I am," he vowed, "completely happy now. At last." Opening up he spoke unreservedly. Amazingly. "I have two cars instead of one, my first home, and a secretary," he laughed. "This suit is, actually, pre-Hollywood! But to get back to what method brings success. Lucky? Yes, because I got the rare break—the chance to show what I could do; and, moreover, because I'm so sold on my work. A lot of folks do things that mean nothing to them, that they hate. I've always enjoyed working in what's my niche.

"I'm happy, too, because I have what I aimed for—success in concert and on the radio, and in pictures. I don't know of any enemy in the

(Continued on page 68)

As an advertising copy writer when he was twenty

Off for a jaunt in the hills with his mount, "Beauty"

(Below) With his mother in his simple California home

THE GIRL FROM Australia

Mona Barrie gives Americans some surprising news about our fashions

by DENA REED

MONA BARRIE, as the blonde foreign "movie star" of "Something to Sing About," is a natural charmer—but Mona, the person, dark and vivacious, who greeted me warmly, is certainly among Hollywood's most regular people.

Immediately you meet her there is a feeling that here is a rare understanding human, and almost before you realize it, Mona is telling you the plot of "Something to Sing About," which stars James Cagney, and admitting the joy she took in her role, "accent and all, and," as she laughingly added, "that accent was *really something*, especially with the English accent I seem already to have imported!"

"Where exactly," I asked, thinking it as good a cue as any, "did you start from?"

"Theatrically, Australia. Biologically, London," she answered. "I call Sydney my home because my family lives there now, but I also want to go back to my native London for a season."

Mona is dark. She wears a blonde wig in films because she "screens about ten years older and blonde hair makes one look ten years younger — really"

Called the best-dressed woman in Hollywood since Lilyan Tashman, Mona is also a recluse in Holmby Hills, where, as she says with large grave eyes just above laughter, she "lives with her fowls."

"Heretofore," she confided, "directors looked at me, saw I was tall and dark, (she was too modest to mention beautiful, which she most certainly is) and in their mind's eye saw the proverbial menace. But Victor Schertzinger, who produced 'Something to Sing About,' and one of Hollywood's greatest, saw through it all and gave me my latest, and, to date, favorite role, subtle comedy. I like comedy parts best, a serious, meaty role that says something for next best.

"What I've really been playing are ladies-on-the-wane. In 'One Night of Love,' also a Schertzinger musical, I was an opera star on the wane. In 'She Met Him In Paris,' a waning wife, in 'Such Women Are Dangerous,' a waning actress and now, in the Cagney picture, a movie star on the skids."

Any given situation she acts out, unconscious that it has become a scene to be dramatized. The effect is completely engrossing—one asks no more than to sit fascinated.

For instance, when we discussed fashions:

"Where do you prefer to buy clothes—New York, Paris or Hollywood?" I asked her.

"Australia." She laughed at my amazement. "Yes, truly." Then she proceeded to act out

(Continued on page 70)

CAMERA Kiss

She preferred the jungle to security on the movie lot

by RUTH BROWN

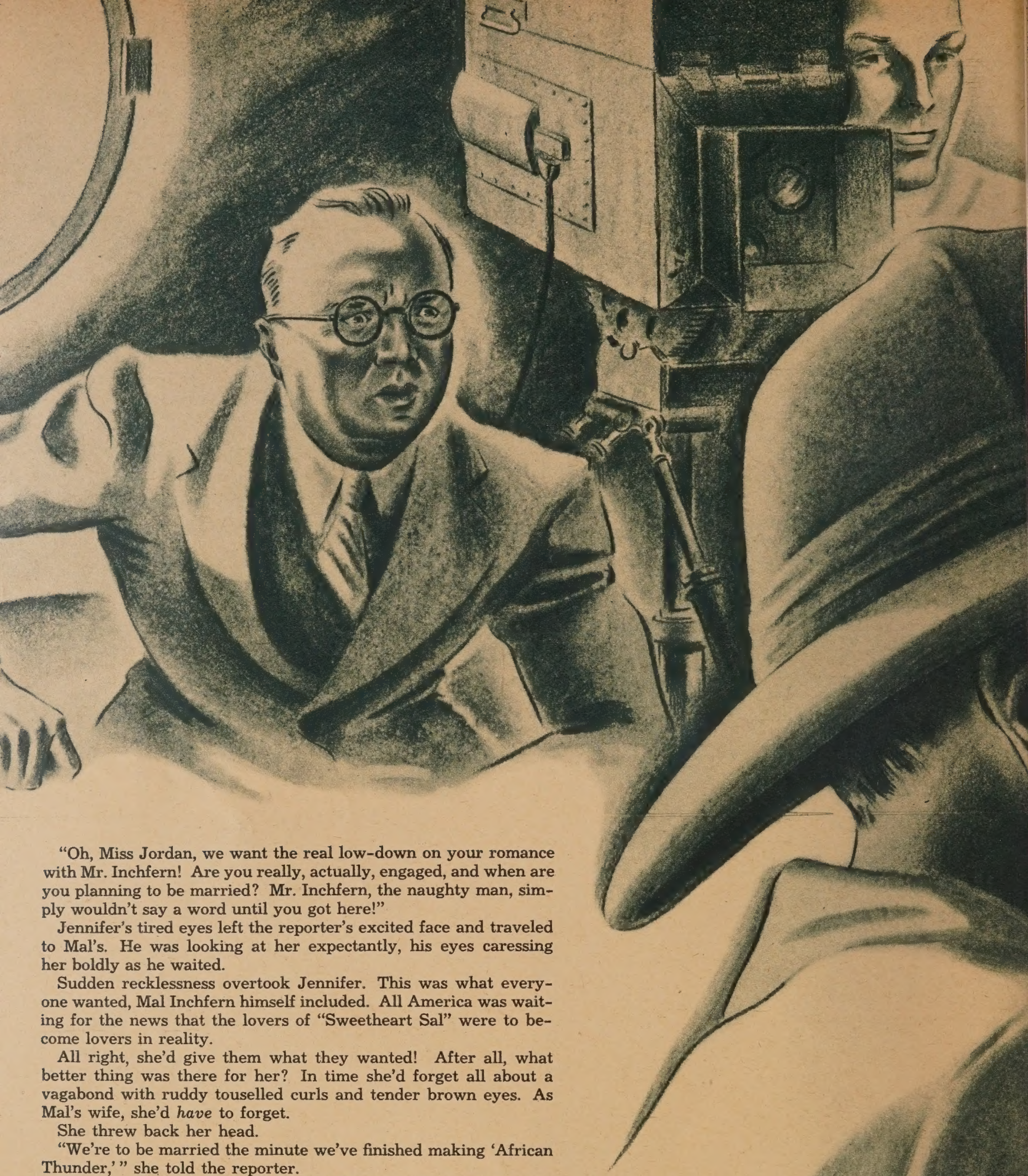
PART II

IT WAS a pale, drawn looking Jennifer who reached the studio the next morning after a sleepless night.

Malcolm Inchfern was waiting for her in her bungalow dressing room and with him was a feature writer from the Los Angeles Clarion.

The young woman overwhelmed Jennifer with a gush of words, the wheedlings of a seasoned interviewer.

"I'll teach you to like my kisses. . . You've never been awakened yet" . . . But Jennifer was thinking of another man



"Oh, Miss Jordan, we want the real low-down on your romance with Mr. Inchfern! Are you really, actually, engaged, and when are you planning to be married? Mr. Inchfern, the naughty man, simply wouldn't say a word until you got here!"

Jennifer's tired eyes left the reporter's excited face and traveled to Mal's. He was looking at her expectantly, his eyes caressing her boldly as he waited.

Sudden recklessness overtook Jennifer. This was what everyone wanted, Mal Inchfern himself included. All America was waiting for the news that the lovers of "Sweetheart Sal" were to become lovers in reality.

All right, she'd give them what they wanted! After all, what better thing was there for her? In time she'd forget all about a vagabond with ruddy touselled curls and tender brown eyes. As Mal's wife, she'd *have* to forget.

She threw back her head.

"We're to be married the minute we've finished making 'African Thunder,'" she told the reporter.

The complacent smile on Mal's lips deepened. Jennifer spent an uncomfortable quarter of an hour enlarging upon her statement for the newspaper. The reporter's zest for details was insatiable. At last, however, she took herself off and Mal and Jennifer were left alone.

Mal drew her into his arms, bent his lips to hers. A sudden fury of distaste ebbed over Jennifer. She pushed him abruptly away.

"Oh, Mal, we do enough of that sort of thing in the picture! Can't we just skip it when we're alone?"

Mal looked nonplused. Then he gave in with a little laugh.

"Just the same, when we're married, Jennifer, I'll teach you to like my kisses. You'll be begging for more before the honeymoon is over. You've never been awakened yet, that's all."

Bunny signaled to start grinding. This was too good to waste. "O.K. Cut!" yelled Bunny at last. But neither had heard him

Jennifer bit her lip. That was all Mal Inchfern knew about it! Yesterday, she'd had the kind of kisses that made her want to beg for more, but that was all done with now. Just a pulsing memory that had nothing to do with Malcolm Inchfern and motion pictures.

THE tension between them was broken by Bunny Brent, as he came bustling in. Jennifer was forced to confess her inability to provide a sea captain, as she had promised, but Bunny had more important things on his mind at the moment.

It seemed that the animal sequences would have to be filmed at once, instead of later, as the schedule had been planned.

"This fellow Shawn, who captures all those animals alive, is leaving next week for another exploration trip, and the animal pictures can't be shot without him. The animals know him, and he knows just how to handle them with the least danger. So we'll have to get that part of it over with right away."

Jennifer said nothing. It made no difference to her what sequences were shot first. One thing was just like another. She only hoped the picture as a whole took a good long time to finish, because little chills ran up and down her spine whenever she considered the fact that, as soon as it was completed, she'd be leaving on a honeymoon with Mal Inchfern.

Mal spoke slowly now.

"Of course, Brent, you're going to give me a double in the shots with the animals?"

Bunny looked at him despairingly.

"But, Mal, the shots are too close. The audience actually sees you in the lion's clutches. Look at Jennifer. Her scenes are just as dangerous as yours. She isn't asking for a double."

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED
BY
CARDWELL HIGGINS

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

THE GREAT GARRICK—WARNERS

The eighteenth century, when men thought realistically and women acted emotionally, is interpreted for us by gallant, handsome Brian Aherne and lovely Olivia de Havilland in a roystering drama involving conniving actors, fine ladies and swaggering swashbucklers. Aherne undertakes the role of David Garrick, the great English actor, who was the Clark Gable of his day in feminine popularity. Surrounded in an inn by hostile Frenchmen, really players who have conspired against him, Aherne is kept busy baffling them. Olivia de Havilland, whose coach has broken down, seeks refuge here. Through Aherne's error in mistaking her for one of the plotters, a double game is played, Aherne pretending to make love, Olivia much in earnest.

This situation obviously opens up excellent opportunities for comedy, and script writer and players make the most of it. The bewilderment of Olivia when the mock lover seems to press her too ardently, the merry jests he plays with her, the terror of the conspirators when they believe Aherne to have been murdered by a blacksmith, with whom he changes places—all contribute to a grandly farcical but always romantic comedy. "The Great Garrick" is rattling good entertainment.

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—WARNER BROS.

This is a picture that possesses all the elements of genuine entertainment for everybody, and is definitely a challenge to the blues. It lifts you out of yourself and carries you dashingly to its happy and highly satisfactory ending.

Joan Blondell and Errol Flynn romp off in violation of every tradition and solve the problem of youth, the way to self-expression. These two souls, with May Robson and a splendid cast, give interpretation to the zestful story's absurdities.

Splendidly directed by Michael Curtiz and splendidly staged, this is a winner. The license of comedy is exemplified and comically appraised by the writers of the story in the tailored role they have prepared for Errol Flynn.

"The Perfect Specimen," heir to thirty millions, is forced to look at life through the eyes of a loving, tyrannical grandmother with a theory that a new race shall be born of this boy who is being shaped to meet the specification of perfection, morally, physically and intellectually. All goes well until romance in the form of Joan Blondell enters this cloistered home. From there on complications ensue which make this one of the season's gayest, maddest comedies that you will not want to miss.

HEIDI—20TH CENTURY-FOX

Never perhaps will a better vehicle be discovered for Shirley Temple. Heidi is a picture that, from the very first shot, opens wide your heart to receive into its protecting depths the wonder child of the films.

It will make you think of your childhood days, when you were told stories of bad step-mothers who, through hate, exposed a hapless little girl to the vicissitudes of a terrifying world.

But Heidi's childish charm and courage win for her the love of a bad tempered old hermit, who in reality is her grandfather. Yet the cruelty of selfish and evil women continue, and their machinations make up most of the story.

Jean Hersholt, as the grandfather, Mady Christian as the unrelenting aunt, Marcia Mae Jones, as a crippled girl, and Violet Kemple Cooper, as the latter's governess, make their respective roles live and breathe.

But, of course, Shirley Temple is the center around which all things revolve—and what a little actress she is! Seeing her in this film is like discovering a bright new star. The child is better than ever. Her pathetic faith in others, the courage with which she accepts or battles her environment, her winning ways. Shirley's talents are growing with her years. A developed actress, she is an incredibly assured one, yet she retains all the sweetness, the lovability that have made her so very dear to millions.

In Shirley Temple as Heidi you'll see a great actress second to none. If you miss this film you'll be sorry.

For those few persons still remaining who "do not care for child actresses," the film should prove an eye-opener. "Heidi" is emphatically as much for adults as for the kiddies, and both will enjoy it equally.

the Best of the Latest Film Releases

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Eddie Cantor in "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
Shirley Temple in "Heidi"
Jean Hersholt in "Heidi"
Brian Aherne in "The Great Garrick"
Olivia de Havilland in "The Great Garrick"
Joan Blondell in "The Perfect Specimen"
Errol Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen"
May Robson in "The Perfect Specimen"
Oscar Homolka in "Ebb Tide"
Barry Fitzgerald in "Ebb Tide"
William Powell in "Double Wedding"
Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"

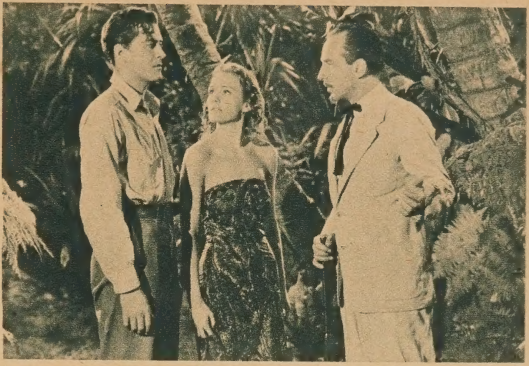
ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20TH CENTURY-FOX

Lump the comedy, the madness of Charlie Chaplin's immortal "Shoulder Arms" with the fantasy of Douglas Fairbanks' equally classic film "The Thief of Bagdad," plus the quaint rollicking of Eddie Cantor and you'll have some kind of idea as to what "Ali Baba Goes To Town" is like. The producers have let their imagination run riot and have followed through to wherever it may lead. All the incredible atmosphere of the "Arabian Nights" is present. We have the magnificent palaces and luxury of the Orient, gay harems, beauteous sultanas, jars of diamonds and pearls, and marching armies. The flying carpet is there, which Eddie Cantor discovers only too late is afire, and what a predicament he finds himself in!

To crown all, we even find something that Aladdin never thought of—a Federal project in Oriental dancing! In the bewildering turnover of Arabian institutions, Eddie Cantor (Ali Baba) is elected sultan. The harem girls, turned suffragettes, acclaim him a national hero when he passes laws forbidding the caliphs to beat them. A neat bit of electioneering is performed by the Allan K. Foster troupe, who entertain the election crowds with their horse and tumbling specialties.

Louise Hovick contributes her luscious beauty in a way befitting the fabulous story. June Lang also gives us a practical lesson in what feminine pulchritude should be like at its best. And among the males we find Roland Young, Tony Martin, Alan Dinehart, John Carradine, all excellent.

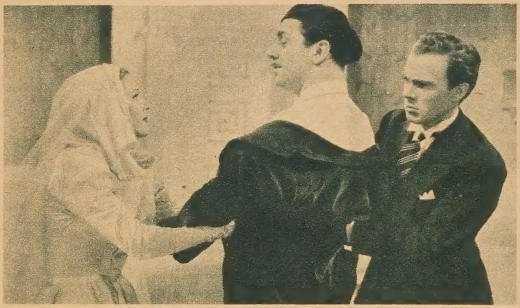
The psychologists are talking a lot today about the desire of all of us to "escape reality." If that's what your psychiatrist prescribes for you, you'll find the remedy for all your psychic ills in "Ali Baba Goes to Town."



EBB TIDE—PARAMOUNT

Oscar Homolka, the noted Viennese actor who gave such a magnificent performance in "Rhodes," makes his bow in American films in this dramatization of a powerful story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Concerning the adventures of three South Sea beachcombers, this is a drama of character development.

Certain aspects of this picture leave nothing to be desired—the story, the cast, and the background of exquisite technicolor. Episodic in treatment, and oblique in approach, the direction attempted to build up character with subtle brush strokes, trusting to the powerful surge of the story to bind the whole together; and rightly, too, for all of the people concerned are not to be measured by ordinary standards. Homolka, as the captain who lost his ship and his papers through drunkenness; Ray Milland, as the educated Englishman almost gone to seed; Barry Fitzgerald, dissolute, besotted, sick, and inexpressibly comic; Lloyd Nolan, charming, cultured, and completely mad; lovely Frances Farmer, supplying love interest. The director nobly took it upon himself to emphasize these divergent characteristics rather than the melodrama of the tale.



DOUBLE WEDDING—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Ordinarily it's difficult to overrate a picture that has in it William Powell and Myrna Loy. Yet "Double Wedding" does fall short of their greatest triumph,—"The Thin Man." But perhaps we expect too much from the brilliant couple.

A trailer lends spice to the general romance of "Double Wedding." It's occupied by William Powell, who plays the role of a wandering artist. That trailer is his only home. He gets all mixed up in his love affairs, and so, incidentally, do Florence Rice and John Beal. Secret meetings in a rather disreputable bar give that giggly water touch to the incidents of the story. These meetings stir up trouble when Myrna Loy, who is trying to marry off sister Florence Rice to the proper man, (John Beal) discovers the rendezvous. For once in such matters big sister happens to be right—for really, any one can see that Bill Powell is not the man for little sister. The usually astute Powell requires a long time to wake up to the fact that his true love is big sis and not Florence. But a swift punch to Bill's jaw imparts the requisite enlightenment and from then on all is well.

THE MOST *Amazing* GIRL IN PICTURES

This blonde may look simple to you, but she's too complicated for even Hollywood's experts

by B. M. ENGLISH

"Perfect for pulchritude," says Lou Brock, the veteran supermusical producer

"UNDOUBTEDLY the most attractive figure in Hollywood—but without talent and actually odd-looking," reported casting director Ben Piazza of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"A natural for delicately emotional portrayals of a Lillian Gish," claimed Bette Davis.

"Perfect for pulchritude," pronounced Lou Brock, producer of super-musicals and glorifier of movie girls. "One of those beautiful blondes who might develop rare talent. Her strikingly beautiful eyes seem to promise almost any possibility. Not especially fitted to comedy."

"Just another dumb blonde without much of anything," from an executive reviewing a test.

"I'll make another Jean Harlow of her," claimed casting director Friedman of Fox studios.

"Best recommendation I can give her is that you won't have to fix her teeth or starve down her weight," finding of Fox studios talent scout.

"Definitely headed for stardom," explained Seymour Felix, dance director for Universal.

"Not good enough for an extra," objected an independent producer over at Talisman studios.

"I don't know who she is—but sign her," ordered Jack Warner. "She's too crazy to lose."

And thus Hollywood reached a unanimous decision regarding Marie Wilson, or at least as unanimous a decision as it has ever reached regarding her.

You know her—that blonde who played Molly in "Stars Over Broadway"; who cavorted as Daisy in "Broadway Hostess" and who grew increasingly goofy in "Miss Pacific Fleet," "Slide, Nellie, Slide," "Colleen," "The Big Noise" and "Hard Luck Dame." The girl, you know, who is so nutty that she makes Hugh Herbert look like a visiting dignitary. In other words, the

Bette Davis thinks Marie Wilson is another Lillian Gish

She came to Hollywood with eleven thousand dollars and spent it in nineteen days. And then Marie Wilson's hectic career began

Two things Marie never overlooks—clothes and make-up—vital to success

goofiest dame that ever stepped before a camera.

Or, if you happen to know Hollywood, it's that blonde that has everybody guessing—wondering whether she is terribly smart or awfully dumb. Like her eyelashes, which are so long they curl back in a complete circle, she looks too artificial not to be real. So it's even money in Flickerville now as to whether anybody could be dumb enough to act like that, or act dumb enough to be like that.

But let's go back to Anaheim with Marie, and start at the beginning.

"My mother and father separated when I was about two and a half," explained Marie. "Mother married almost immediately, and my father married a little later. We were all very fond of the young girl that father married. Daddy died when I was eight, and this girl married again and had a son.

"Daddy left me several thousand dollars, but litigation tied it up until I was past sixteen—until after my step-mother had died. Meanwhile my own mother had two boys, my half-brothers. On my father's side I had a half-sister.

"When I finally got my money, eleven thousand dollars, I told my mother and my step-father that we were all going to Hollywood. I didn't have any trouble about that, because mother always seemed more childlike than myself, and would do anything I wanted.

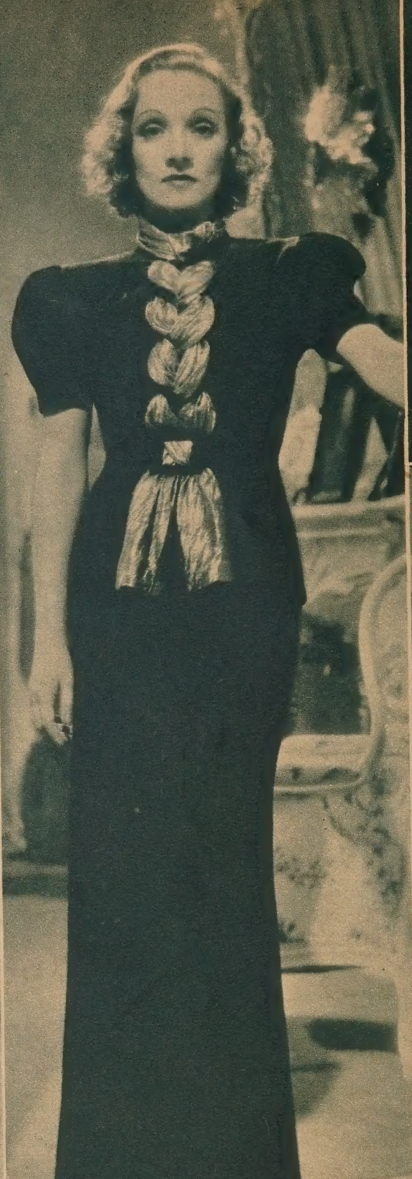
"So we left Anaheim, which is only about twenty miles from Los Angeles, and came to Hollywood."

Finding a house that pleased her in the swanky Hollywoodland district. Marie paid a year's rent on it—and then went shopping for furniture. Next she bought a fifteen hundred dollar mink coat. *(Continued on page 75)*

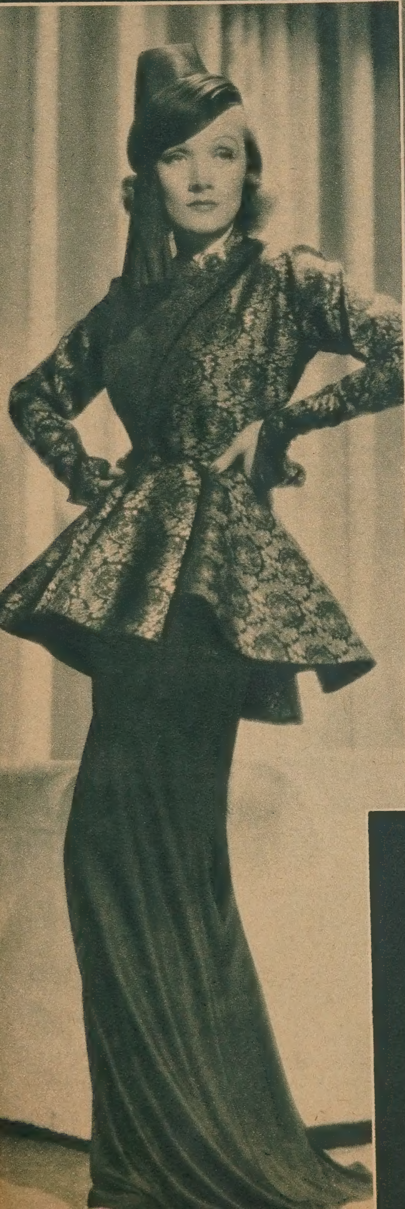
Casting Director Friedman promised to make her "another Jean Harlow," but somehow didn't

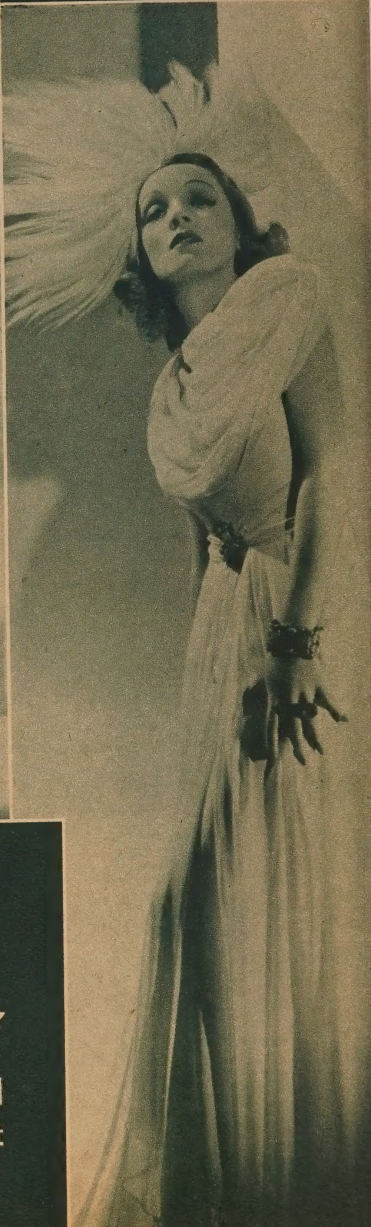
You who would copy the Dietrich fashion manner have to wear clothes with a flare and dare the unusual. For instance, this stunning brocaded tunic with exaggerated peplum flare over a midnight blue silk jersey skirt. Marlene's catchy turban is jersey, too

Even in the simplest of black dinner dresses, Marlene achieves distinction. That metallic gold scarf is twisted in and out through loops on the jacket—it's definitely an idea for you to try out yourself



On the screen and off, the costumes which make a Dietrich wardrobe are colorful and dramatic. Here she poses in an "Angel" frock of palest gray chiffon. The bodice is tightly fitted with a great scarf draped about as Marlene loves to wear one. The skirt has tremendous fullness but the effect is more draped than bouffant. A jeweled clip on the sash and a giant bracelet make jeweled accent in color. And that white feather headdress is, unmistakably, characteristic Dietrich glamour





Allure

Dietrich gives you sophisticated ideas and some lavish adornment

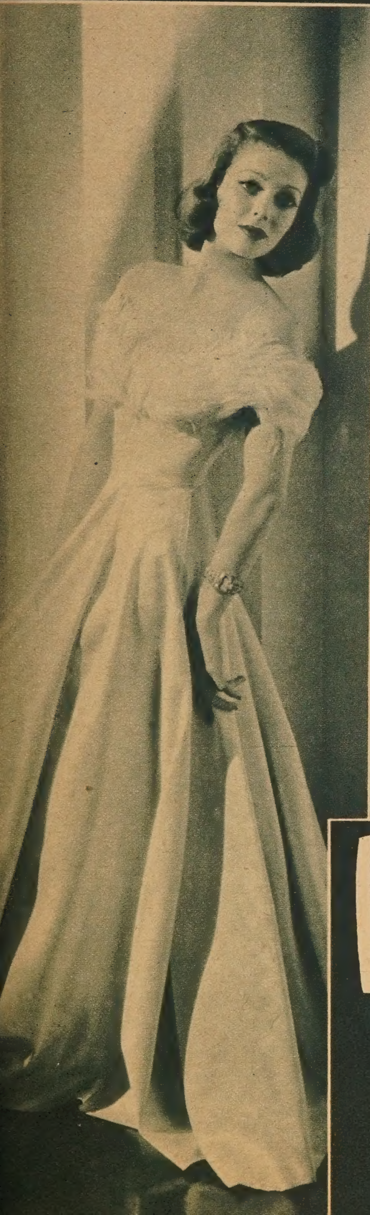
Romance

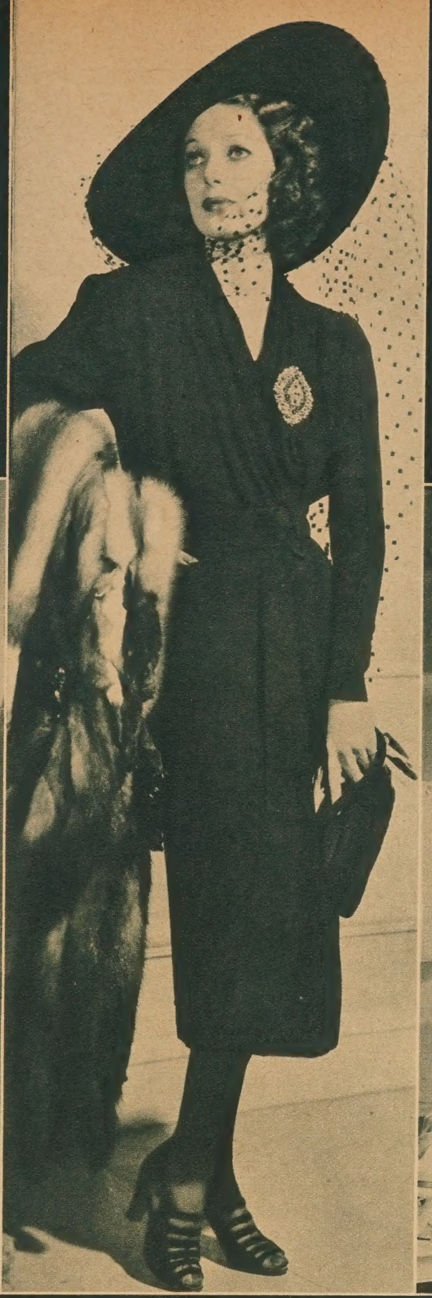
Soft lines and feminine detailing, features in Loretta's wardrobe

by

ADELIA E. BIRD

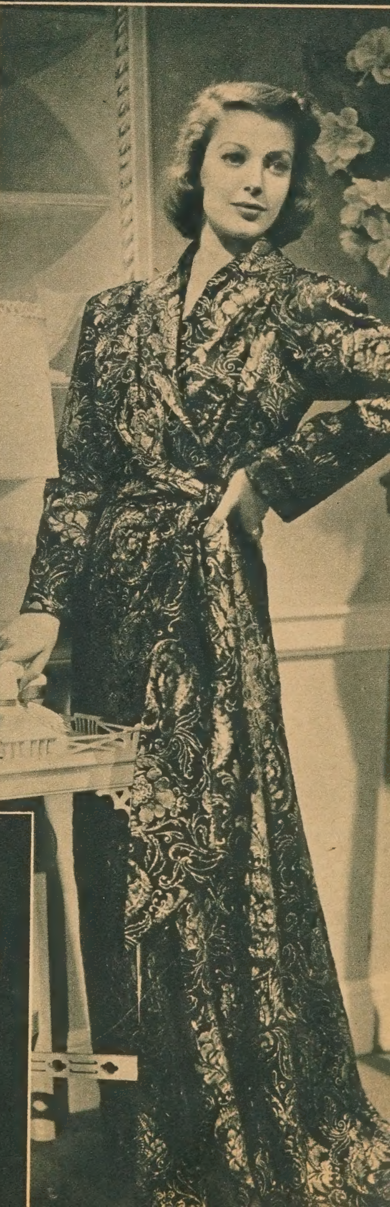
Below, there's nothing quite so feminine and beguiling as the combination of an off-the-shoulder decolletage and a tightly fitted bodice from which a skirt flares fully beneath. Just such a romantic creation is this white slipper satin period gown of Loretta's. Those are white feathers which dramatically accent the low neckline. It's a gown for really important holiday parties when formality must appear at its peak





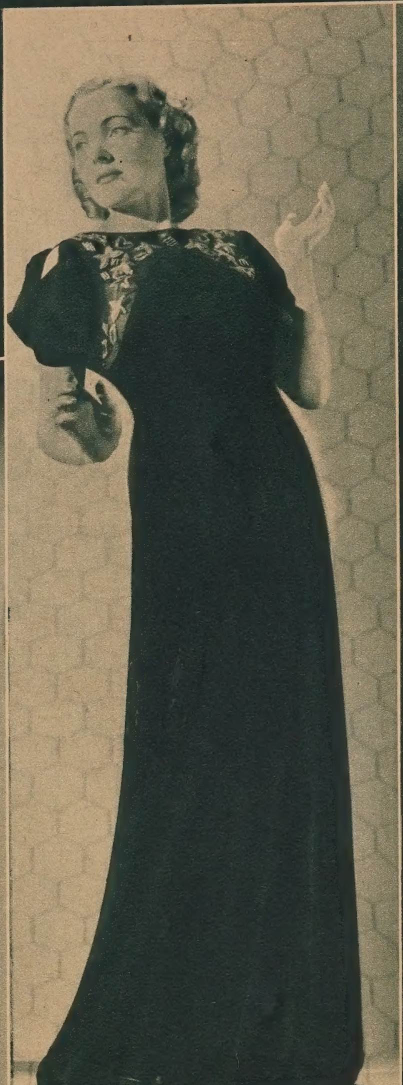
So completely feminine is Loretta Young that all her clothes have a romantic gaiety about them. Take this simply draped black afternoon gown with a beaded medallion as its only trimming. Her hat with its great sweeping brim and exciting veil gives her the allure of a belle in the nineties. And notice the refinement of her accessories

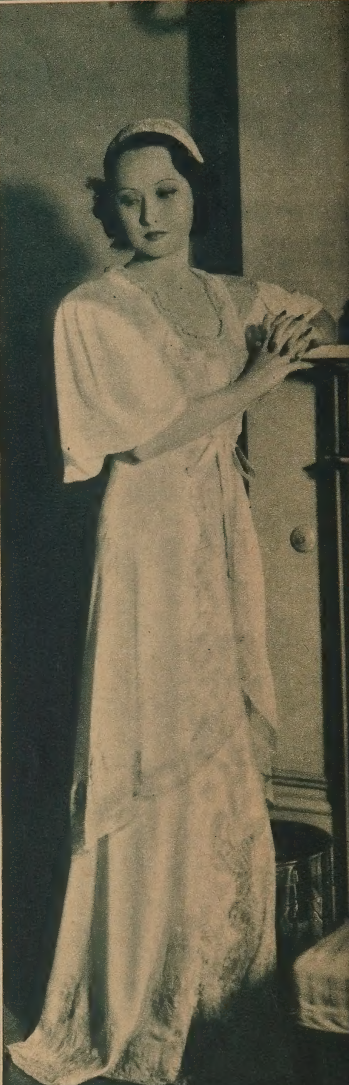
Gwen Wakeling caught Loretta's spirit in designing this house coat—it's tailored but romantically feminine in the use of a black satin fabric embroidered in Oriental motif. You may see Loretta wearing it in "Second Honeymoon"

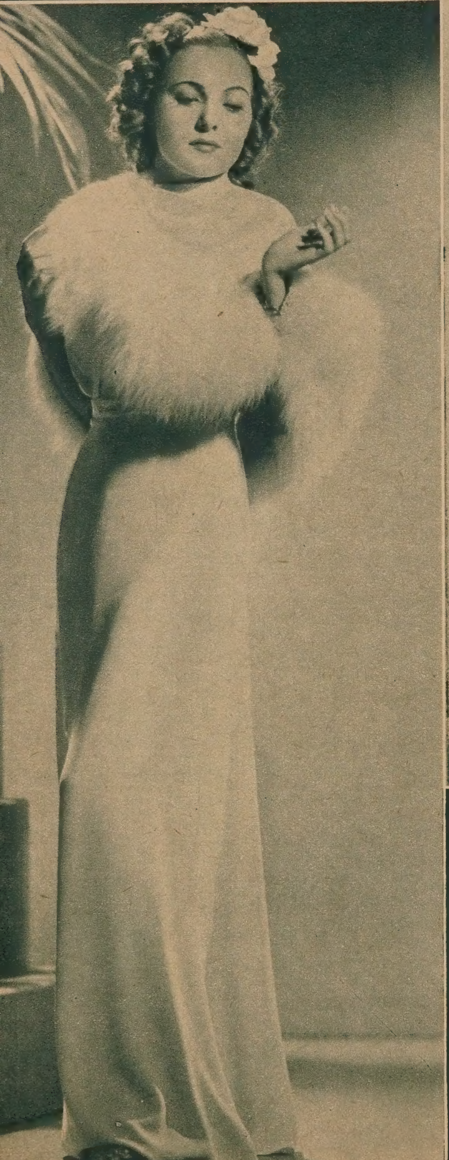


Charm

Two English stars choose clothes to flatter their types



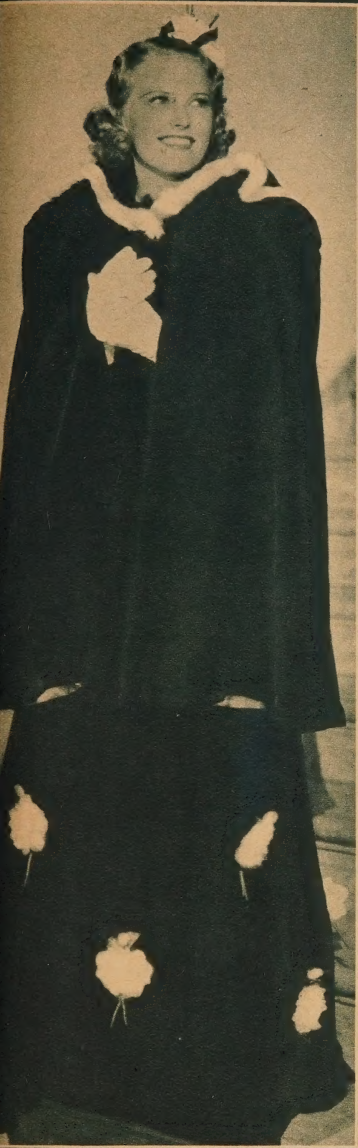


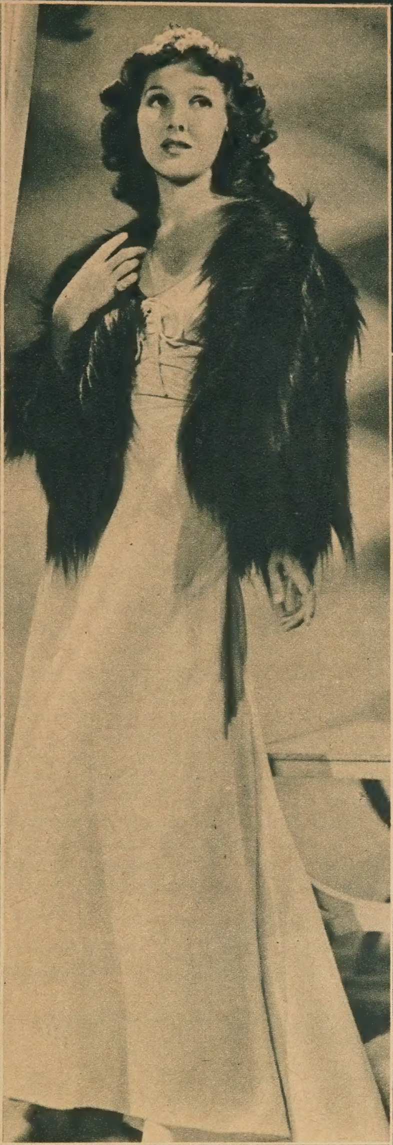


Left—Pat Paterson dresses to please her French husband, Charles Boyer, but picks only what suits her, too! She loves long, graceful lines as in this white evening gown with its fox trimmed cape of beaded material. Matching beaded bands trim the bodice of the gown. Notice her coiffure with the flowers, isn't it charming? All is in harmony for a perfect evening

Above center—Like all Frenchmen, Boyer likes black and so Pat wears this black velvet dinner dress with a chiffon yoke embroidered in colorful sequins. The short sleeves are slit from the shoulder. Because she is small that high waisted effect is very becoming—something that all of us should remember

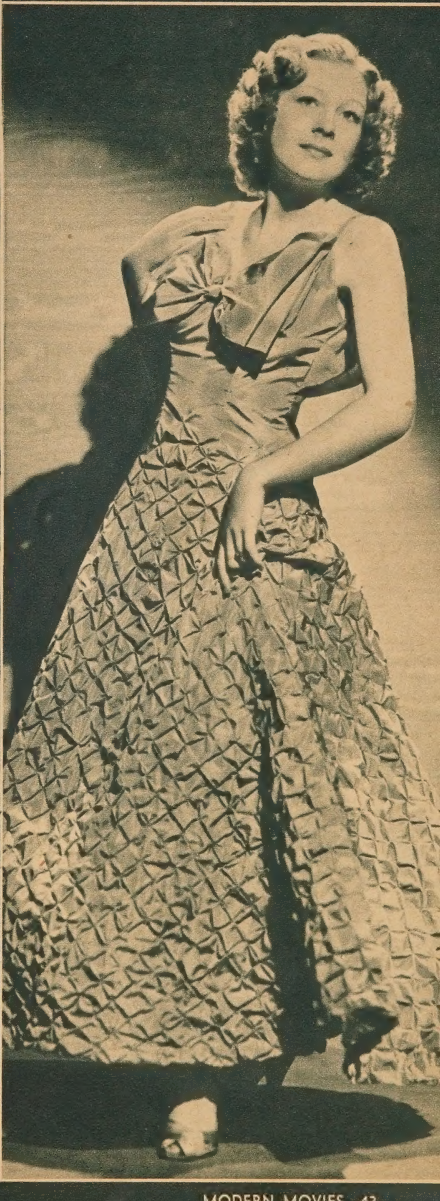
Above right—Photographed in her London house, Merle Oberon is wearing her favorite negligee. It is ice blue satin with the gown and tunic coat trimmed in fine lace. On her head she wears a matching lace Juliet cap. Conservative but unusual clothes are typical of the Oberon charm in dressing





Youth

Hollywood's young set wants swing and gaiety in fashion



Above left—Just perfect for holiday formals is Jean Chatburn's full skirted velvet dress trimmed with white gardenias about the hem. Gardenias trim her coiffure but ermine banding carries out the black and white effect on the hooded collar of her velvet wrap. A very attractive combination results

Above center—The slinkiness of black monkey fur has always appealed to young girls who want a dash of sophistication. Jean Parker wears a cape of monkey fur over a tightly bodiced dress of pale gold metal cloth. Jean's skirt has an extra flare of fullness right at the back, completing the effect

Right—The ballerina skirt that flares out above the ankles has that newness which the young set likes. Shirley Ross wears a stunning version of this style in which the skirt is completely quilted but the bodice is left fitted and plain, with only a bow of the cherry colored taffeta used for trimming

Stars OF THE FUTURE

Who will they be? Let's line up some of Hollywood's newest players for the correct answer

by RADIE HARRIS

HALF the fun of being a movie interviewer is lunching with Claudette Colbert, teaing with Joan Crawford and dining with Tyrone Power (when Janet Gaynor and Sonja Heine are busy). The other half is having known these glamorous people before Hollywood catapulted them to overnight fame and fortune.

Claudette Colbert's four room apartment on West 73rd Street . . . Joan Crawford's first fur coat . . . Margaret Sullavan scurrying up the steps two at a time, to see if any agent had phoned about a job . . . Ginger Rogers' hotel room at the Whitby . . . Henry Fonda walking across the stage and inquiring, "Is my mother here?" in a Tallulah Bankhead play . . . fifteen year old Ruby Keeler dancing at the Texas Guinan Club . . . Miriam Hopkins on Waverly Place . . . Jimmy Cagney hoofing in the "Grand Street Follies" . . . Robert Montgomery gathering up enough courage to propose to Betty Allen "on account of" he was earning $40 a week.

There is no trick to meeting famous people *after* they have arrived. Everyone seeks out celebrities, if for no other reason, than for the vicarious thrill of shining in their reflected glory. Even Noel Coward, unashamedly, confesses in his current autobiography, "Present Indicative," that it was the apex of his ambition to know "Important People" well enough to call them by their first names.

In Hollywood, where more world renowned personalities are segregated than any other spot on the face of the globe, you're either a "name" or nobody. Just how shortsighted this caste system is, can best be exemplified by the following story:

Two actors, fresh from Broadway, were visiting Hollywood for the first time. Boarding a street car, they asked the conductor to let them know when they reached the RKO studios. But the conductor, who must have been from New York, was very churlish and rude.

The one actor was all for punching him in the jaw but

Andrea Leeds—fresh from her triumph in "Stage Door," next seen in "Goldwyn Follies"

Norwegian Vera Zorina, ballerina—makes her impressive film debut in "Goldwyn Follies"

Thomas Beck of 20th Century-Fox. In "Heidi" and "45 Fathers." A sure comer

Lola Lane and sister, Rosemary. Latter, new to pictures, shows great promise in "Varsity Show" and "Hollywood Hotel." You might take them for twins

Danielle Darrieux, French player, to appear soon in Universal's "Rage of Paris"

his friend restrained him by hurriedly clutching his arm.

"Control yourself," he admonished. "You forget this is Hollywood. That street car conductor might be your director tomorrow!"

It is working on this psychology that has always made me ferret out the young unknowns, the newcomers, the unglorified, unsung heroes and heroines, whose feet are on the first rung of the ladder instead of the top. Their stories are not yet stale with the countless retelling of them. Their illusions are still unblemished. Their enthusiasms are not yet jaded nor their sense of values falsified. And their gratitude for your interest in them at this inglorious stage of their careers remains forever steadfast (with a few rare exceptions).

Of course, every new face isn't a potential star. For every Robert Taylor, Deanna Durbin, Tyrone Power, Sonja Heine and Don Ameche, who burst on the camera horizon with the dizzying ascent of a Roman candle, there are countless others who never achieve more than a faint glimmer of recognition—and are as soon forgotten as yesterday's headlines.

Who are the stars of tomorrow? It was to answer this question that I made my annual survey of all the studios and interviewed more than fifty new players. Here then, without benefit of a pack of cards or a crystal bowl, is my Hollywood prophecy for the stars of the future. Remember and see if I'm not right!

Let me focus your attention first on Zorina, Samuel Goldwyn's newest sextacular import, who makes her screen debut in the two million dollar technicolor musical, "The Goldwyn Follies."

Two years as premiere ballerina of the internationally famed Ballet Russe, the toast of the London musical stage, a favorite of the capitals of continental Europe, this 20 year old Norwegian joins the parade of other Goldwyn lovelies from afar—Vilma Banky, Lili Damita and Merle Oberon. And like

George Sanders—his performance in "Lancer Spy" was markedly brilliant, everyone conceded

Sigrid Gurie—appears shortly in "Adventures of Marco Polo"

Jon Hall—Tahiti-born, adept at native sports. "Hurricane" hero

Phyllis Brooks—going up! Performances outstanding in "You Can't Have Everything" and the epic, "In Old Chicago"

them, Goldwyn, with his infallible "Pygmalion" touch, will transform her into another Hollywood "Galatea."

I met Zorina for the first time last spring, when she arrived in New York en route to the camera coast. It was at an informal party at the home of Jack Whiting, her co-star in the London production of "On Your Toes." In this intimate gathering I had the opportunity of a real close-up, before she climbed aboard the Hollywood bandwagon. I found her like all young girls educated abroad, extremely poised for her years and innately well-bred. She told me that after her intensive regime with the Ballet Russe, the demands of a screen career held no terror for her.

"The only thing that frightens me is that they might try to change me," she confided. "I don't want tangerine hair, even if it picks up the lights better, nor do I want eyebrows that make my face look like a Benda mask. Of course, I know they won't let me keep this mole (and she pointed to a tiny birthmark on the left side of her chin) but I won't object too strenuously to that."

Zorina was right. They didn't let her keep that mole. But when I saw her in Hollywood a few weeks later, she was the same unspoiled girl I had met at the Jack Whitings. Only now, instead of wondering what Hollywood would be like, she was already perfectly "at home" in a charming bungalow in Beverly Hills and on the set of the United Artists Studios, where with Phil Baker, Edgar Bergen, Charlie MacCarthy and the George Balanchine ballet, she was nearing completion of "The Goldwyn Follies." And if she doesn't dance her way right into your hearts in her American screen debut, in the words of Mr. Goldwyn, "you can include me out" of next year's prophecy!

On the same lot, also hailing from Norway, is Sigrid Gurie, who in her very first picture achieved what half the other Hollywood glamour gals still aspire to. She has just finished playing opposite Gary Cooper! That Sam Goldwyn would entrust this enviable spot to her is mute testimony of what he thinks of his newest import.

He is enthusiastically seconded by Gary and Director Archie Mayo, both of whom raved to me about her exquisite playing of the Princess in "Adventures of Marco Polo."

She is five feet five inches tall, has light brown hair and expressive blue eyes. In her classic good looks and tranquil charm, she reminds me of Norma Shearer. And I'm sorry to disappoint you boys, but she is already married—and very much in love!

In addition to launching these two feminine proteges, the Great Goldwyn also has a male star in the making. His name is Jon Hall, a bronzed young giant of magnificent physique, who makes his screen debut as Terangi, the native hero of the Charles Nordhoff-James Norman Hall novel, "The Hurricane."

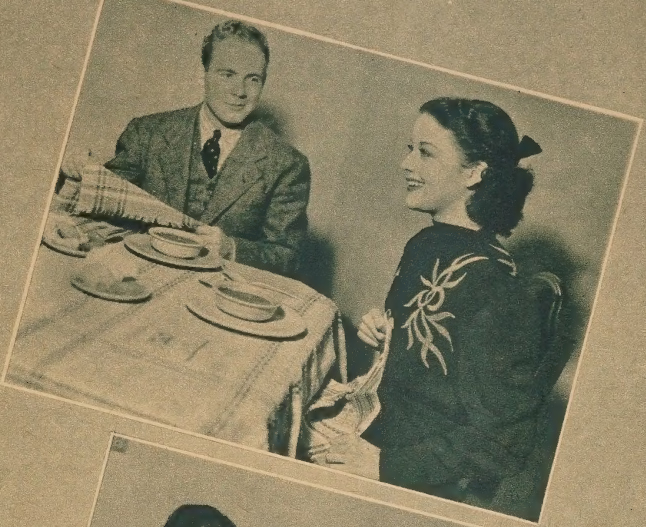
Hall was reared in Tahiti, local of the story—he knows the customs and psychology of the South Sea Islanders, and is adept at their sports. And, coincidently, he happens to be a cousin of author James Norman Hall. In other words, he is so admirably suited to his role, that it is one of those major Hollywood miracles that he is *actually* playing it. The picture is well named because, with its release, there will be a "Hurricane" of approval for this latest *(Continued on page 76)*

Annabella—recently from Paris and clearly pointed for Hollywood success

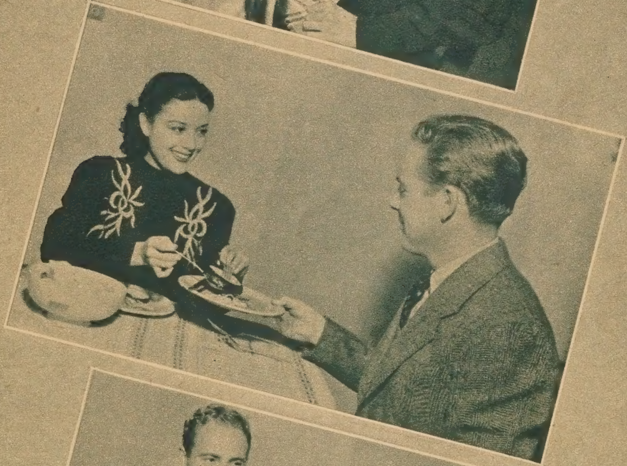
IT'S PROPER

LYLE MORAINE AND MOVITA

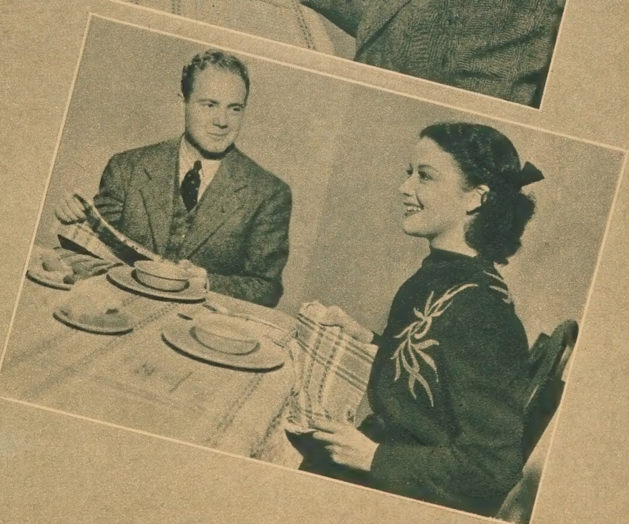
MONOGRAM PLAYERS



Movita and Lyle are ready to begin eating the food that has been prepared for them. They take up their napkins and place them in their laps



Here Lyle is shown receiving a second serving. In passing his plate he has left his silver in the middle of the plate, which, of course, is the correct procedure to follow



Now they have finished and are ready to leave the table. They place their napkins beside their plates, without folding or rolling

Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

Out for the evening—are they happy? See those smiles!

WHY I MARRIED *Alice Faye*

Tony Martin finds some excellent reasons in choosing the dashing blonde in preference to any other

AS TOLD TO LOUISE GRAY

by TONY MARTIN

Alice and Tony are going into a new picture together—"Sally, Irene and Mary"—They're very happy over it

HE sprawled in the most contented, thoroughly at ease fashion all over a big armchair, his long legs stretched out in front of him on the apple green cushions of a disapprovingly erect windsor chair. I wondered, looking at him, how even two chairs could hold the incredibly wide shoulders and the rest of his six feet, 175 pounds of masculinity. His brown eyes crinkled in the friendliest way when I asked him why he had married Alice Faye.

"Obviously because I love her," he grinned.

"Obviously," I countered. "But why?"

"Lady," he said, spreading expressive hands fanwise. "You ask the *darndest* questions."

"Break down, Tony, and tell me how it all happened," I urged. "Perhaps it will be easier that way. How did you meet her?"

"Well," and he settled back in the chair, casting a slanting glance in the direction of Alice's mother who was taking the whole scene in but being an unusual mother-in-law and saying nothing. "We were working on a picture together. I remember the first day I saw her. I came on the set and she was sitting off by herself detached and untouched by all the rushing about. It was as though only her body was there. She looked terribly unhappy to me. I walked over to her and spoke. Of course, I didn't need to be told who she was."

" 'Hello!' I said. 'You don't look too happy.'

" 'You don't look so good yourself,' she replied.

"I suddenly felt very big and masculine and—protective. I wanted to do something about it but I hadn't an idea what. We had both been hurt very badly only a short while before in an unfortunate love affair and I suppose it sort of made us kindred spirits.

"From that small beginning the grandest friendship developed. We began going around together. We were interested in the same things, music and singing and—oh, just lots of other things—you know how it is—and it just seemed as natural as breathing. Alice is a swell girl. You don't have to tell her things, she seems to sense them, to understand them without it. I'm not saying anything very original but that doesn't make it a bit less true.

"I think *I* knew almost at once that Alice was the girl for me and I wanted to get married right away. Alice wasn't so sure. I asked her to marry me many times before she finally said 'yes.'

" 'No, I think we had better wait' she would say and always she had a reason for not doing so at the moment. In spite

of the fact that I didn't agree with her they always sounded perfectly logical.

"One day, it was just two days after her mother had left for New York and we had promised her we wouldn't do anything until her return, I asked again:

" 'Alice, let's get married.' She looked at me as though she might be willing. So I pushed my advantage. 'There's a plane for Yuma in just a little while,' I begged. 'Let's get it.' She looked at me and smiled.

" 'All right!'

"Will I ever forget that moment! I can tell you I lost no time in getting us aboard that plane before she had time to change her mind again. I forgot that we had made a promise to her mother. You see, I had been hammering at her defenses so long I was afraid to take a chance and wait even one day.

"That's how it happened. Not very exciting to anyone but us but just about the answer to all our hopes, and dreams, and problems. We had success of a kind, we faced a reasonably bright future, we were young and eager for life, and we had each other. That's our love story."

At this moment Tony glanced at his wristwatch and, with more energy than I had yet seen him display, bounced—yes, that's the word—he literally bounced from his position of solid comfort into the middle of the room. I think both of us were convinced that he had suddenly and unreasoningly taken leave of his senses.

"Say," he said excitedly. "It's 8:30. Alice is on the air."

As he moved toward the radio his eyes fell on three letters, all in blue envelopes, addressed in a large, legible hand. He picked them up quickly with something of the expression of a small boy caught in the cookie jar, ran

(Continued on page 77)

Alice in her role in "In Old Chicago." One look, and you needn't ask Tony to explain why he fell in love with her

You'll remember them in "You Can't Have Everything." They were *so* gay

MODERN MOVIES'

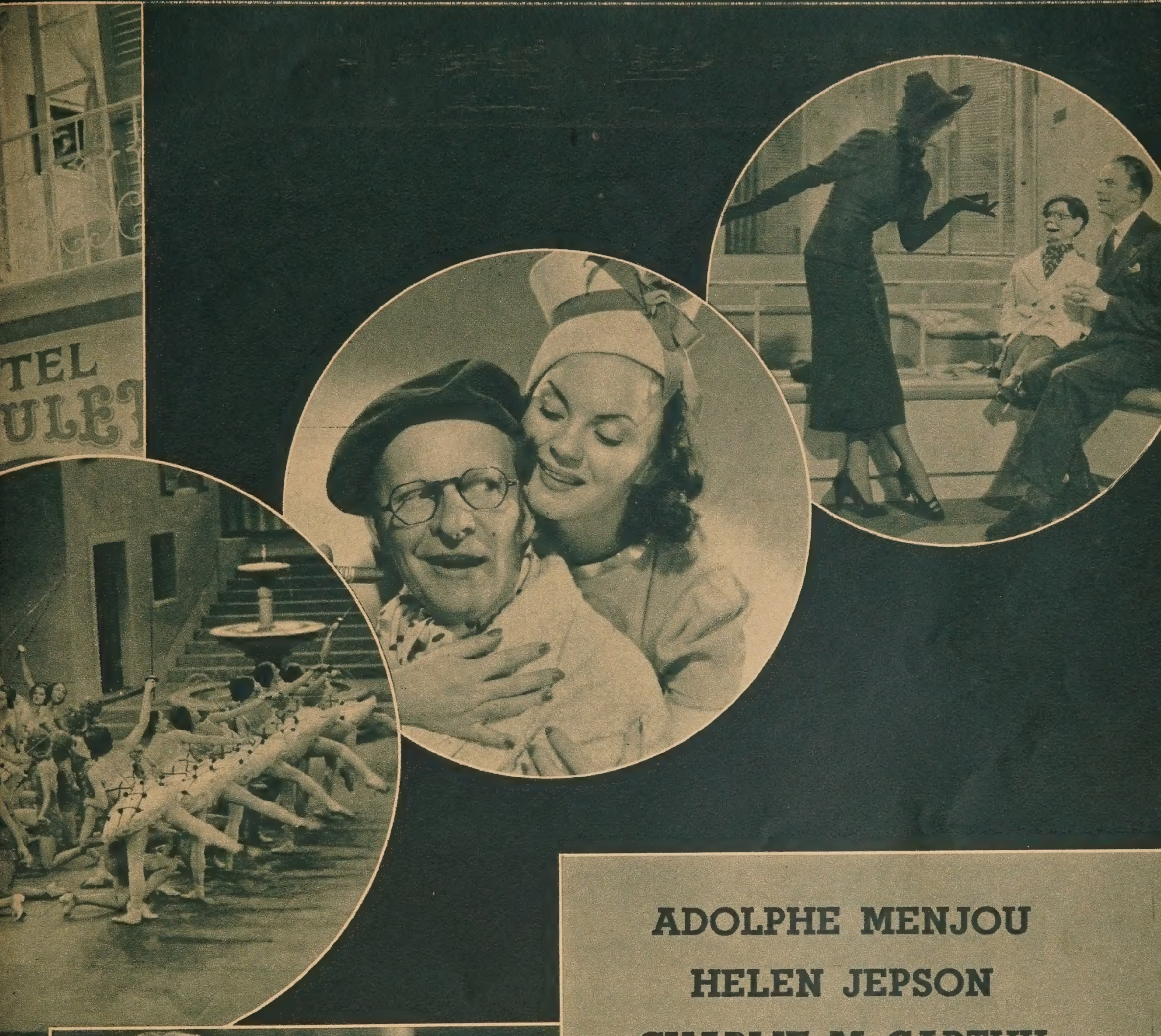
FREDRIC MARCH
FRANCISKA GAAL
MARGOT GRAHAME

THE BUCCANEER

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Lafitte (Fredric March), famous pirate, is in love with Annette (Margot Grahame), a belle of New Orleans, who demands he reform before marriage. Lafitte holds a sale in the market place, but the Governor dare not arrest him. At sea Capt. Brown (Robert Barrat) scuttles, against Lafitte's orders, an American ship. Discovering on board Gretchen (Franciska Gaal) a little Dutch girl, he makes her walk the plank. Gretchen is rescued by Lafitte who decides to join General Jackson in the defense of New Orleans. But many of his men are mistakenly slaughtered by the Americans. Lafitte succeeds in releasing those taken prisoners by offering the American Governor his aid in the pending battle. At the victory ball, Gretchen appears, dressed in finery seized from the ship Brown sank. Lafitte is forced to flee and at sea realizes it is Gretchen that he loves, and not Annette.

This film hardly lends itself to a summary of its plot. First, it is a musical, and, second, it contains too much to begin attempting even to list. It is a gorgeous extravaganza done in superb technicolor, for which Goldwyn Pictures have become famous. Comedy, songs, dances, grand, catchy music—everything is poured into this superb mixture of every form of entertainment. In the cast are: Andrea Leeds, Adolphe Menjou, Helen Jepson, Phil Baker and Stooges, Ritz Brothers, Bobby Clark, Zorina, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Charles Kullman, Ann Graham, Kenny Baker, Nydia Westman, and George Balanchine and American Ballet.



ADOLPHE MENJOU
HELEN JEPSON
CHARLIE McCARTHY

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES

A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PICTURE

HITTING A NEW HIGH

LILY PONS JOHN HOWARD
JACK OAKIE
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

Suzette (Lily Pons), a French cafe singer with operatic longings, fails to interest Lucius Blynn (E. E. Horton), millionaire patron and big game hunter, in her ambition. Blynn demands of his press agent Corny (Jack Oakie) a sensational hunt, so the latter connives with Suzette. In the heart of Africa, Blynn hears a woman singing "The Nightingale," and discovers Suzette clad in feathers and pretending to know only a native tongue. Blynn radios his "bird-girl" discovery to the world. Keeping her in seclusion on his Long Island estate, he has her make a radio debut. Meantime, Suzette's sweetheart, Jimmy (John Howard), who has brought his band to New York, recognizes her voice, but when he visits her Corny throws him out. Suzette gets a New York opera engagement. In a mix-up in plans, Suzette, angry with Jimmy, appears as her old—not bird—self. Corny, as a master stroke of publicity, reveals all, but Suzette now refuses a stirring role. Love is her paramount interest. She is going away with Jimmy and his band to South America.

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES BOYER

TOVARICH

A
WARNER BROTHERS
PICTURE

PICTORIAL PREVIEWS

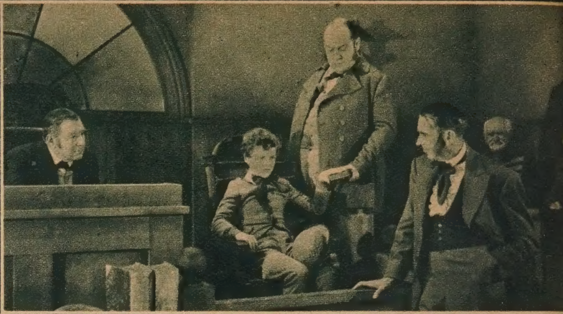
Prince Mikail (Charles Boyer) and the Grand Duchess Tatiana (Claudette Colbert) are Russian exiles in France. Living in poverty, Tina steals food from the grocer's. One day she is followed home by gendarmes, but to Tina's surprise, the grocer says that she had paid for everything. It is presently revealed that counter revolutionists want their assistance. But Mikail says the 40,000,000 francs he holds belong to whoever is again crowned Czar. Tina, now realizing who has been paying for her thefts, says they no longer must accept charity. She becomes a maid, Mikail a butler, in the home of Mr. Dupont (Melville Cooper). Dupont gives a dinner to the Commissar of the Soviet Republic, the greatest enemy of Tina and Mikail. She refuses his tip, telling him she has spit in his water. But the Commissar wants those 40,000,000 francs for the starving Russian peasants and Mikail finally turns it over to him. The Duponts insist Tina and Mikail stay on until new servants are found—which apparently will never be.

TOMMY KELLY MAY ROBSON VICTOR JORY

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

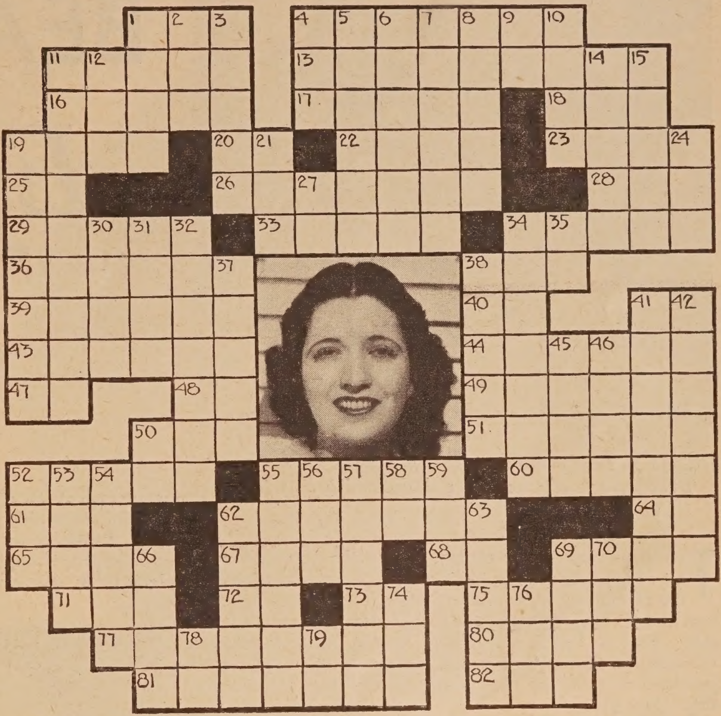
A SELZNICK PICTURE

Tom Sawyer (Tommy Kelly) lives with his Aunt Polly (May Robson). His favorite companion is the town's bad boy, Huck Finn (Jackie Moran). To try a new cure for warts the two boys go to the graveyard at night, where they see a quarrel between grave robbers in which one is stabbed to death. Injun Joe (Victor Jory) falsely swears Muff Potter (Walter Brennan) is the murderer. Tom and Huck, fearing Injun Joe's vengeance, keep silence, while Potter goes on trial. Tom, called as a witness, tells the truth—that Injun Joe is really the murderer. Injun Joe escapes. Later, Tom goes on a picnic with Becky Thatcher (Ann Gillis) and the two, entering a cave, are lost. Lighting their way with candles, Tom sees Injun Joe but they evade him. On their escape at last, the authorities have the entrance to the cave sealed. Injun Joe is discovered dead behind the door erected, after Tom's adventure, to keep people out.



Modern Movies' Crossword Puzzle

Answered in This Issue on Page 80

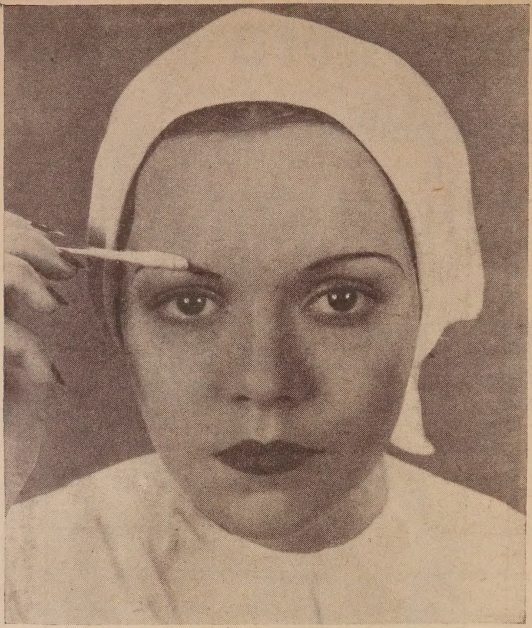


VERTICAL

1. One of the Taylor boys.
2. She played in "Super Sleuth" (first name).
3. Periods of time.
4. Obese.
5. Destroyed.
6. Respect greatly.
7. Female relatives.
8. Gave up.
9. At home.
10. Get out!
11. Those who copy.
12. Competed for office.
14. "The Perfect Specimen" (first name).
15. Lewis ——— is an old timer in the movies.
19. Feminine name.
21. Eternity.
24. Actress in "Souls at Sea" (first name).
27. Slang for "tramp."
30. One (combining form).
31. A sultanate in S.E. Arabia.
32. A territory in W. Africa.
34. The glamour girl in "Angel" (first name).
35. And (L.)
37. Kind of evergreen tree.
38. Bards.
41. Finder.
42. Son of Agamemnon.
45. Verbal.
46. Father (Fr.).
50. Exclamation.
52. Came together.
53. A metal.
54. Crawl.
55. Not level.
56. An American poet.
57. Tried hard.
58. Interjection.
59. Half a score.
62. Actress in "You're a Sweetheart" (first name).
63. Thoroughfares.
66. Prophet.
69. Wet with morning moisture.
70. Male star in "That Certain Woman" (first name).
74. Pronoun.
76. Short sleep.
78. Concerning.
79. That thing.

HORIZONTAL

1. and 4. Female star in a recent film success (center).
11. Actress in "The Awful Truth" (first name).
13. Movie-goers.
16. Food from heaven.
17. Fixed—as to time.
18. What the star shown in the center possesses.
19. Where they make lots of money.
20. Musical note.
22. Refined.
23. Walked heavily.
25. What Clara Bow had.
26. Made sad.
28. A person.
29. Star in "The Return of the Sheik" (first name).
33. Knobs.
34. General fight.
36. Pertaining to minute particles.
38. Male lead in "Back in Circulation" (first name).
39. The period of minority.
40. Conjunction.
41. Accomplish.
43. Hummed.
44. Movie star who runs to Yuma to marry.
47. Like.
48. Sun god.
49. Circular in cross section.
50. Tune.
51. Pitfalls.
52. Biblical name (Sam.).
55. Overturned.
60. Choose.
61. Sin.
62. and 80. Name of recent film in which the actress pictured above played.
64. Symbol for tellurium.
65. Digits.
67. Expression of the villain.
68. Negative answer.
69. God (Sp.)
71. Born.
72. Four.
73. Exclamation.
75. Near.
77. Understand; notice.
81. Come in again.
82. Secret agent.



Jane Wyman's brows, lashes and eyelids are never powdery because she uses a dampened swab this way

SOME BEAUTIFUL *Eye*-DEAS

by JEANETTE

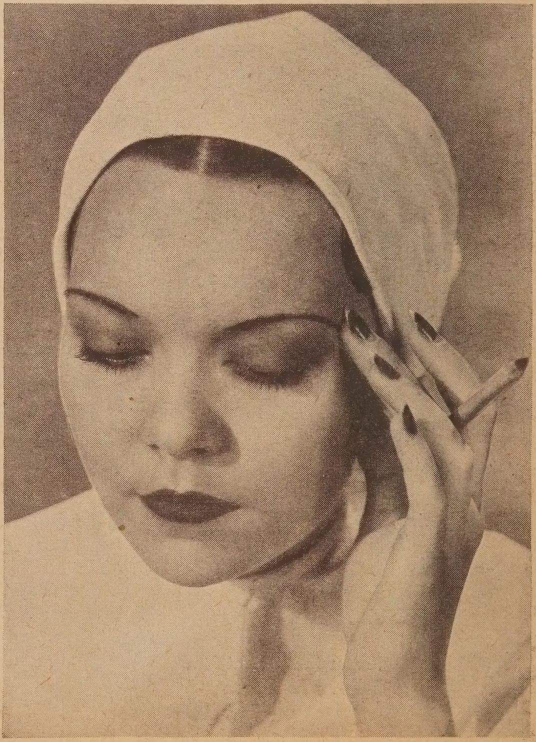
THE eyes have it this season! Any girl who can boast a set of alluring orbs is luckier than she knows. Since it's the fashion for veils and eye-revealing lines in hats, we find that the upper part of our faces comes under bold scrutiny. And it takes a sparkling pair of eyes to radiate through the fine mist of a veil. Also eyes have to be well groomed to take the abrupt exposure which angular hat brim lines give.

Probably there is no place where eyes are given such painstaking care as they are in Hollywood. The strain of bright lights and the sharp focus of camera close-ups make it imperative that every star and starlet have a real beauty routine for their eyes. Nearly every star has some pet trick which she employs for eye beautifying and any number are glad to pass them on to you.

Hollywood, for instance, does a bumper business in false eyelashes. Some of the most glamorous beauties frankly admit that they give Nature a hand by adding an additional sweeping fringe to their own lashes. Marlene Dietrich even cabled her make-up woman at the studio this summer to ship her over a bunch of new lashes because she had run short of her favorite brand while touring Europe! Marlene makes no bones about wearing false lashes both on the screen and off. In fact, she deliberately affects a rather artificial make-up and the lashes help the effect considerably.

Girls who have a sparse growth of lashes find artificial ones a great boon but it is wise to be conservative in their use in order not to get too far away from the "natural" trend in make-up that is now the vogue. Try to encourage the growth of your own lashes before resorting to artificial ones. Use a good lash grower or just vaseline before retiring at night. Massage the lids gently around the lashes, being careful not to split or break off those you have. Then give the lashes a good coating of the lubricant and brush them gently upward with a good eyelash brush. Brushing lashes, like brushing hair, stimulates growth and helps stubborn, stiff lashes to curl upward.

Mascara, if applied skillfully, helps to make thin lashes look thick. But you must be careful not to load the lashes



Another good Wyman trick is to smooth the eyebrow to a shadowy line after applying, using the fingertips down with the mascara for you not only get a sticky, unattractive effect but you often cause breaking and splitting of the tender hairs. Brush mascara from the longest point to the outside and after you have let it dry, brush the lashes again with no mascara on the brush at all. This separates the hairs and gives a beautiful, natural effect.

Gloria Dickson has a good lash and eyebrow trick. She spreads white vaseline over her brows and lashes before using soap and water on her face. She says this avoids drying up the lashes and keeps them glossy.

DAILY washing of the eyes with a good brand of eye wash is very beneficial in keeping them clear and sparkling. If you haven't an eyewash handy, make a mild solution of boric acid powder and lukewarm water—it makes a healing and soothing eye wash.

Practically every star rests her eyes at some time during the day. The method used by Joan Fontaine is one which all of you can well adopt. She lies down in a darkened room for fifteen minutes at the end of each day and just before dressing for the evening's engagements. Over her closed lids she presses pads of cotton which have been soaked in a reputable eye lotion. Several cosmetic houses have herbal packs for this very purpose. But you can use witch hazel or ice cold water and achieve an equally soothing effect.

Joan is one of those lucky gals who has naturally long lashes and she keeps them in perfect curl by using a little curling gadget that gently rolls them upward. This does not break the lashes, no matter how brittle they may be, and it makes lashes appear thicker, too.

Young Mary Maguire, who hardly has any reason to worry about lines or wrinkles about her eyes, nevertheless takes infinite precaution to prevent just such a thing from happening. Two of my pictures show you her excellent eye tricks. Every night before retiring, she works a muscle oil about her eyes, using a gentle patting motion. This eliminates dry skin and any tendency toward fine wrinkles.

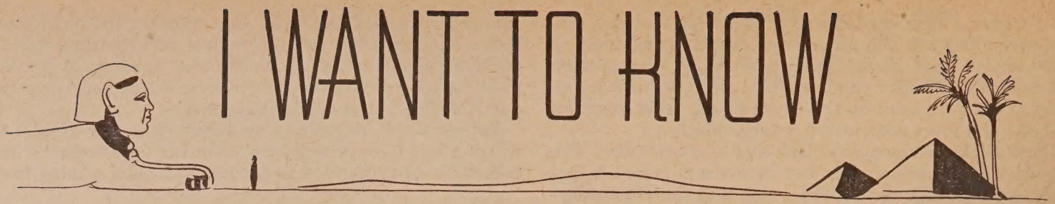
That headband which she wears is slick for keeping your hair free from powder and cream at the hairlines.

Jane Wyman has two excellent suggestions for you who like to emphasize your brows with a bit of pencil. Although she plucks her brows to a rather narrow line, she does not lose the natural shape. In pencilling, Jane says that she rubs down the eyebrow pencil with the fingertips so as to give a soft line at either end of the brows.

Young Mary Maguire starts early to avoid telltale wrinkles by smoothing in a muscle oil under the eyes every night

Mary also has a good dodge in applying powder under the eyes, she stretches the skin around the eye while dabbing on the powder in an even coat

I WANT TO KNOW



Maureen O'Connor strives for film honors *a la* Deanna Durbin. Maureen is only thirteen years old and plays leading lady to Jackie Cooper in "Boy of the Streets." Jackie is now 14

Gene C. R., Peoria, Ill.—George Sanders' first picture was "Strange Cargo," English-made. In America he has acted in "Lloyds of London," "Love is News," "Slave Ship." His latest is "Lancer Spy." English by birth. College graduate, outstanding athlete. Height, six feet three; weight, 215 lbs.; hair, light brown; eyes, grey-green. Unmarried. Favorite type of woman—"the demure sort."

•

Loretta, St. Johns, New Brunswick.—You're asking how much there is to that "rumored engagement between Francis Lederer and Margo"? Well, it's all over, as the papers must have advised you by now. They were married Oct. 18.

•

John D., Superior, Wisc.—Lucille Ball, who does that "swell job" in "Stage Door" was once a showgirl. Born in Butte, Mont. Educated in New York City. Became a poster girl, thence the movies. Has played in a number of pictures including "Roman Scandals," "Roberta," "Follow the Fleet." Five feet, six inches; weight, 120 lbs.; hair, "brownette"; eyes, blue.

•

Helen B., San Antonio, Texas.—Movita is that little charmer who lends pulchritude to Monagram's pictures. Her next will be "Rose of the Rio Grande." Annabelle is a French importation, at this moment getting acclimated to Hollywood. Danielle Darrieux is that chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed, fair-skinned French girl you saw with Charles Boyer in "Mayerling." She is fresh from France.

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, 404 4th Ave., New York City.

The young man pictured above is Noah Beery, Jr., whose features stamp him as a member of the famous family. He is on the Universal lot, and is going places in pictures. A good lad to watch

Carol D., Oakland, Calif.—John Howard is "going right up," as you say. Don't know just "how he happened to be selected" among the many candidates to play the romantic lead opposite Lily Pons in "Hitting a New High" but he has the looks and the voice. So—that must be the answer.

Frances Gifford, discovered by a scout, was one of those brilliant girls in "Stage Door." RKO thinks her a real find. So do we

•

S. P. T., Omaha, Neb.—Shirley Ross is under contract to Paramount Pictures. She was first signed to play the romantic lead for that company's "The Big Broadcast of 1937." She was born in your native Omaha, whence the family moved to Hollywood. Shirley is five feet, four inches; weighs 118 lbs.; has red hair and grey eyes.

•

R. E. V., Evanston, Ill.—Diana Gibson is a Chicago girl. Her real name is Rosemary LaBie. Got into pictures because, while on a visit to Hollywood, was spotted by a studio scout while dancing in a night club there. Her hobbies are swimming, dancing, golf, tennis, ping pong, riding.

•

Letta F., East Orange, N. J.—Yes, Brooklyn has the honor of being the birthplace of Barbara Stanwyck. Her real name is Ruby Stevens. Went to work at 13. At 15—was in Ziegfeld's Follies. She exercises a lot and doesn't diet. Height, 5 feet, 4 inches; weight, 120 lbs.; eyes, dark blue; hair, auburn. Her "two greatest pictures"? "Ladies of Leisure" and "Stella Dallas."

Why Ginger Rogers Steals Pictures . . .

(Continued from page 21)

records. Yet Ginger did not raise a hand to win this distinction, other than to take the part that was given her, to breathe into it her own abundant vitality, her own charm. It was no ruse or trick that she made of it a rich, true-to-life characterization.

Apparently some of the critics were a little surprised that Ginger had proved herself so great in this role. They shouldn't have been. For two years now, Ginger Rogers, dancer, has been merging into Ginger Rogers, actress. As a matter af fact she had the right slant in her very first film, "Young Man of Manhattan." She impressed with her skill in depicting a wise-cracking siren. That success was no accident. Even then she had much understanding of acting and audiences. Already she knew the value of the practical over the academic; of presenting life as she had learned it. Before she had ever seen a movie camera she had had excellent training . . . . Dancing . . . . vaudeville . . . . Broadway musical shows . . . . And she had made several films before she went to Hollywood! When she finally did arrive at the film city she was better equipped to face and meet its problems than was many a player who had been there for years.

Ginger's career began in the days when the Charleston was the dance of dances. She wasn't keeping her nimble feet still. She got into a dance contest that swept the state of Texas like one of its prairie fires. And when it was all over Ginger (whose real name is Virginia Katherine McMath) was the champion of her state. Vaudeville knew a good thing then just as screen and radio do now. So there came for Ginger bookings in Memphis and St. Louis.

Paul Ash, orchestra leader, saw her, negotiated and Ginger had a run for eighteen weeks at the Oriental, one of Chicago's largest picture theatres. The next upward step wasn't so much a step as a handspring. For Ginger bounced right onto the "real" stage, as the leading comedienne in a musical show, "Top Speed," on Broadway. New York City, at that. Paramount needed a siren to fill out the cast for "Young Man of Manhattan," with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. And so now Ginger found herself in the movies. But she was still far away from Hollywood, for this film and several others that followed were shot in the company's Eastern Studios at Astoria, Long Island.

One more Broadway show and then Paramount whisked her to Hollywood.

Ginger had started out as a dancer and it's hard to shake off one's specialty.

She had made some twenty pictures for half a dozen different companies when the need for a pair of specialty dancers in "Flying Down to Rio" brought her with Fred Astaire into the production. They were billed only as featured players, but one of their numbers, "The Carioca," drove audiences everywhere wild. Thus emerged from this engagement a new dancing team.

Again and again Ginger had had her chance at drama, but those flying feet of hers always tripped her up. A dancer she was and so the world would have her. Again she lilted through "Gay Divorcee" with Fred Astaire, followed by "Romance in Manhattan." Then came "Roberta," and with it the real beginning of the change in Ginger's dramatic fortunes. Probably the producer of this film had little more in mind for her than the dance numbers with Fred Astaire. The plot centered around Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. Ginger was cast as a phony countess. Ginger didn't steal this picture but she made the judicious sit up and take notice. She did some very neat comedy work in addition to her dancing. "Roberta" was a box-office hit; Astaire had been excellent, too. Possibly the producers overrated his success, however, for when Ginger was put with him in "Top Hat" Astaire did most of the dancing; Ginger mostly looked on. There is evidence to support the contention that Ginger did not exactly like this arrangement.

Something must have happened by the time the two were paired again in "Shall We Dance," Ginger was again given full opportunity and, splendid though Astaire is, Ginger stood out like a golden flower in every scene, in every dance.

(Continued on page 65)

Admiring their own handiwork—or acting—John Barrymore, John Howard and Louise Campbell look over "stills" of scenes from one of the "Bulldog Drummond" series of pictures

WENDY BARRIE HAS "OPEN HOUSE"

THERE'S a saying that the English remain English no matter where they live. This certainly is true of the English colony in Hollywood. Those stars who have made the cinema town their permanent home, still cling to English holiday traditions despite palm trees and a complete lack of Christmas scenery.

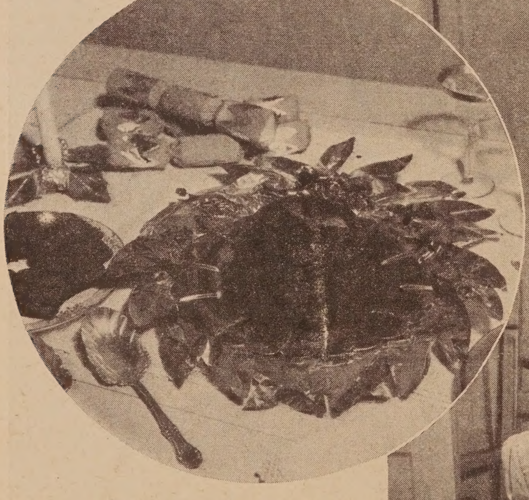
Among these Britishers, young and pretty Wendy Barrie is noted for her annual "open house" which begins at four o'clock on Christmas day and continues until late in the evening. Wendy has had open house on every Christmas day since she came from England and all her friends manage to find time in the day's round of festivities to stop by for a holiday toast and some of Wendy's delicious buffet dishes. Not only Wendy's food but her drinks and table accessories are duplicates of what her English guests would have enjoyed in their own homes abroad.

Wendy, as you know, is one of the popular young "bachelor girls" of Hollywood. Attractive and vivacious, her charming Beverly Hills home is a magnet for Hollywood's eligible young men. On Christmas day the Barrie house is alive with Christmas color. The buffet is set in the dining room so that guests can wander in to help themselves when they get hungry, a very pleasing arrangement.

Wendy's dining room is small so she encourages her guests to help themselves and carry it to the more spacious rooms of the house. What the dining room may lack in size it more than makes up for in charm. The walls are painted an ivory white and the furniture is an antique ivory color with dubonnet red leather seats on the chairs to match the dubonnet and ivory colored floral chintz at the windows. Floral prints decorate the walls and quaint corner cupboards hold Wendy's collection of antique English silver.

Being the obliging and gracious person that she is, Wendy has gone to all the trouble of setting a typical Christmas buffet table for you to copy. And she even had her English cook make up several of her pet dishes in advance just so that they could be photographed. So, below, you have a complete picture of what you might expect to see and be served at Wendy's this coming Christmas day!

The centerpiece consists of a silver and green metallic leaf wreath which can easily be copied if you've skillful fingers. Using a strong wire in the size you desire the wreath, cover it with a tightly wrapped *(Continued on page 78)*



Close-up of the centerpiece and the delicious plum pudding Wendy serves

Wendy Barrie offers her guests a delightful buffet repast on Christmas night. That fat, pillow-like object you see on the table is a neat style tea "cozy"

(Continued from page 63)

Some smart acting on her part, too.

Then Ginger was put into "Stage Door."

"Having Wonderful Time" is Ginger's next, from the play that was a sensation on Broadway. Of course she'll steal that, too, but be it noted that her fine performances win reputation for others that play with her. She seems to radiate her own glory upon them, for from "Stage Door" two new stars were probably born—Andrea Leeds and Lucille Ball. And Hepburn gave the finest performance of her distinguished career.

In her first film Ginger delivered a certain line so effectively that it was quoted 'round the world. It was this: "Cigarette me, big boy." Yes, just a natural born picture stealer.

The home life of Deanna Durbin. She enjoys a quiet afternoon on the lawn with her parents and the house pet, "Tippy." Deanna's birthday was Dec. 4th

Star Creating

(Continued from page 24)

Banton about clothes to bring out her best points, made herself accessible at all times to the publicity department and built up a reputation for unfailing amiability. Gail's campaign, as her new contract proves, won her success.

Joan Fontaine is the sister of Olivia de Havilland although it is written in her contract that this circumstance cannot be used for publicity purposes. That clause means more than meets the eye. The fact that a new and untried "contract player" dared to suggest any special clause—and got it written in—gives you a tip-off on Joan's character and her method of building herself to stardom.

Joan dares to do anything. From the very beginning she has taken the attitude that she is "going places." Her spirit has caught the imagination of the studio.

She played a rôle at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood. Lasky saw her and sent a scout to interview her. Instead of a meek, willing child he found a crisp, business-like young woman who knew the answers to questions he didn't know how to ask. She was neither humble nor ingratiating when the scout proposed a screen test.

"But why?" Joan asked. "You know perfectly well that there is nothing radically wrong with my face and if any minor defects appear to the camera your skilled make-up men can fix that. As for any acting ability—that has been tested by this play. You must have liked my work or at least seen possibilities or you wouldn't be here now. A test is no test of one's ability. It is simply a trying ordeal for everyone concerned."

The scout gulped, reported this fantastic conversation to the boss and Joan was given a contract without a test—an unheard of procedure with a girl lacking a box office name.

A few days later they called her to pose for publicity pictures. They told Joan to run over to the wardrobe and pick out a bathing costume she liked.

"No, thank you," said Joan in her crisp, determined way. "No 'leg art' for me. Dignified publicity or nothing."

The press agent a few minutes later reported the incident to his boss.

"Well, that's something," the boss mused. "That girl must be going somewhere—and not out the front gate"—just what Joan wanted him to say.

There are no secrets in Hollywood. I doubt if there is even a secret thought, and word spread like butter on flapjacks that Joan Fontaine was going to be somebody, that she had that "different" quality it takes.

A girl named Harriet Lake was discovered by Paul Bern and given a contract at M-G-M. Harriet was one of the hundreds of "discoveries" who get no farther than the still photographer's studio and the cutting room floor. Harriet had a cupid's bow mouth, copper colored hair and fantastically thin eyebrows. She had no poise and no confidence in herself.

Then someone evolved the idea—another publicity gag—of reversing the usual procedure and sending a group of Hollywood girls to New York to appear as chorus girls in a Broadway production. It worked two ways—space for Hollywood in the papers and a good chance of getting rid of a lot of duds who had legal contracts.

Harriet Lake was sent on this exposition, but while she was in New York she gave herself a long scrutiny in the mirror. She examined her personality, too. The result was that she dyed her hair, changed the shape of her eyebrows and acquired a manner of sophistication and assurance. As a final gesture of washing the slate clean she changed her name. And one day Harry Cohn announced a new star in "Let's Fall in Love." The star was Ann Sothern, who had once been called Harriet Lake.

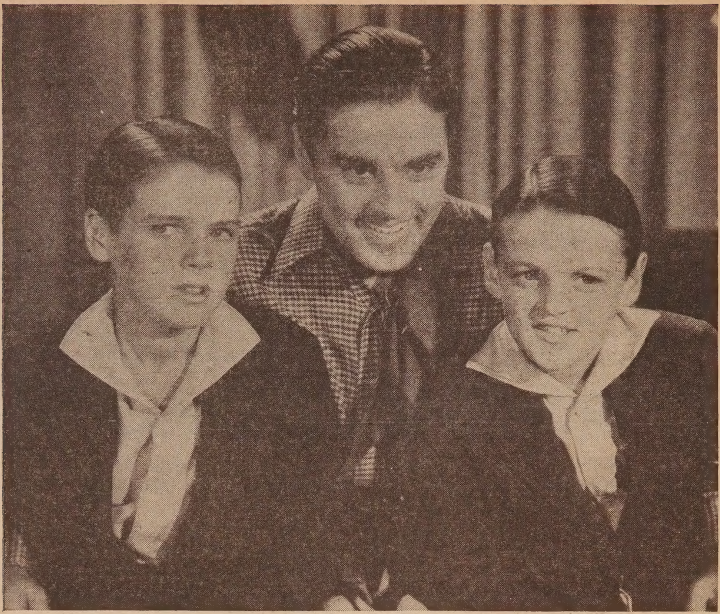
Margaret Lindsay—a nice middle Western girl—arrived in Hollywood, assumed a thick British accent, announced herself as an English star and got a break in "Cavalcade." By the time she revealed the hoax her position was secure. Her campaign had worked.

But perhaps one of the most curious of all star stories is the case of Virginia Bruce. It shows what a strange part luck can play in the life of a girl for whom the studio has no plans and who, in the beginning, can't map out an adequate plan of attack for herself.

Because of her really lovely face, Virginia was given a contract at Paramount, but the studio soon pronounced her hopeless. She was a big girl and walked badly. She over-rouged her cheeks.

When the group of girls, including Ann Sothern, was sent to New York to form the chorus of a Broadway musical the studio contributed Virginia with delight. Her stupid questions (and Virginia would be the first to admit they were stupid now), her unconcealed wonder at the big city, her incorrect make-up and her rather ordinary clothes made no impression on Broadway. But her face—beneath the rouge and powder—was so beautiful that M-G-M gave her a contract.

Back in Hollywood the younger players tried to help Virginia, to introduce her to the right people. But whenever she was invited to a party she had to refuse because she never had a hat that matched any of her dresses and her sixty-five-dollar-a-week salary, out of which she supported her family, did not allow a large wardrobe allowance. Someone



Phil Regan has found a residence for his two sons, Joseph, aged twelve, and Philip, ten, fifty miles from Hollywood. He wants them to live in an environment remote from movies. The boys are almost carbon copies of Phil

suggested that she buy plain black or navy frocks and two good sets of accessories.

Virginia wailed, "I know that's what I should do, but I like bright colors and can't resist them when I go into a store."

Then one day, Jack Gilbert interviewed her about playing a minor part in a picture with him. Afterwards Virginia wandered into the still department in a daze. Gilbert had seemed to like her. He had asked her to his home for tennis and cocktails. She was ecstatic, but she had refused because she knew she would do the wrong thing—besides she had no suitable clothes to wear and no money to buy them.

It was, perhaps, the first time a girl had ever refused an invitation from Gilbert. His interest was piqued. Strange, isn't it? Had she gone she might have been just an incident in Gilbert's life. As it was Jack set out to make her fall in love with him.

Virginia watched others and imitated their behavior. She read books and plays for the first time in her life, she consulted Adrian about proper clothes, her interest in the world widened.

Seeing her change, the studio was delighted. They had always been aware that if she could acquire a personality that suited her ethereal and lovely face she could be put to good use on the screen. Gilbert and her love for him was something the studio delighted in exploiting.

They were married and went to Europe on their honeymoon. Gilbert taught Virginia the meaning of ecstasy and pain. Realizing that he was sick mentally and physically, Virginia announced her retirement from the screen. She bore him a child. The rest of the story you know.

But Virginia emerged a worldly woman. Virginia had lived in the fullest sense of the world and her suffering cast an aura of glamour around her. All her native intelligence had been roused by her experiences and when she returned to the screen she had a campaign mapped out.

She had learned how to dress, how to walk and talk, how to think. She cultivated her great beauty, kept herself interested in men and women of taste and refinement. And today Virginia is one of the most glamorous women in Hollywood. Fate and her own campaign brought her screen success.

The star mill grinds. Today at studio gates are hundreds of girls each with her own hopes, her own dreams, her own plan of action. Some succeed. Many more fail. And only a fine line separates the stars of tomorrow from those who will serve them.

Have you
A Beauty Problem?
Consult *Jeanette,*
Page 60.

John Litel

(Continued from page 25)

Sky," followed by better roles in "Midnight Court" and "Marked Woman." Of course he clicked.

Followed rapidly, "Black Legion," "The Life of Emile Zola," "They Won't Forget," "Back in Circulation," "Missing Witnesses." He is now working in "Gold Is Where You Find It."

Born in Albany, Wisconsin, Litel is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. His father was a banker, but John preferred a drifting sort of life. He has worked in factories, stores and sold life insurance. Then he chanced to get a small stage part, and so he was won to the theatre.

Litel is married to a non-professional. His home atmosphere fits into his quiet pattern of life. He plays bridge, writes stories, paints landscapes. He is a good golf player and, in season, follows football.

As to that stage start, Litel was twenty-six then. He can't really remember how it happened, he says. But Grace George was the star, and the play was George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Well, if that's a mystery to Litel, the uninformed can scarcely be blamed—can they?—for extending the mystery to his picture debut.

After Glamour What?

(Continued from page 27)

as I can figure out—mustn't think about anything. (But Norma just won't "glamorize" to that extent. She refuses to stop thinking.)

That's one reason I'm pleased at glamour's passing—and I'm sure Norma Shearer is, too.

Not so long ago I watched Joan Crawford dressing to go on the set, wearing a ravishing evening gown at eight-thirty A.M. She smoothed out the satin folds, gave her eyelids a last minute drop of cold cream to make them gleam alluringly, patted on a drop of perfume behind her ear, and viewing her gorgeous self in the full length mirror, had a look in her eyes that said, "Gee, but I'm sick of glamour. I wish they would let me try to be an actress just for a change. And, besides, what is glamour anyhow?"

What is glamour, Joan? Well, pull up a chair and listen to the story of one of your glamour contemporaries, Fraulein Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene in real life walks with glamour at her side. When she was in London she and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. were invited to a party given by a titled couple, leaders of Mayfair society, and held at London's most exclusive supper club. Dietrich arrived swathed in a gorgeous gown and a strange concoction which the captain took for a hat—at any rate it was on her head, so how was he to know?

The captain who recognizes only those in Burke's peerage explained with firmness that no one was allowed in the club except in evening clothes and that the poorest cockney knew a hat was never worn by a lady in the evening.

Dietrich explained in vain that the hat was part of her costume and to remove it would spoil the effect. The head waiter cared not a whit for effect. The hat must come off or the lady could not come in.

During this major *crise* the titled host arrived to see what was the trouble and withered the captain by announcing that the lady was a member of his party and most certainly could wear her hat.

That put a different complexion on the whole biz. The head waiter was abject—how could he have been so stupid, would the Duke ever feel the same about him again, couldn't they just forget the whole matter and Start All Over?

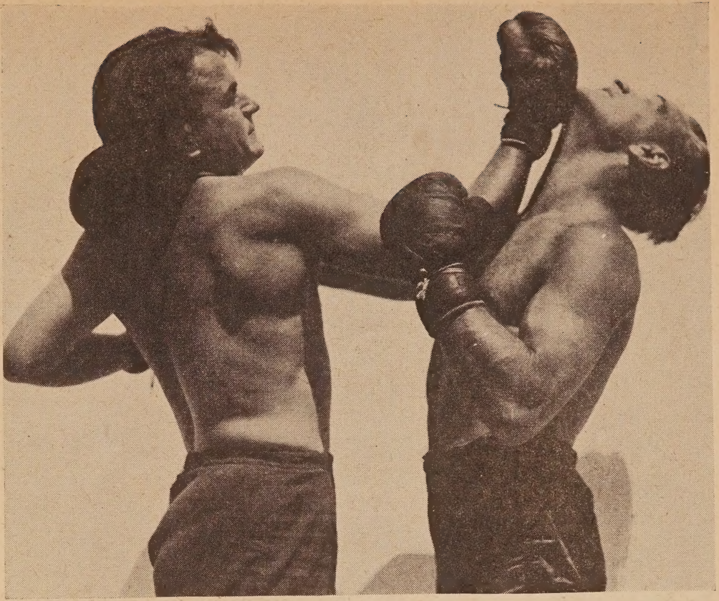
Dietrich sat half smiling that glamorous half smile through the soup and fish courses and then, all of a sudden, as if she were in a daze and didn't quite know where she was, she removed the headgear which had been the bone of contention and tossed it on an empty chair where it reposed during the rest of the party and was only mistaken for the champagne bucket once.

The next day they sent the head waiter off to Brighton for a fortnight's holiday to compose his shattered nerves. But the Dietrich gesture remains an example of private life glamour at its most glamorous.

Garbo—who really began the glamour epidemic and infected all her sister actresses—has a peculiar brand all her own. She just sits like a slender sphinx, looking through half shut eyes, at the shocking activity all about her. She never says anything—or practically never. But when she does it is a *mot*—and a glamorous *mot* at that.

As an example, this: Once an ardent lady interviewer had been dogging Garbo's elaborate footsteps for a story. And you know by now just how foolish that is! Just before Garbo took off for one of her periodic jaunts to Sweden the interviewer caught up with her and gushed, "Oh, Miss Garbo, I'll just bet when you get to Sweden you'll have all sorts of honors showered upon you. Why—I'll bet the king will give you a medal. Oh, wouldn't that be thrilling? What would you do with the medal if the king gave you one?"

Garbo paused. She favored the lady with a long, long look. She spoke for the first time in days. "I'd give it to you!" she said.



Noah Beery Jr., lives up to the prowess of the family name as he slugs Eddie Roberta, one-time professional boxer. Outdoor life keeps Noah fit

Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer—the beautiful and the glamorous, daughters of all the other schools of allure such as exotic (a word which you never even hear any more) the IT girls or Elinor Glyn's (and Clara Bow's) era, vamps (ah, Theda!) and even before that I suppose there were words for it. Marching through the ages—the pawns of passion. (I've just come back from a few moments relaxation after that one.)

And now here we are on the verge of a new age in the deathless history of deadly allure. For glamour is doomed sure as shootin'. And the glamour girl who, like Ferdinand, liked to sit just quietly and smell the flowers—preferably orchids—must get it through her pretty head that a new charmer is on her way.

I think Mr. Mancuso is right and the impatient pendulum is ready for a sharp swing. Glamour put no strain either on the intellect or the muscles. Now here comes the "Venus woman," beautiful and strong, mental as well as ardently physical.

First of all, we must have a new word for it. Since she will be full of vitality and vitamins I suggest that the root be taken from the Latin word *vita*, meaning life. And we could say that our new beauty has vitar, just as of yore—two weeks ago—you said a girl had glamour. Prepare to hear "she is vitarous" just as formerly she was glamorous.

Instead of the "Glamour Girl" it will be the "Vitar Venus."

And you'll be wanting vitarous clothes, vitarous rooms, vitarous coiffures. The girls who want to be one jump ahead of the vogue should go in training now to be ready for vitar when vitar comes. How? Let's see. Mr. Mancuso says, "Gossips won't talk much longer about the shade of a woman's stockings. They'll discuss the type of vitamin pills she carries in her compact."

Item one: Throw away the langourous seductive garments. Instead you'll be wearing snug, molded shorts winter and summer.

Item two: You'll have to get out of the lazy habit of lolling around on couches. Instead you'll be showing just how vitarous you are by heaving quoits and mowing the lawn.

Item three: Forget the slit-eyes inscrutability. Instead, you must be possessed of vitarious animation and have a lively interest in world events.

Item four: You must be tall—as you were when you were glamorous—but the vitar girls will also be well rounded and although not plump they'll have rippling muscles and broad shoulders and the bloom of health will be in every cheek.

Item five: You won't be mysterious any more and when you speak men will know—right off—just what you're talking about. And that, of course, is going to wreck the morale of the dialogue writers for a time,. but I think they'll get the hang of it.

"See that, Joyce?"—Ralph Bellamy speaking. Yes, but we see something more interesting than that, Ralph. Miss Compton, as she looks here, would take our eyes off even an air raid, but Ralph's thinking of Mrs. Bellamy

Nelson Eddy . . .

(Continued from page 31)

world; there's no one I can't shake hands with. Oh," he admitted, "I've some minor yearnings—for opera, but you can't support yourself by opera alone any more; I'd like to travel leisurely, but I can't get away from contracts now and if I could I know I'd be miserable just because I could. No, I haven't a single kick.

"Sure I have moods—but I've studied enough psychology so I either snap out of them or laugh them off. I've seen so much temperament and what it can do to a person, so much cutting up and where it leads, that I want—above all—to remain a normal person living a normal life. And my life is normal, despite having my home in Hollywood!

"To be honest, I was surprised at Hollywood. I wasn't overawed by its glamour, for I'd been all over Europe and America. I wasn't shocked; it isn't a wild place—compared to New York and Paris or Berlin it's positively churchy. It is, really, a nice place to live. I have nice friends here. And I've even been astonished to learn how reasonable prices are. You don't have to spend lavishly if you don't want to, even though you're in pictures.

"Hollywood presented me with a flock of doubts about myself," he confessed then. "It made a neat stab at upsetting me, I'll have to admit. You see, all my life—before Hollywood—I was most methodical. I planned and then I plugged towards my goal. I mapped definite objectives and how to attain them.

"I wanted to sing, so I worked at various commonplace jobs and imitated fine voices on records until I maneuvered myself into singing jobs that would pay for lessons. Once I got the ball rolling I never let it stop. I made charts, graphs. Yes, even as to salary! Every night I'd say to myself—on such-and-such a day I'll be here and earning so much. My concentration, if I do say it, clicked in apple-pie order. I hewed to a certain line and everything came true. I had a success system that really worked. Not half so hair-raising as being suddenly thrust from the nowhere into the spotlight, maybe. But then I'm not talking of fairy tales. They never happened to me.

"I had no thought of the movies. Not an idea I'd ever be in them. I sang at a concert in Los Angeles and I was whizzed to M-G-M. Which was keen. But the noticeable follow-up wasn't immediate.

"Hollywood, I assumed, would be as simple a problem as those I'd tackled previously. But it wasn't. A career in pictures is unlike anything else on land or sea. I found out, slowly, that I could not plan my movie destiny, that actors here depend upon the judgment of some producer.

"At first, of course, I was in a terrific daze. I was going to be a big picture star, they said! After the contract was signed I began to doubt that. I've not discussed this before, but why not—now? It wasn't an overnight hit for me at all, as you may have believed.

"As a matter of fact, after I was reporting to the studio I was studied minutely. Then I was pooh-poohed. We can't photograph him, they cried. Eventually a test was made and what an uproar there was then! We told you his eyes are too blue to photograph . . . . he's too tall . . . . he's too husky . . . . he's too serious . . . . and anyone can tell he can't act! His hair's too blond was an ultimatum I could possibly do something about—I was asked to dye my hair. I refused. I wasn't going around the rest of my days with an unnatural dye job atop me. Grow a mustache? Well, perhaps they did have something there. I couldn't change the shape of my face, the color of my eyes, or my height, but I could grow a mustache if that would help their photography. I grew three different types to be obliging. They were not, I'm afraid, honeys.

"Then began a strange wait. I was being paid weekly, but for nothing. However, I finally made my debut—even though I was completely unconscious I was doing so. Yes, this is a fact! I was strolling around the lot when someone said, 'Want to watch how we record music?' I did. I was tired watching myself, a singer nobody wanted. A bicycling short had been made and an orchestra was ready to record 'A Bicycle Built for Two' as the theme melody. They struck up in lively fashion. 'Why don't you sing it for fun?' somebody wondered. So I sang lustily, never dreaming they'd begun the record. Next day a fellow shouted, 'Say, want to look at that short about bicycles?' I did, and imagine my astonishment to hear my own voice chirruping. It was in the movies, anyhow!

"After a while I did appear on the screen, for half-a-minute's apparent singing in 'Broadway To Hollywood.' So that got me into 'Dancing Lady,' where—fresh from the concert stage—I rendered a red-hot rhythm. I was assigned the chief melody and a bit in 'Student Tour.' My six months' contract was up. But, thanks to Louis B. Mayer, it was extended for the filming of 'Naughty Marietta' and I was given the lead. It was the rare break.

"During that mystifying wait for recognition I was fast-talked into hiring a personal press-agent. Then I had another odd chapter on my hands. He lasted a month. I started to read that I was at the Troc with Josie Dokes, tete-a-teteing at the Cocoanut Grove with Susan Salome, and lo and behold I was holding menus with Lora Lovely at the Brown Derby. All glorious, box-office beauties, but I didn't know any of them. I phoned my press-agent and yelled, 'What's this gag that's being pulled on me?' He replied calmly, 'It's me and it isn't a gag. I'm giving you a subtle build-up. You've got to be the big Sex-Appeal Boy to bowl 'em over in this dizzy town. It doesn't matter if you've never laid eyes on these gals; the point is to get your name in the columns!' I hollered 'Whoa' and we quit.

"If I stand on my head at the corner of Hollywood and Vine," explained Nelson, "I won't squalk if it's duly reported. But from the beginning I've objected to publicity that isn't on the level, to a phony line. Who'll really give a toot for me if they can find out I'm not sincere?

"I don't," he emphasized, "think there are ifs and buts where principles are concerned. You're either whole cloth or the kind that'll shrink in a good rain. It's the same in business, in morals, in everything. That's the way I was raised in New England. Standards, my grandparents called 'em.

"My grandfather died only a year ago, my grandmother last month. But just because they're dead I'm not going to throw overboard what they taught me—that there is right and wrong. They had high ideals and they stuck to them. And principles can be practiced in Hollywood at 3 A. M. as well as in Rhode Island on a Sunday morning. When you try to compromise with what's obviously the right course, the results can only be disastrous. Of course, what others do is surely their own affair, but I won't be fooled by a surface glitter that hides something rotten. When I begin to compromise I hope somebody kicks me hard, for I'll need a hefty jarring. When principles go I won't be worth a darn to myself or anyone else!"

Why is Nelson so successful? You're understanding, aren't you?

Fast ping pong, with Marlyn Stuart obviously getting the better of her (unseen) opponent. She's the blonde "mama" girl on Ken Murray's radio programmes. How about playing a nice "love" game with us, Marlyn?

The fire in his blue eyes melted with quicksilver swiftness. "You know," he was saying, "that Harry Burkhart who manages a theatre in Providence must be a regular guy. When 'Maytime' played there grandma was no longer very spry. He sent a cab and a nurse and had her carried into the theatre. He presented her with candy and roses. I haven't met him yet, but I think he must be pretty swell."

He hesitatated, but just for a minute. "The most important thing so far as hanging onto a big break is the making of vital decisions correctly. Once I'd made a dent I was deluged with advice. I was informed confidentially that I was all wrong—that I had the wrong kind of clothes, the wrong agent, the wrong roles, the wrong studio. That I was wrong in my notions about love ideals. All this was painfully obvious to many of my new acquaintances.

"I became confused for the first time. Then this last year gave me time enough to think things through again. My only plan now is to keep up with what I am already sure of—my singing. I practice as seriously as when I began.

"I'm back to being methodical. As for the movies—I have my fingers crossed. I don't worry about roles—Metro has been making hits for years; they've done remarkably well even with me so why should I demand to choose my parts? At least I'll emerge with some reputation from films.

"You bet," he nodded, "I make mistakes. Make 'em every day. But I'd rather not keep remembering them by hauling them out!

"I haven't married because I've never been enough in love to want to. So far I don't miss not having a great romance of my own. I see marriage as a fifty-fifty proposition; so far I still want to give more attention to my work than a husband probably should. A woman would have to put up with a lot to enjoy my present schedule.

"Certainly I shall have missed something if I don't fall terribly in love. I'll miss something that is essential in rounding out a life. But, meanwhile, I won't theorize, for the one thing I've never had plans about is love. I've never declared I wouldn't marry an actress or I only could fall for a blonde or any such nonsense. I may walk out of here and—bingo! I may run into 'her' today!"

I don't know whether Nelson Eddy ran into the woman who is to prove irresistible to him when he walked out of that office. But I do know the answer to how he handles Hollywood so triumphantly. It lies, in a nutshell, in how he handles himself.

Mona Barrie

(Continued from page 32)

what she considers one of the funniest experiences of her life.

"When I left Australia," she said, "I divided up my clothes among my friends and sisters, for everyone told me there was no use keeping anything since the thing to do was to buy a Fifth Avenue wardrobe. So I brought along a little mustard-colored dressmaker suit, with hat to match, to land in. It seemed unobtrusive enough, on simple lines, and, I reassured myself, no matter how outmoded the outfit might be I'd probably be able to slink along without looking *too* dowdy—'til I got to the shops.

"Well the boat docked and in my mustard-colored suit I sauntered, very demurely, up along Fifth Avenue in an expeditionary search of the smart places where I could gather together a fitting little wardrobe for a prospective movie actress.

"Suddenly I noticed that mostly everyone did a complete pirouette to look at me," she went on. "I dashed into a doorway to reassure myself that no unmentionables had loosened their moorings and were making me the object of some unwarranted attention. No, nothing like that. I peered, breathlessly, into the reflection of myself in the windows. Ever do that?" she asked. "It was terrible. But everything was intact. More at ease I slowly came to realize that the glances were admiring ones. Apparently the little outfit whipped up for me at home, 'down under,' in Australia, was a Fifth Avenue sensation! And then I discovered that the Fifth Avenue shop windows showing the coming styles had the very fashions on display which I had discarded back home! The truth was that because of the six months' seasonal difference they were just coming into fashion in blasé New York. Had I a little Indian blood in me I'm sure I would have written home for my well-distributed wardrobe!"

Mona's beginnings in films are as preposterous as all her other experiences. When she went to Hollywood, almost four years ago, she did everything possible to get a part. But could she? She could not! So dejected, depressed, dismal, she returned to New York ready to debark for London and the stage. She decided on a Fifth Avenue bus as a farewell lark. A man, she noticed, was watching her constantly. He followed her to her hotel and just as she believed she was about to fall into the clutches of an international spy ring a gentleman was announced by 'phone—a "film scout." Was she interested in a film test? One of the large studios was named. She asked him up. And who should it be but her "international spy!"

She took the test, got a contract, and back she came to Hollywood—this time secure in the knowledge that a film career lay ahead. And, as Mona adds laughingly, "they say it can't happen here!"

That is a "love bracelet" Grace Moore is wearing. It's one of a collection given her by her husband, Valentin Parera. He presents her with one on each of their wedding anniversaries

She calls interior decorating her hobby, she reads voraciously, collects perfumes and, just for the records, she doesn't smoke. But she hasn't too many virtues to make one uncomfortable. She's regular. Most interesting of all, she has, when the cameras catch it, or you happen to get her off-guard, a peculiarly disconcerting expression in her eyes which seem surprised at what the world has to offer—a wistful, hurt look that peers out, gallantly, and says, "Oh heavens, not *that!*"

Her delight in her role in Grand National's "Something to Sing About" makes it not unlikely that she will return to that studio for another early Schertzinger production. Which, as I mentioned to her, is a break for all of us who look forward to seeing her again soon.

"I love to free-lance," she explained, "because it gives me an opportunity to do the sort of thing I want to do." . . . And anything she wants to do, I'm ready to agree, is all right with us!

Camera Kiss

(Continued from page 35)

Mal looked wounded, but he was adamant.

"Take 'em from farther away, then," he answered. "Just because Jennifer is crazy enough to risk her neck with those brutes is no reason why I should. I can't afford it, Bunny. One swipe of those claws, and my career would be ruined forever."

Jennifer's lip curled. Already she was regretting the granting of that interview. Mal looked like nothing in the world but a conceited paper doll to her now.

"That's all he is," she told herself furiously. "A tailor's dummy that walks across a screen, showing the women a profile that slaughters them in droves!"

She thought of a stalwart figure in a striped Basque shirt, and remembered her own furious words. All the qualities she had told Terry were necessary to make an actor passed in review through her mind. Mal Inchfern had none of them, and yet he was the most worshipped matinee idol of them all!

A little, grudging spark of admiration for Terry flared in her breast. At least there was one man in the world who had the perspective to see this gaudy, flaunting universe of the cinema without illusions, and the courage to resist its allure.

She heard the door close on Mal's departing figure and turned back to Bunny.

"That big stuffed shirt," growled the director. "For two pins, I'd rank him out of the picture entirely, but I haven't got a soul to take his place, and he knows it!"

"Well, you can take the shots with me first, and maybe by that time Mal will see reason," suggested Jennifer.

Bunny grunted.

"Maybe. Shawn will be here any minute. I'm going to ask his help on the jungle sequences, so they're convincing. Maybe he can think of some way to take a shot of Mal and a lion without moving the cameras way back to the next county."

WHEN Bunny had gone, Jennifer got into the tattered costume in which she was supposed to have braved the African jungle for weeks, and went down to the sound stage where the action was to begin. There was no one on the set as yet, except one person—a broad shouldered young man with a thick mat of curly russet hair, and brown eyes that grew cool and distant when they looked at Jennifer.

Terry! Her heart was thudding

(Continued on page 72)

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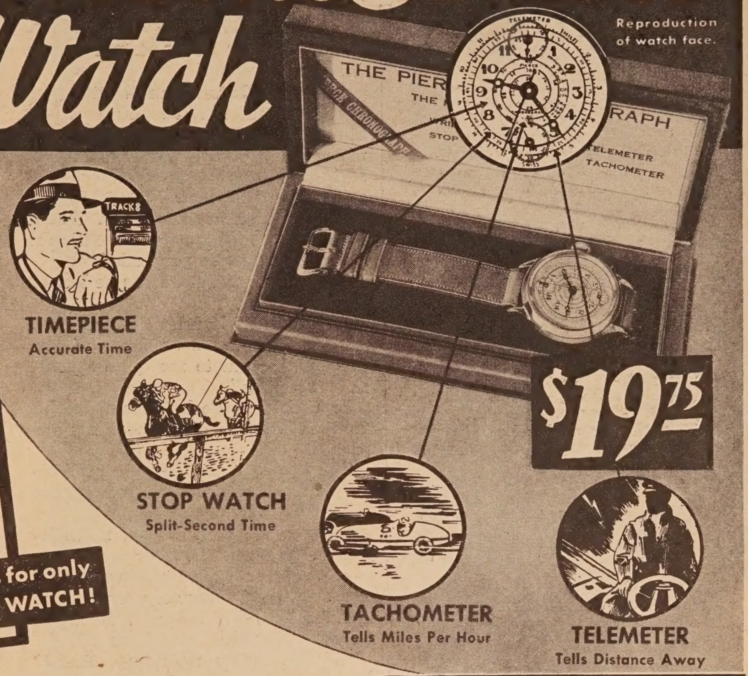

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TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

(Continued from page 70)

wildly. She wondered if he could hear it across the breadth of the stage.

"You!" she managed to gasp. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, I'm *not* trying to be an actor," he answered coldly. "I happen to be the fellow who owns all those big cats you're having your picture taken with."

Just then Bunny came bustling in.

"Oh, Jennifer, have you met Mr. Shawn? Foremost explorer and animal trainer of the century, Shawn. He's going to give us some technical advice on the picture. Too bad we can't get him to act in it, I say. Would he wow 'em in that part of Inchfern's! But he's not to be persuaded."

Terry's eyes narrowed as he looked at Jennifer.

"I'm afraid I haven't the necessary qualifications to be an actor. I had that pointed out to me quite specifically, recently."

Jennifer felt the hot, shamed color flame into her cheeks under his appraisal.

She turned away, and the preliminary details of the picture began to get under way.

Terry was business-like, noncommital. But when Jennifer was ready to enter the enclosure where the great cats prowled, a flicker of very genuine emotion leaped in his eyes. He spoke tersely to Bunny.

"Is this really necessary, Brent? For Miss Jordan to go in there all alone, I mean?"

"Of course it's necessary," Bunny assured him. "These shots lead right into the climax. They have to be authentic."

Terry looked worried.

"What's the trouble?" questioned Bunny. "*You* go in there with them, don't you?"

"That's different," answered Terry. "They know me. Besides, I have what some people call a kind of magnetism over them. Actually, it's just superior will power. You couldn't expect Miss Jordan—I mean, after all, she's a girl."

"I see your point," Bunny assured him. "But we're in business to make pictures, convincing pictures. This one wouldn't be worth a hoot without this sequence."

Jennifer listened to the conversation with a tight, scared feeling around her heart. She really *was* afraid of those lions, but she would have died before she let Terry Shawn know it. If something terrible happened to her, it would have to happen, because no one should know that Jennifer Jordan was a coward.

Squaring her shoulders and gritting her teeth together, she motioned to the men to open the gate for her.

Excitedly, Bunny signaled to the camera men.

"Get 'em focused and keep 'em grinding, all the while she's in there!" he ordered. "We can't afford to lose a foot of this film."

Steadily Jennifer made her way into the enclosure. She was glad the sound for the scene was to be dubbed in later. She felt that the unearthly silence, accompanied only by the whirring of the sound equipment, would have been more than she could bear in her present state of nerves.

For a while everything went well. The lions snarled and bared their fangs at Jennifer from a reasonably safe distance, and Jennifer dutifully registered horror and frantic fear. For once, it wasn't acting. She really was terrified. From outside the enclosure she could hear Bunny's ejaculations of approbation, and the steady, monotonous grinding of the three cameras.

Suddenly a more than usually blood curdling snarl issued from the nearest lion. Eyes dilated with horror, Jennifer watched him crouch and gather his rippling muscles together. Something hurtled through space and a terrific impact struck her, and she felt herself being sucked down into merciful oblivion.

JENNIFER opened her eyes to the bleak cleanliness of the studio emergency hospital. There was a cluster of anxious faces bending over her. Bunny's face, lined and anxious. Mal Inchfern's face, looking as if, for once, he had been startled into forgetting his famous profile. A nurse's face, with red hair flaming under a starched white cap. But the one she was looking for wasn't there.

"Jennifer, darling," cried Mal, seeing the first faint flicker of the long lashes. "Are you all right?"

"All right."

Jennifer heard the faint sound of her own voice as if it were coming from a long way off.

"Thank Heaven!" said Bunny fervently. "The doctor'll be here in a minute to give you a good going over for broken bones."

"What happened?" asked Jennifer then.

"The lion—don't you remember? He attacked you."

Faintly, Jennifer did remember.

"And then?"

"Shawn went in there and tackled the beast single handed, and he cowed him, too! Physical strength wouldn't have been worth a darn, but Shawn backed that lion down by sheer will power."

So that was it! Jennifer sighed. She owed Terry Shawn her life now, to complicate things still more.

"Lord, what pictures we got!" said Bunny, after the others had dispersed. "What a climax! This picture would gross a million if we could use it, but with Shawn's face showing through the whole rescue, it isn't worth a nickel to us. If somebody could only persuade that man to play Inchfern's part in the picture, we'd be made. How about you, Jennifer? Couldn't you talk him into it?"

"I?" Jennifer smiled wryly. "I'd be the last person in the world he'd listen to."

At this juncture the doctor came bustling in, and after a thorough examination, pronounced Jennifer free from serious injury. She felt as if her whole body had been pummeled black and blue, and there was a long, jagged tear from the lion's claws along one shoulder and arm, but that was all. As soon as the wound was dressed, she was sent home in a studio car to recuperate.

"Stay home as long as you need to," Bunny told her solicitously. "I can be shooting the scenes you aren't in, and there won't be any time lost."

Jennifer agreed, but by the next morning, she found she simply couldn't stay at home. She wanted to see Terry, she wanted to tell him how sorry she was for everything. She might even act on Bunny's suggestion and ask him to take Mal's role in the picture.

WHEN she got to the studio, she was greeted by an exuberant Bunny.

"Hurray," he shouted, when he saw Jennifer. "Great news, kid. Shawn has decided to finish 'African Thunder' as your leading man!"

Jennifer's heart gave a great lurch. Surely this meant that Terry had forgiven her, that he was willing to meet her halfway.

But when they met on the sound stage half an hour later, Terry's eyes, as he threw down the morning paper he was reading, were still cold and mutinous.

Jennifer's heart dropped again. Whatever Terry's reason for taking part in the picture was, it wasn't because he wanted to be near Jennifer. His frigid manner told her plainly enough that she meant nothing to him.

How could she ever go through the weeks of work on this picture, in close proximity to Terry every minute, and endure his coldness? Jennifer didn't know, but she supposed she'd have to set her teeth and go through with it.

Then, to make things still harder, Bunny had to decide to take the final clinch at the end of the picture, first.

"Give us a chance to see how you shape up in the love scenes, Shawn," he told Terry. "We already know how you film in the action."

The rehearsal began. In response to Bunny's coaching, Terry pulled Jennifer woodenly into his arms. His touch

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sent molten fire rioting through her veins, but the coldness of his eyes chilled her again.

Bunny stopped them with an impatient ejaculation.

"No, no, put more life into it! That's not the way a man embraces the girl he loves."

They went through the scene again. It wasn't any better. Jennifer had a despairing feeling that this would go on for ever and ever.

"Look, Shawn," commanded Bunny in desperation. "She's the girl you love, madly, insanely. She's discovered that the other man, the one she thought she was in love with, is a complete rotter. She reciprocates your feeling at last. You're overwhelmed with the utter wonder of it. For the love of Mike, man, put some feeling into it!"

Terry's eyes found Jennifer's. She spoke softly. Her words were almost a repetition of Bunny's.

"Yes, I've just discovered that the man I thought I was in love with—isn't worth it. You get the idea?"

Terry's eyes blazed down into hers. He caught her wrist and pulled her to him.

"And I—I am overwhelmed with the wonder of it! Yes, Jennifer, I get the idea."

His lips closed down on hers with a fervor that left her breathless.

"That's it, that's the ticket!"

Bunny signaled for the cameras to start grinding. This was too good to waste.

The kiss lasted for breathless seconds.

"O.K. Cut!" yelled Bunny at last.

Neither Jennifer nor Terry heard him. His lips had finally parted from hers, but his arms still encircled her, and she could feel the pounding of his heart through the thin rags of her tattered costume.

"And all that stuff in the paper, about you and Inchfern?" Terry was demanding, softly.

"Stuff is right—stuff and nonsense," whispered Jennifer. "I'll telephone them a retraction of the whole story at once, if you say so, Terry."

"I *do* say so," he answered, emphatically.

"What's the matter, you two?" demanded Bunny, advancing upon them. "Didn't you hear me yell 'cut'? The scene is over. If I'm any judge, Jennifer, you'll get a fat increase in salary when they renew your contract. This picture is going to break all records."

Gently Terry drew Jennifer tighter into his arms.

"On the contrary, Mr. Brent, the scene is not over. It's just beginning, and Jennifer's contract will not be renewed. She's signing a new one, with me."

Bunny looked at the two of them

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dazedly for a long minute before the full significance of the scene penetrated.

"Man, what publicity for 'African Thunder,'" he beamed. "Can't you just see it in print? 'Picture romance becomes reality. Jennifer Jordan and Terry Shawn fall in love on Americana lot.'"

"The thing in print that will interest me most, will be the item saying that Mr. and Mrs. Terry Shawn are sailing for Rio, combining a honeymoon with Mr. Shawn's latest exploration trip into the Brazilian jungle. How about it, Jennifer?"

Jennifer raised her flower-like face to his.

"The Brazilian jungle will be heaven with you, Terry," she answered huskily.

THE END

Marie Wilson . .

(Continued from page 39)

"I felt a coat like that would impress the studio people," Marie confided, "and make them think I was a real actress. Besides, I got it at a bargain.

"I loved to go into the stores and buy things. The only trouble was that if something cost ten or fifteen dollars more than I thought it would, I would always figure that ten or fifteen dollars was such a small part of eleven thousand that it didn't mean anything.

"But," and Marie jerked her head wisely, "you can't figure like that. I know now that all those little things mounted up. Of course I had to have my step-father's teeth fixed, and I paid five hundred dollars on two separate occasions for that. My teeth had to be straightened, or brought together. But the dentist did that with a string in just twenty minutes. The doctor said all our family should go on a diet, but only mother and father and I did. My step-brothers, one was twelve then and the other six, said they were too hungry for diets.

"Of course I bought my mother and step-father new outfits, and once I outfitted my grandfather."

People who know Marie, especially those who work with her in Warner Brothers studios, say she would unhesitatingly give the dress off her back. How it happens that no one has ever thought to ask her for her mink coat they claim they can't imagine. Because if anyone asked her, Marie would just naturally wiggle out of it for her. And the way Marie wiggles out of that coat is classic. She gives a sort of exaggerated shiver, and it just oozes off her shoulders and settles in a lustrous pile behind her.

Marie's next purchase was one of the high points in her career. She bought a car—a glistening cabriolet with satiny soft leather cushions, and a grand radio.

"I bought it one day," proudly explained Marie, "and drove it all the way back from Balboa the next day, with two people in the car who didn't know how to drive."

Old man disaster must have been fresh out of accidents that day, because the little lady never so much as scratched a fender. Or maybe the other motorists, unlike the great talent detectives of Hollywood, recognized her latent possibilities and parked in storm drains and up trees to watch her go by.

Take a good look at this enormous-eyed blonde sailing up the wide ocean boulevard in her shiny car—because the scene is going to change rapidly.

But not before the car had served its main purpose in life—which it did one afternoon about a week later. There were only three things she couldn't remember about this car: to put in gasoline, to put in water and to put in oil. The gasoline station attendants always took care of putting the air in the tires for her. In fact, gasoline station attendants played a very important part in Miss Wilson's career, as you will discover.

This afternoon Marie decided to go up in the hills to think things over. But she had hardly made the turn outside the garage and started up the hill when her car ran out of gas.

"Right away," Marie says, "I figured that if I could turn the car around I could coast down to a gasoline station and get some gas. I hadn't learned then that you could coast a car down hill backwards, too.

"Anyway, I got stuck crossways on the road. Pretty soon I had a lot of traffic around me. It started with an ice truck and one of those nice looking white ice cream wagons with the bells on them. But it wasn't long before I had lots of cars there. You know, it's surprising how many cars go up into the hills.

"Right next door to us lived a man who wanted to get his own car out of the garage. But he couldn't until he got me turned around. So he came down and helped us all get straightened out. That was director Nick Grinde, and he was awfully nice to me."

That was the first time Marie ran out of gas—but not the last. By no means. In fact Marie has met most of her friends by running out of gasoline. Except Doug Churchill, the newspaper correspondent. She met Doug when her battery went dead because she forgot to put water in it. Of course

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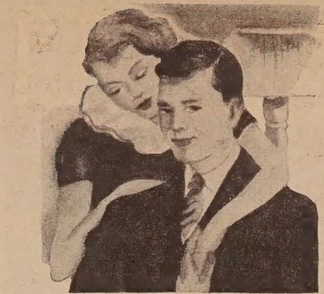

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a little later on Doug became one of her foremost gasoline suppliers.

Once or twice every week Doug could figure that Marie would timidly ring his bell—he lives across the street from her—and ask him if he thought maybe she could borrow seventeen cents for a gallon of gasoline.

"Every time I ever suggested I loan her enough for three or four gallons," said Doug, "she would shake her head, and turn those big brown eyes on me with the saddest expression you ever saw. 'Oh no,' she'd reply, 'I just need one gallon. I'm only going down to the Paramount and you know I can coast all the way to Santa Monica—so I'll have plenty to take me there and back. And, besides, I don't want to get into debt.' "

But we're getting ahead of our story. On the nineteenth day she was in Hollywood the bank informed Marie her balance was minus $1.40.

"When I heard that," Warner Brothers' cuckoo lass tells us, "I just didn't realize it at first—and then I got all cold. Because I hadn't made an impression at a studio yet, even though I'd had a lot of good photographs made, like the photographer said I had to have to show casting directors.

"I knew, though, that I had to do something, because we didn't have any money and hadn't stored up a supply of food because I didn't expect my money to go so quickly.

"The only thing I could think of was to go to the insurance company that I had paid a hundred dollars to insure my car and try to get it back. And they did give me seventy-five dollars back.

"We lived on that for a month—but I didn't find any work."

Hard times sneak up on most of us—but they just exploded on poor little Marie. One day she was in the money, and the next day she was in the red. And Marie wasn't yet seventeen—though she now had the responsibility of supporting a family of five, as her step-father could not find work.

She besieged the studios and managed to get a few days' work as an extra. Appropriately enough, the picture that saved the family from going on relief, or starving, was "Down to Their Last Yacht." But you must hear Marie tell how she got that job to appreciate real genius.

"I had sold my radio out of my car and got all fixed up to see producer Lou Brock over at RKO. I had on a very tight white dress and a very big, bright red hat. I was only sixteen and I looked very young but the dress and hat made me look sort of shocking, I think.

"Mr. Brock gulped when he saw me, and then stared. You see, my waist was eighteen inches and my bust thirty-four and my hat was, I don't know how big." Apparently she must have looked like a red-topped funnel or a carmen tipped cyclone.

Also her skin was peaches and cream, her big brown eyes sort of melting and her abnormally long and heavy lashes startling. But nobody has ever heard Marie Wilson say she even suspected she might be a wee mite gorgeous—and certainly no one would ever suspect it from seeing her on the screen.

"He told a newspaper man that I was the craziest looking blonde he had ever seen," she continued placidly, "and that he didn't know whether I was screwy looking or beautiful." (What Brock later thought we have already recorded. "I always used her wherever I could for her pulchritude," Lou told me.)

Marie got four weeks' work with Brock, followed by months of discouragement. Finally, in desperation, she made up a little play of her own, and induced M-G-M to test her in it. That test did not get her a job at that studio, but a friend took it over to Warner Brothers.

Jack Warner and Hal Wallace happened into the projection room where it was being shown to a very bored individual who apologized for using the room to review it.

After watching it for a moment, Jack Warner said: "I don't know who that girl is, but sign her. She's too crazy to lose."

Which brings us to Marie Wilson of today, the little lady Warner Brothers are writing into practically every comedy they make.

At the moment, Warners are hesitating whether to cast Marie or Joan Blondell as the lead in "Boy Meets Girl." The role is a choice morsel, and the executives' indecision is the best proof of how good Marie Wilson really is. Anyway, you'll have to admit she is the most amazing girl in pictures.

Stars of the Future

(Continued from page 46)

entry in the "Public Sweetheart" sweepstakes.

Over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, the lot that groomed Garbo, Shearer, Rainer, Crawford and Loy to their present niche in Hollywood's Hall of Fame, Leo the lion is now roaring over three newcomers who are destined to go places.

First let me introduce you to Andrea Marlow, whose real name is Rose Stradner. You'll be welcoming her in "The Last Gangster," in which she makes her American screen debut playing opposite Edward G. Robinson and Jimmy Stewart. Watching her on her first day's work before the camera, I was amazed at her complete lack of self-consciousness. She was playing a poignant love scene, and although I was surrounded on all sides by the obvious "make believe" atmosphere, I was moved to tears by the dramatic intensity of her playing.

In Vienna, her birthplace, she is known as one of the finest emotional actresses on the stage. Given the same opportunity on the screen, she will soon emulate that same reputation in Hollywood. Typically American is Rita Johnson, who comes to the screen via radio and Broadway.

It was while she was appearing opposite George M. Cohan in "Fulton of Live Oaks" that a Goldwyn scout saw her and sent for her to test for the role of Kay in "Dead End." I saw her the night before she flew to Hollywood. "Hold your thumbs for me," she pleaded. "I'm scared stiff."

I held my thumbs and rubbed a rabbit's foot, but Wendy Barrie was signed for the part! However, an M-G-M scout who happened to see the Goldwyn test said to Sam, "If you don't want her, we want her"—and immediately signed her to a long term contract.

Her arrival at M-G-M was timed simultaneously with the tragic death of Jean Harlow, and at first there was some talk of substituting her in "Saratoga"—but Rita, wise with the wisdom of youth, turned it down, because she realized that she would be starting her screen career with two strikes against her.

Her debut in "London by Night" wasn't as auspicious as she or M-G-M had hoped for, but with better roles and more experience in the art of make-up, she is a bud that will blossom. In the meantime, she rates four stars and the entire milky way with Broderick Crawford!

Of "Paramount" importance is Franciska Gaal, a Hungarian rhapsody, who also makes her screen debut under enviable circumstances. She plays opposite Frederic Marsh in "The Buccaneer." According to Cecil B. DeMille, who is guiding her through this initial effort, she is a combination of Helen Hayes, the early Mary Pickford, Elizabeth Bergner and Clara Bow—which is some combination from anyone's viewpoint! Not only is she reminiscent of each of these players, but her talents encompass their versatility.

Imagine a lively, laughing but intense girl, who could on successive evenings play the leading role in "Kiki," in "Pygmalion," in "Salome," then be a charming "Alice In Wonderland," an elfin Puck in "Midsummer Nights' Dream," a whimsical Peter Pan, and then round out the week with a smoldering Lady MacBeth . . . and you have some notion of the range of Franciska Gaal's personality.

She is five feet three inches tall, with chestnut brown hair and light brown eyes. She weighs about one hundred and fifteen pounds, but looks as if an extra puff would blow her over. She is happily married to Dr. Francis Dajkovich, an attorney of a family of attorneys of Budapest.

A Columbia "gem" is Dolly Haas, of German extraction, whose past association with many of Ufa's most successful productions has already made Hollywood acquainted with her. It was, however, her superb characterization in the talkie revival of "Broken Blossoms," made in England last year, that prompted Columbia to grab her on a long term contract.

Meeting Miss Haas at the Columbia Studios, where she is already at work in her first picture, a gay comedy called "Absent Without Leave," my first impression was that "all good things come in small packages." She is just a trifle over five feet tall, and weighs less than a hundred pounds. Her hair is a vivid red and her eyes a dancing amber. Being a genuine redhead, her complexion is a delicate pink and white. She reminds me of a combination of Janet Gaynor and Luise Rainer.

Here is but a partial list of embryonic stars. There will be many more—"dark horses" who will pop up from out of nowhere and be skyrocketed from obscurity to overnight fame.

Who are they? When will they appear? That is the provocative question that makes Hollywood the answer to every movie aspirant's career.

THE END

Alice Faye . . .

(Continued from page 49)

his free hand through his mass of curly almost black hair and grinned. I would have known instantly even if I hadn't seen the return address in one corner of the envelopes that the letters were from Alice.

"When did these come?" he asked but without waiting for a reply he began tuning in Alice.

All of which was my opening for another lead question. Tony seemed to guess what was in my mind for he swung around and caught me with my mouth open.

"No, it's not true. Another Hollywood marriage hasn't gone on the rocks and don't you ask any such silly question. As soon as I got off the plane the reporters began on that line until I finally told them that if anyone else asked me that I'd punch them in the nose.

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"As a matter of fact, we haven't even had a small quarrel since we married. We used to have them before—mostly because Alice wouldn't marry me—but nary a one since.

"You see, people don't understand that actors' schedules are different from other people's. Alice wanted to come to New York with me. We had planned it that way but when we found it wasn't possible she wouldn't have me disappointed in my chance to see my first World Series. She was working anyway and she figured that as long as we couldn't be together all the time I might just as well take this opportunity.

"I have to be back in Hollywood for my Monday night broadcast so I'll be leaving tomorrow. As soon as we're both free Darryl Zanuck is giving us a honeymoon in Hawaii. We think that is pretty swell.

"Say," he leaned toward me, his frank, friendly eyes and his whimsical smile doing things to my heart even if he did belong to Alice Faye. "Did you know that we are going to make 'Sally, Irene and Mary' together. We are both excited about it."

"I had heard rumors," I replied. "I hope all this doesn't make you go Hollywood."

"Lady," he laughed. "I can't afford to go Hollywood. Alice wouldn't like me if I did. She's too regular to put up with that kind of a guy. But you shouldn't be hard on us poor actors. If you could see some of the fan letters we get you'd wonder how any of us ever keep our feet on the ground. Of course, we want those letters. They are the barometers of our progress but it is understandable how we can go a little insane over them. I got one once which I have framed to keep me from ever going off the deep end." Later he showed me a copy of it.

"Dear Tony Martin," it said. "My boy friend and I have just come from seeing your picture. After taking one look at that funny thing you call a face I cannot help but wonder how you have the nerve" . . . . it went on like that for two pages and ended with a postscript asking for Tony's picture.

"Well," commented Tony, "that letter completely took the wind out of my sails. I keep it handy to remind me that there are some people in the world who wonder why I 'call myself an actor.'"

Tony likes people. He, in turn, is easy to know and easy to like. He tells jokes and he likes just being around people who are simple in their tastes and who get a kick out of just being alive. He is ambitious but he doesn't want to be a heavy dramatic star. He wants to play romantic leads and to sing haunting songs, especially to Alice. And he is very particular that she be pleased with his work. He thinks she is an excellent critic.

As I picked up my gloves and started for the door that Tony might listen to Alice's broadcast without outside interference he called out to me:

"Hey, about that question which was bothering you . . . . tell anyone who asks that I married Alice because her hands are of just the right size to hold my heart. I don't know why I love her except that that's the way it was meant to be and marriage is the natural outgrowth of being in love. When you find someone who doesn't bore you, someone with whom you are contented and happy no matter the mood or the occasion there's just one thing left to do . . . . and we did it. This is the most important thing either of us have ever done and we mean to keep it always."

Wendy Barrie Has "Open House"...

(Continued from page 64)

silver ribbon or cord. Cut leaves from tin foil, metallic paper or cellophane, leaving a good bit of tapering end where the leaves attach to the wire, and wire these to the wreath. The artistic arrangement of the leaves is up to you, the effect should be like a holly wreath when completed. For a spot of color you can add those small red berries or sprays of red leaves. Place the wreath on a large plate or tray and use something in the center—Wendy uses an antique glass and silver dish filled with jelly. Low candle holders can be circled with small wreaths to match the large one.

You will notice that party "snappers" or "crackers" are part of the decoration and here's why:

"You know, no Christmas festivity is complete in England without 'crackers' to be pulled," she said. "They help a lot with the general gaiety, especially when everyone wears the paper caps they contain. I always get bright red ones because they make the table gay."

AMONG the typically English dishes which feature the Barrie Christmas day buffet are toasted crumpets served with Devonshire cream and black currant jam; Scotch short breads; Banbury tarts; Christmas cake; and last but not least, a Christmas pudding flaming with burning brandy. On the beverage list is eggnog, sherry and a specially prepared Wassail cup as well as the inevitable tea for those who don't want the headier liquids!

"Devonshire Cream," Wendy explained, "is the most difficult thing to prepare and only an Englishwoman would have the tenacity to do it. So, while I call my cream Devonshire, really it isn't. I merely buy the heaviest cream I can get, heat it slowly (never let it boil), then remove it from the fire to cool. I then set it on ice until needed. The heating thickens the cream until it is rather 'blobby' like the real Devonshire. And here is my recipe for the Crumpets which it accompanies:

ENGLISH CRUMPETS

1 pt. warm milk
1 ounce butter
¼ pt. brewer's yeast
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt

"Mix all the ingredients together and beat well until bubbles form on top. Cook on a hot greased iron griddle or 'spider' making them the size of regular muffins. Turn when slightly brown.

"And by the way," Wendy added upon giving this recipe, "I would like to explain how we English make our tea. We like it strong but not bitter and the secret is that we remove the leaves when the tea is steeped instead of letting them stand as I notice most of my American friends do. First of all, only an earthen pot will do. We never use silver, china or enamel for making the tea. Have your water freshly boiled, and into your earthenware pot (which has been thoroughly heated) put 1 teaspoon of tea (I prefer Ceylon) to each cup. Pour on the boiling water and let steep to required strength (about 5 minutes), then pour off the tea into your service pot which has been kept heated.

"Many English dishes are quite complicated to make, but Banbury Tarts are a national delicacy which takes no great cooking skill:

BANBURY TARTS

1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon cracker crumbs
The juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

"Mix the ingredients together, only slightly beating the egg. Make your favorite pastry dough or pie crust, roll it out and form into pastry shells. Fill with mixture and cover with strips of pastry. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. The tarts may be fashioned by cutting the pastry into three-cornered shapes and folding the edges over the mixture."

As a final recipe, Wendy offers an unusual one. One which she says you will be brave to try but which will reward your efforts by its "different" appeal at Christmas time. It is called "Simnel" cake and was the favorite cake of Queen Anne. It rarely is served except at Christmas but because of its ancient lineage, it is beloved of English people.

SIMNEL CAKE

1 lb. unsalted butter
1½ lbs. cake flour
1 lb. currants
8 eggs
1 lb. confectioner's sugar
1½ lbs. Sultana raisins
½ lb. glacé cherries
Mixed spices
Almond paste (marzapan)

Fill a greased cake pan full of this mixture in this manner: Place a layer of the mixture on the bottom of the pan, then add a layer of the almond paste. Top the pan off with another layer of the mixture. Bake two hours in the oven. The following day, cover the cake with the almond paste and brown it in the oven.

Wendy wishes you the best of luck with her Christmas recipes and hopes that your attempts turn out as well as hers. And *Modern Movies* wishes you a very Merry Christmas!

It Happened in Hollywood . . .

(Continued from page 9)

putting it more correctly to say that Voight is making the horsehair fly.

Good luck, Hubert!

IT'S hard to save money in Hollywood, as Patsy Kelly found out, so she hired a personal manager to watch the dollars as well as the cents.

"It's worked out swell," says Patsy. "I still haven't any money, but at least I'm helping solve Hollywood's unemployment problem."

FILMLAND has its tragedies, also its very interesting incidents which mirror something of the mettle to be found in the souls of its workers.

Ginger Rogers played Lady Bountiful and effected the enrollment of Phyllis Kennedy in the RKO Radio coaching school which led to something of genuine importance in the career of Phyllis.

Phyllis, be it known, is the little girl who stepped out and made a hit in "Stage Door," which won her that much desired bauble called a "term contract" with the RKO signature.

Yet, here Phyllis should be known as an "examplar" to the rising generation, for only three years ago, tragedy seemed destined to block her path. The pluck and courage of a girl who had suffered a broken back while dancing in a musical review, insured a return to her work in two years and a close approach to fame this year for her splendid portrayal of the humorous, complaining boarding house maid in the comedy sensation, "Stage Door."

Hats off to Phyllis Kennedy!

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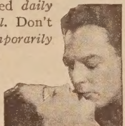

Thousands are embarrassed *daily* by mouthwashes that *fail*. Don't just mask bad breath *temporarily*—with sweet-tasting "sissy" mouthwashes. Destroy mouth odors *permanently*—with Zonite.

Zonite instantly removes causes of bad breath. To kill onion breath FOR GOOD, do this:—Put 1 tsp. Zonite in ½ glass water. Rinse mouth thoroughly. Brush teeth with this solution. Gargle, rinse again. *Results guaranteed.*

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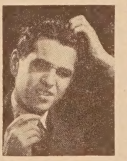

Dandruff is worse than a nuisance. Causes nasty odor, "itchy" skin. For *quick relief* do this: (1) Put 4 tablespoons Zonite in basin with 2 quarts warm water. (2) Massage with this Zonite solution for 2 minutes. (3) Wash head with good soap in same solution. (4) Rinse with plain water. (On dry scalp use few drops mineral oil after shampoo.)

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Of Modern Movies published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1937.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank Z. Temerson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Modern Movies and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Ultem Publications, Inc., 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City; editor, William T. Walsh, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City; managing editor, Maurice R. Reese, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City; business manager, Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: Ultem Publications, Inc., 404 Fourth Ave., New York City; Frank Z. Temerson, Vice-Pres., 404 Fourth Ave., New York City; I. W. Ullman, Pres., 404 Fourth Ave., New York City; C. & A. Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City; W. A. Angel, Pres., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City; S. J. Campbell, Vice-Pres., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City; M. Cermak, Sec'y, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANK Z. TEMERSON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1937.

(SEAL) IRVING BOBER.

Notary Public, Bronx Co., No. 264, Reg. No. 277B39, Cert. filed in N.Y. Co., No. 1355, Reg. No. 9B815, My Commission Expires March 30, 1939.

MUTINY in Hollywood! Donald Duck is on the rampage again! Walt Disney is terrified at the storm he has raised in his studio. Donald Duck learned that he was NOT going to play all Seven Dwarfs in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." He was further enraged when Disney turned thumbs down on Donald's proposal to play the Princess, too.

"It's an outrage," ranted the belligerent curly tailed biped, "Do they wanna fight about it? I can waddle off with any picture—'Snow White' or no 'Snow White.'

"If that guy Disney isn't careful, I'll get my dander up, and when I'm through with his studio there won't be enough to lick a postage stamp with, let alone make a movie. I'm a tough guy and if he wants to fight, I'm ready any time.

"Snow White—huh!"

AND still more movie dictionary:

Ingenue: A sweet thing that sugar sours.

Juvenile: High school boy with marcelled hair.

Actor: Anybody—according to his mother.

Mob scene: Stew, with garlic, tamales, perspiration, accents and old clothes.

Fade-out: Red curtains in the sunset.

HOLLYWOOD has conquered the world in more ways than one, but now it's out to show the yokels how it's done in the matter of premieres. Paramount is the mentor in this.

Since "The Barrier" is a northern play, they opened the world premiere in Seattle, Washington, and carted up a planeload of celebrities for the locals to ogle. So, too, At San Francisco, when "Ebb Tide," and "Wells Fargo," are premiered a la Hollywood, and even "The Buccaneer" is swaggering into view in New Orleans with the Great Cecil B. and his directorial puppets to trip down the velvet carpet at that Southern city's premiere.

YOU just can't beat a woman in the money game—especially if you're just a mere male, as Roscoe Karns has discovered.

Roscoe limited his 16-year-old daughter, Mary Jane, to $25 per month, telling her he would buy her main articles of clothing, but anything else extra she'd have to purchase from her allowance.

With true feminine wiliness, Mary Jane wheedled two dresses from her mother, and remade them at the cost of four dollars. The result is now Roscoe must replace the dresses from Mrs. Karns' wardrobe, and thus he comes out a loser any way you look at it.

WHAT'S this, Eleanor?

It's the usual thing, you know, to keep the good will of one's fellow players on the movie lot by giving them presents at the end of the picture. Miss Powell generously asked two hundred boys on the "Rosalie" set with whom she had been dancing, what they would like as a memento from her.

Followed then a huddled conference, and the chorus: "A kiss!!" Eleanor was staggered but willing.

"Line up," she commanded, and two hundred smackers later, she was still willing—but very weak.

INCIDENTALLY, we wonder what Nelson Eddy thought of all this. His name is frequently linked with Miss Powell's, but then, of course, it wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that the two players are co-starring in "Rosalie."

IT LOOKS as if movie marquees are in cahoots with realtors, judging from one Hollywood double feature bill which advertised:

The Good Earth
It's All Yours.

IN THESE days of multi-activities, even the newcomers in the business have acquired sidelines. Take the case of one Dorothy Moore. She's under contract to RKO, and the little lady commutes in her car to work.

Recently she started amusing herself by looking for mistakes in spelling on signs. She easily found one. A realtor concern was spelling their principal word, "Realters." She wrote them and they were so grateful, they sent her a check for five dollars.

On that basis, what would certain producers pay good spellers to correct their mistakes in both spelling and grammar?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 59

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IT SEEMS Hollywood can never get itself straight on "temperament." Director La Cava, who has just turned in such a swell job on "Stage Door," comes to its defense. He swears that screen stars who are not temperamental aren't worth their salt.

When he was pinned right down to facts, he hedged a little, though, by calling it "emotional fire."

Out our way, "emotional fire" was put out by the simple process of applying either a hair brush or a razor strap to where one usually sits.

HOLLYWOOD had the scare of its lifetime this month on a set at 20th Century-Fox. Jane Withers was emoting in her usual childish treble when all of a sudden, without warning, her voice turned to a basso profundo.

Director James Tinglin couldn't believe his ears, and asked her to repeat her lines. She did so. Still the basso profundo.

The mystery was solved when Tinlin spotted Paul Hartman, a visiting ventriloquist on the set, with a too, too innocent expression on his face.

IT IS quite fitting that the list of notables who attended the dinner which honored Eddie Cantor's twenty-five years in the entertainment world read like the Who's Who in America.

Cantor is amazing, when you consider his extra-curricular activities. Here are a few of them: President, American Federation of Radio Artists; President, Jewish Theatrical Guild; Board Member, Actor's Equity; First President of the Screen Actor's Guild; former President, National Vaudeville Artists; Member, Catholic Actor's Guild and just to round out the religious cycle, a member of the Episcopal Actor's Guild.

HOLLYWOOD night scene . . . Clark Gable sitting up all night with a sick friend . . . his horse, Ichabod . . . what's this? After ordering one thousand cigars, his usual allotment, to smoke during the making of "The Last Gangster," Edward G. Robinson suddenly switched to a pipe . . . the newly re-opened Swing Club flaunts a fancy white-and-gold leaf facade . . . but its elaborate show window needs washing and dusting . . . Helen Jepson may be an operatic star but she's not temperamental . . . that is, unless you can call a white rabbit in her dressing room temperament . . . the Met Opera star had 69 entries in the Syracuse State Fair . . . and won 66 ribbons . . . Cecil de Mille has installed bedside controls at his Paradise Ranch to start or stop a phonograph, radio or pipe organ after he has gone to bed . . . Alice Faye tells us she finds broadcasting a relief . . . in sequences for Universal's "You're A Sweetheart," the studio temperature was 120 degrees . . . and Alice wore heavy furs . . . Jeanette MacDonald is still taking a daily singing lesson, rain or shine . . . Joe Penner has traded his duck for a burro.

LONG association in Hollywood tends to make a man big-headed. On the "Buccaneer" set, which Cecil de Mille is directing, he looked long and earnestly upon the face of an extra.

"You oughtta know me," said Edward Sturgis, the extra. "We lunched every day together back of the old Empire Theater in New York along about 1907 and 1908. A bottle of milk and a couple of buns and glad to get that."

It is to de Mille's credit that Sturgis received a very good role in the film.

Great men, like great elephants, do remember.

BETTY GRABLE was worried when we passed her the other day. It wasn't because of her own health, but that of her five-month-old puppy, Happy.

We went with her to the veterinarian's and when Betty told him she thought Happy had a sore throat, the puppy-and-cat man laughed like anything because he knew all the time Happy's voice was just changing!

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LOOK!!

For the Following
in the
Next Issue
Out Dec. 27th

The Greatest Friendship in Hollywood

When Stars Thought They Were Through

CHARLES BOYER Comes Into His Own

The Last Word

THE movie wheel again revolves and turns up the name of Charles Boyer. Successes in "Conquest" and "Tovarich" are his winnings. Boyer has had his chances before; in particular, in "Private Worlds." His performance in that film made quite a stir. Yet his subsequent pictures did not seem greatly to increase his reputation. Now come three hits in a row—the French-made "Mayerling," "Conquest" and "Tovarich." From all three we can arrive at but one conclusion: Hand Boyer a part he can get his teeth into and you'll see a great actor give a great performance. In "Conquest," his characterization of Napoleon shows an amazing range, understanding and power. Thence he swings into the role of a Russian grand duke in "Tovarich" with equal skill and versatility. When, not so long ago, producers were afraid of Boyer's "foreign accent," the astute Walter Wanger quickly offered him a contract. Now Boyer sits in the seats of the mighty.

BEATRICE LILLIE jokingly protests that the movies are remodeling her. They've changed her hair, her make-up, her walk. There is one thing, though, that Bea did not think to mention. Her enunciation on her radio appearances is more distinct since she has been through the Hollywood mill. Is that the result of contact with the stars or the foresight of the studio diction department?

CONSTANCE BENNETT, who gave an excellent performance in "Topper," has had a complaint registered against her by a newspaper columnist. He says she doesn't seem willing to grant interviews. Whether that charge is true or not, all stars could well profit by advice given Gloria Swanson in her heyday by a great editor. The train from Chicago both were on was approaching Los Angeles. Gloria was for scurrying out a rear door to avoid the news photographers. "Listen, Gloria," said the editor. "Take publicity when it is offered you. Maybe some day you won't be able to get it even for money." Gloria saw the point and smilingly emerged in front of the cameras.

IN STUDIO annals, 1937 will probably be remembered as the year of great performances. Stars spring up overnight and old favorites find themselves in danger of going under. Never have past reputations meant so little. What a scramble there should be for the Academy Award this year! It's going to be a real job to pick the best performance.

WILLIAM T. WALSH

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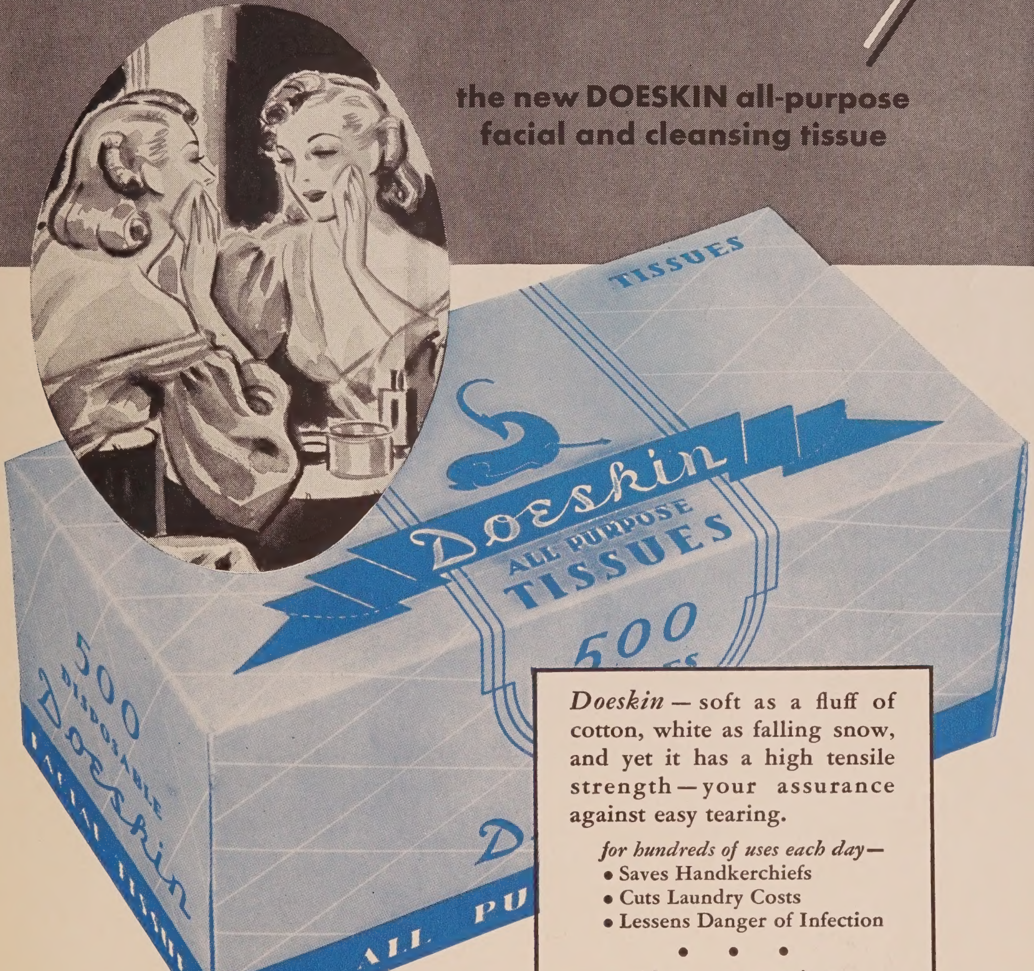
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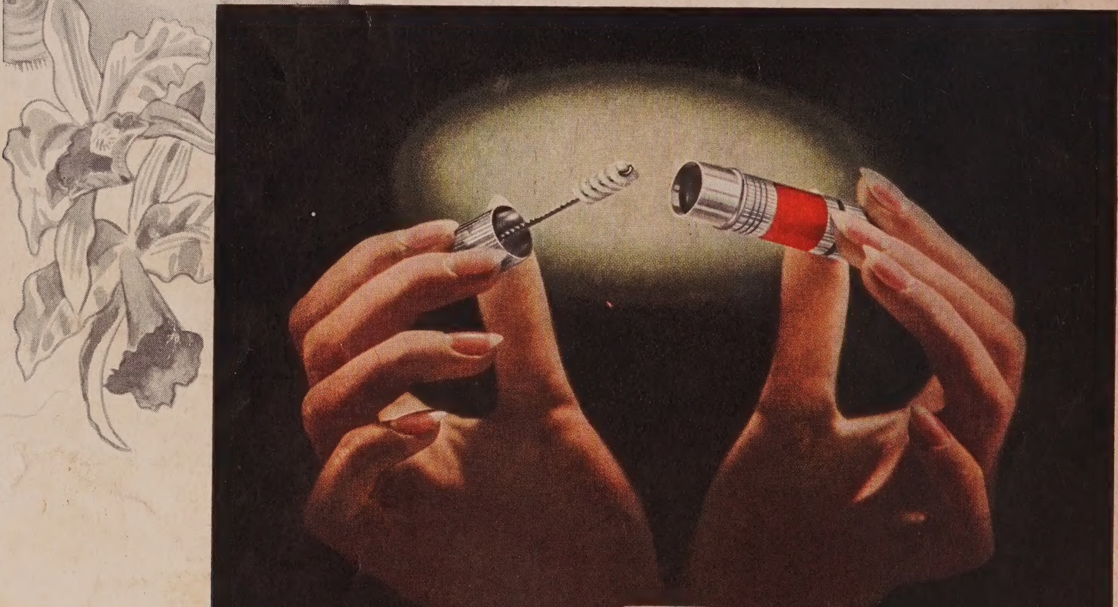

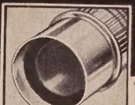

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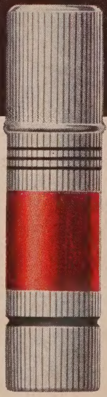

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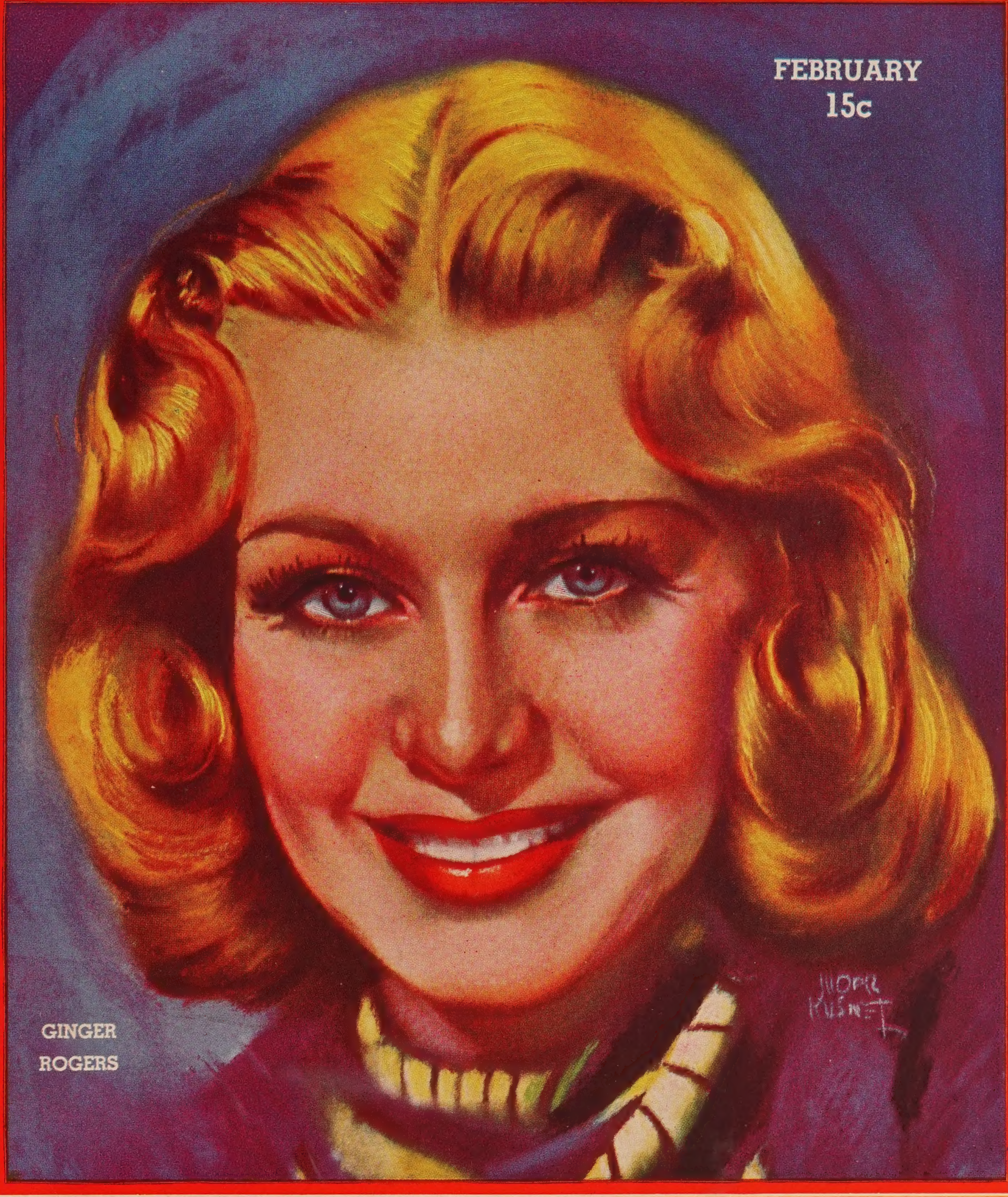
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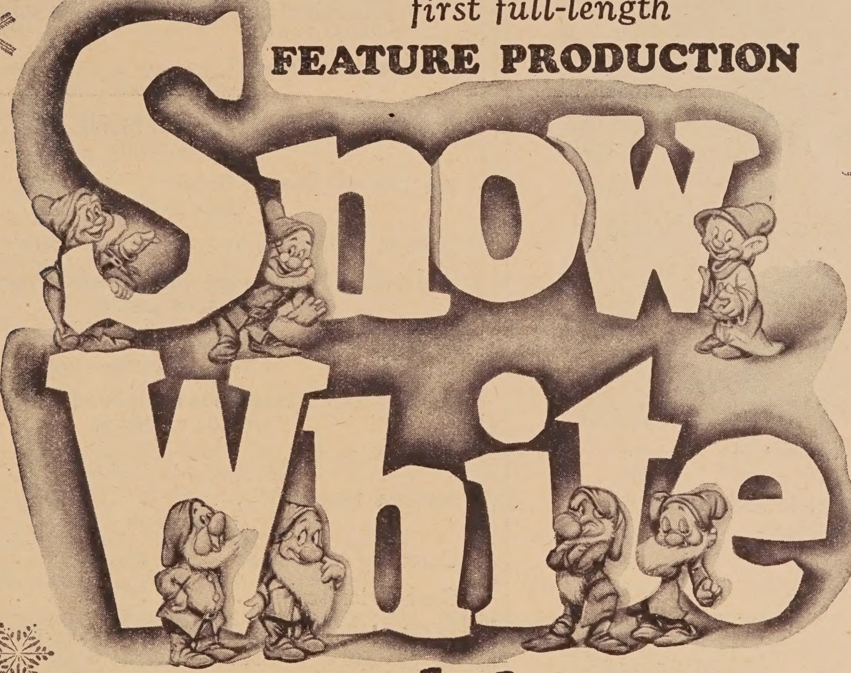

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THE HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC Vol. I, No. 8

FEBRUARY, 1938

MODERN MOVIES

ON THE COVER
GINGER ROGERS
by MORR KUSNET

WILLIAM T. WALSH, Editor

EASTERN OFFICE
SUITE 903
18 EAST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

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IT HAPPENS IN HOLLYWOOD

IT'S HOLLYWOOD fashion now. Danielle Darrieux, the new French importation of Universal's, brought over a score of trunks, intending to knock the eyelids off of Hollywood cuties. After giving them the once over, she was moved to go on a lengthy shopping spree. How you French modistes howl!

IN A WAY, it's a bit third dimensional that Universal should be trying to get Henry Fonda to play opposite Margaret Sullavan in her next vehicle, "The Road to Reno," since Mr. Fonda is Miss Sullavan's ex husband.

A LETTER may carry more than good will or love, though tenderer its terms. Michael Whalen's mother opened her son's mail, one letter in particular was from a fan who was down with the measles, and Mrs. Whalen promptly contracted this malady from the letter. Or, at any rate, so it is said.

HEARD from Mae West about her new part in "Every Day's A Holiday"—hooray. "The gal I play is a Brooklyn blonde with a brunette past."

DOES it get 'em all? A year ago, Jerome Cowan, arriving in Hollywood to act, swore:

1. He'd never have a palatial mansion for a home.
2. He'd do his swimming in the ocean, not in a backyard pool.
3. He'd have no big, fancy cars.
4. He'd live in a two room apartment and like it.

Well, son, here's a last minute check-up.

1. He's leased and living in the huge Jan Rubini estate.
2. He drives three expensive cars.
3. He has a huge swimming pool in his back yard.
4. He's now building a rambling ultra-ultra hacienda type home in Palm Springs.

Will someone tell us why not?

SLIM Summerville was surprised when reading in his Hollywood paper that he had arrived in Paris. "My ghost is pretty spry," said Slim.

WELL, it seems to pay to be nice to the autograph hounds—Gregory Ratoff was approached by a boy for his autograph. Ratoff answered, "I'm in a hurry," and rushed to his car. In driving away from

Between scenes the hairdresser restores the perfection of Carole Lombard's locks

After a hard scene in "Easy Millions," Sally Eilers and Preston Foster at the water cooler

Ah, what a *tete-a-tete!* Myrna Loy has her giggle all ready and Franchot Tone responds with a smile, while waiting for their cue in "Man-Power"

That's Ida Greenfield, favorite wardrobe woman of the Warner lot, putting a stitch in Kay Francis' bracelet. They're on the "Women Are Like That" set

Ernst Lubitsch and Verna Vardon at C. B. DeMille's party in honor of his 25 years as film director

Ronald Reagan and Jean Dale "swanning" at the famous bird farm, Catalina Island, the home of strange tropical creatures

Peter Smith, demon cameraman, invades Una Merkel's home to get a novel "floor" shot of her

Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant discussing lines of "Bringing Up Baby" scenes

the curb, Ratoff found himself on the sorry end of a collision. Jumping on the running board, the dauntless lad came up with, "Well, you're not in a hurry now—how about that autograph?"

TALKING of shindigs and whatnots, the swankiest party we've seen in four blue moons—and the most jammed—was the one which congratulated Frank Borzage on his twentieth year in the flickers. Elite of the elite were there of pictures, including Joan Crawford, who told us she's no longer afraid of hosses and is riding one daily now.

ALSO Franchot Tone wistfully told us he'd like no end to be the life of the party but he just hasn't the temperament.

NOW that Los Angeles is spreading out all over Southern California, it's getting so one needs an airplane to visit one's friends. Edgar Kennedy, in common with other moom picture stars, decided to build a house, and thereby hangs a sad, sad tale.

He gets water and electricity from San Fernando, has a Burbank telephone, got his building permit from Van Nuys, but his mailing address is Pacoima and he pays taxes in Los Angeles. Most of the time Edgar will have to pinch himself to know where he is.

IS CHARLIE McCarthy slipping? Charlie McCarthy called on W. C. Fields and the latter only got a splinter in his hand.

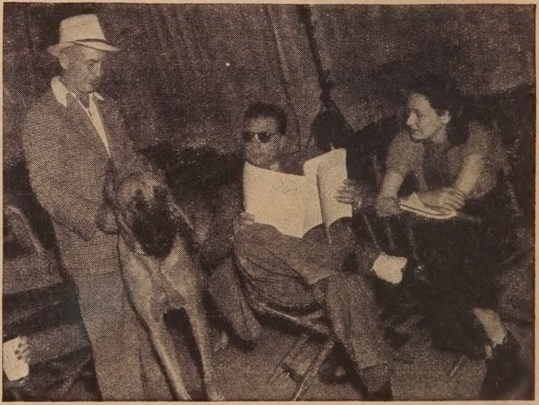
WE WENT out to Universal this month and got caught in a hum of activity. Almost they collared us and put us to work on one of the huge sets for Deanna Durbin's newest picture for the little girl who is pulling a studio in the red to one in the black on the financial side.

So caught up were we with the sweep of the studio's work that we later found ourselves outside with a hammer in one hand and a keg of nails in the other—at least, we think it's a keg of nails, for it doesn't gurgle.

WE COULDN'T believe what we heard so we went right out and parked our feet on the rail. Yep, it was a bar—the latest thing in Hollywood—at least, this kind of a bar is. Ginger Rogers is the gal with the sane idea of putting in a soda bar in her whoopee room, complete to

(Left) Class in English at M-G-M: Tilly Losch, Charles Igor Gorin, Ruth Roberts (instructor), Lionel Royce, Hedy LaMarr, Della Lind, Rose Stradner

Rennie Renfro, trainer, shows his Great Dane to Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane



Nelson Eddy does "spring practice" for his football-playing cadet role in his new vehicle "Rosalie"

Patric Knowles chats with Basil Rathbone, to whom the barber seems to have been doing funny things, on the "Robin Hood" set

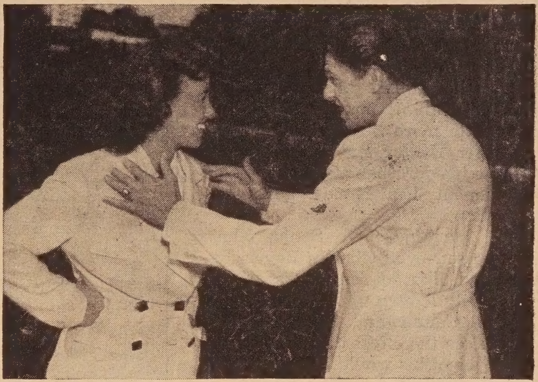
Cheta, the chimp, shines up to pretty Eleanor Holm. Both will appear in "Tarzan's Revenge"

ice cream and fruit juices. Positively, nothing else! Good thought, Ginger—pass another scoop of vanilla.

WHY DOES Martha Raye have TWO bodyguards escorting her around Hollywood these days?

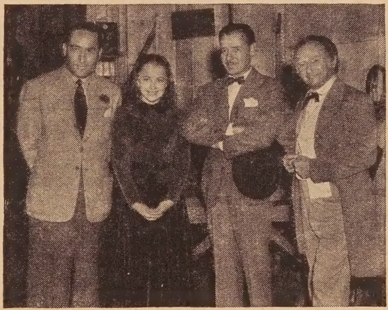
AND BUDDY Westmore, Martha's ex-husband, since his divorce from her hasn't missed a day in wearing a red, red carnation in memory of Martha.

IT NEVER rains but it pours— and a stitch in the side means a doctor's bill. Wally Ford believes in this firmly after he fell ill with gallstones, suffered three broken ribs in a fight, had his garage burn down and his leased home sold from beneath him.



Funny! Just ask Margaret Lindsay what Ronald Reagan's telling her

MAE WEST had better look to her laurels—er—we mean hips, because there's another fancy hip-wriggler coming to town to give her some competition. She's Auggie Auld, a Hawaiian hula dancer over whom the islanders shout hip-hip-hooray. The anatomy wriggler will be seen, in "Hawaii Calls," and to make it somewhat incongrous, Bobby Breen is the star.



(Right) Ronald Colman visits Warners' stars. We see Hal Wallis, ass't executive, Olivia de Havilland, Ronald Colman and Claude Rains at their best

Joan Crawford, Cameraman Falsey and Director Frank Borzage watching a scene in Joan's next, "Mannequin"

CLOTHES MAKE the man—and also the salesman. Eddie Cantor rushed to his antique shop to see a manager about a piece of porcelain while still in his "Ali Baba" make-up. Two old maid tourists thought he was an employee, cornered him, and bought a set of dishes. Wouldn't it be a swell idea, Eddie, if you hired a few luscious beauties and put them in those gauzy costumes for the shop? Sales ought to sky rocket.

LAUGHING is one thing, but it must be in the right place and at the right time. That's so important, says Jeannette MacDonald, who after a reshowing of "Monte Carlo," laughed so loudly the usher called her down for the offence. The costumes made her giggle.

A MORGAN isn't a Morgan but turns out to be a Wupperman, and is an English firm's face red? Frank Morgan got a letter telling him they had "Reasons" to believe that he was descended from Sir Henry Morgan, famous buccaneer. And little Frankie laughed and laughed because he knew all the time his family name was Wupperman.

(Continued on page 9)

ROSES AND RAZZES

Re-teaming Some Famous Ones

Some teams that I'd like to see—and why.

Robert Taylor and Simone Simon because they've both been so ballyhooed that they ought to be a box-office wow!

Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy. First, because their voices would blend beautifully; and, secondly, because, in order to retain her popularity, Grace needs a screenmate who is at least her equal! With the exception of Tullio Carminatti, they've been little more than "stooges."

Warner Baxter and Ann Harding, because his dark handsomeness would complement her blonde beauty to perfection.

The laughing-eyed Sonja Henie and the sad-eyed Charles Boyer, because I'd like to see her sparkling personality lighten up his dark gloom!

Eddie Cantor and Zazu Pitts. If only to see the effect that those "goo-goo" eyes of his would have upon the fluttering lady!

"Rough-neck" Clark Gable and the equally rough Lupe Velez! 'Twould be better than a wrestling match!

"Movie Caster"
Cranford, N. J.

◆

Razzes for Some Critics

"They" say Garbo slipped in "Conquest," Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red," Powell might have done better in "Double Wedding" and Dietrich isn't so hot. Come, come now, you critics and radio commentators, you write as though new to the job you're doing. "They" have been saying this same thing for about umpty-umpt years, while critics come and critics go, and these same stars go on forever.

H. Whitman
Pittsfield, Mass.

◆

Why Not Star Marie Wilson?

Why don't they give Marie Wilson better roles? I have seen her in two pictures and I realize what the author of "The Most Amazing Girl in Pictures," in January *Modern Movies*, means by her extraordinary contradictions. One minute she is an imp; the next, sedate and angelic. I think, though, that a very special kind of medium will have to be found for Marie. She isn't just another of those "finds" that can be put through the mill and shoved into *any* film. To me, she has some of the best qualities of Alice White, the little girl who didn't fit so well into the Hollywood pattern. If the producers will only give the matter serious thought, I am sure Marie Wilson can become a great and a very original star.

John Yates
Lockport, Pa.

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 903, 18 E. 48th St., New York. New York.

She Recommends a Razor

John Howard is one of my favorite up-an'-comin'-actors, but, why, oh, why, does he spoil his perfectly good face with that insipid looking moustaches? Not that I have anything against moustaches—on the right faces. But it doesn't become John. It detracts from his masculinity. And that goes for Ian Hunter, Don Ameche, and Errol Flynn.

Also, why do so many of our he-men have their pictures taken in berets? They look like—well, no! I won't say it. I'm a lady. But I recommend that they take a look at themselves in the mirror, sometime, when they're sporting one of those atrocities.

Ruth King
Cranford, N. J.

◆

Wayne Morris Has "Something"

Wayne Morris is my favorite star for he has a certain click with me. I know he isn't so good-looking, but he has that certain something that will get him through.

Joyclyn Phillips
Philadelphia, Pa.

◆

'Ray For Raye and Cab

How about making a picture with Martha Raye and Cab Calloway? I know a lot of fans who would simply enjoy hearing them tear it out.

O.H.
New York, N.Y.

◆

Roses for Michael Whalen

While this is addressed to "Roses and Razzes" we'll forget the Razzes and make it all Roses. Roses for your fine and interesting magazine, and roses for Michael Whalen, about whom I hope to read much in the pages of *Modern Movies.* Such a fine actor and personable young man should become one of our most outstanding favorites among actors.

A. Godson
Toronto, Canada

◆

"Another Don Ameche"

Most of you fans have probably seen Michael Whalen in the movies. In my opinion he should be seen in bigger and better films and those of you who want to see more of him try to boost this grand actor. Attention, Darryl Zanuck, why not put Michael Whalen in the next Sonja Henie film? You gave Don Ameche a chance and he made good and it is my humble opinion that Michael Whalen is another Don Ameche.

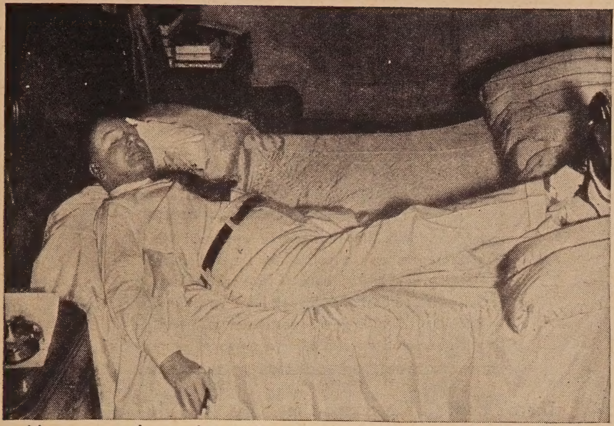
Barbara Delaney
Forest Hills, N. Y.

◆

"Big City" Okay

I read that "Big City" with Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy was not suited for the actors. I disagree with that; I think people like shows like this one. "Big City" has cute humor because of the littleness of Luise Rainer and the bigness of Spencer Tracy. We need more shows like "Big City."

Alice Jane Kuse
Indianapolis, Ind.



How a popular and care-free actor should rest. W. C. Fields here gives a suggestion to those who find modern life too strenuous. It seems to work even if Fields himself doesn't

James Stewart and Robert Young critically examine their acting in scenes from "Navy Blue and Gold." Bob's taking it very seriously

IT LOOKS, by the way, as if the English studios are getting the jump on Hollywood-land. Alexander Korda — remember, he's the guy Hollywood kicked out a few years ago—had his entire plant televised over the television air waves. For four days, the travelling camera went around the lot. Scenes were watched in the making and those people of London town who own television sets were able to sit at home and tour the studio.

This is the first time in history that a televised program has emanated from a film studio.

HERE'S a nurse story which ties in with that big-hearted human who has crooned his way into millions of hearts, Bing Crosby. Two years ago, Dolores Casey was a promising actress. She fell ill and this month came out of the sanitarium after being looked after for these twenty-four months, day in and day out, by white uniformed nurses, when Bing booked her as the nurse in "Badge of O'Roone."

Virginia Bruce leads an extempore trio of songsters on "Bad Man from Brimstone" set on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot

Eleanor Fisher, auburn-haired Miss America, receives friendly greetings from Fred MacMurray and John Barrymore

Jane Withers has added this lamb, "Snowdrop," to her ever-growing menagerie of pets she picks up everywhere

CHATTER: Franciska Gaal has thirty-eight dolls which look like her . . . they're put out by a European manufacturer . . . imagine seeing yourself thirty-eight times! . . . powerful stuff, eh . . . and speaking of power, the first thing Carole Lombard did on a two-day vacation was to buy a full length Russian sable coat . . . Snow White, Walt Disney's newest leading lady, is one movie star who will never give Winchell a chance to print rumors, according to Ben Bernie . . . Remember Sabu, the native child in "The Elephant Boy"? . . . he'll be seen soon in "The Drum" . . . his hobby is watching famous actors working in English studios and he is still the same unaffected boy . . . it took a studio truck to take home all the flowers Joan Crawford received on her second wedding anniversary to Franchot Tone . . . George Raft's new home in Hollywood will have a memory room in it which will have stills from all the pictures he's been in since he arrived . . . the newest extracurricular activity of the versatile Gregory Ratoff is selling vodka . . . he's opening a real Russian vodka shop . . .

MOST impressive blow-out, in many a moon, was the tossing of the "Hurricane" premiere. Only one thing was lacking: the golden presence of Samuel Goldwyn, in person, who was in New York. This broke Sam's heart, but the crowd of 10,000 people, seated on seven outdoor bleachers at the Carthay Circle, didn't seem to mind.

You might guess who stole the show: none other than Charlie McCarthy. The little imp arrived in a coach, driven by two spanking horses and on the box seat driving were coachmen dressed as replicas of Edgar Bergen and Mr. McCarthy.

In the open carriage, McCarthy held court with Dorothy LaMour and Edgar Bergen was allowed to ride along. At the microphone, McCarthy said to Bergen, "Shut up, let me do the talking."

THE MOST scared little girl in Hollywood was Dixie Dunbar this month. She was autoing past "Sugie's"

(Continued on page 80)

IT'S PROPER

Information with reference to any problem in etiquette may be obtained by writing to Dorothy VanHuyten, care of Modern Movies, Suite 903, 18 East 48th Street, New York City. Please send with your question a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply

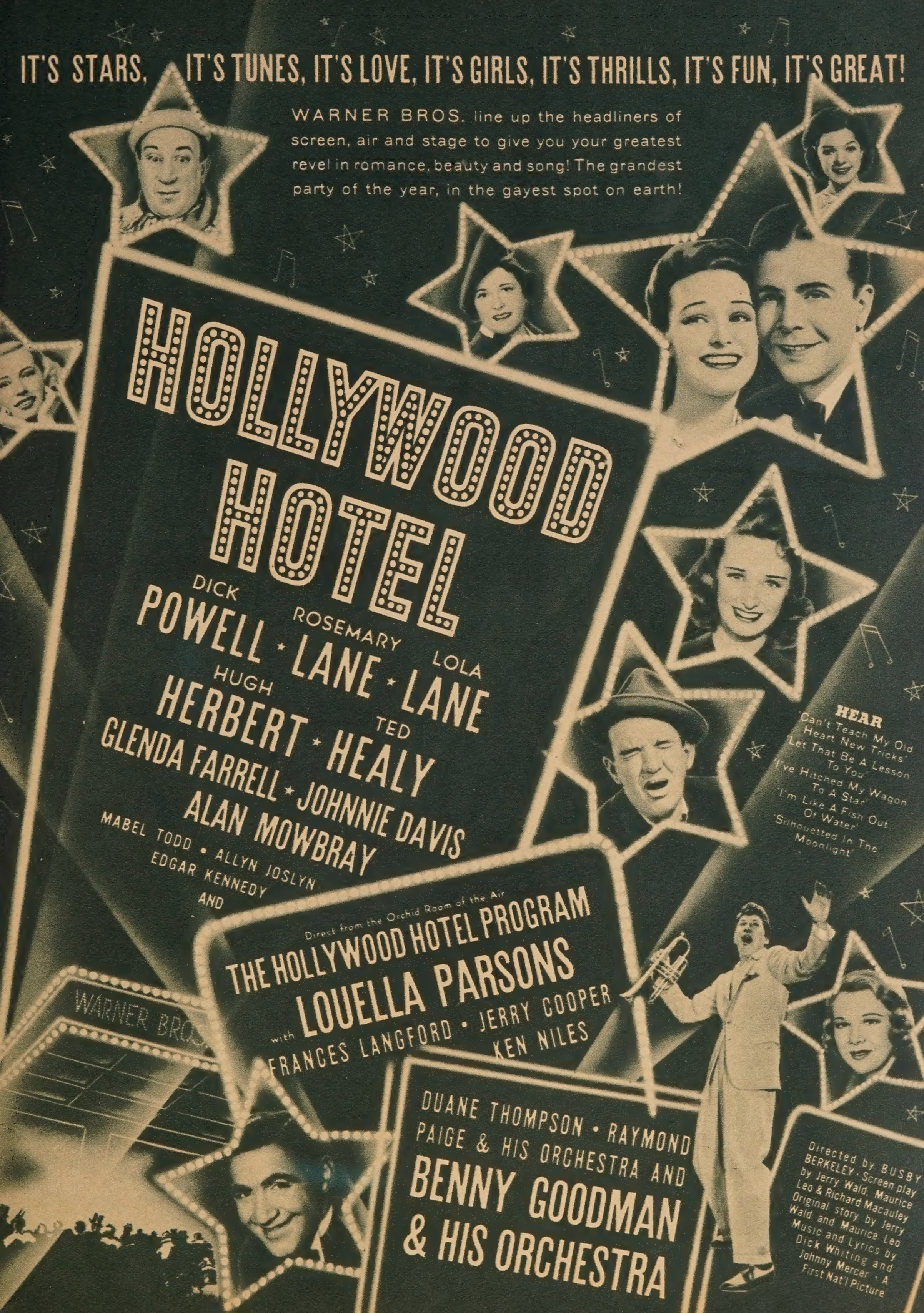
There's nothing like a good memory. A lady is flattered, if, though you have met her only once before and then casually, you instantly recall her name and the circumstances of the previous meeting. No wonder Ann Sheridan smiles up at Ronald Reagan when he pays her such a subtle compliment

POSED BY
RONALD REAGAN AND ANN SHERIDAN
WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES

POSED BY
JEAN ROGERS
UNIVERSAL
PLAYER

(Left) Jean Rogers demonstrates what to do when making a call on a friend who chances not to be home. She leaves her calling card with the maid of the house

(Below) For formal letters, the best form still is to use a pen. The typewriter serves for more casual communications—but very casual only


WARNER BROS.

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HUGH HERBERT • TED HEALY
GLENDA FARRELL • JOHNNIE DAVIS
ALAN MOWBRAY
MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY
AND

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air
THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM
with LOUELLA PARSONS
FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

HEAR
'Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks'
'Let That Be A Lesson To You'
'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water'
'Silhouetted In The Moonlight'

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo & Richard Macauley • Original story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo • Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First Nat'l Picture

Nelson and Ilona

Nelson Eddy has this charming singing partner in M-G-M's "Rosalie." She is Ilona Massey, from Budapest, Hungary, where she was an operetta favorite. Rumor has it that Nelson and Ilona are really "that way" about each other off the screen

But what have we here? If it isn't Eleanor Powell giving Nelson a hearty hug! And rumor has it they're "that way," too. So what are we to believe? Anyway, betwixt singing Ilona and dancing Eleanor, it's really nice work for Nelson and all

Nelson and Eleanor

Frances and Joel

Sweethearts again! Frances Dee and Joel McCrea —one of Hollywood's happiest married couples— find this sort of love-making not at all hard to do. You'll see them thus in "Wells Fargo," a Paramount epic of the days of the "Overland Express"

Carole Lombard

One of Hollywood's few really big ones is Carole Lombard. And she turns out hits so fast it's hard to keep up with them

Sonja Henie

They say the profits for "Thin Ice" stand at $3,000,000. Producer Darryl Zanuck can rub his hands gleefully when he thinks of Sonja's next—"Happy Landing"

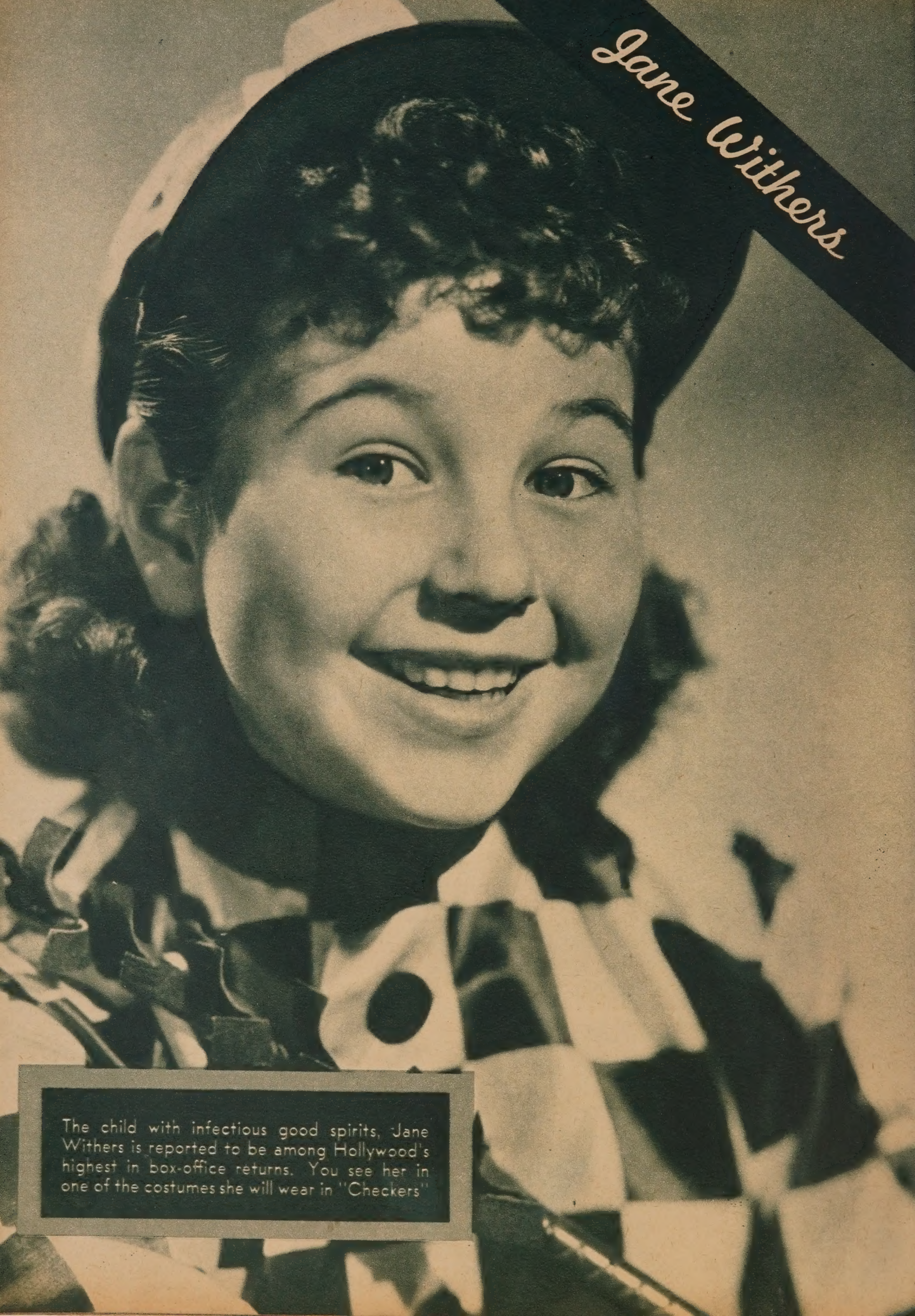
Suzanne

Twelve years old and fast on her way to stardom. Suzanne Larson's fine soprano voice was discovered by Mary McCormick, and because of this a contract for Suzanne with M-G-M followed

Ronald

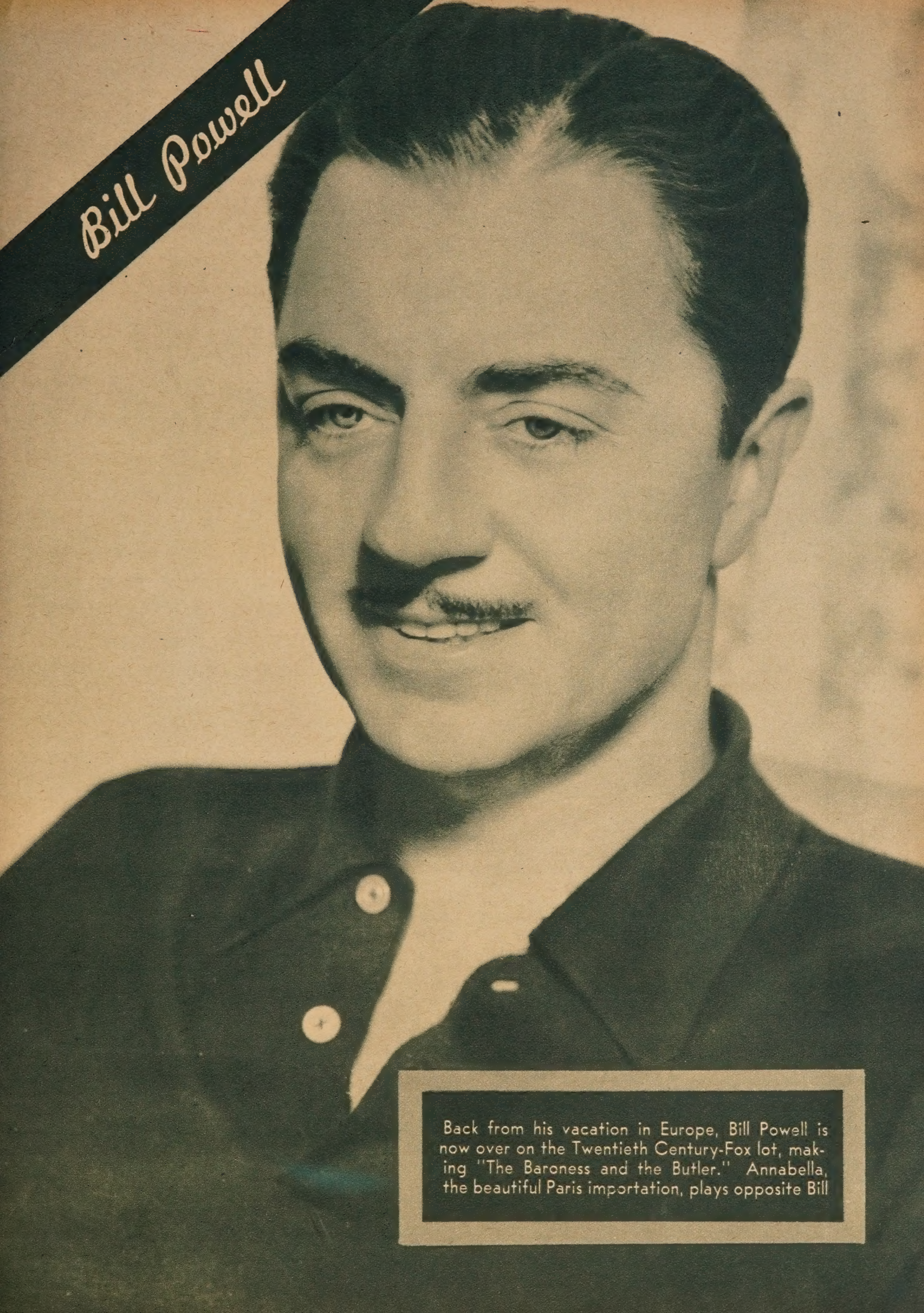
Ronald Reagan, Warner player, has the face and personality that women love. You will see him in succession in "Sergeant Murphy," "Accidents Will Happen and "Swing Your Lady"

Jane Withers



The child with infectious good spirits, Jane Withers is reported to be among Hollywood's highest in box-office returns. You see her in one of the costumes she will wear in "Checkers"

Bill Powell



Back from his vacation in Europe, Bill Powell is now over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, making "The Baroness and the Butler." Annabella, the beautiful Paris importation, plays opposite Bill

THE REAL *Joan Blondell*

The widest-traveled movie star has been on the stage since the ripe old age of four months

by JAMES CAMPBELL

Joan has had but one formula for success, which she probably has never put into words—that formula is, always be yourself. Every role she plays rings true

IF YOU'RE thinking of "globe-trotting," just talk to Joan Blondell about it. She's an ardent travel-wisher and would like to go round the world. But—point, for example, to Berlin, Germany, on a map, and Joan will say, "I've been there," or to Shanghai; Halifax, Nova Scotia; or Melbourne, Australia, and she'll tell you, "I've been there, too."

Then you mutter to yourself, "Hmm. She wants to go places; yet she *says* she's seen 'em all," and you survey *la* Blondell with a fishy eye.

But your suspicions are unworthy of you, for Joan Blondell is telling none other than the truth. She has been to nearly every place you can think of, plus a lot you never heard of, and is probably the most traveled actress in all America.

It all started when Joan was a mite of four months. Her father, Eddie Blondell, was a vaudevillian, known as "the original Katzenjammer Kid." Up to the age of eighteen she toured with him through the United States, Canada, Europe, China and Australia. She liked the life but she remembers the discomforts as well. That's why she yearns to do the globe again—this time *in style*.

Joan was never stage struck. Children born to theatrical parents seldom are. They accept the life largely as a matter of course, just as does nearly every girl the prospect of eventual marriage. Only stage life, unlike matrimony, is not a matter of the future. It is an ever compelling present. There is little time for dreaming of fame, when there's an act to give, a show that must go on. No time to get ritzy, either—to cultivate mannerisms or affectations, "to adopt a new personality." You sink or swim on what you've got, your character is developed in sincerity. That girl you see on the screen, interpreting a role according to her own honest inner convictions, is none other than Joan herself. Say what they may about some of the papier-maché personalities of Hollywood, Joan Blondell is not like that. She is one hundred per cent natural.

Pert, starry-eyed—who would think she is twenty-eight years old?—she has more than two decades of hard trouping behind her, since the day in 1910, when, only four months, she was carried on the stage of the Globe Theatre in New York as the daughter of Peggy Astaire in "The Greatest Love." Joan Blondell couldn't write a book

(Left) This scene between Joan and Dick Powell from "Gold Diggers" could just as well be from their daily lives. (Right) Tea for Joan on the set

of her life; it would have to be an encyclopedia. Fifty-six times she has crossed the United States while playing in vaudeville. One-night stands in China, life in a circus, a clerk for a very brief period in a New York shop—eighteen years of this. The story is a long and entertaining, sometimes an extremely exciting one to hear.

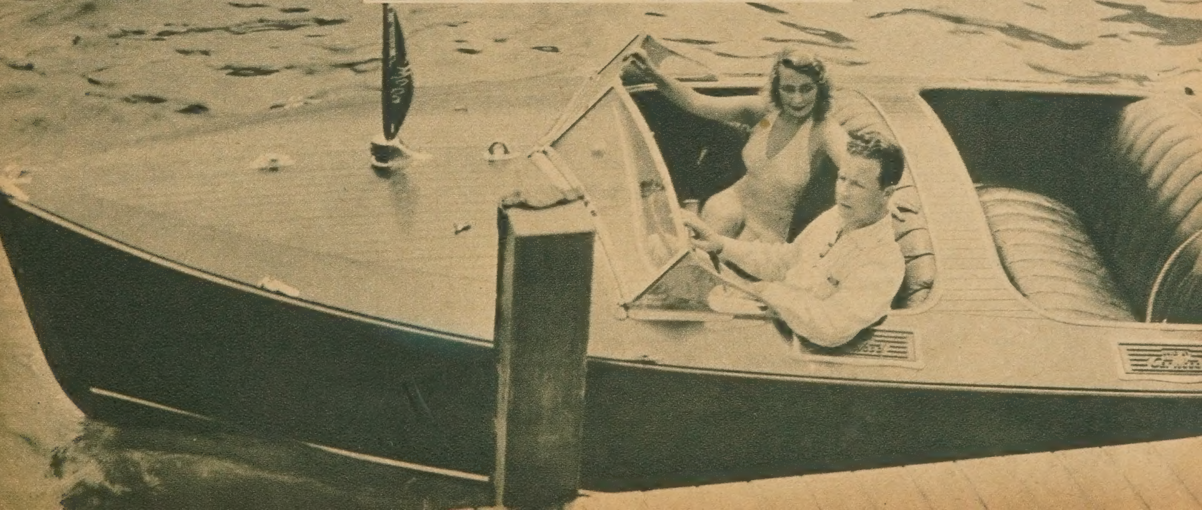
She was eighteen when she began to do a little touring for herself. She had been placed in the College of Industrial Arts in New York, but swimming seems to have been to her the most important part of the curriculum. Suddenly she threw school overboard, joined a theatrical troupe and went with them on a cattle boat to Australia.

But Broadway lured her back, as it eventually does all those who have trod its boards. For a few months she was "at liberty," that is, she was looking for a job. She found it. The blonde, gray-eyed eighteen-year-old miss knew, by this time, most of the theatrical ropes. Any expert could see that, and so came a place for her in the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." This was followed by a good spot in another play, "Maggie the Magnificent." Then her sprightly vivacity fitted neatly into a nook in "The Follies." Things were looking up in more ways than one when she was cast for a really important part in "Penny Arcade." Jimmy Cagney was in the show, too.

Things were looking up because "Penny Arcade" gave Joan direct entree to Hollywood. Warners liked the play, bought it, and Joan found herself doing her original stage role in a movie, retitled "Sinners' Holiday." Joan had found the ladder of fame and was beginning to ascend it. She appeared in "The Office Wife," "The Steel Highway,"

(Continued on page 63)

(Left) The Powells at the dock, ready for a spin in their motor boat—they haven't a yacht



(Below) Joan wears a bathing suit or slacks whenever she can, which is most of the time

Ella McNeely, Anita Louise's personal maid, has been attending her blond mistress for four years

SECRETS OF THE STARS' PERSONAL MAIDS

They know more than all the columnists about the famous ladies of the screen

by ROWENA DEVINE

WHO knows a star best of all? Not her press agent, producer or picture fans—but her personal maid. Lillian Moseley, matron of the dressing-room building at Columbia, has been a personal maid for thirty years. Her duties include caring for every star who works on the Columbia lot, and as that company constantly borrows stars from other major studios, Lillian has, at one time or another, worked for nearly every one of the movie great. So you can take Lillian's word for it—no one sees a star at as close range or at more intimate moments than the constantly present maid. Good moods and bad; before the camera and in her boudoir—the personal maid is always present. It is she who really knows the star; her secret loves, hopes and ambitions.

Lillian is a plump, motherly Negress with a beaming smile and a great enthusiasm for "her children" as she calls the stars.

"I love children," she told me, "and that is why I love being personal maid to the stars, for the stars are just little children grown up. They must be handled exactly like children, too.

"I must tell Ronald Colman his new tie is beautiful. I always ask if he had a nice time at the party the night before, and I tell him he is looking well," she said, smiling at me engagingly.

"Ann Sothern is grand to work for," Lillian enthused, smoothing her black dress, "and so is Jean Arthur. Miss Arthur is not demonstrative, but she notices and appreciates everything done for her. Dolores del Rio, to me, is just a lovely child. I never think of her as a sophisticated grown-up woman, but as a little girl to be fussed over and praised.

"You see, honey child, we all love little attentions and the stars are no different from any of us. I must flatter and

Willoughby McCovy is a "scat" singer who is devoted to Bette Davis amuse them out of their cross moods and send them out on the set smiling and willing to work.

"I must study a star's mood and when I see he or she is upset I try and get the star to tell me what the trouble is—let her unburden herself; try to help or console her if I can so that she can go before the camera feeling better."

Rosalind Russell made a picture on the Columbia lot last year and found Lillian so helpful that she called on her for a favor long after she had left the studio. Lillian was right on hand to serve her and the lovely Roz promptly rewarded her with a quart of champagne.

"If all the stars were put in a bag and dumped before me on the floor, I wouldn't know which one to choose first," says Lillian. But Ann Sothern's name crept into her conversation so often that I think Ann must be just a trifle higher in her affections.

Melvyn Douglas, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris are among "her boys" and she mothers them as well as she does the women stars. She raps on their dressing-room door and walks in simultaneously and no matter what stage of attire they are in, she cheerily calls, "It's only Lillian," and the dressing goes on.

Lillian came to Hollywood with May Allison, star of the silent screen, and numbers Estelle Taylor and Ina Claire among her former mistresses. She has been maid to both professional and non-professional women and vastly prefers the professionals.

The motherly Lillian calls herself the old woman in the shoe because she has so many "children"; but she knows what to do with them and is greatly beloved by the players. She is tactful, diplomatic and understanding and doesn't let her duties rest at merely taking care of a star's wardrobe. She has advised stars about their love affairs; has dreaded seeing her lovely mistress marry the wrong man and has had intimate friends of another star beg her to dissuade the star from marrying. She says she has made more matches than anyone else on earth.

She does not believe two professionals should marry—ever!

A maid must never betray a confidence, believes Lillian, and plenty of them are given. Stars' husbands are often jealous of the personal maid and Lillian once lost her job when her mistress married because the new husband was jealous of the friendship between his wife and her maid. New husbands want to hire new personal maids so that they and the maid will start from scratch, Lillian explained.

A personal maid's duties, as outlined (Continued on page 65)

Louise Sloan giving Ginger Rogers a last minute touch

From wardrobe to serving tea are a few of Lillian Moseley's services to the stars

Lillian, a matron of the dressing room at Columbia, takes all the phone messages for "her children" while they are on the set

(Above) "Walter Wanger recognized the genius of this tall young man with impressive eyes"

(Below) Three months after he met Pat Paterson Boyer eloped with her to Yuma, Arizona

The life of CHARLES BOYER

As a French lad he seemed pre-destined to be the star of "Conquest" and "Tovarich"

by DANA CARTER

A LITTLE over five years ago, Charles Boyer had his first unsatisfactory look at Hollywood. He had never been in America before. In his pocket, he carried a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to do French versions of American box-office hits. In his heart, he was bewildered. For the memorable first time in his life, he was a little unsure of himself!

Boyer wasn't another foreign unknown who had come over here cherishing a dream that Hollywood's wheel of fortune might turn him up a star. In Paris, his name was as widely known as Maurice Chevalier's had been before Chevalier deserted the French stage to trample our preconceived notions of how quickly a foreign actor can make a name for himself in this country. Parisians regarded Boyer as one of their greatest new actors.

But, Hollywood was different. Charles Boyer found himself handicapped in more ways than one. He was alone, he knew no one. He'd had remarkably little experience working under the lights of a motion picture set—his previous association with pictures could be summed up in its entirety in the single appearance he'd made before cameras for Ufa, German producers, a few months before. And *those* were only minor calamities, for he couldn't speak a dozen intelligible words of English!

That was five years ago! Today, Boyer has several producers running around in undignified circles wondering why they didn't have the intelligence a year or so ago to recognize talent when they saw it. Why they allowed the astute Walter Wanger to notice something in this tall, young man with the thick accent and large, impressive eyes and sign him up to a long-term contract when they had had the first opportunity themselves.

"Tovarich" gave Boyer another big opportunity. Claudette Colbert is equally good in the film

When American producers recently saw Danielle Darrieux with Boyer in "Mayerling" they wanted her, too

Those particular producers recall five of Boyer's hit pictures with an unsatisfactory taste in their mouths—"Private Worlds," his first Wanger release, "The Garden of Allah," the French-made "Mayerling," "Conquest," and, finally, "Tovarich." They are now well aware of Boyer's personality; his superb ability to sink his teeth into a part and completely dominate it—often at the expense of the other star in the picture. They agree, one and all, that he has the power to lift a mediocre story into a smash picture—and they are a little ill about the whole unfortunate affair!

Boyer's peculiar talent is not easily defined. Those who saw "The Garden of Allah" remember him as a Trappist monk, renouncing his religion for the freedom of the cities. A young man, slow in his movements but with a grace in every gesture he made, and with a charm that has palpitated the hearts of feminine audiences everywhere. In "Conquest" he was, perhaps, the screen's first authentic Napoleon. Gone was the grace of the Trappist monk, and in its place were the jerky actions, the clipped speech of a man who was capable of stirring people, of changing the pace of history. And in "Tovarich," he is a Russian grand duke whose movements in no way resemble that of a monk of a great emperor.

But, in those three pictures, one fact does stand out with clarity. He was first a Trappist monk, a love-struck young man. He was next Napoleon, and then, a Russian grand duke. He was never Charles Boyer!

To really understand Boyer's ability, it is first necessary to know the man, his ideals, his character, and then—and more important than all the rest together—his background. It can truthfully be said that his ability is all that came before—it is the story of his life!

BOYER was born in the small French village of Figaec, in 1899. He was an only child and so it isn't odd that his parents, Maurice and Louise Boyer, should regard him as an unusually precocious child—most parents have that opinion of their first-born. Strangely, the young couple in this instance were correct in their prediction—more correct than either would have conceived in their wildest imaginings.

Boyer, *pere*, could see, for instance, a future for his son quite in keeping with family tradition. The Boyers for several generations had been manufacturers of farm machinery. For more than a hundred years, at least one Boyer had operated a factory in at least one French town. Charles, his father believed, would some day inherit the Boyer factory in Figaec. He would be quite content to carry on the family heritage. Maurice Boyer didn't live long enough to learn that his son, possessed of a remark-

Napoleon could not have played himself more superbly than Boyer portrayed the great emperor in "Conquest" able yearning from an early age—the yearning to express himself—would have no part of that tradition, for he died when Charles was ten.

Louise Boyer, too, had visions for her son's future. From the day when he was still a tiny thing, cherubic in swaddling clothes, red of face and prone to express himself only by crying as yet, she could picture him a famous doctor, standing in the Sorbonne, frock-coated and dignified, addressing his student body. Her dreams were greater than her husband's, and so, nearer the truth. But even they were to fall far short of actuality.

Almost as soon as he learned to talk, Charles gave his parents, as well as the entire village, evidence that he was, indeed, an unusual child. He was gifted with a prodigious memory.

When he was six, he knew not only the first and last names of everyone in Figaec, but the proper names and the locations of all the streets, as well. By the time he was eight, he had mastered Shakespeare to the extent that he could glibly reel off not single passages, but pages of the work. He was known on several occasions, and with no prompting—most child prodigies seem to require prompting—to act out his Shakespeare by the scene, giving the part of not only one character, but all of them, and each with a differentiating tone of voice.

Boyer can't remember, today, when he knew for the first time that he wanted to become an actor. It was a long time ago. He does recall that ever since he entered school in Figaec, he took part in every play put on in his class, and later, he had a part, usually the leading one, in every drama staged in the town hall. He loved to portray someone—anyone, that is, but Charles Boyer himself.

You remember Boyer in "Caravan." He's as versatile as Paul Muni, entirely different in each new film

"Often," he says, "I had to round up my playmates in order to put on a show. There wasn't enough actual drama in the whole town to suit my appetite for the theatrical. What I learned from my history book in school that day, I used as a theme for my one-man plays, my imagination supplying the rest.

"It almost seemed easier to slip into the character my imagination invented than to be myself. Fortunately, I have never had a fear of people. I was simply doing what I wanted to do—and I loved it!"

Boyer left Figaec for Paris when he was eighteen. Madame Boyer still saw her dream as vividly as she had nearly two decades before. Her son, she was determined, would be a great professor.

There had been a scene when Charles told his mother he wanted to be an actor, but it soon evaporated, making way for common sense. Madame Boyer was sensible.

"You are young," she told him, "you will enter the Sorbonne and win your license as I have always wanted you to. And then, if you still desire to become an actor, you will have my blessing and my hope that you will succeed."

Charles accepted his mother's decision and entered the Sorbonne with the same intenseness toward the studies he secretly despised as he had always bestowed upon the work he really cared for.

Perhaps those years in the Sorbonne won't stand out as a remarkable achievement, but he did win his license, keeping his part of the bargain with his mother. Madame Boyer saw that her dream of twenty years was over, but she, too, kept faith with her promise. She did more than that. In those lean months when Boyer worked hard to get a place in the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris, she gave him the encouragement, most of it financial, that was needed. He, since, has returned those favors by keeping his mother with him when his work makes it possible. And she still follows his work, when they are separated, as zealously as she promised she would that day in Paris sixteen years ago.

"My mother was quite right about the Sorbonne," Boyer confesses. "It was really the formative period of my life as far as the theatre was concerned, despite the fact that I was studying for any kind of job besides being an actor. While I was there, I met Pierre Blancher and Philip Heriat. The influence of those two, particularly their companionship, has been invaluable."

Blancher and Heriat are well known today in France; Pierre is an actor and Philip a novelist. Then, like Boyer, they were simply students with an unquenchable passion for the theatre. Each shared that passion equally, and so, they were inseparable.

Each night that the trio could manage to get away from the *pension* they saw at least one stage play. It was a steady round that endured for the entire time they were students in the Sorbonne.

Disciples of the great Lucien Guitry, accuracy in characterization was almost an obsession with them. The days they spent in the crowded streets of Paris, in the Champs Elysees, the Rue de la Paix, the more fashionable Rue de Castiglione, in the markets and the great industrial centers. They went to funerals, to weddings, to the French courts and penal institutions. They watched every kind of human in every sort of endeavor. They observed these people's characteristics, their movements, and then, not content, they (Continued on page 68)

Fernand Gravet

Fernand Gravet, handsome French star, is with us again. Some say he is another Clark Gable for looks. With Carole Lombard he is making "Food for Scandal" for Warners

Love on a Hilltop

WITH

JEANETTE AND GENE

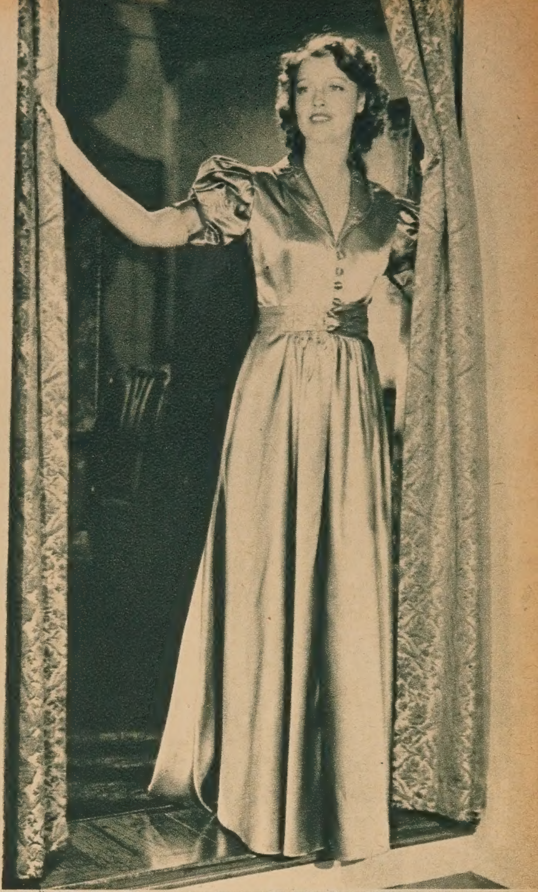
A beautiful view through and—incidentally—in the window of Gene's and Jeanette's house in select Bel Air

"Jardin de la Princesse" (Garden of the Princess) is inscribed above the arched gateway of their home

The playroom in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond. That swordfish was captured by Gene

The "Princess" and her Prince delight in horseback riding on the numerous trails surrounding their estate

(Right) Jeanette snapped in house coat of dusty pink satin. Felt collar and puff sleeves are stitched detail



So life runs smoothly and fair for this young couple—whom all Hollywood highly approves

"Poor old Fields," they all said, "he can't get a job anywhere." Then he showed them he could

WHEN THE STARS THOUGHT THEY WERE *Through*

At the darkest moment there came a sudden turn in fortune

by KATHERINE ALBERT

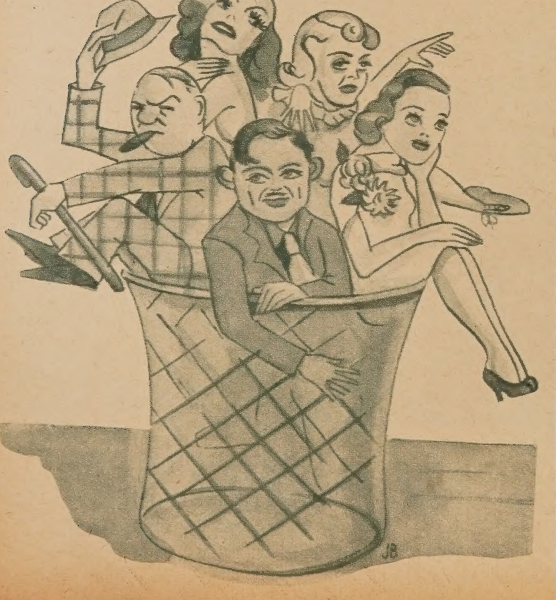
HAVE you ever said to yourself, "I'm through"?

Have you known that bleak, cheerless moment when it seems that every door of achievement is padlocked, the last hope of making life worthwhile gone?

It looms—that figure of failure—in the path of every person who wants to "be somebody." And it is small or large in proportion to your dreams. It may come in the form of a note from the boss telling you you're fired. It may come when you have given every ounce of talent and energy you possess to creating something which an authority tells you is no good. It may come when you are unjustly accused of doing wrong.

Pretty desperate—that moment when you stand eye to eye with yourself and admit, "Well, I'm through, that's all. I'm no good. I hitched my wagon to a star too high. The only thing I can do now is to go back instead of forward."

And right then your future is decided. What you do after such an admission marks the turning point in your life.



If you are facing failure now this little story of how some of the stars went through it will teach you a valuable lesson. If your ordeal is yet to come remember these incidents. If you've already faced it, pass on the good word to the next fellow.

The "I'm through" moment came to Clark Gable early in his screen career. He had already realized dream number one by getting work in a stock company. Then came Broadway. It was a small role he played but it was Broadway, nevertheless, and he was climbing. Then there were no more parts for him to play. Hollywood was a thought.

But Hollywood did not welcome him with open arms. Hollywood gave him a few days extra work and promises. And promises on toast do not make an appetizing breakfast.

By the time he got a real part—a role he would laugh at today—he was pretty desperate and pretty scared. Being a villain in a Western might lead to better things. So much depended on his making good, that was the trouble. So much was at stake.

Life on a Western set is always easy and informal with no one trying to act very much and no one taking himself or his work seriously. When he first appeared on the set Clark seemed to fall into the haphazard mood. Bill Boyd, star of the film, liked this guy Gable. He seemed an okay, he-man kind of fellow.

Then they lined up for the first scene between Bill and Clark. They stood chatting while the lights were being arranged, but when the director said he was ready Bill saw Clark go pale under his make-up. He watched his body stiffen and—wonder of wonders to a man as intensely masculine as Boyd—Gable's teeth began to chatter. Bill could actually hear them.

Clark was supposed to grab Bill by the shoulder but his hands were shaking so violently he couldn't make the gesture.

Bill whispered, "What's the matter, boy? Are you sick?"

The chattering of Clark's teeth prevented an answer. He simply shook his head.

The director called another rehearsal—unheard of in a Western where you "set 'em up here—and shoot." They had four rehearsals. The atmosphere on the set was electric. Someone hazarded a guess that the director was going to kill "that dope from the stage."

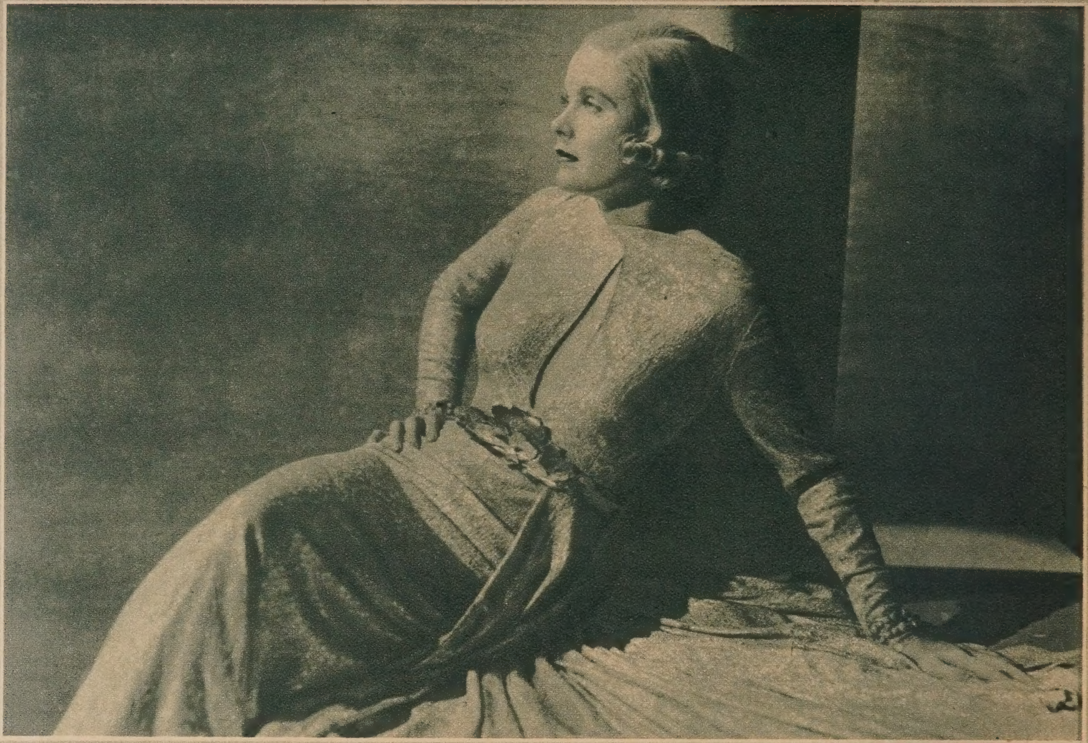
The camera was angled around toward Bill to show as little of the trembling, chattering Gable as possible, and Clark muddled through somehow. That night they told him he could cash his day's voucher "on the way out."

On the way out! Clark laughed bitter to himself. Yes, he was through. The one thing he wanted to be was an actor. And he had proved he couldn't act—not even in a stupid Western. The dream was shot.

Joan Crawford once expected to be read out of pictures. Wives, seeking divorces, had put her on the spot

When Clarence Bull shot this "informal," Clark Gable had left behind the day when; too scared to act, he lost his chance to prove he really could

(Below) "No one wanted Bette Davis," then George Arliss asked her to take a chief role in "The Man Who Played God"



Jean Muir had decided to ask release from her studio contract, then she remembered advice she had once received, and stuck

Well, he had to get a job. The oil fields again? He shuddered. Selling neckties? He'd rather have a good strong one around his neck and tied to a tree. The stock company again? But if he was so defeated that he couldn't play one simple scene in a Western how could he ever cope with a real role?

It would be all over Hollywood that he had failed. No other producer would give him a chance. His career in pictures was over before it had begun, and he must leave Hollywood—fast. He could not face that director again. He never wanted to see Bill Boyd. The fear of people and people's scornful laughter shook him. Why, right now they were probably all in Bill's dressing room imitating the way his hands shook, showing how he had contorted his face. A blush of humiliation shot to the roots of his hair. Yes, he would have to get out of town.

Then something inside him said, "That's the easy way, boy."

"Yes," he answered the voice. "That's easy. Then what's the hard way?"

The hard way? The thing he dreaded most of all to do? Why, face Bill Boyd and the rest of the crew. Instead of running away from defeat the difficult thing would be to stand before the person who had witnessed his humiliation and show no fear.

He turned and walked to Boyd's dressing room. Bill remembers that he was faintly annoyed to see Gable standing in the doorway. He thought he was coming to weep and whine and beg for another chance. He didn't know that Clark had come back for his own soul's sake—wanting nothing of Bill.

"Listen," Gable said. "I know I was rotten today. I know that nobody in this company would give me another chance. I'm not asking for it. I'm not asking for anything. I'm telling you that I can act and I know it and I'm not quitting now." He turned on his heel and shut the door.

Whether it is more difficult to face one person, as Clark did, or thousands as Joan Crawford did, I can't say. Both gestures took courage. And perhaps the whole secret of facing failure is having courage.

Joan's ordeal came when, after months of struggle, she had managed to secure a couple of leading roles. If her own ambition spoke true she was on her way to stardom. En route she was sent to West Point to play in a film by that name. In the cast was a young actor, Neil Neely. Bill Haines, the star, and Joan were great friends. Neil seemed a good sort, so they admitted him to their easy camaraderie. Neal thought Joan was a swell kid. He wrote glowing letters home about her. His wife thought she read between the lines. At breakfast one morning Joan read she had been named in a divorce action.

Amazed and miserable at this absurd charge, Joan finished the picture and hurried back to California.

At the studio there was a musician who played on the sets. He had once asked Joan for an autographed picture and she had given it to him. A few days after her return to California she read in the paper, "Musician's wife sues for divorce. Names Joan Crawford."

Joan was terrified. Remember she was new to pictures and remember, also, she had heard what scandal had done to bigger stars than she was then. Pacing the floor she cried out that it wasn't fair. Why should she be marked for failure through no fault of her own? She had worked hard to get where she was and now she was through because the wives of two men whom she knew but slightly wanted divorces.

(Continued on page 70)

Michael Whalen
RISING STAR

Producers sought him before he ever even appeared in any pictures

by MARTIN PANZER

Without illusions, Michael Whalen planned his road to stardom. He knew it required hard work

YOU have noticed the way stars are born. Once in a while a newcomer crashes through suddenly and sensationally, overnight, as it were, but more often it happens like this: You are attending your favorite motion picture palace regularly, once, twice or three times a week, depending upon how intense a movie fan you are. Week after week you see the established stars.

They become so familiar, so much a part of your life, that you forget there was a time when you had never heard of them. But you know, too, that they must be constantly replaced as time flies by and the world moves on. And then, faintly, gradually, you hear casual comments. "Have you seen that cute little child actress with the dimples and the lovely curls? I think her name is Shirley something—oh, yes, Shirley Temple." You don't remember having seen her, but the next time she is billed you pay particular attention. The days pass and soon everyone is saying "Say, isn't that Shirley Temple kid a knockout?" And a star is born.

That's the way it is with Michael Whalen, recently featured in "Wee Willie Winkie" and soon to be shown in your neighborhood cinema mansion in "Headline Huntress." There have been rumblings for some time that are a forecast of things to come. Such as, "Remember Michael Whalen in 'The Song and Dance Man'?" and the echoing, "Yes, and that was a swell job he did in 'Sing, Baby, Sing.' " You overhear a girl in the subway as she says enthusiastically, "I was just wild about Michael *(Continued on page 73)*

As Lieutenant Brandes ("Coppy") with Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkie," Whalen began coming into his own

At the age of eleven, with his mother, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Spencer Tracy thinks Pat O'Brien does dumb things, but they're all right because it's Pat

THE GREATEST FRIENDSHIP IN HOLLYWOOD

Two Micks among the stars—and the things they can't forget

by
WILLIAM F. FRENCH

IS IT true that Hollywood will take the jell out of any friendship—no matter how long standing? And are the "tell all" boys justified in claiming that motion picture friendships, like motion picture romances, aren't heaven-inspired at all, but are conceived in the sleeves of dexterous press agents?

They say that because fame and sincerity won't mix, friendships wither on the vine along Hollywood Boulevard, unless rejuvenated by the stimulating touch of publicity. And if they expect to see friendship demonstrated by hearty hand-shakes and spontaneous gushing, then perhaps the two Micks from Milwaukee prove their point.

These two were raised together, went to school together, took their first job together, courted the neighborhood girls together and tried to buck New York together. They've come a long way since then; right up to stardom, with one of them regarded by many as the top actor in pictures.

And yet when they meet on the street, at the races, the polo games or at some studio party, one grunts, "Hello, Lug," and the other greets, "Howya, Slug?" That's all—except that they talk about each other.

I'll never forget the day I asked Spencer Tracy if Pat O'Brien's judgment regarding a certain bit player was correct.

"So Pat told you that bird was strictly okay, did he?" scoffed Spencer. "Well, he would. O'Brien's the worst judge of human nature on earth. Everybody is a swell guy to him."

Pulling on one sock, and grunting as he reached for the other, Spence continued:

"That Mick not only believes in Santa Claus—he plays at it. Why, I've heard him boosting fellows who have been nicking and double-crossing him for years. He's the softest touch north of Patagonia, and if it wasn't for his wife, the sucker would give the shirt off his back. Everybody knows that, and too darned many cash in on it." The last rather bitterly.

Spencer Tracy had been playing polo, and we were sitting alone in the deserted locker room of the Riviera Country Club.

"Does Pat discuss his generosities with his wife?" I asked.

It's great to watch Tracy as you poke him with questions about O'Brien. He registers double-emotion every time he replies. He's hard-boiled and a softy at the same time. He thinks Pat does the dumbest things in the world, but that they are all right because Pat does them. There is only one person in Hollywood who thinks anybody can be dumber and sweller than Pat, and that person is O'Brien, thinking about Tracy. They each think the other is crazy, but grand.

Now that death has drawn the curtain on the famous Will Rogers-Fred Stone friendship, there is no film association to equal in length of time and depth of sincerity the comradeship that exists between Pat and Spence.

"Does Pat discuss his generosities with his wife?" laughed Spencer. "Only when he's caught red-handed. For example"—and Tracy grinned and shook his head in despair—"not long ago I dropped in at his home to see him. And did he look guilty? One glance, and I knew he had something on his mind. So I wouldn't give him a chance to get me off by myself. Finally, however, he cornered me, and pulled a telegram out of his pocket.

"'Listen, Spence,' he began, 'I just got a wire, sort of important. I gotta do something about it right away.'

"'The bee again, eh?' I didn't beat around the bush.

"'This is an emergency. He's a swell fellow, perfectly all right. Just a loan. But you know, Eloise wouldn't understand, so—'

"'Who is it?' I wanted to know.

"And then he named a chiseler who had been nicking him for years, and who had never repaid him a cent. That fellow had wired for two hundred dollars, and I was elected to stall Eloise while Pat arranged to send the money. And in spite of anything I could say, he sent it."

Everyone in Hollywood knows how Pat O'Brien kept himself from starring in pictures for years because he refused to take parts he felt old-timers and others ought to get. In fact, for a while it was rather generally conceded Pat would never reach the top because he always put other people before himself.

So I asked Tracy: "Did you ever know a time when O'Brien thought of himself first?"

"And how!" Spence chuckled at the memory. Then, turning suddenly, he demanded: "Did Pat ever tell you about the time we had the fist fight? He didn't? Well, that's a classic.

"It happened in the good old days when Pat and I were living together at Mrs. Brown's on Ninety-Eighth Street. We were so hard up that when a mutual friend dropped in to see us and took us out to dinner it was manna from heaven. We'd been on a rice diet so long we were beginning to look like Chinamen.

"There was a little Hungarian restaurant on Eighty-Six Street that Pat and I used to visit when we had any money. So we hurried that friend down there before he could change his mind.

"We noticed a smell of leaking gas when we came in, but that didn't worry us. We weren't going to leave the restaurant and run the chance of our friend changing his mind.

"I guess we also figured that we would work so fast on that meal the gas wouldn't have time to bother us. But we figured wrong. Our friend was first to go.

"He turned pale and began to wobble. He had to get into the fresh air. So I went out to help him be sick. When we got outside I looked for Pat, but he wasn't with us. I waited a couple of minutes, and then, in spite of the way my stomach was roller-coasting, I leaned our friend up against a building and went back for O'Brien.

"He was still eating. He had finished his own steak, and was edging toward mine.

"'Come on Pat,' I urged him. 'Get up and come out. Don't you know Jim is sick?'

"'I know I'm not,' grunted Pat, 'and this is the first square meal I've had in a month. I'm not going to desert it for any gas attack.'

"'I'm not sick either,' I lied, 'but I *am* man enough to stick by a friend. Come on, forget your stomach and be a man. Don't sit there and stuff your belly while your friend is sick outside.'

"But Pat kept right on eating, and I kept right on getting sicker and sicker. So I had to run out again—but not before I told him what sort of glutton I thought he was.

"When he finally did come out, I knew he'd eaten my dinner as well as his own, and I went after him again.

"I guess I got a little too strong, because it ended in a fist fight. We were both cut up and bruised by the time our friend managed to stagger in, pay the bill, and then stagger out and separate us.

"Then Pat turned and walked away without a word.

"When I got home Pat wasn't there. I sat around awhile, then went to bed. After awhile Pat came in. He never said a word, just pulled off his clothes and climbed in beside me.

"There was a long silence—with me not knowing just how to break it. Then Pat gave a little grunt, and muttered, 'Good night, you so-and-so.'

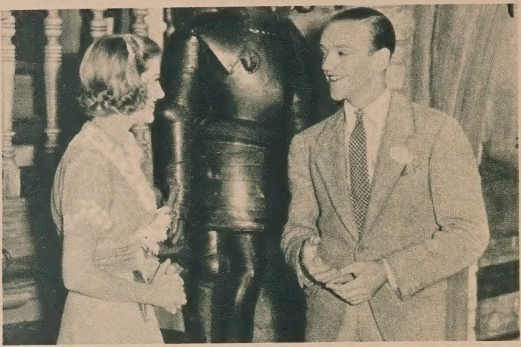
"Next morning he was the same mug as ever, and you wouldn't have known anything had ever happened."

When Pat O'Brien heard that Spencer had said this was the only time Pat had ever looked out *(Continued on page 74)*

Pat O'Brien believes it only common sense to admit Spencer Tracy is the greatest actor in pictures

MODERN MOVIES Presents for Your Convenience

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES



A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—RKO

With Miss Rogers making screen history on her own, it was up to Fred Astaire to do the same; and in "A Damsel in Distress" Mr. Astaire, in his own sly, ingratiating, and irrepressible way, proceeded to do just that thing. It is a delightful picture, full of a number of ridiculous and hilarious pleasantries.

Imprisoned in Totleigh Castle by her formidable aunt and her amiable, but henpecked father, is the lovely Lady Alyce (Joan Fontaine). To relieve the monotony of the servants' quarters, Steward Keggs (Reginald Gardiner) organizes a sweepstake on the Prince Charming who will release her from durance vile. Lady Alyce escapes to London, pops into a cab to avoid Keggs and Albert the page boy who are trailing her, and who do you think is there but Jerry Halliday (Fred Astaire). He is fleeing through the fog from press agent George Burns and his secretary, Gracie Allen. From this point on the plot becomes such a mad scramble that we won't stop to outline it here.

You'll find Joan Fontaine lovely and Gracie Allen and George Burns delightful, Reginald Gardiner incredibly funny, Ray Noble (who appears at odd moments as a bewildered fish) amusing, little Harry Watson, a coming child, showing great promise as a star. An amusing film, if not one of Astaire's best.

HURRICANE—SAMUEL GOLDWYN

"Hurricane" is a picture around which the storms of criticism are already bursting in a manner similar to its central theme, the mighty typhoon of the South Seas. Possibly the story drags a little at times, yet when you leave your seat, after its thundering climax has passed, you emerge from the theatre—windblown, drenched and emotionally dazed. Nothing like the hurricane itself has ever before been presented on the screen. The story of the hapless Tahitian lovers, played by Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour with the stern governor (Raymond Massey) and his understanding wife (Mary Astor), while gripping at times, gives way to the overwhelming suspense of man at the mercy of the uncontrollable forces of nature.

The hurricane is almost unbelievable in its obvious fidelity to reality. The lashing winds tear up great trees by the roots, carrying frantic human beings to their destruction in the mighty flood which sweeps over a tiny isle. Great drama or not, "Hurricane," once seen, can never be forgotten.

IN OLD CHICAGO—20TH-CENTURY FOX

This is the story of a family—a typical Irish family, which packed its belongings into a truck to find a new life in the prairie settlement that was rapidly becoming Chicago. Enroute, the husband and father, Patrick O'Leary, is killed, and the widow, Molly, with her three boys, is left to face life alone. In a sense, "In Old Chicago" is the epic of one family. The story carries us from 1854 to 1871, the year of the "Great Fire," and the magnificent depiction of that catastrophe would, in itself, justify the entire film. But even without that the picture would still remain an impressive and worthwhile contribution to the screen.

It is a story of politics, of youthful ambitions, of real estate development, of love, conspiracy and all the glory and the evil that inevitably has a part in the building of a great metropolis. Dion O'Leary (Tyrone Power) falls in love with Belle Fawcett (Alice Faye). She is an alluring blonde working in a popular casino. This brings him into both personal as well as political conflict with the amusement place's owner—Gil Warren (Brian Donlevy). Rising to success in politics, Dion endeavors to induce his mother to accept Belle as his wife, but she is obdurate.

A fight between Dion and his brother Jack, due to their involved political careers, results indirectly in the big fire. Mrs. O'Leary leaves her cow, which, kicking over a lamp, starts the conflagration that destroys the city. The spread of the flames before a high wind, the panic of the population, the stampede of cattle from the burning stockyards,—are all reproduced with startling verisimilitude. The burning of Chicago solves the personal problems of the various characters in the film, as all the old aversions and hatreds evaporate before the common disaster.

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye are particularly notable in their respective roles, but the entire cast is fine.

the Best of the Latest Film Releases

These pictures have been selected because of the excellence of their story, acting, and direction

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Charles Boyer in "Tovarich."
Claudette Colbert in "Tovarich."
Tyrone Power in "In Old Chicago."
Don Ameche in "In Old Chicago."
Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago."
Carole Lombard in "True Confession."
John Barrymore in "True Confession."
Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After."
Bette Davis in "It's Love I'm After."
Olivia de Havilland in "It's Love I'm After."
Fred Astaire in "A Damsel in Distress."
Gracie Allen in "A Damsel in Distress."
Reginald Gardiner in "A Damsel in Distress."

TOVARICH—WARNERS

No more perfect team of stars could be found anywhere than this delightful combination of Charles Boyer with Claudette Colbert in "Tovarich." Once before we have seen them together. That time in "Private Worlds" when Boyer's English was not so good as now, and when Claudette was cast in a more-or-less suppressed psychiatric role. Here, however, there are no inhibitions, and the pair turn on, to the full, their screen magic.

"Tovarich," adapted from the successful stage play, is the story of an exiled Russian Grand Duke, Prince Mikail (Charles Boyer) and his Grand Duchess Tatiana (Claudette Colbert). Through a chain of misfortune, they become servants in the home of a wealthy Frenchman in Paris. The plot is not particularly original, but its interpretation is. There is something so delicious, so charming, in the understanding and interplay of the emotions of the two principals, that nothing would please you more than to have them participate in your own domestic life.

Their chief enemy, the Soviet Commissar, chances to be a guest at the home of their employer. Claudette avenges herself upon him by sprightly telling him she has spit in his drinking water. The commissar, however, is long suffering for the Duke and his pretty wife have it within their power to turn over to him 40,000,000 francs. After much arguing, he finally persuades them that the money is needed for the Russian peasants, explaining that unless they return it the Soviet Union will have to sell its oil lands to a foreign country to raise money for farming tractors. Just as it is impossible to conceive of any others playing Gable's or Claudette's role in "It Happened One Night," so "Tovarich" leaves you with a similar feeling. "Tovarich" should prove to be one of the hits of the year.

TRUE CONFESSION—PARAMOUNT

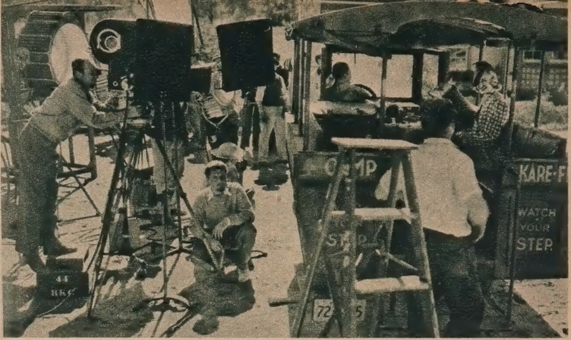
If you come through this picture and preserve your sanity, you are entirely too rational to have any fun. It's really a riot of mirth and murder, that rolls the entire audience in the highly spoken of aisles. If Carole Lombard wasn't such a little liar—oh, in the picture only—she and most everybody in "True Confession" wouldn't have got into such a peck of trouble. But Carole—for the purposes of the plot—being that way, has got herself such a reputation that not even her husband, Fred MacMurray, will believe her. So when Carole comes upon a murdered man in a room, she thinks the best way out of the jam is to lie about it. And the best lie that Carole can think of at the moment is to say she is the one that did the dirty deed.

Oh, it's not quite as goofy as that—when you see the film you'll realize that Carole's reasoning must have sounded quite all right—to her. And so we have a murder trial, a frantic husband, detectives and all the other concomitants that go with murder doings. John Barrymore is in the cast, too, and his brand of humor is some of the best either screen or stage has ever witnessed. As a goofy detective he is immense. Put the cat out, lock the door, gather together the neighbors and make a party of "True Confession." It's really worth it!

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—WARNERS

Those Warner Brothers have done it again. First, it was "The Perfect Specimen," with Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell; now, it's Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. If you thought the first film funny, you'll find "It's Love I'm After," uproariously so. This film is sheer, hearty comedy. Not a sad note nor a dull one in its entire course.

It's one of those mix-ups in which a sheltered young girl (Olivia de Havilland) has a crush on an actor—none other in this case than Leslie Howard. All this is mighty displeasing, of course, to Bette Davis—playing an actress—who has every reason to believe that Leslie is her man. This situation produces some delicious scenes in which both Bette and Olivia play up beautifully to Leslie's expert clowning. There are some excellent aiders and abettors of all this nonsense in the cast, notably George Barbier, Spring Byington, Patric Knowles and Bonita Granville. Toss your cares to the winds and let these grand troupers entertain you.



Monday: Come on along! We're visiting the "Having Wonderful Time" gang over at RKO-Radio. You know. This is that famous summer camp play New York was wild about. Ginger Rogers' playing with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

There's Ginger now, smiling at us from the Camp Kare-Free bus. Don't mind the technical crew. They're sorta embarrassed, not having expected company. They took advantage of the three weeks' stay on location and didn't shave.

Ah, there's Doug!—reciting lines to Director Al Santell. Quiet—it looks as though they're keeping Peggy Conklin up. Cute, isn't she, especially in slacks. That's the beginnin's of a sweater she's holding, but at this rate she won't finish it very soon. Pleasant dreams, Peggy!

Doug's through now and is joining Ginger. Let's us make a crowd. Uh—oh, Director Al got there first. And judging from the quizzical expression on Doug's face he doesn't appreciate the company. Can't ya take a hint, Al? We can—'bye!

WE VISIT

Tuesday: Put on your best duds and we'll trot along to the "First Lady" set today. Every time we see Kay Francis we wonder what her clothes have that ours haven't. But then, that's comparatively simple—everyone knows it's Kay's svelte figure.

There's the first lady now, near the big basket of flowers. Hi, Kay, isn't it grand fun spoofing the nation's capital?

Let's wander over to the sound set. Lovely Anita Louise is in this, too. There she is, with Victor Jory. What a shame! The lady has something in her eye. Vic looks sympathetic but he doesn't seem to be much help. If you look closely you can see Kay among the cameras.

Let's get a Service boy to bring us a drink. That's what Kay's doing. Who's that with her? Louise Fazenda, as we live and breathe. She's sort of disappointing, though—Doesn't look a bit funny. Guess even comediennes act like the rest of us off stage.

Thursday: Missed you yesterday, but you didn't miss anything. We went shopping to cure that inferiority complex Kay Francis gave us Tuesday. Today we're trotting over to see "The Goldwyn Follies."

That's Heidi Vosseler, lovely ballerina from the American Ballet, welcoming us. Heidi's having some minor repairs made in her tights. Elena Crosthwaite, the wardrobe assistant sewing her up, looks a little like Barbara Stanwyck, doesn't she?

Pert little Ella Logan's making eyes at Bobby Clark. Notice the cute little Scotch jacket and matching hat she's wearing. "The Follies" is being filmed in technicolor and now we'll see all these pretties in natural color.

Hail to the First Gentleman of the Land—Charlie McCarthy! Does he look jealous! The pretty girl acting lovey-dovey with Edgar Bergen (Charlie's bitter half) is Andrea Leeds. Remember the gorgeous piece of acting she did in "Stage Door"?

We'll meet you tomorrow, same time, same place. So long.

THE LOTS

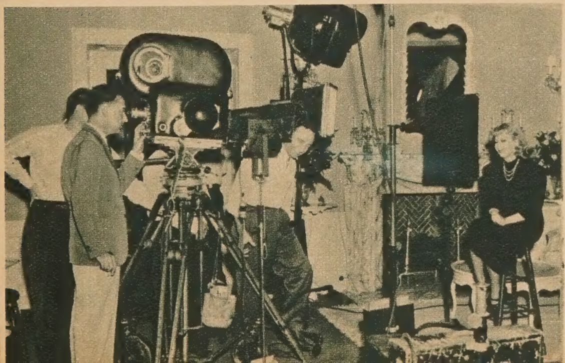
Friday: Today's the grand finale. We're going to three different studios, which means we'll only get a glimpse of each, so let's get started.

First, to Paramount for the "Thrill of a Lifetime." And that's what Betty Grable is.

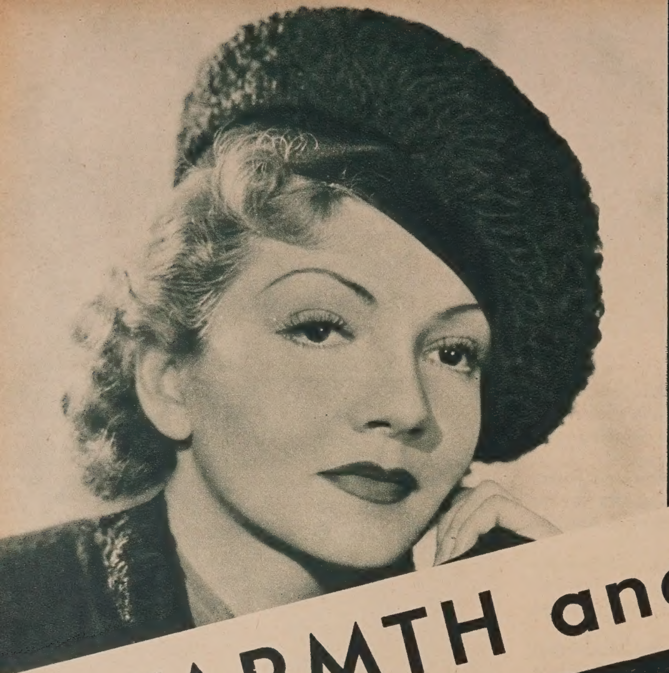
Off to RKO Radio to see Ann Sothern. There's the lady, smiling for the cameramen in "She's Got Everything." Ann claims she hasn't: Husband Roger Pryor is still touring the country with his band. That other happy bridegroom, Gene Raymond, co-stars with Ann.

At Warners' "Gold Is Where You Find It." This is in technicolor, too. Poor Olivia de Havilland confesses she's been worried about snakes in the neighborhood since the film began. While the electrician fixes a spotlight, say "Hello" to Olivia and George Brent.

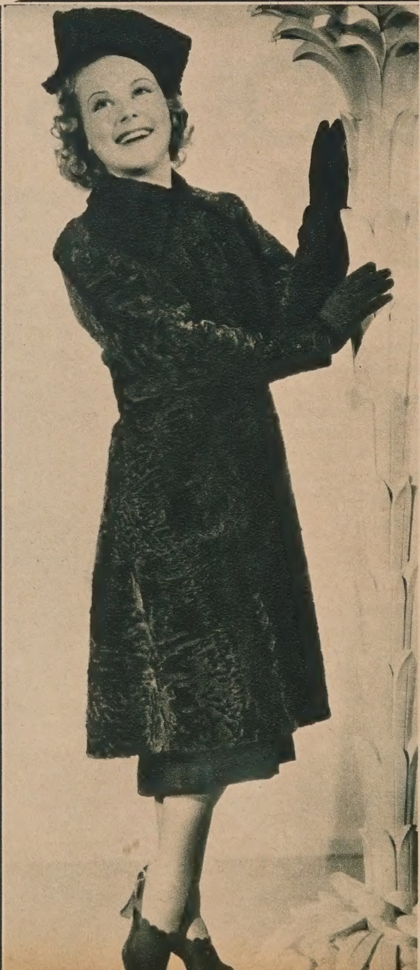
School's out for today. And tomorrow's a holiday. We're going to the movies.



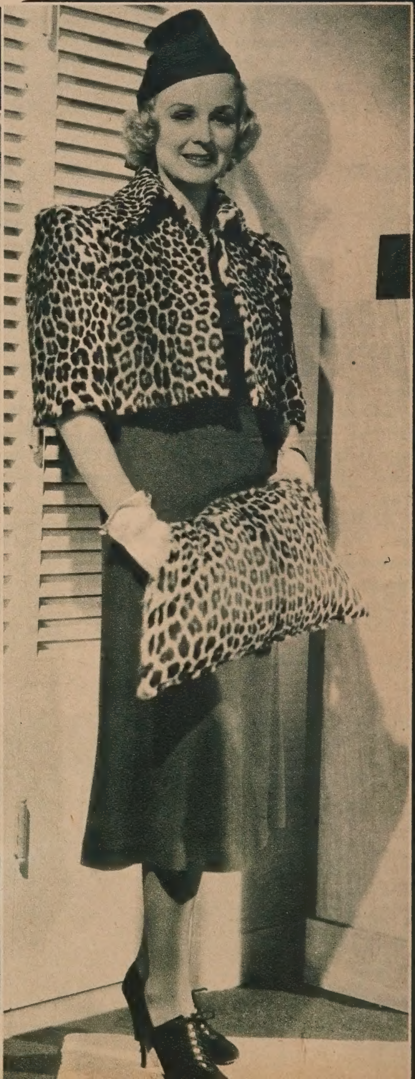
WARMTH and GLITTER



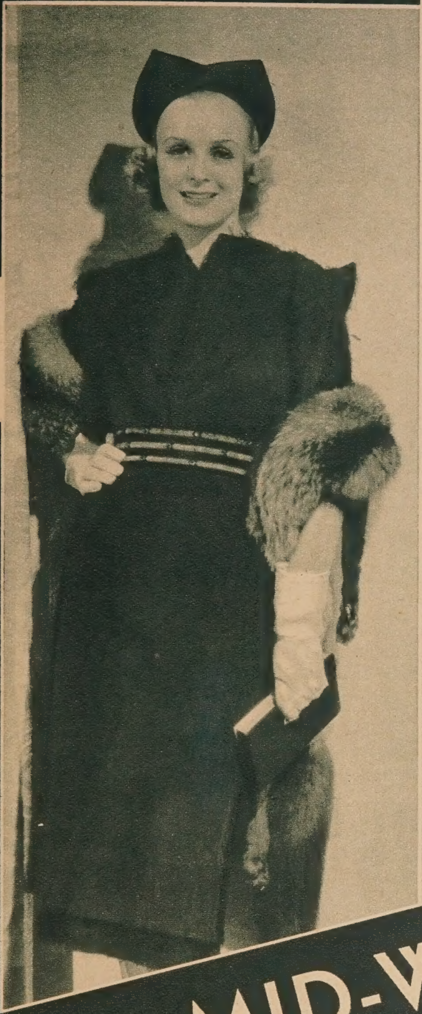
More fur for hats—and incidentally, a band of fur or a pom-pom to match the fur trim of your coat is a slick way of making an old hat look last-minute. Claudette Colbert wears a dashing side-tilted topper with the off-the-face brim banded in Persian lamb to match her coat trim. Have you seen the Persian lamb cloth that looks the real thing but costs a pittance? It's just as smart

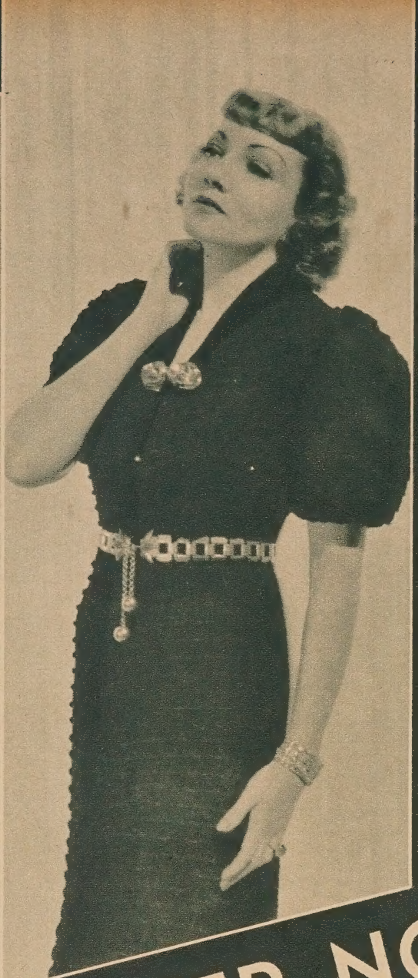


(Right) Scandinavian skating star, Sonja Henie, cuts no more dashing figure on the ice than she does as a smart Hollywood star. Here you see her the picture of Mid-Winter chic in a trimly tailored coat of black caracul. Her pert hat has a high-flying brim faced with the fur



(Far right) Although Gloria Stuart is wearing her short sleeved leopard bolero over a sheer green wool dress, she uses it also to top coats without other fur trimming. The big matching muff is elegant—and please don't miss those good looking brown suede shoes, nor the peaked turban made of her dress material

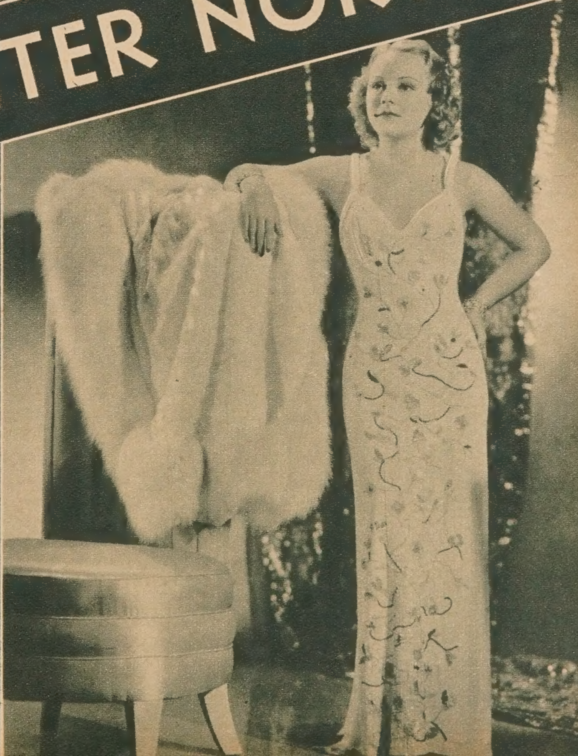




(Far left) Black and gold again—this time it is chain gold beading in triple rows about the waist of Gloria Stuart's novelty black crepe afternoon dress. This crepe is very unusual in that the whole surface has a soft, shaggy thread fringe applied in diagonal stripes. Notice Gloria's accessories are perfect for this more formal type of afternoon dress

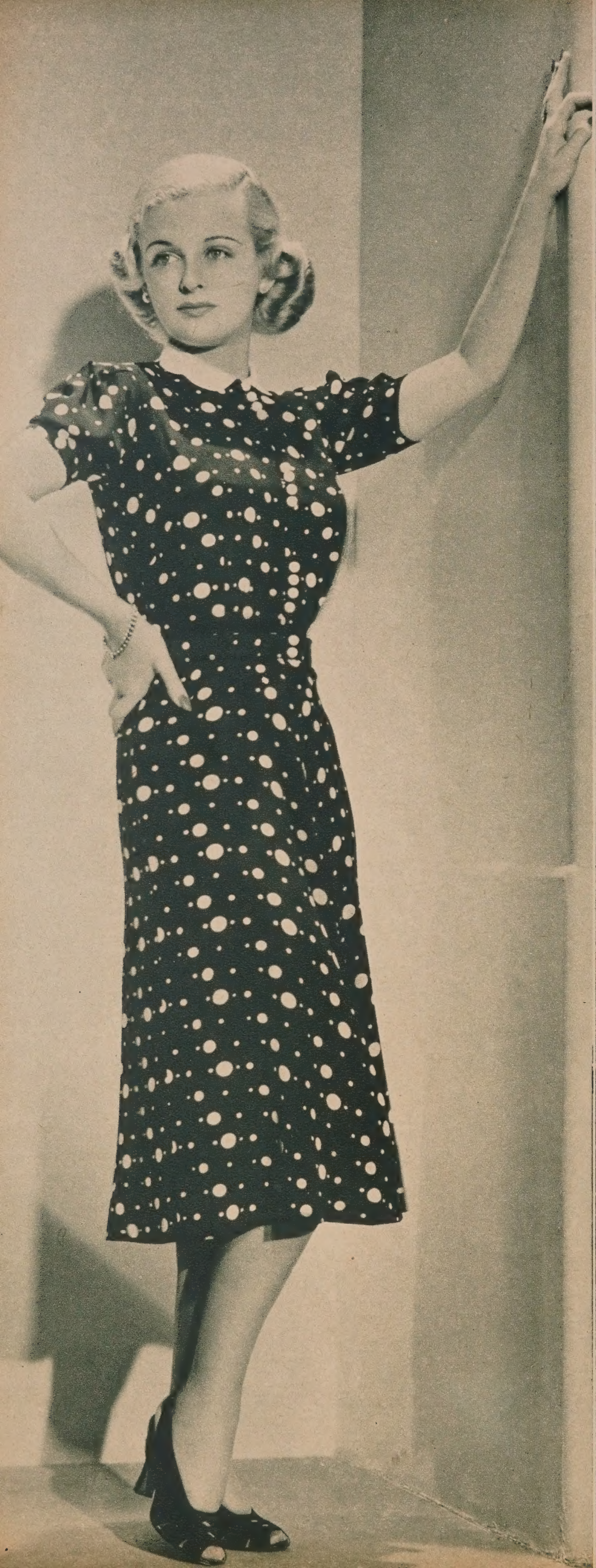
(Left) Gold on black is the rich combination you see again and again this Winter. Claudette Colbert's black velvet dinner dress, tucked horizontally from hem to neck, does it to perfection. A metal link belt and twin gold metal clips stand out against the black. This gown buttons from neck to hem. You will see her wear it in "Tovarich"

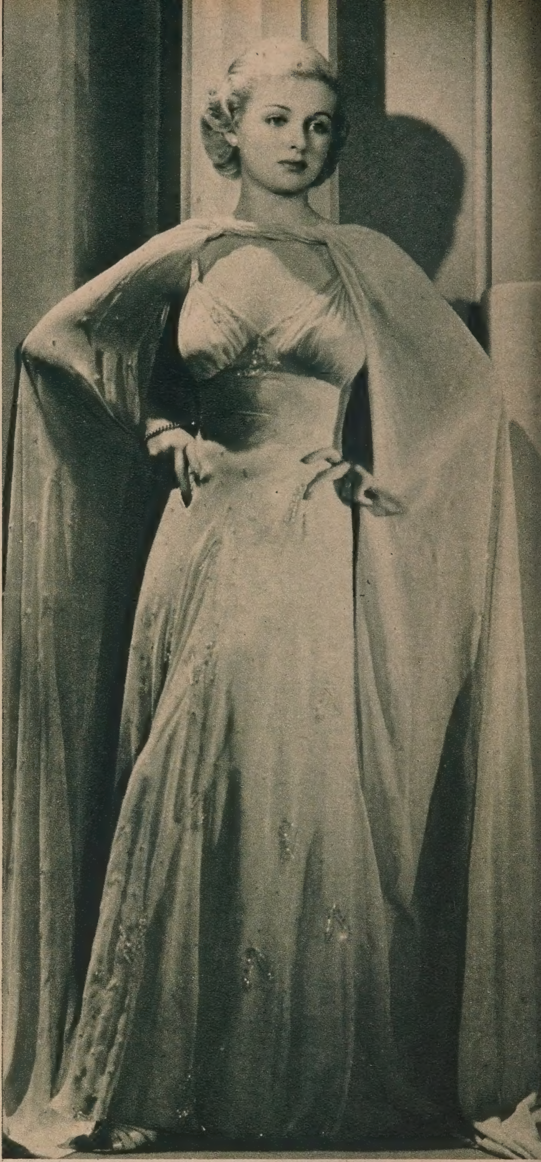
for MID-WINTER NORTH



Formal fashions this Winter look like lovely frosted cakes so agleam are they with beading and sequins. Unusually striking is Sonja Henie's simple white crepe gown glittering with a panel of white sequins over which twine flowery sprigs in delicate iridescent sequins. The gown is cut with stress upon a high bodice and a softly moulded figure line—particularly flattering to Sonja's slim, athletic figure

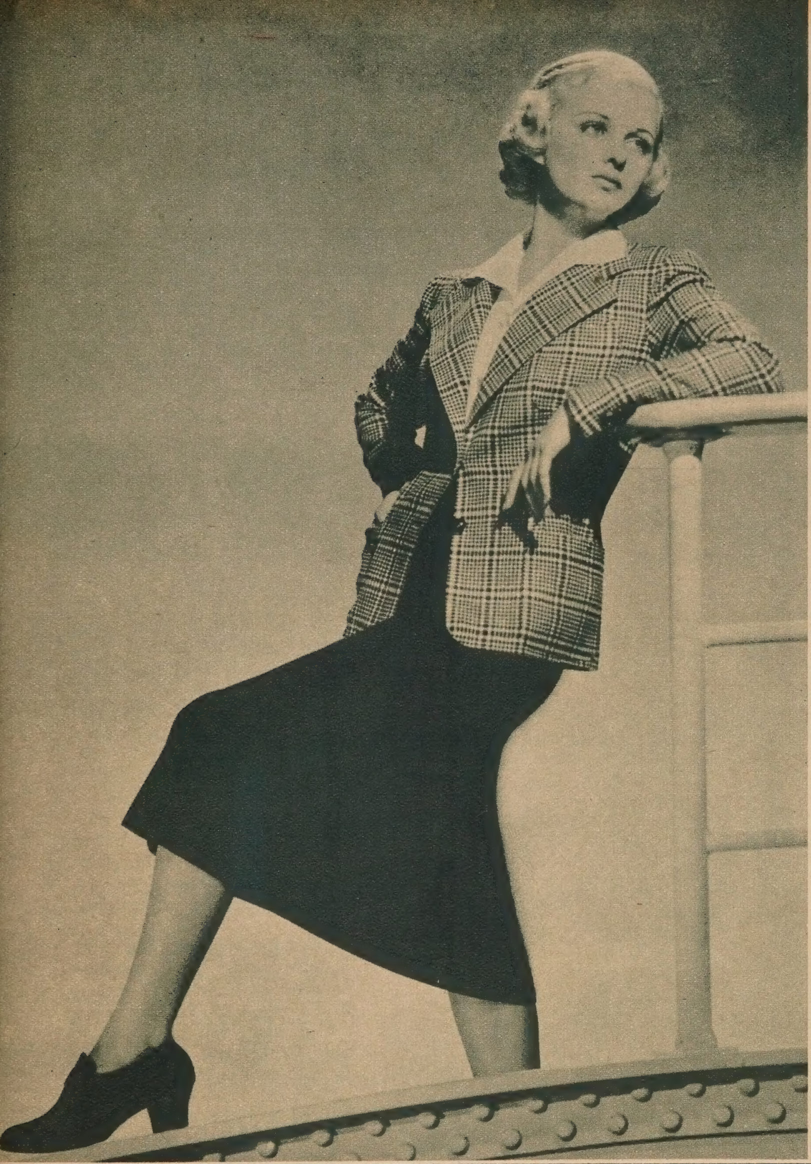
by
ADELIA E. BIRD

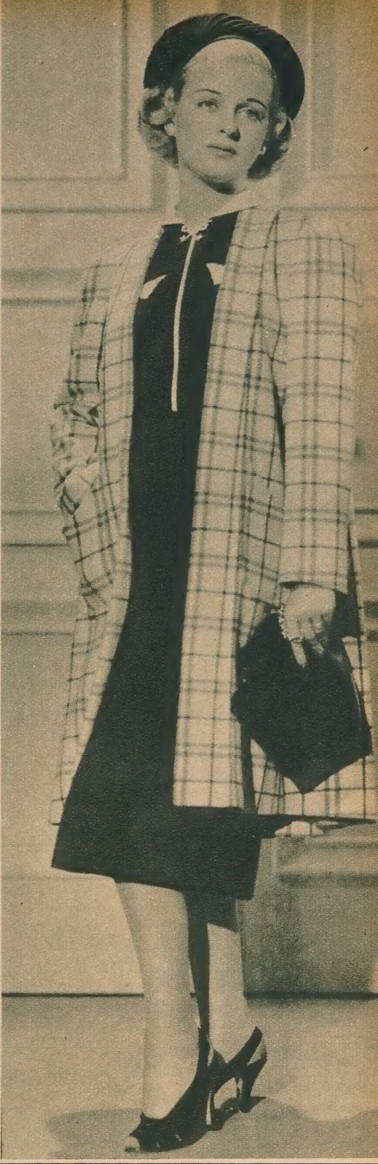




Above—Pale blue chiffon over pink, sparkling with beads, is a dream of a dancing dress for tropical nights but it can give a spring-like lift to wintry parties, too. Helen Taylor designed this charming cape and gown for Joan to wear in the picture, "I Met My Love Again"

If you aren't one of the lucky ones having a Mid-Winter resort holiday, you can get a lift by wearing a gay, young dress like this one of Joan Bennett's under your heavy coat now. It's made of soft challis with large and small dots of gray sprinkled over its midnight blue background. Three groups of buttons fasten the bodice and the tiny collar is scalloped





This is the sort of tailored suit that is indispensable for any wardrobe, budget or lavish. The smart single-breasted plaid jacket will go with dozens of skirts and always look smart. Joan uses it to top a pencil-slim black wool skirt and a starched white cotton shirt—those sturdy black suede oxfords are perfect for suit use and comfortable as well

Sand color wool over-plaided in brown is the color scheme for this tuxedo style sports coat topping a brown sheer wool shirtwaist dress worn by Joan Bennett. The pockets and collar are sand colored to match the slide fastener. Crossed keys form a novel ornament for the end of the fastener. Joan's accessories are the rich brown of her dress

Color and Gaiety—

for Resorts Now and for Spring Later on

Forward MARSHALL!

Interviewing a star with a bad cold, who throws theatre tickets on the floor, may not be easy, yet Herbert Marshall is always the gentleman

by EDITH BERSIN

"ISN'T Herbert Marshall just wonderful in 'Angel'? Isn't he your favorite moving picture actor? He's so smooth, I'm mad about him. Will you have your nails round or pointed? Say, why don't the movie magazines run more stories about him, anyways?"

Mollie goes on like that. I began to doze as she filed my nails.

"Say, why don't you interview him, anyways?"

I was almost asleep.

"I asked why don't you interview Herbert Marshall?" She jabbed my cuticle hard with her manicure scissors.

"Mayhem!" I cried jumping up and blowing on my bleeding finger. Mollie dabbed unconcernedly at the cut with her styptic pencil. She is my favorite manicurist, but not—but definitely not—when she's thinking Hollywood.

"Herbert Marshall, mmmm." She heaved a long deep sigh, one that began in her shoes and whooshed up like a skyrocket. "When he looks at you, you know, kind of tender-like—" She jabbed again.

"Ouch!" I shouted. "My index finger—you've ruined it! Now I can't type."

"Remember," she twittered as I made my escape. "More Herbert Marshall."

More Marshall. More Marshall. I'd give her more Marshall!

I knocked at the door of his hotel suite.

"Hello," I said and swallowed hard. "I've come to interview you—for Mollie."

Herbert Marshall reminds one of the best traditions of Merrie England

He had a poker in his hand and a steely glint in his eye.

"This is the end," I muttered hoarsely.

"What's that? Won't you come inside? I've just been stirring up the fire." He sounded reassuring, but that glint was still in his eye.

I entered and sat down gingerly. Herbert Marshall poked the log in the grate, then brushed his hands and sat down opposite me. He coughed twice.

"Beastly weather out. I've caught cold." He coughed again. Now I had it. That glint in his eye—a touch of fever!

Poor chap. But a movie star with a cold—and, yes, a slightly reddened nose. Tsk. Tsk.

"I have a cold myself," I offered brightly.

"Cigarette?" He lit a match. I leaned forward. Our fingers touched. Mollie should see me now!

"I've run into New York for a few days to catch a few of the plays. Nobody knows I'm here."

The telephone rang sharply.

"No," he said into the phone. "No, I'm frightfully sorry, really. But I simply can't see him." He hung up and returned to the sofa.

"Hardly anybody," he amended wryly, "knows I'm here."

The room was quiet, restful. Like a drawing room in a movie set. Two columns of smoke curled ceiling-ward.

There was a discreet tap at the door, and a bellhop entered with some theater tickets.

"A charming fellow, worldly wise and whimsical . . . . "

A gathering of celebrities discussing "Angel" —Ernest Cossart, Herbert Marshall, Marlene Dietrich, Melvyn Douglas, Ernst Lubitsch

Remember those knock-out blows with Barbara Stanwyck in "Breakfast for Two"? It really wasn't funny

"Just throw them on the floor, there. That's fine. Thank you." The bellhop vanished.

I blinked.

"It's a bit early in the season for the best plays, but I didn't know when I could get away from the studios again. They tell me 'You Can't Take It With You' is very much worth seeing. What do you think?" he asked.

Those theater tickets on the rug. I kept looking at them.

"Oh, those," Herbert Marshall chuckled. "Haven't you ever thrown theater tickets on the floor? Or letters you have to mail? If I don't, I forget them, altogether."

"Screwy," I murmured.

He looked up quickly.

"I mean 'You Can't Take It With You,' " I hastily amended. "We were talking about it, remember? It's utterly mad—something like 'My Man Godfrey.' That's what people seem to want these days, hilarious comedy to help them escape reality."

"You don't think we've been giving them too many comedies, do you?"

"Perish the thought. They love it," I assured him.

"I certainly hope so." He smiled. "Have you seen 'Breakfast For Two,' the picture I just finished making with Barbara Stanwyck? Barbara Stanwyck, what a girl!"

Merciful fiddlesticks! What was this? Wasn't Stanwyck supposed to be engaged or something to Robert Taylor? And here was Herbert Marshall mooning like a smitten swain. Triangle, triangle, was this another triangle?

"Mr. Marshall," I leaned forward trying to keep the excitement out of my voice. "How do you feel about Barbara Stanwyck?" I'd get to the bottom of this in short order. Boy, what a story!

He snuffed out his cigarette carefully. "That isn't a fair question, now is it? If I say she's the best actress in Hollywood, that might upset a lot of other people. Isn't that so? You can say Miriam Hopkins is giggly. You can say Dietrich is glamorous. But Barbara *(Continued on page 76)*

"Hollywood has too many intellectuals and too few really good restaurants"

Carole-farmerette

Hay, hay! Carole Lombard goes back to her Southern California farm

She loves the chickens. This is the life for her

(Left) Smiling happily, Carole goes a-walking with her favorite ganders, Mike and Ike

(Below) Whoa, there! The beauteous gal perched on the fence won't hurt you, horsey

(Left) Carole knows, too, how to milk a cow to the very last drop

Clark—horseman

Skippy seems a bit jealous of the good stand-in Clark's favorite mount, Sonny, has with his beloved master

A man and his pal. Sonny is a five-gaited horse

(Below) Gable scans the view from his training cart. He and Sonny are familiar figures on quiet side roads

(Below) Now for a bit of action through San Fernando Valley, where Sonny lives on a ranch Clark owns there

"Natural . . . easy to interview" . . . The film, "Dead End," made the critics take notice of her

Claire Trevor was exceptionally lovely in "Second Honeymoon." An executive declared her acting in that picture "amazing"

A GOOD GIRL WENT *Bad*

Claire Trevor found that "naughtiness" paid in the movies

by FRANK CUNNINGHAM

IT'S A funny thing about Claire Trevor. Twenty-three times she has played good girl roles in pictures. Twice she has crossed the tracks of respectability and been a bad girl. And bad girls must be darned interesting; at least the way Miss Trevor does them.

Why? Because when this good gal of the B pictures turned into the hoyden of the A films, the critics wore out their typing fingers penning laurels on the actress.

Miss Trevor spoke to me as we sat on the stage at 20th Century-Fox where "Big Town Girl," her latest starrer, was being shot. "I've been in over a score of movies," she said, "where I was a home-loving lass with innocent eyes, a cheery smile for the milkman, a quarter every week for the struggling curly-haired newsboy,

Claire with Donald Woods, in "Big Town Girl," which is currently running. She's making pictures fast now, to meet the public demand for them

Happiness parade! Donald Woods, Director Alfred Werker, Claire Trevor and Alan Dinehart go to lunch after a morning on the set

and a simple kiss for the hero. The critical applause that greeted my ears had all the thunder of an air rifle."

But Miss Trevor was being a bit modest about her four years' work in pictures which started less than twenty-four hours after she stepped off the New York train. Yep, no sooner had the clock hands spun around a few times than she was in the arms of George O'Brien in "Life in the Raw."

After this photoplay Claire rested her real blonde head on George's chest in "The Last Trail" and then followed roles, in 1933 and 1934, that cast her opposite such heroic hearties as Spencer Tracy, James Dunn and John Boles.

Movie after movie found Miss Trevor finding a welcome with the fans. The critics noticed her, but somehow her sterling performances managed to escape the merit they deserved. Her acting, nevertheless, attracted more attention than Miss Trevor admitted. She was, critics wrote, a competent actress whose name looked well in program films.

Then came "To Mary—With Love" in which Miss Trevor was slightly soiled, and finally Claire hit the skids from her usual type as the girl of the streets in "Dead End."

"It's odd," Claire commented, "but when I was in New York last, I didn't go to see Sidney Kingsley's 'Dead End.' This was before the film, and the play had been running nearly a year and there were ever-so-many new plays to see. Mother, however, saw it and told me how excellent it was. Naturally neither of us had any idea that I would be in the screen version.

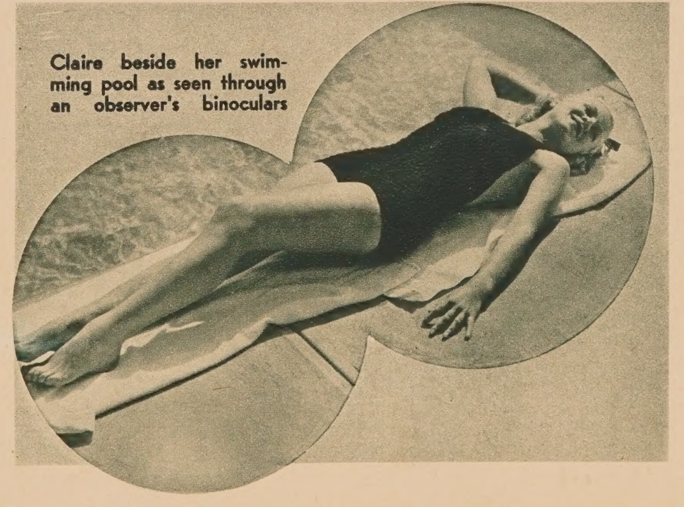
"When I got back to Hollywood, casting started on Sidney Kingsley's play. I was called over to Goldwyn's but it was to try out for one of the other feminine parts. I talked with Director William Wyler and he suggested that I had an excellent dramatic chance as the time-ravaged girl friend of the gangster, Baby Face Martin.

"Mr. Wyler sent the script to me and I read the role. It was utterly different from my usual type; however, I saw in it a chance to do a real characterization. So I took it."

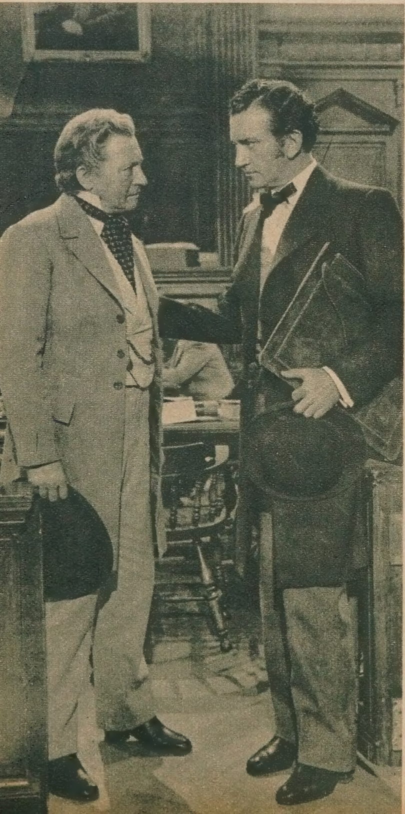
Thus it came to be that "Dead End" was anything but that for Claire Trevor. Her part required exactly a day and a half to shoot and lasted for about two or three minutes on the screen. Yet she got more column inches out of those several hundred seconds than she had on a dozen of the lesser flickers in which she had starred.

Now I don't want to cause any misunderstanding about this A and B situation. Claire, herself, is happy about her past work in the B films and realizes the opportunities they have given her. She had a star rating, a lovely home in Westwood Hills, and about everything that Hollywood could offer. The one thing lacking

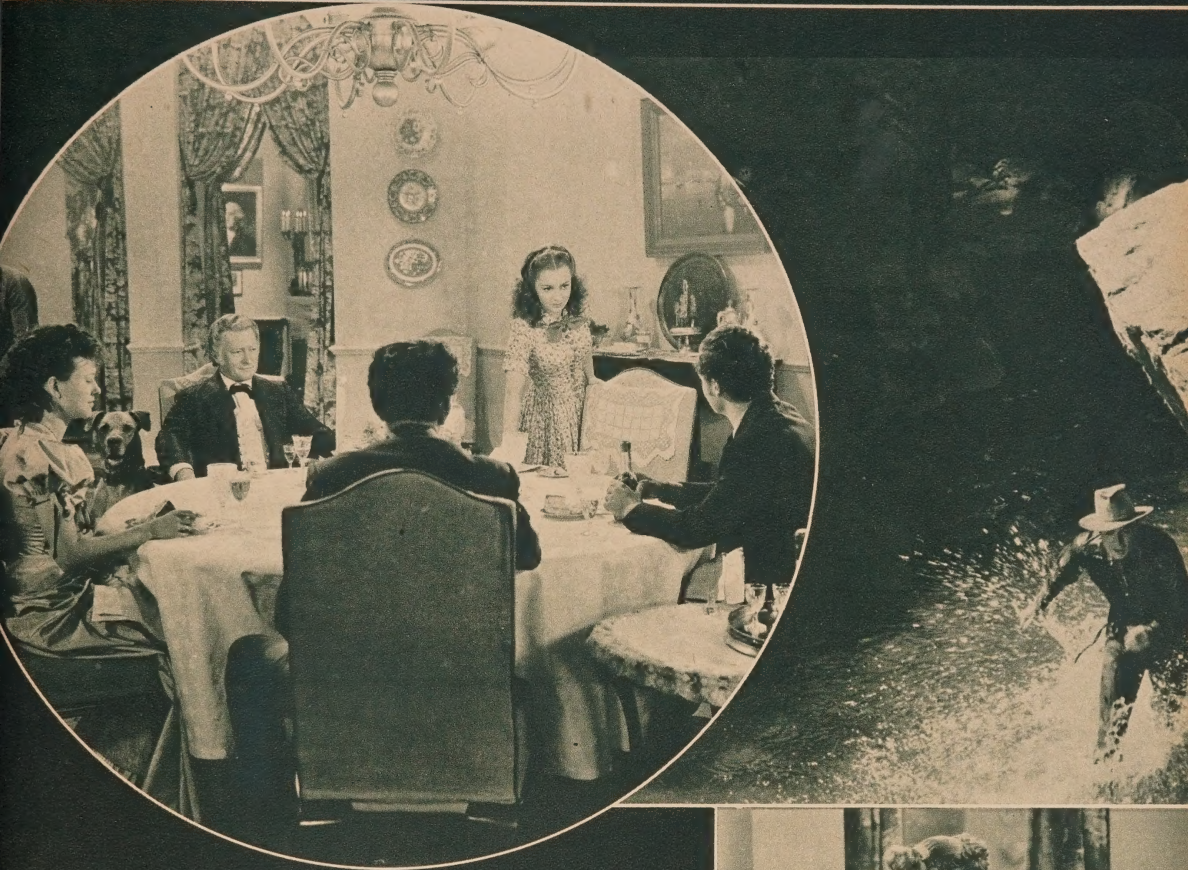
(Continued on page 77)



Claire beside her swimming pool as seen through an observer's binoculars



JARED WHITNEY (George Brent) comes to head a mining enterprise in the California mountains. A feud has long existed between miners and nearby ranchers. Nevertheless, Col. Ferris (Claude Rains) welcomes Jared to his home, and Jared and the Colonel's daughter, Serena (Olivia deHavilland) fall in love. Col. Ferris secretly orders Jared off his premises, misrepresenting the matter to Serena. The ranchers obtain a Federal injunction against the miners, and Lance Ferris, Serena's brother, (Tim Holt) is shot dead by the miners while guiding the deputy. The ranchers arm to attack the entrenched miners. Jared ruins the miners' working water supply. The colonel dies that night, telling Serena, "He's a good man—for a Yankee."



GEORGE BRENT
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

CHINAWA
DEPARTMEN

WISE GIRL

An RKO-Radio Picture

STARRING

MIRIAM HOPKINS

WITH

RAY MILLAND
WALTER ABEL
HENRY STEPHENSON

Susan Fletcher (Miriam Hopkins) aids her father (Henry Stephenson) to obtain custody of her dead sister's daughters, who live in Greenwich Village in care of their uncle guardian, John O'Halloran (Ray Milland). Susan, incognito, takes a room in the Village. She intends to deprive John of his various sign painting jobs and so bring him to terms. She gets acquainted with John and the girls, and finds work putting on an act in a department store window. But Susan's partner becomes too friendly with her so John starts a fight, and the store fires him. Repentant, Susan tries to persuade her father to stop his campaign against John. When he refuses she says she will marry the artist. Susan, believing that without the responsibility of the girls, John can succeed as an artist, supports her father's position. Through a trick Susan has John thrown in jail for six months thinking that there he will paint. John in a rage, draws carricatures of Susan and her father and he gets an offer for them from a magazine. Susan adroitly manages to get the magazine and her father bidding against each other for them. In the end, there's a honeymoon for Susan and John.

A YANK at OXFORD

WITH

ROBERT TAYLOR

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

Lee Sheridan (Robert Taylor), an American, wins a scholarship at Oxford, England. En route to the University, Lee unwisely boasts of his athletic prowess. A fake reception is staged by the students, and Lee antagonizes the Dean, and endangers his newly acquired friendship with Molly Beaumont (Maureen O'Sullivan). Lee, though handicapped by cap and gown, surprises everybody by winning a freshman race. Later, he incurs the enmity of Molly's brother, Paul. By spring, Lee is so popular he is stroke oarsman for his college. Meantime, Paul is having an affair with a married woman. The latter, alarmed by her husband's suspicions, goes to Paul's room at night to warn him. Lee saves Paul, taking the blame himself, and is about to be dismissed from the University. The woman in the case finally confesses, and Paul is saved, too. Lee patches up his quarrel with Paul, and rows with him to victory over Cambridge University.

PICTORIAL PREVIEWS

MODERN MOVIES'

Marius (Tullio Carminati), cultured diplomat, is fascinated by a waif, Jacqueline (Anna Neagle), whose grind-organ blocks his car in the street. Marius rescues her from the police and at the insistence of Father Donnelly (Horace Hodges) Marius secures for Jacqueline a position as a domestic servant. But by temperament Jacqueline is unsuited for this sort of work. At heart she is an artist and Marius pays for her dancing tuition. She shows marked talent and, to her sponsor's delight, rises to fame. Meantime Nigel (Robert Douglas), one of Marius' friends, who is also in the diplomatic service, has been paying somewhat unseemly attention to Jacqueline. Marius resents this conduct and a bitter quarrel results between the two friends. Marius sends Nigel on an important diplomatic mission, but Nigel falls down, resulting in the forced resignation of both Marius and Nigel. Jacqueline, uncomprehending, breaks off with Marius, then suddenly realizes he alone has made her career possible, and the lovers are re-united.

ANNA NEAGLE

TULLIO CARMINATI

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE

A

GAUMONT-BRITISH

PICTURE

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

WITH

MAE WEST

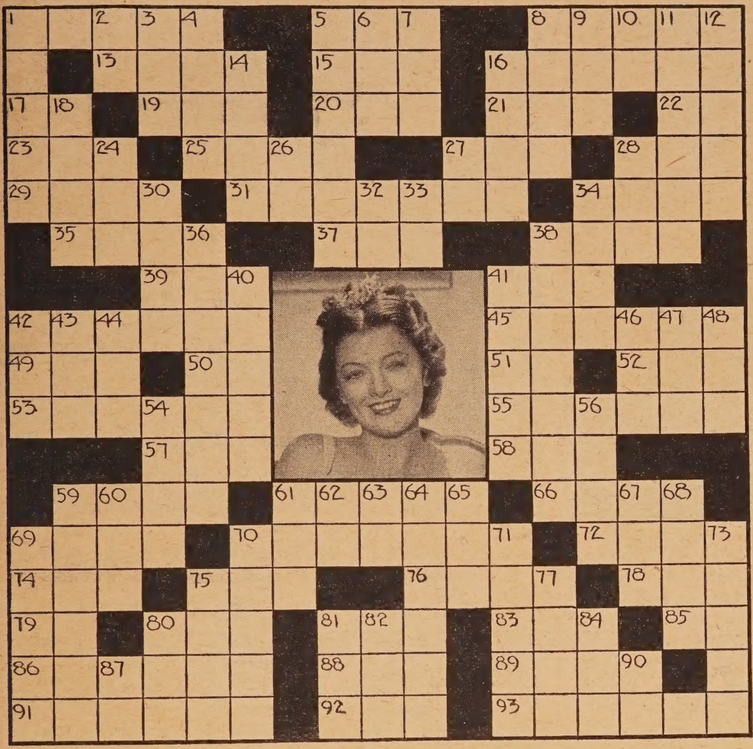
EDMUND LOWE, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

CHARLES WINNINGER

As Peaches O'Day *and* Mlle. Fifi, Mae West takes us back to the year 1899 and skips merrily along into the Twentieth Century. Peaches O'Day, an "elegant" swindler, all fine clothes and manners, has a specialty. She engages in the business of selling the Brooklyn Bridge to strangers, who want to make an investment, with a quick turn-over in profits. As time passes, Peaches changes her ways, her occupation and her name. Never quite on the level, she adopts a French name, Mlle. Fifi, and becomes the hub of an extravaganza that is "bigger than Barnum!" Of course the men flock after Fifi. There is, for instance, the multi-millionaire who hasn't spoken to a woman in twenty years; his butler; a penniless producer; a crooked politician; a pickpocket. And there's the most astounding mayoralty election ever heard of. It's all carried with a wealth of catchy music.

Modern Movies' Crossword Puzzle

Answered in This Issue on Page 80



HORIZONTAL

1. and 5. The glamorous movie star in the center
8. Last name of her leading man in a recent famous release
13. Every
15. "Women—like that"
16. Recipients of gifts
17. Sun god
61-19-72-81. Title of a famous picture in which this star played
20. Snare
21. Eternity
22. Near
23. Cry of a dog; short bark
25. Marie Dressler was famous in "——"
27. Olden times
28. Mimic
29. — Summerville
31. Both the above stars appeared in this film
34. Row
35. Filter through
37. Distant (poet.)
38. An English title
39. "The Bitter —— of General Yen"
41. Half a score
42. This star's leading man in "Double Wedding"
45. Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are most girls' —
49. Exclamation of surprise
50. Musical note
51. Pronoun
52. "Souls at ——"
53. A medicine causing vomiting
55. Obliterated
57. "— In a Million"
58. Girl making her social bow (slang)
59. "The — of — s"
66. Recline
69. Elongated fish (pl.)
70. Averred
74. "Live, Love — Learn"
75. Land measure
76. Kind of jacket
78. Period
79. Abbreviation of Rood
80. Consumed
83. Nourished
85. Type unit
86. Vestiges
88. Aged
19-89-1. (V.) A new release of this star—with Franchot Tone
91. Heartiest
92. Existed
93. The villain always —— at the heroine

VERTICAL

2. Musical note
3. — Pendleton
4. Pain
5. Storage place for wool
6. Mineral rock
7. Still
8-69. Famous film featuring Paul Muni
9. "She's Got Everything" (first name)
10. Exist
11. Jumped
12. The natural fat
14. Plant of the nettle family
16. Little valley
18. Is ill
24. In slapstick, they always threw—
26. A parent
27. — Brendel
28. "Love Is On The —— "
30. Dole out
32. A negative
33. Half an em
34. Last name of co-star in recent release of the star pictured
36. Throwing
38. Last name of star in "It's All Yours"
40. She was in "100 Men and a Girl" (first name)
41. Took the speed of
42. An American poet
43. Unit of electrical resistance
44. Sorrow
46. Beast of burden
47. Lila —
48. Woeful
54. Unit of weight (pl.)
56. Aid
59. Mexican woman
60. Decrepit
61. A mild alcoholic drink
62. Musical note
63. Another musical note
65. Steep in liquid
67. " —— Loved a fireman"
68. Weary
70. Top
71. Takes off
73. The studio often re— new players
75. Roscoe —
77. Kind of theatre sign
80. High card
81. Cut down
82. Wing
84. Some actors never get their just—
87. Ruby Keeler's husband (first name)
90. Concerning

An informal picture of Anna Neagle, taken aboard ship, as she appeared upon her recent arrival from England

For evening Anna dresses up her simple coiffure with a stunning headdress of veiling and artificial flowers

ANNA NEAGLE'S BEAUTY SECRETS

by DIANE DORÉ

ANNA NEAGLE doesn't believe that "a woman should always look her best" in the sense in which the phrase is usually used—"that she must look something that she isn't."

"I think that to be natural is of paramount importance," this lovely English actress told me. "Of course I am not opposed to make-up, but I do think its use should be sparing and unobtrusive. Too much artificial beauty is a mistake—because it is impossible to keep up and is an altogether unnecessary nervous strain."

Anna certainly practices what she preaches, for she is *herself*—natural, charming and with a simplicity that is refreshing.

The day I interviewed her, upon her recent arrival from England, she was wearing a tailored, black wool dress, topped with a finger-tip-length jacket of a beautiful shade of red that accentuated the natural flush of her cheeks.

Her make-up was so natural that I scarcely realized she was wearing any and her exquisite golden hair was parted in the middle with natural waves on the sides that fell into soft curls at the ends to frame her small and regular features. Large grey blue eyes and a mouth that is always ready to smile complete the entirely likeable and charming personality of this beautiful star, currently appearing in RKO Radio's *Victoria the Great,* as the delicate and entirely feminine English sovereign, *Queen Victoria.*

Miss Neagle's beauty routine is complete but not complicated. "A splash in cold water in the morning, and at night after my day of filming, a lather of warm water and my favorite bland soap are the first of my simple beauty secrets," she smilingly revealed.

"At night, particularly if my face feels rough, I use a good skin food to brace, nourish and tone my skin. Once a week I use a special lotion to keep my pores clear of blackheads and impurities.

"I never use a heavy make-up. At home, in the daytime, I like just to accentuate my lips. This I do with lipstick in a vivid lacquer red shade. In the evening, I use the same lipstick with just a touch of cheek rouge in a rose bloom shade—then a little powder, usually in a pearly, peach shade. My daytime make-up seldom includes mascara, but if it does it is a very light application. I always use mascara, generously, for evening, however.

"My hair is always washed at home with a good water-soluble shampoo and I dry it in the sun whenever possible. I am lucky enough to have a natural wave, so the process of hairdressing is very simple."

As Queen Victoria in RKO Radio's "Victoria the Great," Anna Neagle is essentially feminine and charming in this Victorian costume shown at the right

As I listened to her interesting conversation and sincere appreciation of our American girls' beauty, I couldn't help admiring her healthful buoyancy and small, slender and graceful figure.

"Oh yes," she exclaimed, "I can't be too emphatic about the value of fresh air and exercise for beauty and fitness. When I am not working I am always out-of-doors. Every day I walk at least four miles, drink two quarts of water and get at least eight hours of sleep."

Miss Neagle, who is essentially feminine, yet a lover of outdoor life, started her career as a gymnasium instructress and holds an imposing array of athletic diplomas. She is a sportswoman in every sense of the word and appreciates all the really technical points of such games as football, cricket, tennis and other scientific sports.

Although she forsook the gym for the stage she is still a firm believer in wholesome recreation rather than in night life and incessant parties. Her exquisite beauty and wonderful vitality bears good testimony to the soundness of her principles.

"I am a keen swimmer and tennis player, but don't believe in letting games or sport develop into hard work. I play for fun. Another great beautifier is . . . work! It leaves you no time to worry about yourself and produce a crop of wrinkles in the process," she laughed.

"I don't know anything about dieting and it doesn't appeal to me," she continued, "but I have always found that two good meals a day—breakfast and dinner—are enough for me. I must have breakfast, and not the fruit juice and dry toast variety either. I require a real English breakfast of fruit or fruit juice, bacon and eggs, toast and a beverage, because I think that every sensible girl should start the day well fortified with a wholesome meal.

"For a midday meal I find that a cup of tea with some nicely cut bread and butter and jam are sufficient. A heavy luncheon makes me feel very heavy and lazy.

"The meal I enjoy most is dinner. I have a full course meal with meat, green vegetables and potatoes. Yes, I do eat potatoes, but I very rarely have any sweet dessert to follow, preferring a little fruit.

"I have a good appetite and eat anything I fancy—bananas, cream, chocolates—all taboo on diet lists—with no ill effects.

"Plenty of fresh air and lots of exercise are my means of keeping slim, and I think that if more girls would follow this routine and keep in mind that it isn't certain foods but the mixing of certain foods that is contributory to overweight, we'd have fewer stout girls in the world. Many people eat far too much pastry. A meal consisting of meat pie followed by fruit pie, for example, represents a very badly balanced menu."

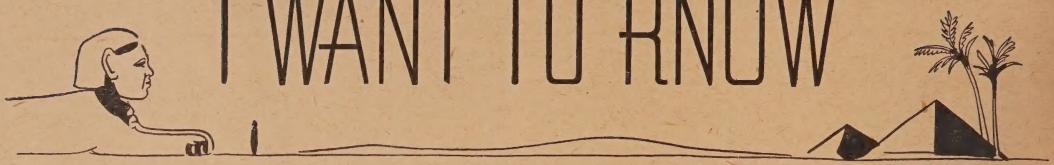
Anna isn't preoccupied with the question of her beauty, but she gives it enough thought to keep her skin, hair, hands and figure in excellent condition. It was her "classic" figure, on which Victorian costumes were ideally suited, that led the producers of *Victoria the Great* to select her for the role of the beloved English Queen. Queen Victoria had lovely sloping shoulders and Miss Neagle has the same contours.

(Continued on page 79)

Here we see Miss Neagle in a typically natural pose. Note the simplicity of her hairdress and the minimum of daytime make-up that she uses

DIANE DORÉ will gladly send you trade names or expert advice on your individual beauty problems. Simply write to Mlle. Doré, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, *Suite 903, 18 E. 48th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter.*

I WANT TO KNOW



Anna May Wong has just returned from the Orient with some gorgeous color photography of Shanghai. Producers on the West coast are fighting for the release rights of the film

Sally J., Buffalo, N.Y.—You will find a complete account of your favorite, Michael Whalen, on page 33 of this issue. His next picture is "Headline Huntress" with Gloria Stuart. His first film was "Professional Soldier," back in 1935. Did you know that Michael was once on the radio? Well, he was—in 1930. His baritone voice was heard over the air quite frequently.

•

A.R., Nyack, N.Y.—You may obtain a photograph of Errol Flynn by sending only ten cents to the Still Department, Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif. His next picture is "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Lili Damita is Mrs. Flynn.

•

Jimmy N., Atlanta, Ga.—Yes, you've "got good taste." Madeleine Carroll *is* beautiful. Sorry, the lady's married. The lucky man is Captain Philip Astley. Her birthday's this month—February 26, to be exact.

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, Suite 903, 18 E. 48th St., New York City.

Alice K., Tacoma, Wash.—Thank you for your very nice letter. You're "worried about your Deanna Durbin entry"? Well, don't worry. It reached us safely and will receive the same consideration as all the other entries. By the by, we have so many answers and such good ones that it will take a little longer for us to select the winner. Meantime, best of luck!

Introducing Kay Sutton. A young lady who gave up a promising career for matrimony. Now she's returned to her first love, the movies, and will next be seen in "Having Wonderful Time"

•

T.A.S., Dallas, Texas—So you like "candid shots taken on the lot", do you? If you'll take a peek at Pages 38 and 39 of this issue, you'll be very pleasantly surprised. Write in and tell us if you like it. We'll be glad to hear from you.

•

J.M., Detroit, Mich.—Yes, Mae West is making another picture. The title is "Every Day's A Holiday" and you'll find a Pictorial Preview of the film on page 58 of this book. Mae's birthday is August 17. Her height? Five feet, four inches.

Screen lovers for the fifth time, Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are right at home in "She's Got Everything." Both are happily married, as you know, Ann to Roger Pryor, and Gene to Jeanette MacDonald

Jenny A., Hickory, N.C.—Joan Crawford is five feet, four inches; Carole Lombard is five feet, two inches; Kay Francis is five feet, six inches. No, five feet, seven inches isn't "too tall for a girl." Quite a few of the Hollywood newcomers are raising the height standard. There's Lucille Ball, who's five feet, six and a half; Danielle Darrieux, who's five feet, five inches; and Anne Nagel, who hits five feet, six inches. Tallness is an asset if you stand and walk correctly.

The Rise of Joan Blondell . . .

(Continued from page 21)

"Illicit," "My Past," "The Greeks Had a Name for Them." She was doing "big time" in "Public Enemy," also with Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy, by the way, is one of her six favorite actors, the others being Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard and, of course, Dick Powell. She got a kick out of playing opposite Howard in "Stand-In." Likes and friendships run pretty close with Joan. Stars who are simple, honest and direct are tops with Joan.

Lucky girl, to feel that way about it! The public, too, is catching on to that idea more and more. The synthetic personalities of the screen are finding it difficult to hold their places today. It is the actors who are obviously themselves that are getting the big hand. Witness Joan's snappy, true-to-life performance as the girl reporter in "Back in Circulation," her good pal role in "Perfect Specimen," or her pertness in "Stand-In." Like Alice Faye, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, she has gained recognition as one of the screen's first line entertainers, after years of honest preparation in the roles given her.

Perhaps, however, more in the case of Joan than of the others, she has advanced herself by following, without variation, her own personality. That little innocent look of her wide-open eyes, with the contradicting smile on her lips, which bowls over Errol Flynn in "Perfect Specimen," is equally as natural and effective off the set. Her pulsating warmth and enthusiasm is no act. Joan does everything with all the abandon and dash of a fifteen-year old. Say the word, and she will go swimming; tennis is her meat, too. She likes people whole-heartedly, but only where there is reciprocation. She plays the piano—with two fingers. George Gershwin was her favorite musician. She takes dancing lessons constantly, loves debauches of hamburgers and goes into fits of dieting—potatoes and skimmed milk—which last exactly three days. Always sun-burned, never wearing a hat, she goes about mostly in slacks. Her wardrobe is a beautiful one, too, but has few opportunities to make public appearances as she does not care for Hollywood parties. She doesn't say why, but the guess may be hazarded that she finds some of the guests a bit artificial, even stuffy.

Even premieres will not bring her out in the line of the celebrities. While each distinguished arrival is announced and receives the awed ohs and ahs of the assembled hoi polloi, you are likely to find Joan one of the crowd, unobtrusively enjoying it all.

The "big handsome brute" type of man never has made Joan's heart go pit-a-pat. She isn't of the flirtatious type, either. Masculine flattery leaves her cold, and any man has to be on the level to make an impression with her. She thought she had found her ideal when she and George Barnes married in 1933. As the world now knows, that marriage didn't take.

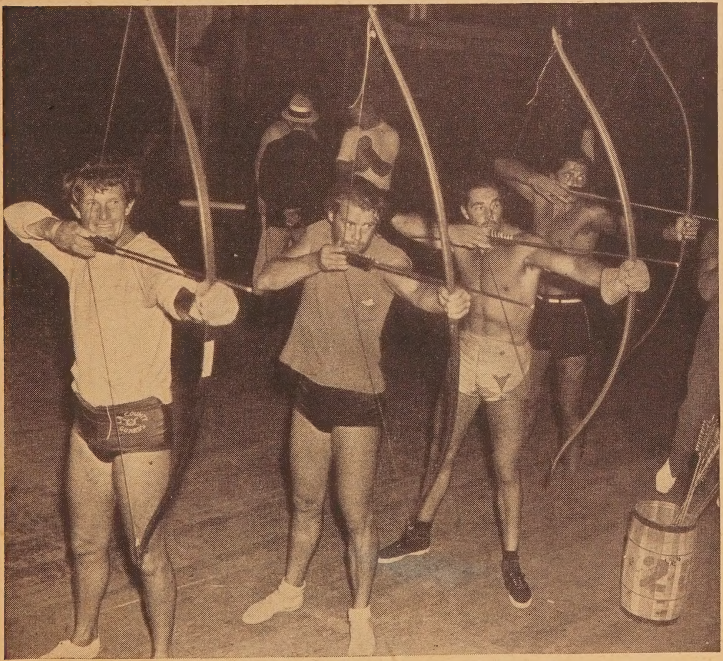
If Joan had been a climber she would have married an executive, perhaps a director, or a producer, or another star, instead of only a cameraman. But Joan hasn't a mercenary cell in her trim little body of 120 pounds. The smash-up when it came, Joan realized, was "one of those things" and though it hurt her terribly, she took it in her stride.

After the divorce became final, Hollywood, firing indiscriminately as it usually does, happened to hit it right. Dick Powell's name was linked up with hers. On September 19, 1936, the couple slipped on board the steamship Santa Paula, got married and took coast passage to New York. There doesn't seem to have been a rift in that union. First of all, Dick adores Joan. And he is her type of man; modest, sensitive, who has won success by following his natural talents, not by pretending to be what he is not. Then secondly, and this is very important—Dick loves like his own son little Norman Scott Barnes, now in his fourth year.

Dick and Joan have certain likes and dislikes in common. For example, both have simple tastes, are not particular about any form of diet, get all the sleep they can. Dick, as well as Joan, is fond of swimming. Both like to watch sports, though Dick prefers football, while Joan likes "fight nights." Both are sold on California, and both like to buy clothes in New York. Both, of course, have appeared in pictures together, among them "Dames," "Colleen," and "Gold Diggers of 1937."

In some things they naturally differ. For one, Joan couldn't be bribed to go up in a plane, whereas Dick is enthusiastic about flying and would like to pilot his own ship. Joan wouldn't give the snap of her finger for bridge, while Dick may be regarded as an amateur champion of the intellectual game. Joan longs for a yacht, and Dick, while interested in that says he can be perfectly happy without one. One of Dick's screen favorites is

(Continued on page 65)



This group of men is learning how to shoot the bow for their parts in Warners' "Adventures of Robin Hood." Errol Flynn plays the title role

Bette Davis lights up just before dinner in her charming Hollywood home. Her table goblets and wine glasses are old-fashioned hobnail glass. The lovely centerpiece is a silver bowl with fresh fruit

BETTE DAVIS' VALENTINE PARTY

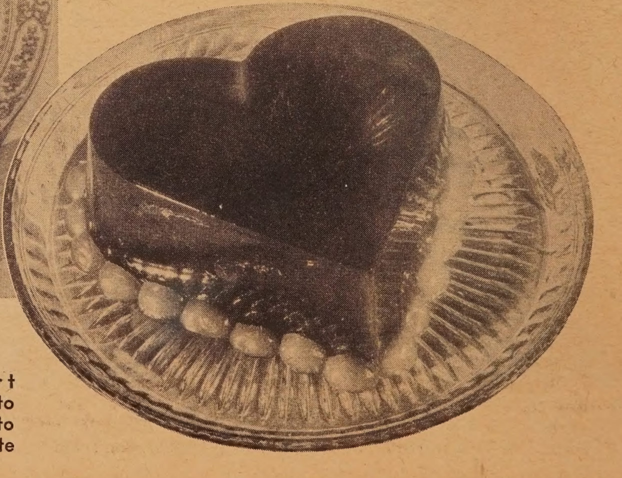
THE most sentimental day in February is, of course, St. Valentine's Day, and Bette Davis believes in using it to advantage by giving a party for those friends who are particularly happy in their marriages or their romantic lives! Probably you think that it would be hard to get together a group of married couples or engaged ones that wouldn't be split up before Bette's party came off—but even in Hollywood it's possible. Incidentally, Bette is a shining example of her guests, for she and Harmon Nelson have been happily married for a long time, and in Hollywood most of the time, too.

When Bette propounded this party idea of hers, it was quite some time before Valentine's Day, so maybe it won't work out but I am sure that her supper menu for the party will! And because it is such a good one, I'm passing it on to you.

The supper is planned for later on in the evening so that everyone will have plenty of time to get to the Davis-Nelson home, relax, have some cheering beverage and then eat. Bette thinks a Valentine's supper may be a buffet, or, if you are having a bridge party with supper afterwards, you may serve the refreshments on your individual card tables. "It saves the men of the party from rushing wildly around trying to find a resting place for their plates," she observed with a grin. But regardless of how it is served, Bette thinks it is fun to get as much "hearts and flowers" atmosphere into your table decorations as possible—it keeps the sentimental idea in full flourish and gives a colorful accent to the party.

The menu, as outlined by Bette, is very simple and very easy to make because she figures that *(Continued on page 78)*

There are all sorts of "Pigs in Blankets" but these are a grand variation of the original idea



A Valentine Heart Mold which is easy to make and delicious to eat, according to Bette

James Cagney; another is Joan Blondell.

Joan is unsurpassed in popularity by any star in Hollywood. She's the idol of the stage hands and electricians. You've got to be mighty regular to win their regard. They've seen the small become great and the great shrink and vanish so often that stardom is just a word to them.

And as for her screen fame, it's quite obvious to all by now that that is no accident. Joan knows life—she's been facing it ever since she could toddle—and it is that knowledge you see crystallized in her clear-cut, true-to-life performances. Her three recent pictures have been genuine triumphs. Joan has found both her opportunity and her pace and is on her way fast to greater glory.

Their Personal Maids

(Continued from page 23)

by Lillian, are as follows: To care for the star's wardrobe; to remember what the star wore on every occasion so that she won't appear at a function where the same people will be gathered, wearing the same dress as the time before.

"Most women, if left to themselves, would wear one or two favorite gowns constantly. The maid must see that this does not happen or the public will think the star owns nothing else!"

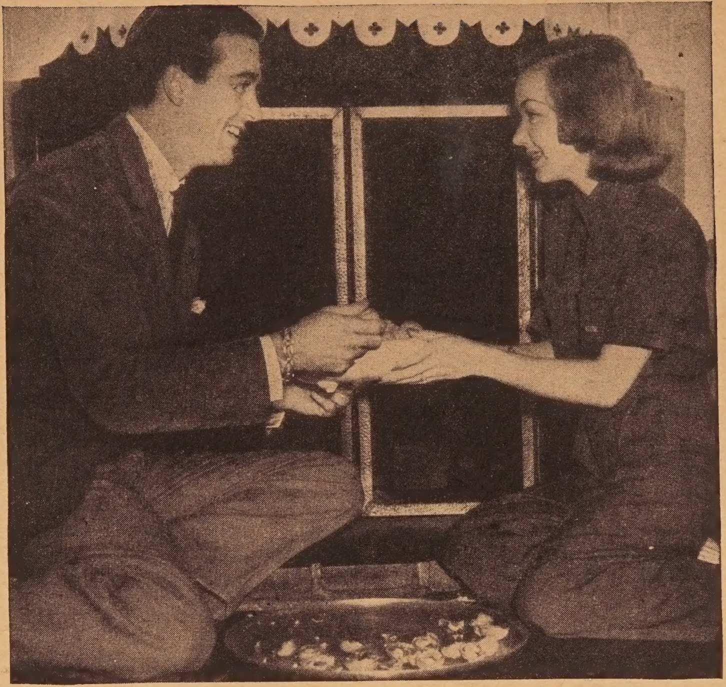
The maid must lay out every bit of apparel to be worn, together with jewels and other accessories. She must know the close friends of the star and when to admit them and when to tactfully make excuses. A large order in itself!

Bette Davis has a new maid, Willoughby McCovy, who basks in her mistress' reflected glory because she once had stage aspirations herself. Willoughby is a "scat" singer and has plenty of opportunity to do her stuff now for Bette gets a kick out of hearing her maid go into her "scat" numbers.

"Although I haven't been with Miss Davis very long I love the job and I find Miss Davis so interesting. She treats me mighty nice, too!" Willoughby grinned, when I queried her about her job.

Anita Louise says she simply couldn't do without Ella McNeely, who has been attending the blonde Warner Brothers' beauty for four years.

"She is such a good audience," Anita explained, "and goes into an uproar when something funny happens. Oh, yes, and she has the cutest giggle. Whenever I'm blue I just have to hear Ella giggle and I can't help but want to join her."



Anne Shirley and hubby, John Howard Payne, enjoy California giant walnuts picked from the trees a few miles from their Hollywood house

Ella has never missed a picture in which Anita has appeared and is always present on the set when Anita is before the camera. According to Anita, Ella is her "best maid and severest critic" for Ella frankly tells her mistress when she thinks she is bad in a scene and when she thinks she is good. She takes care of Anita's wardrobe and prides herself on the fact that Anita is especially fond of the tea she prepares for her.

"This is the best job I ever had," Ella confided. And together with Anita's praise of her, it looks as though this harmonious mistress-maid combination would continue for some time.

And now we come to a star who has made maids famous on the screen—because she usually manages to have one in every picture she makes—Mae West.

"Miss Mae West is mighty easy to work for," says Daisy, her colored personal maid, "because she doesn't like a lot of fuss made over her." Daisy, although quite ill, graciously consented to talk about her mistress, but prefers to be introduced to readers by her first name only.

"You don't have to flutter around and be at her side every minute—she just doesn't care for all that attention. I'm personal maid to Miss West, but I also oversee the other work around and my principal job is to keep the apartment doings moving smoothly." Mae lives in the fashionable Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood.

"She does like her boudoir kept in perfect order, though, and I see that every piece of jewelry is put back in its proper box and every bit of lingerie in the right drawer. Miss West likes order!"

Daisy is the blonde Mae's alarm clock, awakening her every morning at whatever hour is set. Another of Daisy's jobs which, she says, she likes the best of all, is taking care of Mae's wardrobe; seeing that clothes are sent to the cleaners and sewing on buttons or snaps. She keeps Miss West's assortment of perfumes in nice display and right at hand. Mae adores perfume and Daisy says the star's favorite is Caron's En Avion.

About four nights a week Mae West dines at home and then it is Daisy's job to see that the cook prepares something that is sure to please the blonde star.

In Grace Moore's lovely coral and blue suite of rooms at Columbia, with its shining white kitchenette and bath; delicately-tinted dressing room and sitting room; its white piano and attractive prints, Veda Cleveland talked of her mistress who was busy on the set. Veda is an intelligent and capable young colored woman who has really studied her mistress.

"Miss Moore could have been a successful business woman if she hadn't been a star," Veda remarked, "because she is so efficient and direct and has such a lightning-like mind. She is so quick that she does half a dozen tasks for herself in the time she could call a maid and tell her to do so. You must be alert and anticipate moods and desires to be her maid and I find it has been an education in itself just to be around Miss Moore in the past three years."

A star's maid must keep herself a part of the background, Veda believes. Veda rarely speaks to the blonde diva except when necessary or when spoken to as she explains that a star has a thousand problems on her mind and just when the maid might make some casual remark, she might be interrupting an important trend of thought.

People often try to reach stars through their personal maids and Veda is frequently summoned to the phone at the studio by some enterprising merchant who wants her to display his goods to Miss Moore. If she will do so, and the article is sold, he promises Veda a like costly garment or piece of furniture. Of course Veda doesn't listen to him. She also is well aware that she is being offered nothing for, if she were to arrange such a sale, the price of her bribe would be tacked onto the sale to Miss Moore.

Veda's duties include laying out Grace Moore's clothes in the evening for her to wear next morning to the studio. Every bit of apparel is included, too, from her lingerie to the appropriate bag and gloves. If Miss Moore has a free day, Veda usually lays out attire for a sun bath for that is a regular part of the star's morning when she has a day of rest. Then tennis clothes or beach clothes come next.

The personal maid does not dress the star's hair or manicure her nails but she must know how to do these things in case of an emergency, and Veda is a licensed cosmetician. If a stray curl comes undone or a finger nail is broken she can repair the damage; but most stars, when away from their studio hairdresser, arrange to go to a shop where there is complete equipment for all beauty work, or else have a favorite operator come to their home.

"A maid must always anticipate a request," Veda said, in outlining her duties, "and especially when the star is Grace Moore, for she simply can't spare the time to ask for every little thing. With picture, radio and concert work, her mind is filled with a hundred important things. It is up to her maid to spare her thought of little things.

"You *hand* Grace Moore her dress; you don't put it on her, for it is over her head and she has fastened the side before you could do it. If you make a mistake she wants you to come to her and tell her so, and not wait for her to find it out.

"Every message in Miss Moore's household is written down. Notes are made of everything and nothing is left to memory.

"Miss Moore is a true home-maker and, for all her glamour, is a little Southern girl underneath, who loves to go into the kitchen and cook her favorite Southern dishes. She likes to arrange her furniture and flowers, too. The florist may send the flowers in a perfect arrangement, but she always gives them her own added touch. She lives very quietly and rarely goes to night clubs, but spends most evenings reading. She takes newspapers from all over the world and likes to breakfast alone and read her papers."

Grace Moore is a thoughtful and generous mistress, according to Veda. She often gives Veda some of her own clothes and they are always in excellent condition, and not some worn-out castoff. Quite often the gift is some favorite garment of the star's and apt to be less worn than clothes she continues to wear. That's *really* being generous!

"Most of Miss Moore's clothes are by Molyneaux, but she much prefers boots, blue denims and a kerchief tied around her hair and a day in the open, to dressing up. Furs, however, are her weakness and she has a large and costly collection."

La Moore has a language of her own—one which Veda understands perfectly. She may call and talk for a few minutes to Veda, giving her no orders, but when Veda hangs up the receiver she has interpreted this casual conversation to be a request for one of any number of things. It's a sort of game between mistress and maid and Veda prides herself that she scores pretty nearly every time in guessing the request.

Fay Wray came in for her share of praise from Veda, who formerly attended her at the studio. *"There* is a thoughtful person," said the appreciative maid. "Just before her baby was born, Miss Wray was working on night scenes for a picture. It was a cold night and Miss Wray insisted that I stay inside the dressing room and not be out in the cold night air, even though she herself had to stay outside. I wanted to remain with her, but she worried so over me I finally had to go inside so she would be at ease!"

Julia Hudlin, who has been Ann Dvorak's maid for two years, got her job because she likes animals! Both Ann and her maid are crazy about dogs and sit for hours talking about their pets. Julia works alternately for Ann and Dolores del Rio. It seems neither Ann nor Dolores ever happens to make pictures at the same time, so Julia is free to serve two lovely mistresses instead of one.

"Julia is a fighter—unafraid—and not a 'yes maid,'" says Ann Dvorak. "One time, while on location, I stayed at a small hotel. Dead tired at night, I went to bed and hoped to get a good night's rest. But there were a group of men next to my room playing poker and talking so loudly I just couldn't drop off. I didn't want to ask them to talk more quietly and was prepared for a sleepless night but Julia wouldn't hear of it. She marched out, with fire in her eye, to quiet the crowd of poker players. I don't know what she said to them," Ann ended with a laugh, "but there wasn't another peep out of them all night."

Julia is very loyal and never leaves Ann alone when a stranger comes to her dressing room. She is a sort of female bodyguard.

So now if you've envied the personal maid of your favorite star, think twice before you quit your job and come to Hollywood, ready to serve some glamorous actress. Can you sew? Arrange hairdresses? Prepare luncheon? Anticipate what a star wants before she asks for it? Humor her? Laugh her out of a bad mood? Keep a secret? Be discreet? Never display your own displeasure? Being personal maid to a movie star calls for all sorts of talents and a lot of tact and resourcefulness, besides.

But judging from the comments of these maids, it's the most interesting job in the world.

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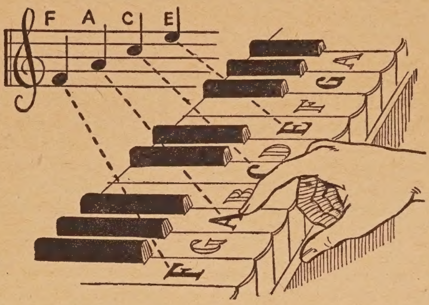

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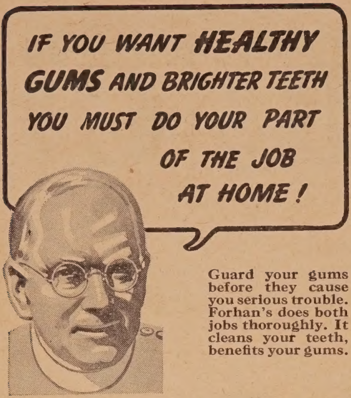
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Charles Boyer . . .

(Continued from page 26)

stopped many of them on the streets to talk to them in an effort to learn how each might react to any given circumstance. It seemed that these three were willing to do anything to catch a candid eyeful of their fellow-men in every conceivable situation. Nothing could be more natural than life itself, they argued.

It was Pierre, one day, who conceived an idea little short of ingenious. In conception it was brilliant, in execution, it nearly proved disastrous.

"Fear, in my opinion, is the most difficult of the emotions to copy," he said. "And I know in what way we can find out how individuals will react to it. My cousin's *menage* is on the outskirts of the city. By simply borrowing his tame lion. . . ." Pierre shrugged his shoulders. No other explanation seemed necessary.

Leo was available. A lean, mangy cat, slightly crippled from age, but a lion, withal. Boyer, on seeing it, agreed that it was anything but dangerous.

The plan the three decided on was simple. Locating an alleyway, and choosing the moment when a hapless victim walked by, they would step out onto the street, the lion held in tow. The result was more than gratifying. Several women turned and ran with little shrieks of fear, lifting their petticoats over the rough cobbles. One fainted. Not any were interested in remaining long.

One of these good, but frightened people should have quickly summoned a *gendarme,* but none of them did, and in that lay the trouble. Coming from one alley onto a crowded thoroughfare, Leo suddenly lost interest in the game. His attentions wandered—wandered to a butcher-shop directly across the way where several quarters of meat hung invitingly, just outside the door. Pierre felt the rope burn through his fingers—he would have to have been a Titan to hang onto it—and with several ambling bounds, the lion was before the shop, his teeth sunk in a choice morsel.

The expedition ended in the local police court where one of the trio, more prosperous than the other two, produced enough money to placate the disturbed shop-keeper. Leo was returned to his cage.

Intense preparation to further their careers was no farce as far as these young men were concerned, particularly Boyer. He made it a habit. Years later, when he prepared for his role in "La Bataille," later made into the American film, "Thunder in the East," he locked himself in an apartment for three weeks and read Nipponese philosophy.

As Boyer considers his student days the formative period of his career, so does he believe that his second year at the Conservatoire de Drame was the beginning of his long period of successes on the French stage. It was during that year that the play "Les Jardins de Murci," M. Gemier directing, was revived.

At the Conservatoire, it was against the rules for a student to participate in a professional play. On rare occasions, the rule was overlooked. It was overlooked the day before "Les Jardins de Murci" was to be presented to the theatre-goers of Paris, for the leading man fell ill and M. Gemier could find no one to take his place who could learn the entire script in one night—no one, that is, except the student Boyer!

Boyer's prodigious memory served him well. He could and did learn the entire part in less than twelve hours! It was his first appearance professionally, and it was a success. It started him off on a long, uninterrupted chain of successes extending for several years—to the time in fact, when he first came to this country.

Charles Boyer remembers his first stay in Hollywood with a certain distaste.

"It was anything but a happy time for me," he admits, "even though everyone was nice. True, I had a job. I made a few French versions for Metro, but they were very few. I wasn't there but a few months before they realized, one day, for no particular reason, that French versions were costly. It would be much, much cheaper to use the originals, simply adding captions and subtitles as needed. It was a grand idea for everybody—but me. I was out of a job."

But Boyer had made a few friends in Hollywood, and one of them, Ruth Chatterton, convinced him that he could be a success in this country if he would learn English. Boyer returned to France with her suggestion uppermost in his mind.

The second assault upon Hollywood nearly ended on an unhappier note than the first. Boyer had learned English, true, but he still had an accent few studio heads would take a chance on. As he was about to return to Paris, done with American pictures for all time, he met Walter Wanger. If no one else would take a chance on Boyer, Wanger would. He offered him a contract and a part in "Private Worlds."

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 68)

Almost over-night, Boyer was catapulted to success, and, for the first time in his life, he found romance. He met Pat Paterson at a dinner given by a mutual friend. It was love at first sight.

Their courtship was as brief as his meteoric rise in the films both of them worked in. They hadn't gone together three months before they were engaged. They weren't engaged three weeks when they decided, one night, to miss the preview of a new picture they were about to attend and fly to Yuma, instead, to be married.

Those who have seen Boyer's latest two pictures, can't help but realize that he is, indeed, on the way to equal if not surpass the greatest character actors Hollywood has produced. Certainly, Charles Boyer has made an impression. It is the opinion of many that the impression will live long after this remarkable man is gone.

They Thought They Were Through . . .

(Continued from page 32)

The head publicity man at the studio told her it looked bad. Sure, it wasn't her fault. It wasn't Mary Mile Minter's fault, either, or Mabel Normand's. But both careers had been wrecked.

Joan should lay low, he said. The public was bitter when an actress was mixed up in a scandal. Joan should stay right in her own house, make no statements and not let the public see her. "It *may* blow over," he said none too hopefully, closing the interview.

Joan rushed home and locked the door. Naturally shy of people and with an imagination like a scenario writer's, she thought she might be stoned if she appeared on the street.

But there is a stronger quality than timidity in Joan's character. And that quality is courage. The night the news of the second divorce broke there was a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Joan and Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., who was her sweetheart at the time, had tickets, but the press agent told her not to make a public appearance.

Yet at half-past-eight that night Joan called Doug on the telephone and said, "We're going to that opening. Get over here as fast as you can."

When they stepped out of the car Joan really expected she would be hissed and spat upon. She knew her career was over, but she would rather have an irate mob pull her to pieces than to take defeat behind a locked door.

Chin up, head high, she ran the gauntlet. What actually happened was that everyone was so eager to see the really big stars like Mae Busch and Eleanor Boardman that no one paid any attention to Joan.

The two divorce actions did not harm her career. Joan was not important enough on the screen for club and church to take action against her. Both the studio and Joan were taking the incidents more seriously than they deserved. But the point is that Joan *thought* she was through and facing that crowd took just as much courage as if her future had actually been in jeopardy.

It was not for herself but for others that Loretta Young came back from the dark hour. And perhaps that's as good a way to overcome failure as any. When you've lost confidence in yourself, when you feel you haven't the fight to go on, think of the friends who believe in you and face life again for them.

Remember when Loretta was so desperately ill?, She had worked hard. She had suffered emotionally—two unhappy love affairs had all but torn her to pieces. Then came the nervous breakdown.

Lying on her bed—utterly exhausted—Loretta prayed she would not have to get up again. She felt she could no longer face the struggle for screen stardom and the stress of life. And even into the sick-room came the malicious rumors about Loretta and her illness. What was the use of going on? She had made a mess of her life and brought nothing but unhappiness to herself and her family.

A vague plan formed in her mind. She had enough money so that she could live quietly for several years. Why should she go to the studio again? You worked and struggled and tried to be decent and you got only unhappiness and terrible things said about you for your pains.

It was wonderful to be ill, so peaceful. Her breakdown gave her an alibi for quitting. She could make one statement about ill health and then disappear from the Hollywood scene. What she didn't know was that she was following a case *A* pattern of neurotics—escaping life through illness. But it was such a simple way out. Besides, nobody cared whether she lived or died.

As she lay on her clean cool bed there came an emissary from Joan

Crawford. Joan was in New York on her honeymoon, but she had read that Loretta was ill and had long-distanced a friend to go to her and see if she needed money. Joan would be so happy to take care of Loretta financially while she was ill.

That was funny. No, Loretta didn't need money. What she needed was a remedy for her soul. Money indeed! Was a time when she had needed that, but not now.

The next person who called was a friend who worked on a magazine. He had dropped everything to come to her the minute he heard the rumors. Could he write a story that would refute them all and let the world know Loretta would be back at work in a few weeks?

That was funny, too, for Loretta didn't need any publicity. What difference did it make now whether people gossiped or not when she had decided to give up pictures forever?

Barbara Stanwyck's message got through to her. Barbara wanted her to know anything she had was at Loretta's disposal.

The sick girl smiled. Joan and Barbara came offering money, which she didn't need. The writer offered publicity, which she couldn't use. No one gave her real solace. But wait!—why, she was wrong. These people had offered her the help they thought she needed. They did not know that she herself had admitted defeat. They wanted to tide her over rough waters until she could take her rightful place in the world again and it had not occurred to a single one of them that she was through. They all thought she was staying on. They all believed in her courage!

Why, she couldn't let them down. She had given up but they didn't know it. They had not given up for her.

From that moment on Loretta began to improve. Loretta did not take what her friends had offered, but they saved her, nevertheless.

It was sheer accident that saved Bette Davis from failure, yet the lesson made her a new person.

You know the broad outlines of Bette's story. It's importance is how Bette took it. You know that she was considered too colorless when she was under contract to Universal and was dropped from their lists. She dyed her hair, changed the contour of her mouth with lipstick and bought a new wardrobe. A contract at Warners materialized, but for months she was not cast in a picture.

As the months of idleness passed she grew more and more discouraged. She set a dead-line on herself. "I'm going to the studio today," she said. "I'm going to plead for a role. If I don't get it I'm through!"

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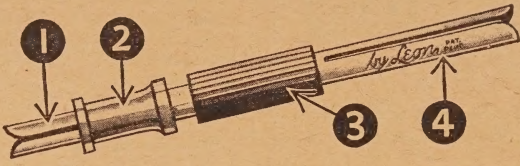

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25 MINUTES from MIAMI BEACH

She did plead for a role and all she got was an executive's advice to have patience.

Bette came home and threw herself on her bed with a pillow over her head. She had no plans, no hopes. All she wanted to do was to shut out all sight and sound. How long she lay there she doesn't know. Far off a telephone was ringing. She jammed the pillow in her ears. She was washed up. She had failed.

She felt her mother shaking her. "Go away," Bette said, "just go away and leave me alone."

"The telephone," her mother said.

"I don't care. I won't answer."

"It's the studio," her mother persisted. "George Arliss wants you for his picture."

Bette laughed. "Thanks for making up a pretty story."

"But it's true, Bette. Please come to the 'phone."

Bette trembles even now as she thinks of that. What if, she wonders, her mother had not been at home to get the call. If Arliss had not got in touch with her he would have found another girl. It was the merest chance that he had seen her that day in the commissary and wanted her to play opposite him in "The Man Who Played God." And—since she was taking failure lying down with a pillow over her head—it was only an accident that her mother had been at home and answered the 'phone.

"That experience taught me I must face things," Bette said not so long ago. "The pillow was my flight from reality. I'll never run away again. Since then I've faced things squarely,"—she smiled—"sometimes too squarely, but an over-reaction is better than the spineless attitude I had before."

W. C. Fields can look back on a rich, full life. Yet twice he thought he was through. Thirty years ago a doctor told him he had just a few months to live. He laughed and refused to go to bed. But that was when he was young and hopeful. Even harder to bear was the moment he felt his work was over. That was some seven or eight years ago.

He had left the stage to go in the movies. He was a miserable flop in silent pictures so he returned to Broadway only to find that the depression had hit that street with a brickbat and there was no work for him. They all said, "Poor old Fields—he can't get a job."

In spite of his Hollywood failure he returned to California and did what few actors have the courage to do. It is the average performer's pride that he will not accept less than his standard salary no matter how broke he is. Fields gulped down his pride with a Scotch and soda and interviewed every producer he knew, offering to write, direct and act in a picture all for one check. "International House" was the result and you know what that picture did to W. C.'s career.

Reminiscing, he said, "Yes, I actually thought I was through, but way down in my heart I knew I was still good. It didn't seem possible that I could have lost the ability I once had to make people laugh. Everyday I said to myself, 'You're good. You're still good.' And when you know that, when you have that kind of faith in yourself—why, they just can't get you down. You've got to believe in something. It might as well be yourself."

How to cope with failure when the moment comes? You've seen how five motion picture stars did it. Clark took the hard way and faced the man who had witnessed his humiliation. Joan took as difficult a path when she faced the mob. Loretta fought on because she couldn't let her friends down. Bette's return was an accident but it showed her how to cope with failures to come. Fields believed in himself and still hoped.

Once Jean Muir told me a marvelous thing her god-father said to her. "Only accept defeat as your own choosing!" In other words, if you allow for failure at all do not have it thrust upon you—make the effort to fight it, don't take it sitting down. *Do* something. Act—and act with courage.

Jean herself had cause to remember those words when she had not been given a role for five months and then was sent off to England to do a "quota" picture. She decided to come back and ask for her release. But as the airplane was winging its way across the continent it suddenly occurred to her that was exactly what the studio wanted. "Only accept defeat as your own choosing," she remembered.

For the people who surmount the mountain of failure are those who have the pluck to "make life sit up and beg!"

GET READY FOR THE
Big Ginger Rogers Contest
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Michael Whalen . . .

(Continued from page 33)

Whalen in 'Wee Willie Winkie.' " If you are one who learns from the pages of history you will probably say to yourself, "Well, a new star is being born."

Michael Whalen planned it that way back in the days when he was playing with Eva LeGallienne in her Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. He had no illusions about the climb to stardom. He knew it required hard work and consistent effort to get to the heights, and he decided that the best way to start was by working in the little theatres of Hollywood. For many months he struggled and worked without pay for all sorts of stock companies, finally landing the leading role at the little Hollytown theatre in "Common Flesh." He was seen in this part by Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox studio chief, was given a studio contract and shortly thereafter began work in "Professional Soldier," his first picture.

Of course, besides ambition, persistence and good sense, you've got to have what it takes to become a movie light. Michael Whalen is a handsome Celtic lad, six feet two, and he has that romantic expression and appearance that make the matinee idol.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, of well-to-do-parents, he was given a liberal musical education and encouraged in every way to perfect his pianistic talent. He kept at it for ten years and then, at the age of seventen, announced that he had decided to become a professional musician. That was something his parents had not counted on and they immediately made strenuous objections. Learning to play the piano was one thing, they declared, but becoming a professional musician—that was too much!

So they took drastic steps and got Michael a job in one of the Woolworth stores in town. He made good and at the age of twenty-three he was the manager of three Woolworth stores. His father was very proud of his son's success and Michael was glad. Then Michael's dad passed on, leaving the boy heartsick. He turned to his piano for consolation and began to read the theatrical news. Wilkes-Barre was too full of memories and he decided to leave. He resigned the managership of the three stores and left for New York, determined to be an actor. In New York he was given an audition; Eva LeGallienne was so well pleased with him that she gave him his first parts with the Civic Repertory company. While with Miss LeGallienne, as we have seen, he made his plans to crash the movies.

After Mr. Zanuck saw him in "Common Flesh" (and, by the way, Michael had only twenty-seven cents to his name at the time) J. J. Shubert bought the show and asked Michael to play under a three-year contract in San Francisco and New York. Immediately following Shubert's offer, Samuel Goldwyn gave him a silent test.

Michael Whalen found himself in the dramatic role of a practically penniless actor suddenly discovered by three different talent-seekers. He weighed the three offers in the balance and decided that what he wanted more than anything else was a contract with 20th Century-Fox, so he signed with Zanuck.

That was in 1935. Since then he has appeared in about a dozen successful pictures and he is constantly being pointed out as one of the most effective screen performers of the day. The rumblings that attend the birth of a star are growing louder and louder . . . and it won't be long now.

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MODERN MOVIES

On sale at all newsstands

Tracy and O'Brien

(Continued from page 35)

for number one first, he objected strenuously.

"Oh, is that so?" Pat challenged. "The only time I ever got the best of it, eh? Say, I made a sap out of that sucker Tracy a lot of times. You go back and ask him if he remembers when we were kids, working together in that lumber yard in Milwaukee. And ask him who maneuvered himself into the soft job of sliding the planks off the cars, and who was the sucker that used to stand on the ground, lift up the lumber, and then carry it and pile it—and do all the sweating for both of us. Any day I didn't look out for number one."

Hollywood doesn't agree with Pat that he always looked out for number one, but neither does it give Tracy a clean bill of health in the matter of being hard-boiled—knowing that as recently as "Oil for the Lamps of China" Spence was willing to sacrifice his own chances to help his old pal.

"If it hadn't been for Spence," generously explains O'Brien, "I'd never have had a look in at that part. My studio wanted Tracy for the lead, but he hunted me up one night at the Hollywood Legion fights, and urged me to go after it for myself."

What Pat didn't know was that when Warner Brothers wanted to borrow Tracy to star in this picture, Spencer went to Director Mervyn LeRoy and said:

"Why borrow me when you have a man on your own lot who can do the job better than I can. You know who that is: Pat O'Brien."

At that particular time it would have helped Spencer Tracy considerably to star in a big Warner Brothers' production, but he felt Pat had that break coming, and fought to get it for him.

Apparently no one had taken time to explain to Spence that friendships simply can't survive the glamour of Hollywood and the glare of success. Tracy seemed to believe that his old pal O'Brien belonged right beside him—even in stardom.

After Tracy had made good in "The Last Mile" and was being starred in films, he used to look Pat up when he thought his friend was getting discouraged with the endless grind of the failing show business, put his arm across his shoulders, and say:

"Look, Pat, I got a break, didn't I? You deserve it more than I did—so some day that grand director, John Ford, is going to see you and put you in a picture, too. And once they see what you have, boy, they'll forget all about me."

But Pat didn't think pictures would

ever give him a tumble. Way down in his heart he felt there wasn't another fellow in the world just like Spence, and he figured it was merely common sense to star him, exactly as he is saying these days that it is only common sense to admit Tracy is the greatest actor in pictures. If Spencer doesn't get the Academy Award this year for his "Captains Courageous" performance, Pat will start a one-man Irish rebellion.

Back in New York O'Brien used to boast to their mutual friends in the show business that Tracy had "everything." To see his pal perform was Pat O'Brien's idea of a perfect evening. He frankly admitted he'd rather watch Spence than eat. And his habit of sharing with the other fellow gave Pat a chance to prove it.

He had just got back to New York, after one of his periodic trips into the West to play in stock companies. The stock company had folded up, and Pat reached Broadway with a four-day growth of whiskers and two dollars.

More than anything else in the world he really needed a shave and something to eat. But before he spent a cent that way he had to get his ticket for "Baby Cyclone." For Spencer Tracy was opening in that show that night, and Pat *had* to see it.

He didn't call on Tracy before the show, because he didn't want Spence to know he had seen it if it laid an egg.

Pat discovered that the cheapest seat was a dollar. But that still left enough for a shave and something to eat. Or it would have, if another young actor both Pat and Spence knew hadn't happened along just then. He wanted to see the show, too, but he—well, he just didn't have any money.

O'Brien understood just how he felt, and it would be a shame if a friend couldn't see Tracy doing his stuff. So when Pat settled back in his seat, way up in the balcony that night, he didn't have any shave, and he wasn't troubled with a heavy meal on his stomach. But what of it?—Spence was terrific that night. The instant the show was over, Pat simply had to see him, and tell him what he had on the ball.

"It wasn't as easy as it seemed, though," Pat recalls, "because once I started for the stage door I found myself in a parade of tails and high hats. All the first nighters were on the way back to offer congratulations to Spencer Tracy.

"When I asked the stage-door man to tell Mr. Tracy that his pal was there to see him, the fellow tried to shoo me away, figuring I was just another moocher. And I'll admit I did look like a bum. So he wouldn't pay any attention to me.

"But finally he turned his back, and I sneaked in. I had heard the doorman telling the boys in the tuxedos and the tails that Spencer's dressing room was on the second floor—so up I went.

"But his dressing room wasn't all I found. I discovered that the son-of-a-gun had a Japanese dresser. This Jap was posted outside the dressing room door, and when I told him to tell Mr. Tracy his pal was outside, he held up his hands in horror.

" 'No—No—go 'way. Room full of nice mans—you go 'way.'

"I told him I'd start yelling 'Fire' if he didn't take my message. So he went inside, shaking his head and muttering.

"And then you should have seen those 'nice mans' come out of there." Pat grinned in pride as he recalled the sight.

"You never saw so many stiff shirts pouring out of one place in your life," he continued. "When Spence heard I was there, he told them someone had called that he had to talk business with, and he herded 'em all out.

"Then he rushed out and grabbed me. He pulled me in and said: 'Listen, you Mick, what did you think of it? It's your opinion I want to hear.' " And the two pals went into a huddle, while the Jap stood by, clucking in distress.

That happened years ago, and scores of successes have been rung up by both pals, since then, but they haven't changed. Each puts the other's criticism and suggestions above any word of any expert in Hollywood—and each is convinced that the other hasn't really hit his stride yet, in spite of their accomplishments and the rating they have won in pictures.

And so Hollywood's two Micks go on, winning success today, but finding their greatest satisfaction in memories of yesterday.

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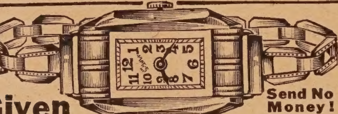

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Forward Marshall . . .

(Continued from page 45)

Stanwyck? She's, she's a darned good sport."

This sounded like something. Wait until Mollie heard about this. I pulled myself up short. Say, what was I doing anyway? Here I was cooking up a nice scandalous broth and all because a man said a pretty girl was a bit of all right.

"A darned good sport," I repeated. "How is that?"

"Well," he smiled reminiscently. "There was the time we were shooting 'Breakfast for Two.' Al Santell was directing. He outlined the business of the next scene to us. Barbara and I were to lose our tempers, in the nicest possible way, of course. And at the climax I was to strike her. We began the take. Everything went beautifully until the very end. Then, somehow, instead of pulling my blow, I struck her fair across the face with my glove."

He shuddered at the recollection. "I don't know quite what I should have done," he added ruefully, "if Barbara had not been kind enough to shout with laughter."

"Did she really?" I marveled.

"Do you see what I mean? She's a great girl."

That was all. Beyond that tribute to her sportsmanship, beyond that glow in his eyes—or was it still fever?—he wouldn't commit himself. Was it, or wasn't it romance?

This Herbert Marshall is a charming fellow. Worldly wise, whimsical, and irresistibly gallant, he has been married twice and divorced from both his wives. Still he remains an incurable romanticist.

Once his quaint chivalry involved him in an exchange of blows with John Monk Saunders, husband of Fay Wray. The incident brought considerable notoriety to all including Gloria Swanson, in whose defense Marshall was alleged to have struck. Since then he has been wary of unpleasant publicity.

But if he is reluctant about discussing women he is voluble about his friends, among whom he numbers Ronald Coleman, Basil Rathbone, the Rod LaRoques (she was Vilma Banky, remember?) and his oldest and closest friend, Eric Blore.

"Eric Blore," I echoed. I found it difficult to isolate his personality from his well known screen characterizations.

Herbert Marshall was reminiscing again.

"We, Blore and I, met for the first time shortly before the war when we were both with the same touring musical comedy. I guess I was a little puffed up.

"I was an assistant manager, with a sense of my own importance, whereas Blore was in the chorus. He happened to earn ten shillings a week more than I was getting, a fact that infuriated me at the time. But time heals such indignities and our friendship managed to survive.

"I didn't see him for several years after that. The next time we met was during the war. He was in an observation balloon section, looking, if I may say so, very much as bewildered as he does now in some of his screen roles." He smiled fondly.

"After that we had intermittal meetings in London when our leaves happened to correspond.

"I remember once when I was riding on top of an omnibus and that familiar rotund figure suddenly appeared on the steps. He was an officer and I a private and army convention was pretty strict, you remember, during the war. But, as I recall, Lieutenant Blore shouted, 'Bart, old man, how the devil are you?' and Private Marshall clapped him vigorously on the shoulders. I can still remember the stares around us, as we went off together. We spent the rest of that leave together."

There was a long silence in the room. A moment before we had been laughing. But the war has sobering memories. I remembered Marshall's war injury and bit my lip.

He ran his finger over his chin as though to brush away painful thoughts, then resumed his recollections.

"I ran into Eric again in Hollywood, and now for the first time we have played in a picture together, 'Breakfast for Two.'"

For reasons like this, and for others too, Bart Marshall has been happy in Hollywood. One of the first to achieve stardom in talkies, he has remained a consistent favorite ever since. He makes only one complaint. "Hollywood has too many intellectuals, and too few really good restaurants."

"Too many intellectuals, and too few really good restaurants." I must remember to tell that to Mollie.

I stood up. The interview was over. "Thank you," I said and we shook hands. I winced. My jagged cuticle still ached.

"Mollie," I added over my shoulder, "was talking about you."

He looked puzzled. I walked out. He didn't, no, I'm sure he couldn't, have said, as I left, "Just plain screwy!"

A Good Girl . . .

(Continued from page 49)

was a smash part. "Dead End" gave her that.

20th Century-Fox is on the alert to see that she gets the best attention on the home lot. One writer said to me before I dropped out to the studio to see her, "You'd better give Claire Trevor a break. She can do as well as Bette Davis if she ever gets a chance." This quite flattering opinion seems to be shared by more than one person connected with the industry.

Claire Trevor is natural. She's easy to interview. Between shots on "Big City Girl" she came over and sat in a canvas chair that had seen better canvas and I perched atop a semi-step ladder.

"Honestly," Miss Trevor said, "I think I've done as good work in several other films as in 'Dead End,' but the pictures weren't of that magnitude. The Hollywood critics can't see all the previews. They skip the smaller films. This makes it a bit hard for the actresses in the lesser productions to get recognition.

"In my present role I have a chance for good characterization. I play the part of a singer who masquerades as a French countess. My big worry is my Parisian accent."

Before you see her in "Big Town Girl" Claire appears on the screen in a prominent role in "Second Honeymoon," which co-stars Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. One of the Westwood plant's executives looked at a day's rushes of this photoplay and exclaimed, "Claire Trevor is positively amazing!"

Yes, there are some amazing things about Miss Trevor. She likes biographies such as "Disraeli" or "Elizabeth and Essex," but she has never been in one of the biography stories filmed by Hollywood. She has played numerous newspaper roles; for example, her recent "One Mile from Heaven." But she has only once been in a real newspaper office and that was recently. She has taken roles where the girls had to fight for existence, but in actual life Claire has been well taken care of since birth.

No, don't expect any rags to riches story about Claire. Born in Bersonhurst, Long Island, Claire has always had the best of attention. Her father was quite successful in business and, after Long Island, Claire lived in a smart suburban home in Larchmont, which is in fashionable Westchester County.

It was not until her graduation from high school that Claire honestly became interested in the theatre. Why not let Claire tell about this when she returns to our skyscraper perch from the set? Let's look over to see what she's doing.

The set is the suite in an apartment hotel. The cameras turn, the director calls "Claire" and the door to the apartment opens and in comes Miss Trevor. She is gaily humming as she takes off her coat, automatically turns on the radio, and walks across the set to adjust the window shades. Shades which look out over the panorama of the city below which is a dark pattern of roof tops and windows flecked with light.

The radio interrupts her mood when a news announcement flashes on. Alan Baxter reads off stage, "Jim Meade, convict, has just escaped from prison. . . ." As Meade is Claire's wolf-in-striped-clothing husband, she walks toward the radio with a terrified look on her face.

"That's all," Director Alfred Werker comments; "print it." This was about the fifth time I had watched the scene shot, for as the director remarked to us, "It's got to be right or else—" And with this man who has made such hits as "The House of Rothschild" there is apparently no "or else—"

By this time, Miss Trevor was back with me, a glass of orange juice in her hand.

"It seems," she said, "that all my friends were going off to college when high school was finished. To Smith, to Vassar, to Sweet Briar, they happily trooped away. Somehow the thought of college didn't appeal to me. The family wished me to attend Smith. For no real reason I didn't want to go to Northampton, so just for fun I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"For two terms I studied at the Academy. Then I got a bit restless and thought it time I got some legitimate experience. Casting directors did their best to change my mind. Finally—I was being turned down because of no experience—I selected the play 'The Ivory Door' as 'my experience.'

"One day I walked into a director's office and told him about 'my work' in this play. I was pleased that he listened to me intently as I rattled off the names of the players and the details of the drama. Ah, I thought, I'm really making an impression.

"After I had finished, the director leaned back and smiled. 'It's really most remarkable,' he mused, 'here I handled the casting on that play and didn't even remember that you were in it!'"

You may think that Claire's white

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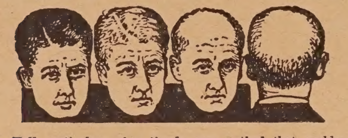

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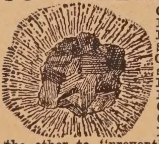

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lie had her on the spot. Well, it had. The fanciful tale caught the admiration of the director, who rewarded her spunk with a test. Claire was on the spot so thoroughly that she blew her lines in an expert manner and found herself back on the sidewalk.

It was some time after this that Miss Trevor made her initial professional appearance. The scene was Ann Arbor, Michigan, where resided Robert Henderson's Repertory Players. Following a summer of stock at Ann Arbor, she had a brief—very brief—crack at the movies in New York when she made several shorts for Warners.

More stock followed and then came Broadway and the lead in Ernest Truex's "Whistling in the Dark." This settled Claire's casting problem for two years—one year in Gotham and one on the road.

Like all hit stage plays, "Whistling in the Dark" finally reached Los Angeles. And like the movie folk of L. A. always do, they turned out *en masse* for the opening night.

"What was your reaction to that opening night?" I queried.

"Naturally, I was nervous and thrilled," Claire answered, "but the real shock came when Fox Films offered me a contract."

"And?"

"And I refused it," Claire replied.

My face showed my skepticism.

Miss Trevor smiled. "It does sound improbable, doesn't it? Well, the truth is that I was so tired after the tour I couldn't have done any more acting if the films had offered me ten times the price. Also, in my heart, I had a real big doubt as to whether I had enough experience to be ready for films."

I climbed down from my perch, "So you went back to New York and—"

"And later took the lead in 'The Party's Over.' The party didn't last so very long. After the last curtain had come down too close to the opening curtain I took the proferred Fox contract."

And so Claire Trevor was definitely in pictures.

For a last minute summary as the sports writers put it—Claire Trevor is five feet three; her eyes are brown; her hair, as you know is blonde, but she would like it red; she's unmarried, but the wise ones talk about her romance with Wilmer Hines, the Palmetto State tennis star; she hates to get up in the morning to make a nine o'clock studio call; she drives her own car and hasn't a personal maid; she's more than pleased over her radio contract to star with Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town."

Valentine Party . . .

(Continued from page 64)

not everyone has the facilities for elaborate and involved dishes or garnishes. Here it is:

Valentine Supper

Shrimp Salad with Pimento Hearts
Saratoga Potatoes
Toasted Cheese Rolls
Valentine Heart Mold
Whip Cream Cake
Cinnamon Heart Candies Coffee

Not listed on this menu are the delicious oyster hors d'oeuvres which are passed around while the guests are drinking before supper. You all are familiar with the olive wrapped in bacon but I'm sure not many of you have tried "Pigs in Blankets."

Pigs in Blankets

22 Blue Point oysters
12 strips bacon, cut in halves

Wrap each oyster in bacon; fasten with a toothpick. Cook under broiler about 3 minutes; then turn and cook other side about 3 minutes, or until bacon is crisp. Remove toothpicks and serve on hot, buttered squares of toast—or serve just as they are. This amount will serve from four to six guests.

The Davis shrimp salad is made with hard boiled egg and mayonnaise and the pimentos are cut into heart shapes and used about the plate for decoration.

As a change from hot buttered rolls or fancy small sandwiches, do try this grand recipe for:

Toasted Cheese Rolls

¼ lb. cheese
3 eggs
Speck of salt
Speck of paprika
3 tablespoons butter

Combine the above ingredients, using American or old-fashioned store cheese and cook for a few minutes. Cut fresh bread very thin, then spread with mixture and roll up. Just before you are ready to serve them, toast in a hot oven.

Incidentally, Bette's lovely and decorative dessert, consisting of a jellied fruit mold, is ideal for a children's Valentine party, too. It is wholesome and easy to digest, two important requirements on party menus for young children.

Valentine Heart Mold

1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
1½ cups hot water
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
12 maraschino cherries, quartered

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cherry juice. Turn into fancy heart-shaped mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with quartered cherries. You may also use whip cream to make a white heart outline on top, squeezing through a pastry tube.

As an accompaniment for the rather simple mold, the filling and elaborate Whip Cream Cake is perfect. Once you have made it for your Valentine party, you will find yourself including it on your regular daily menu, too.

Whipped Cream Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1¼ cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat thoroughly; then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (300 F.) 30 minutes. When cake is cold, spread whipped cream between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Anna Neagle's Beauty Secrets . . .

(*Continued from page 61*)

Beautiful shoulders have never been as important since the time of Queen Victoria as they are today. During the recent Fall Fashion showings in Paris, the return to the off-the-shoulder motif in evening gowns was applauded by the American contingent who had travelled to the Fashion capital of the world to receive inspiration for designs for American women.

While the sloping shoulders of Victoria's day are no longer common, as the modern young women have strengthened their backbones and squared their shoulders through the medium of exercise, they can still try for satin-smooth skin and look just as lovely in the off-the-shoulder gowns as their Victorian sisters. This beauty asset can be achieved, if you will follow Miss Neagle's secrets.

We all might do well to familiarize ourselves with the beauty routines and some of the products used by this fascinating star whose credo of beauty is simplicity and a minimum of make-up in daily life!

Miss Neagle's favorite treatment line consists of a marvelous soap that contains a large percentage of lanolin and is so gentle to the most sensitive skin it can be used several times a day without leaving a dry, taut feeling.

The very special lotion, which should be used once a week, is delightfully refreshing upon application and works such wonders during the night that you'll feel and look like a new person when you remove it in the morning.

The excellent skin food is made up in four strengths—for young, sensitive skins, for dry and normal skins, for the middle-aged skin that needs bracing and for the older skin that has become lined and flabby. It is a cream that is rich in oils, yet you will find that it is almost completely absorbed by your skin after gentle massaging and that you will be able to go to bed without fear of soiling pillows.

These three preparations can do wonders for your complexion. And I know that if you could only see lovely Anna Neagle's complexion—and what they have done for her—you would run right down to your favorite toilet goods counter so you could start using them tonight!

The make-up preparations used by Miss Neagle are made by one of our most famous beauticians. The lovely, fine powder is clinging and elusively scented. It gives a deeper, richer, more finished look to your skin and always leaves a glow of loveliness.

Her favorite rouge is noted for its delightful quality and texture. Blended well on your skin with your fingertips, it gives a natural, soft tint.

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Miss Neagle stressed the importance of using a soft cleansing tissue to remove your creams, lotions and cosmetics. She favors one that is as soft as cotton, white as snow and yet very strong. There are five hundred sheets to a box for only twenty-five cents. I'll gladly send you the trade names of these grand beauty aids. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.

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ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 59

M	Y	R	N	A	■	■	L	O	Y	■	■	G	A	B	L	E
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H	A	L	E	S	T	■	W	A	S	■	S	N	E	E	R	S

It Happens in Hollywood . . .

(Continued from page 9)

Topics, when Sugie, chatting with a motor cop, waved for Dixie to come on in for a bite. Dixie hightailed it on and the cop obligingly went after her, and when he forced her to the curb, Dixie's face was white from fright.

WE WOULD have you know that the so-called easy money which is the mythical prerogative of stardom is in fact hard earned cash, at least in the case of that prancing dream, Ginger Rogers. She's the lady who accepts all the "arduous" in whatsoever the role may demand. On location in the San Bernardino mountains for RKO picture, "Having Wonderful Time," the script called for Ginger to swim across Bartlett Lake. Though the water was 40 degrees, she refused a double, electing to do all takes personally, going in and out of the chilly water during two entire days' work.

THE CHOICE of Herbert Marshall for the male lead in Deanna Durbin's next picture, "Mad About Music," is very much an appraisal of this actor's force and popularity. The role assigned him affords Marshall further opportunity to register those qualities for which he has been accepted as outstanding. With Norman Taurog on the directorial end, Miss Durbin must again bring laurels to her producing company, and this young lady has come to be habitual in this respect, sure fire box office.

DEANNA DURBIN is going to have a heart interest in her latest film. Who's the boy? Well, Jackie Moran is a nice kid at that. Lucky Jacky!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE had the time of her life last month and discovered, like the rest of us, that you can always find something new to get a kick out of. For a scene in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley had to feed chickens in a barnyard, but the chickens accustomed to fine food—such as fresh corn, grain and chicken feed—suddenly decided to go plebeian and eat worms. So, believe it or not, production was held up while the property man planted worms for the chickens to scratch out as the cameras ground.

IT WAS monkey business all over the lot, and all over Hollywood, for that matter—and was Bing Crosby's face red? I'll say. The scene called for Bing and Andy Devine to release a cageful of monkeys—and how they were released. They got out of the sound stage, out of the studio, and out of bounds. Frantic telephone calls brought out the fire department, the police department and even the ambulance when one woman, in attempting to corner a simian, got bit on the hand. The monkey holiday junket cost exactly $12,000. Some monkey business.

CHATTER: Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford have rented a house in Brentwood . . . . . the funniest story of the month is that of the handsome, but dumb, leading man who flirted with a beautiful gal at the Swing Club for over two hours and when he went to actually meet her, found she was a WAX dummy! . . . . . they're saying that the screen star of silent days, Jetta Goudal, is coming back into pictures . . . . . and Paris sends word that Deanna Durbin has taken her place in the hearts of Frenchmen alongside Garbo, Dietrich and other top notch stars . . . . . Alan Hale is selling a chair for movie houses . . . . . and making good, too . . . . . that was a nice gesture of Fred Astaire's to send one of the props from "A Damsel in Distress," a circular slide, namely, to the orphans' home in Hollywood . . . . . John Barrymore did some fancy talking when he out-talked a speed cop out of giving him a ticket when the Barrymore profile whizzed down Sunset Boulevard too fast. At MGM, the prop men do all their footwork on pedals instead of on the cement floor. And only nifty red and white bikes are used.

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When the Edgewater Hotel in Chicago decided to have a "Hollywood" room Neil Hamilton made them a gag offer of the family bed for nothing less than five thousand dollars! To his surprise the company actually did come back with a bona-fide bid of twenty-five hundred. "They've made their bid—!" says he.

• • •

Eleanor Powell who, in case you haven't heard, is something of a dancer, says this about dancing: "Any woman can be healthier by dancing. I don't mean dancing as a profession but merely for the exercise. It isn't even necessary to know a dance routine. Improvise a dance of your own and do it for fifteen minutes before going to bed and after getting up in the morning." And just watch those tires fade away! When Eleanor first began to go up the ladder her fans used to ask her to dance for them, much as most fans ask for an autograph. Now the fans ask if *they* can dance for Eleanor. So that they'll learn whether they've copied her steps correctly or not!

• • •

Clara Bow and Rex Bell have moved from the Lido into the Fairfax neighborhood. Speaking of a certain coming event, Rex says he hopes "it's a girl." But don't you think he should have said he hopes "it's an 'it' girl"?

• • •

Miriam Hopkins and her husband Anatole Litvak recently came East. While Miriam appears in a play for the Theater Guild, Anatole will spend six or so weeks in Europe.

• • •

Over on the Universal lot there's a street called Western Avenue. It's lined with false-front facades of buildings exactly like the old west. It's been there—with the fronts—for over twenty years. And has been used at one time or another by practically every movie company for their cowboy pictures. In the office of the sheriff is a big barrel nearly full of exploded blank cartridges. What a story of movie progress those blanks could tell! Among the directors who have worked on Western Avenue are Cecil B. DeMille, W. S. Van Dyke, Frank Lloyd, Robert Z. Leonard and Frank Borzage. And a gentleman by the name of Gary Cooper took his screen test there!

• • •

According to Travis Banton, Paramount's costume designer and fashion expert, pajamas are due for a big come-back. "We are due for a harem trend," Mr. Banton says. "I'm sure women will be delighted with the Persian pajamas Gladys Swarthout wears in (see page fifty-eight) *Romance In the Dark,* and I feel that the demand for ultra-feminine fashions will bring those harem designs into the spotlight." Travis designed an effective negligee for Claudette Colbert. It's to be used in a scene from *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* in which she vamps Gary Cooper. The negligee is fashioned from pink tulle, with a slim, tight slip of pink satin and row after row of narrow matching ruffles. Just the thing for vamping, eh?

• • •

Connie Bennett has a sideline, in fact more than one sideline. But her most unusual is her auto renting department. Connie, as you already know, has a Rolls Royce. The genueye-ne article, too! And Connie, the smart little business woman, makes as much as $250.00 dollars a day by renting it to the studios. Do you remember the royal automobile in *Thin Ice?* Well, that was Connie's Rolls. May we add that she knows which side her Rolls are buttered?

• • •

Here's an interesting story about those hard-working property men. Over on the Warner lot there are several shells (the "meaning-business" kind, not sea shells) which have been there for years and have been used in a lot of pictures. Duds, of course. But imagine the prop boys' surprise when it was discovered that the shells weren't duds after all! Luckily the shells themselves did not announce the fact.

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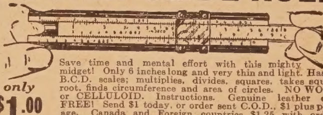

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The Last Word

IF Carole Lombard's in it, it's a good picture. That, in a nutshell, is the popular blonde's screen rating today. Her development as an actress in the past two or three years is unsurpassed in motion picture history.

By her own statement, Carole has been before the public for eighteen years. She started as a child of eleven. A few years ago she came markedly into the limelight by virtue of her reputation as a camera subject. Portraits of Carole almost invariably come out amazingly beautiful. Magazine and newspaper editors printed these lovely photos in preference to less striking ones of (then) more distinguished stars. As an actress Carole had considerable following but was not yet tops as box-office. Even when she played opposite Clark Gable in "No Man of Her Own" and with John Barrymore in "Twentieth Century," her star had not fully risen.

SCARCELY more than two years ago, with "Hands Across the Table," the Lombard vogue really began its forward movement. "My Man Godfrey," with William Powell, definitely established her as a comedienne of the highest order. Then came the deluge of Lombard successes. A smash hit with Fredric March in "Nothing Sacred," made on the Selznick lot; "True Confession," with Fred MacMurray and John Barrymore in her home studio, Paramount; and now she has been borrowed by Warners to shine opposite the charming Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, in "Food for Scandal."

Today Carole stands as secure with her public as any other favorite. Perhaps her position is safer than any, for she has endured and climbed through the years.

LOOKING at another aspect of feminine stardom, we find it takes, seemingly, a *certain* feminine counter-part to make some of the male stars twinkle. Fred Astaire, for example, looked almost lonely in "A Damsel in Distress." His smile at times was so wistful it could hardly have been meant for Joan Fontaine, charming though the young lady was in that picture. Perhaps his memory was harping back to "Roberta" and "Shall We Dance." Astaire's specialty is dancing—marvelous, incredible footwork, it is true, but nevertheless requiring a magnetic dance mate to show to the best advantage. On the other hand (and this may be treason) someone other than even the suave Menjou could scarcely have lessoned the distinction of Ginger's performance in "Stage Door."

THERE is, too, the case of Gracie Allen, who undoubtedly is the major half of the entertainment partnership with George Burns. He's the best gag-feeder in the business, yet one can imagine Gracie without George, whereas just try to picture the reverse of that!

CAN it be that man's future place on the screen will be to act as a foil for feminine stars?

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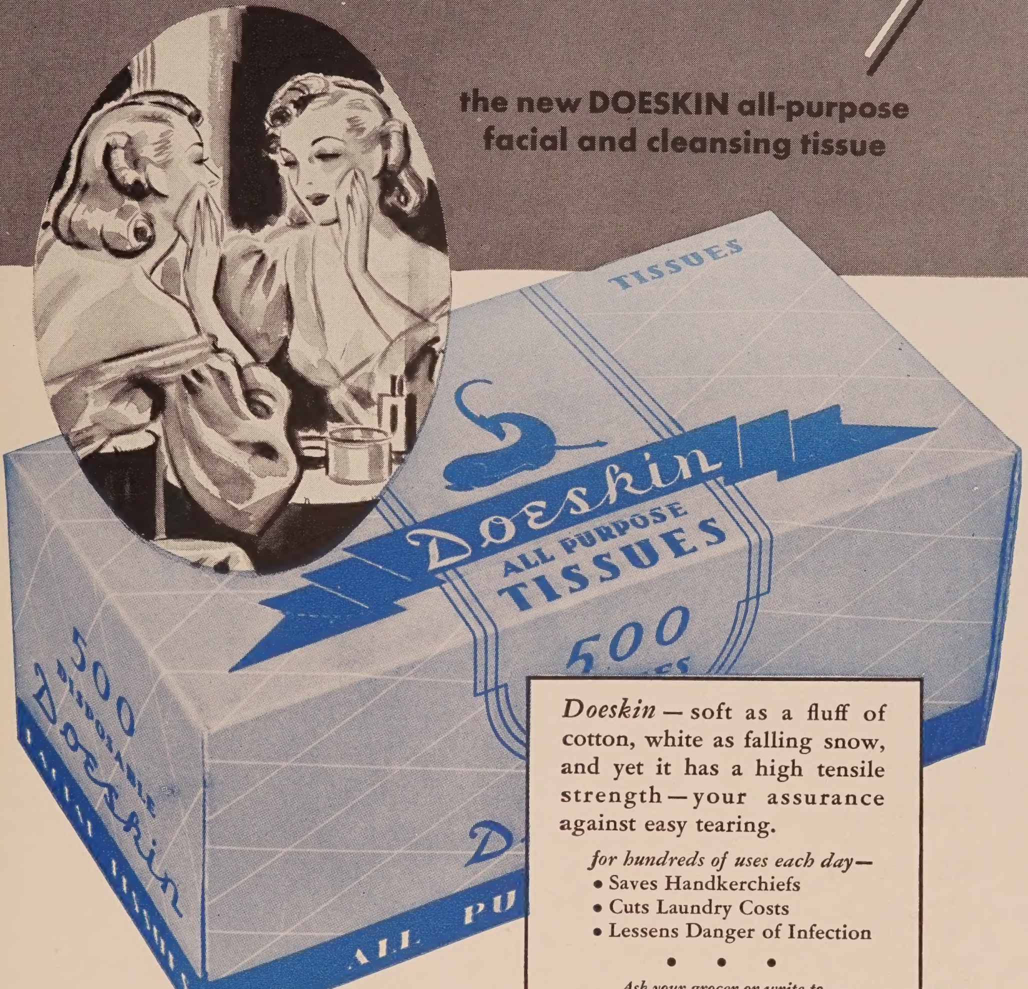
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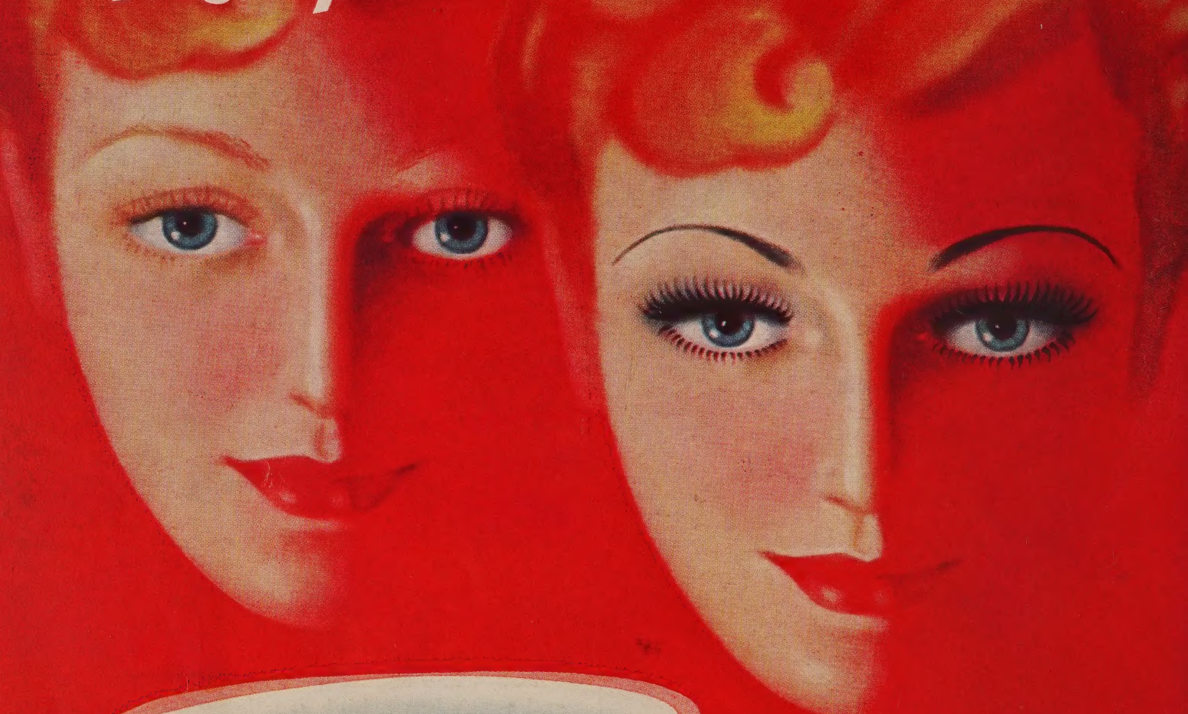

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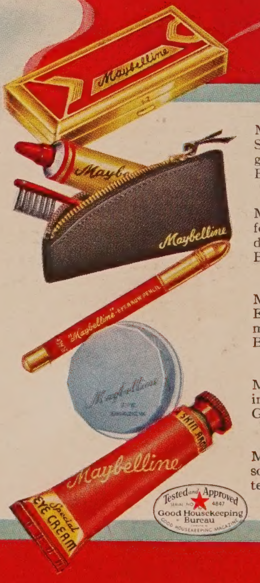
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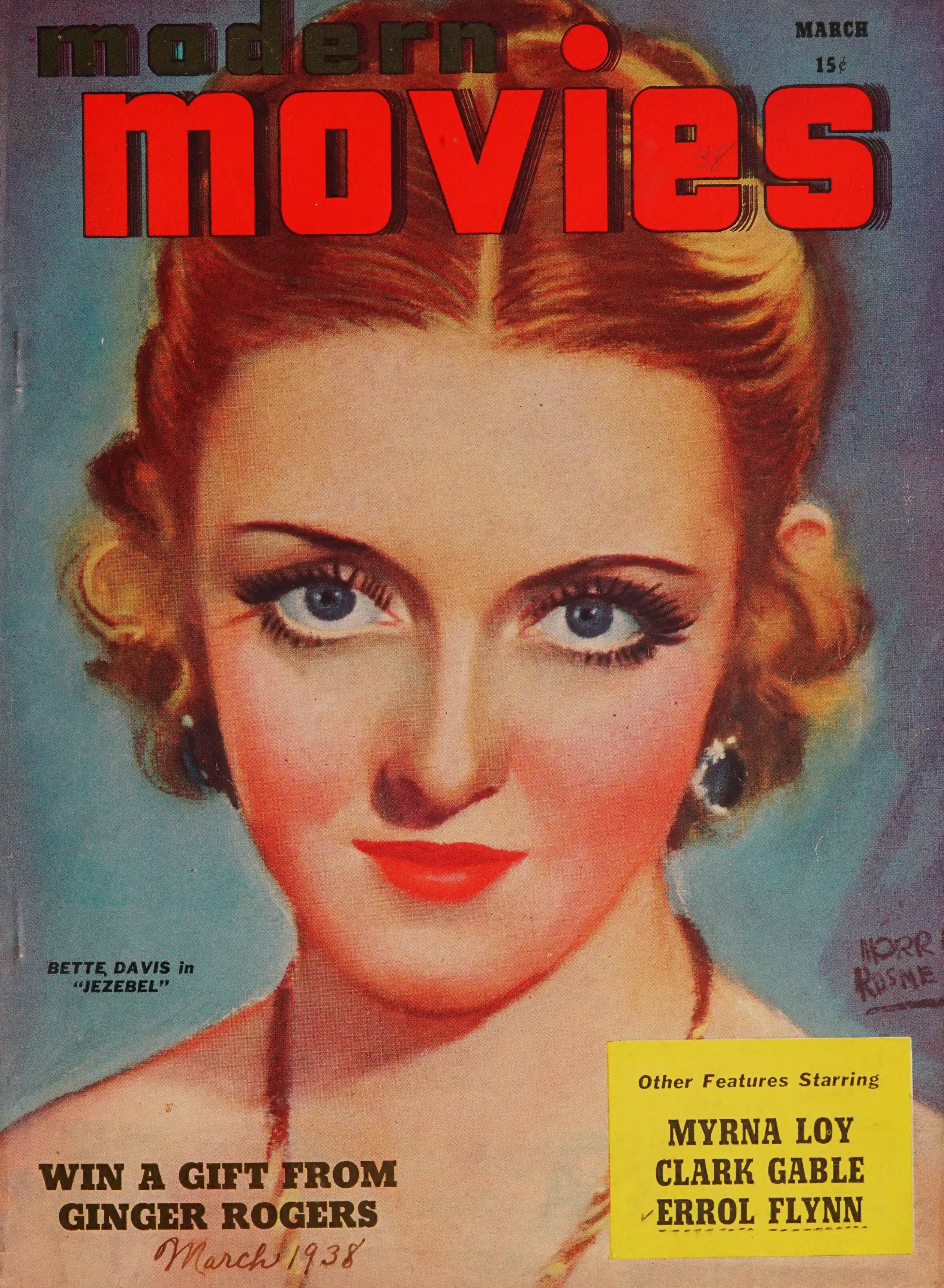

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March, 1938 Volume 1, No. 9

MODERN MOVIES

William T. Walsh, Editor

Dorris Denbo,
Hollywood Editor

Eastern Office
18 East 48th Street, New York

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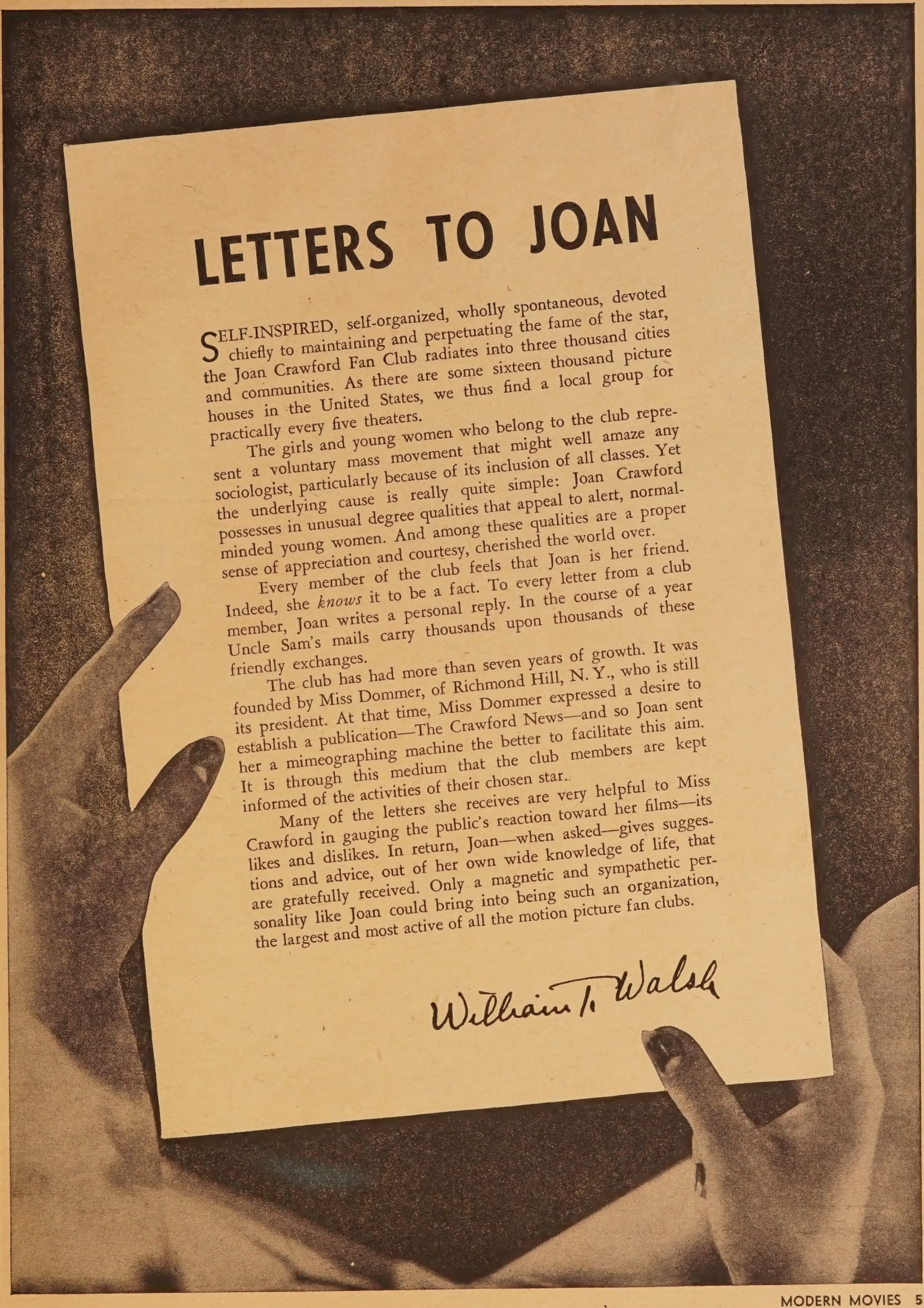


LETTERS TO JOAN

SELF-INSPIRED, self-organized, wholly spontaneous, devoted chiefly to maintaining and perpetuating the fame of the star, the Joan Crawford Fan Club radiates into three thousand cities and communities. As there are some sixteen thousand picture houses in the United States, we thus find a local group for practically every five theaters.

The girls and young women who belong to the club represent a voluntary mass movement that might well amaze any sociologist, particularly because of its inclusion of all classes. Yet the underlying cause is really quite simple: Joan Crawford possesses in unusual degree qualities that appeal to alert, normal-minded young women. And among these qualities are a proper sense of appreciation and courtesy, cherished the world over.

Every member of the club feels that Joan is her friend. Indeed, she *knows* it to be a fact. To every letter from a club member, Joan writes a personal reply. In the course of a year Uncle Sam's mails carry thousands upon thousands of these friendly exchanges.

The club has had more than seven years of growth. It was founded by Miss Dommer, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., who is still its president. At that time, Miss Dommer expressed a desire to establish a publication—The Crawford News—and so Joan sent her a mimeographing machine the better to facilitate this aim. It is through this medium that the club members are kept informed of the activities of their chosen star.

Many of the letters she receives are very helpful to Miss Crawford in gauging the public's reaction toward her films—its likes and dislikes. In return, Joan—when asked—gives suggestions and advice, out of her own wide knowledge of life, that are gratefully received. Only a magnetic and sympathetic personality like Joan could bring into being such an organization, the largest and most active of all the motion picture fan clubs.

William T. Walsh

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

• • •

At top, Herbert Mundin proves, to the delighted approval of Olivia de Havilland and Basil Rathbone, that he can ride anything. Just a bit of horse play off stage

Above, Director Michael Curtiz of the "Robin Hood" gang seems to be sharing a joke with Patric Knowles at the expense of Errol Flynn (right)

And this graceful little beauty, Frances Gifford, became Mrs. James Dunn on Christmas day, last. The ceremony was performed at Yuma, Ariz. You'll see more of Miss Gifford in "Having Wonderful Time"

The girl at the left (in the photo below) is Ann Robinson, stand-in to none other than Olivia de Havilland, whose arm is encircling her. Olivia highly appreciates Ann's studio services

SONJA HENIE'S two pictures for 1937 have grossed, so far, $4,500,000. As the skating champion is just an infant in the industry, the outlook for real money for herself and Twentieth Century-Fox studio appears very favorable. We nearly forgot to mention the additional half-million to be added to the above figure during her six weeks of personal appearances in territory covering from Chicago to New York City. Mr. Zanuck seems to have made the find of the century.

ALAN CURTIS, the lad from Chicago, was discovered by Bill Grady, talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His test flashed before an executive attracted so much attention that he was put into "Mannequin." That was a lot for an unknown but the real significance lies in the fact that Joan Crawford was ready to have him in her picture. She knew it had to be good, and now Curtis is helping convince the movie public that it—and he—is—and are.

"WIDE Open Faces" is in preparation on the Columbia lot. The fact that Joe E. Brown is the star gives a hint as to what the plot may be like. Jane Wyman, borrowed from Warners, is Joe's leading lady in the film. Other members of the cast are Allison Skipworth, Lyda Roberti, Stanley Fields, Barbara Pepper, Alan Baxter, Sidney Toler, and Berton Churchill.

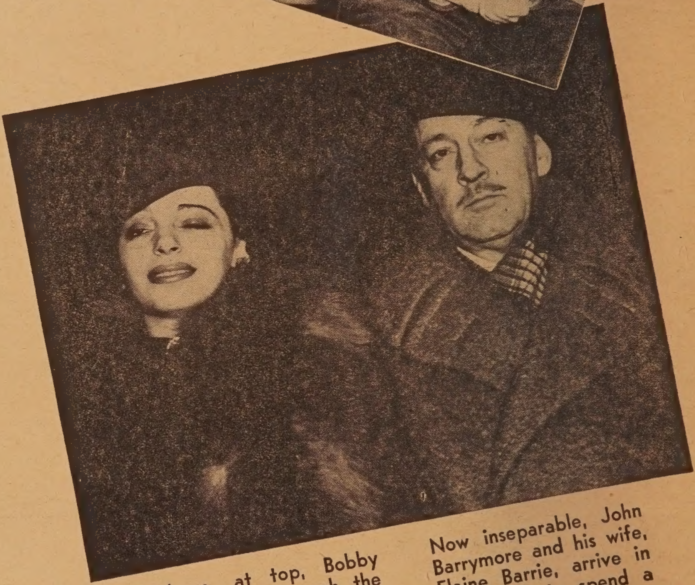
(Continued on page 8)

At the recent "College Swing" party in Hollywood, Martha Raye entertained Preston Foster with some spell-binding story that required poses and gestures

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

• • •

Three famous young players—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper—dash away to see what's going on in the world outside the studios



Above, at top, Bobby Breen goes through the process which boys ordinarily abhor—make-up. The worst is over, however, for make-up artist Burros Grimwold is just doing a few corrective touches

Now inseparable, John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine Barrie, arrive in New York to spend a week of holiday fun along with the other thousands who travel thither for a similar purpose

SEEING "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," you revel in the riot of color. Those hues, by the way, weren't just selected haphazard. Walt Disney says he selected carefully to obtain definite effects. For example, the two "head" dwarfs, Doc and Grumpy, wear a russet jerkin and a dull magenta one, respectively, in contrast with the gray and tan garments of the other gnomes. The russet on Doc is symbolic of cheerfulness; while magenta points to Grumpy's gloomy nature.

Snow White is done in lighter shades to stand out always against the other members of the "cast." Color is used, also, to indicate moods. As the little men, in one scene, mount the stairs to their bedrooms mases of dark blue and blue green shadows suggest their fear of what monster may be lurking in their little cottage.

CHATTER.—James Dunn took unto himself a bride Christmas day, Mary Frances Gifford of RKO. . . . The ceremony was performed at Yuma, Ariz. . . . Henry Fonda is proud over the recent visit of the stork . . . a daughter. . . . The Fondas were married in September, 1936. . . . Claire Dodd, with her fourteen-months-old daughter, is living apart from her husband, Jack Milton Strauss. . . His family is in the mail order business, in Chicago. . . . Simone Simon, who did right well in "Love and Hisses," spent the Christmas holidays in bed with a throat infection. . . . Frank Montgomery, old time director, has remarried his first wife, Mona Darkfeather, whom he once directed on the silent screen . . . in the interim he married another woman. He's 57; Mona, 54. . . . Jane Withers, the eleven-year-old child wonder, has had her salary boosted. . . . From now on she'll get $2,500 a week. . . . That's $500 per better than Freddy Bartholomew. . . . Fire in the home of Gladys Swarthout and hubby Frank Chapman in Beverly Hills did $1,000 damage. . . . Los Angeles court de-

(Continued on page 10)

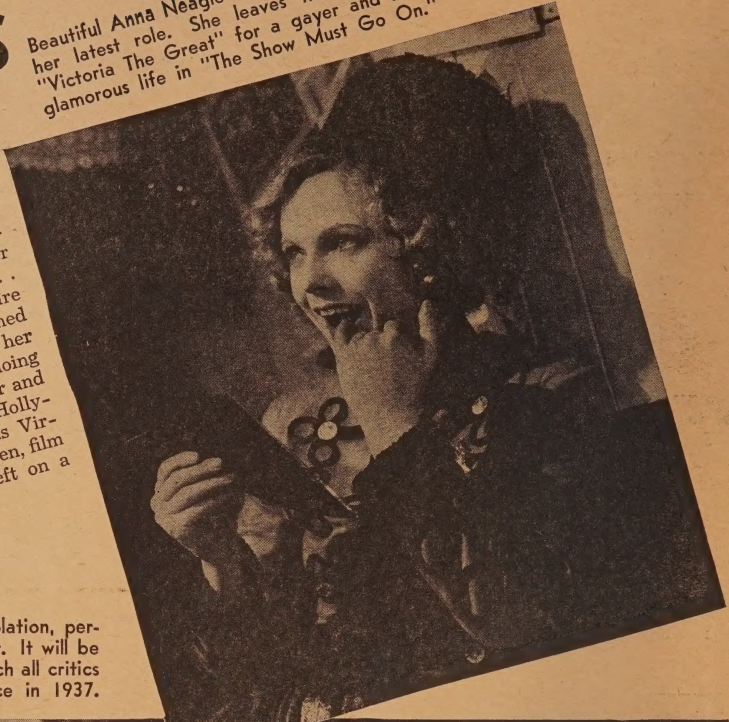
When by himself at home, Robert Taylor whiles away the time occasionally with a little game of solitaire. For even as with other folks, it is not always practicable for him to join Barbara every evening and Bob is really a home-loving man

No grander shot was ever taken of these two he-men together. If Spencer Tracy isn't as relaxed as Clark Gable it's only because he hasn't a nice soft bed to lie on. When two men get alone, it's inevitable that at least one of them tells a funny story. And Clark, who is the host in this instance, is doing the entertaining. Incidentally, both of them are starring in "Test Pilot"

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

cided $20,000 paid Peggy Hopkins Joyce in 1925 by Celebrity Pictures was salary earned by her, and not a loan as the company claimed. . . . Her recent visit to New York proved that Joan Crawford remains tops in popularity as a personality. . . . Joan never ritzes any of her admiring public . . . and her admirers continue to admire her for it. . . . Franchot Tone joined her as soon as he could follow her East. They had a grand time doing the town. . . . . . Jack L. Warner and the Countess Di Frasso gave a Hollywood reception for newly weds Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, film director. Later the couple left on a delayed honeymoon.

(Continued on page 78)



Beautiful Anna Neagle turns to the circus for her latest role. She leaves the palace of "Victoria The Great" for a gayer and more glamorous life in "The Show Must Go On."

Here is Paul Muni in the quiet contemplation, perhaps, of future roles for screen conquest. It will be hard, however, to surpass his "Zola" which all critics have selected as the finest performance in 1937.

Shirley Temple

Shirley will be nine in April and already her features are beginning to take on a new loveliness. You may note this change for yourself in the film, now in production, "Little Miss Broadway"

Simone Simon

The pretty little French blonde, who charmed her public with her singing voice in "Love and Hisses," will be starred in the next Twentieth Century-Fox film she is making, "Josette." Don Ameche also lends his magnetic personality to the production

Gary Cooper

From his strange adventures in "Marco Polo," Gary passes to the modern setting of gay Paris in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Claudette Colbert. The mediaeval Chinese costumes are cast aside for what a leading young man of fashion should wear

Gladys Swarthout, prima donna, and her husband, Frank Chapman, as they rehearsed an aria for the film, "Champagne Waltz." This photo is typical of the close bond between the two. He is her vocal supervisor and she leans upon him for guidance

RECIPE FOR ROMANCE

Gladys Swarthout explains why her marriage is such a happy one

by RUTH ARELL

The sparkling Paramount star shows a gay, lighter side to her nature in such a pose as this

DO you remember when you first fell in love?

Perhaps—if you are a woman—you breathed a prayer in your heart to little Dan Cupid that he would continue to keep you in your present unbelievably perfect existence. Every woman hopes that the little fellow with the bow and arrow will bless her romance so that it may always retain the living happily ever after flavor.

But alas, with the passing of the years all too often the flavor turns rancid. Sweetness and light pass out and are displaced by bitterness and shadow. You've seen it happen. As a movie interviewer, so have I, all too often.

That's why I felt that Gladys Swarthout certainly was living happily ever after when she declared to me: "Marriage is the flowering and fulfillment of every woman's life. Frankly, if I had to choose between my husband and my career, I'd choose my husband. You can take my word for it that far and above any program billing as 'Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera, movies and radio,' I value my title of Mrs. Frank Chapman. The first may go with the turning tides of public fancy but the other, which I took until death us do part, I hope will be mine forever. Marriage can make a good singer great, if she has the courage of her convictions."

In that last remark you have the key to Gladys Swarthout's personality—the courage of her convictions. And that's why, after I talked with her, I knew that despite the rumors that occasionally crop up of clouds forming on her marital horizon, hers is an ideal and happy marriage. She has worked to make it so.

You like Gladys Swarthout practically on sight. She has a tremendous enthusiasm and an easy charm of manner despite her innate shyness. You feel that underneath her five feet four inches of brunette femininity there is a masculine mind and a masculine determination and vitality to see things through.

Born in Deep Water, Missouri, at the foot of the Ozark Mountains, she knew good music practically from the cradle, for her family was musical. Her sister sang and several of her cousins became deans of music at various universities. Her most thrilling childhood recollection, she says, is of the day a grand piano was delivered to her house. She practiced faithfully and had no idea of becoming a singer until she was twelve. Then one day in church she became annoyed with the soloist who was, she thought, batting her high and low notes about as if they were balls.

They were popular favorites in "Rose of the Rancho," and again Miss Swarthout and John Boles will be seen together—this time in "Romance in the Dark." John Barrymore will be Boles' rival for the fair lady's hand

She began taking lessons with a local teacher and when she vocalized, neighbors used to ask who was the woman singing over at the Swarthouts. The same deep, rich, mezzo-soprano voice that sings to you from the screen is pretty much the same today as it was then. Her teacher declared she was born with a mature voice and several months later included her on the program when her other pupils gave a recital. When it came her turn, she stepped up to the platform, sang, and cracked horribly on a high note. The teacher was mortified. Everybody felt sorry for the child and expected her to run off in tears. Instead, she turned to her teacher who acted as accompanist, and demanded that they start over. Too embarrassed not to comply, the teacher played the aria again. On the second attempt Gladys sang the high note so truly that the moment she paused to take breath the audience broke into applause. Even at twelve she was ready to see through to a glorious conclusion anything she started.

And two years later she was actually engaged to replace the church soloist of whom she had disapproved. But first she sacrificed her childish curls and adopted a hairdress that made her look at least eighteen.

After a lot of church singing, she went to Chicago to study at the Bush Conservatory of Music. A wealthy family that happened to be present at her first public appearance so admired her courage in insisting upon singing that aria right, that they offered to finance her musical education. Their aid was accepted for several years and later repaid. For a while she sang in the Balaban and Katz theatres but her first big break came when she

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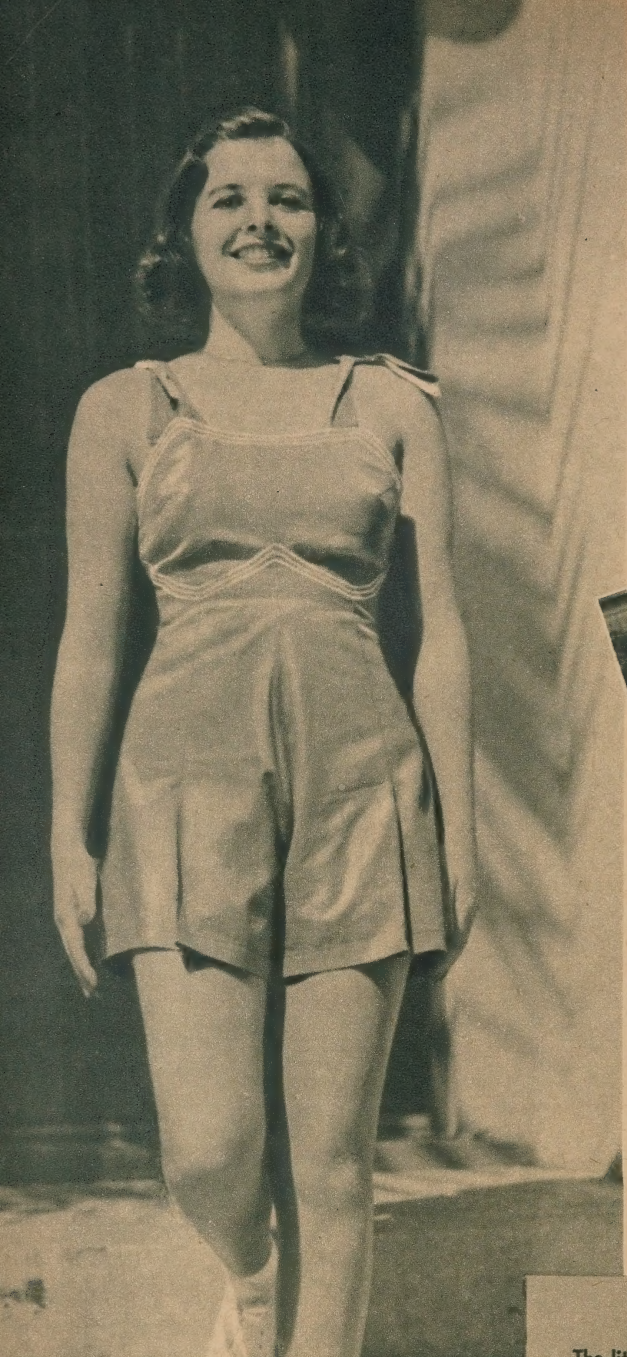
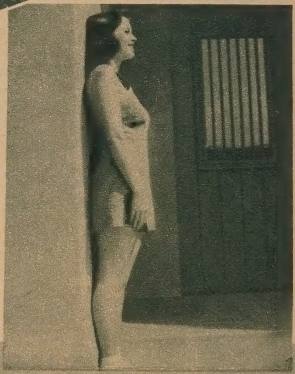
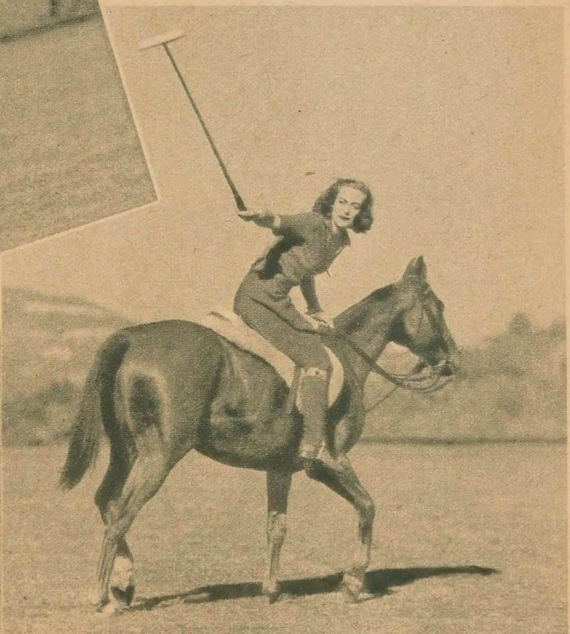
GRACE IS MARY'S NEWEST GAME





The little girl from Australia has a particularly pleasing posture, but to be sure to maintain this, lately she has taken up special exercises. At the left Mary Maguire shows the right way to walk down stairs. Note how erect she holds herself,—gracefully, not stiffly—arms at sides, toes pointed straight ahead, chin in. Above, she practices walking with a couple of books on her head. This makes for instinctive balance. Next, Mary, seated, sits with back straight and hips touching the back of chair. Standing, of course, is also very important. Even though the wall weren't there, hips and heels should be held in a straight line

JOAN TAKES UP POLO



By accident, Joan Crawford discovered the thrill of polo. As she watched a game recently near her Brentwood Heights home, Spencer Tracy offered to teach her how to play it. At right Joan is shown taking a smash at the ball. She grows more skilful and more enthusiastic daily. Immediately above, Spencer, on his pony, "Two Socks," shows what excellent form and technique he has attained through the years. And at top we see the co-stars of "Mannequin," happy after a few dashing chukkers, leaving the polo field

Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, as they appeared together at a recent premiere

Clark Gable offers her crown to the "Movie Queen of the United States." You will recall that he and Myrna were voted monarchs in a nation-wide poll

Never very socially minded Loy is exquisite and natura in every drawing room scene that she essays

MYRNA LOY'S LIFE STORY

The rise of the freckle-faced girl from Montana, who aspired to be only a dancer...is a success romance that few Hollywood stars can equal

by Dana Carter

ABOUT ten years is the average span of life before cameras for a moving picture star—so the figures tell us. A dozen years or more ago, Myrna Loy was doing well by herself as the cinema's only authentic "exotic Oriental." Whatever she might have done since then, by now—according to that—she should be a lingering name, a "once great" actress. She should be—but instead of conforming gracefully to facts and figures, Miss Loy, in the opinion of America's grand army of movie fans, emerges in this shining new year of 1938 as Hollywood's top-ranking actress.

A few weeks ago, Myrna—not forgetting Clark Gable, the actor in the case—was the recipient of a golden crown, symbolic of this top honor, the result of a nationwide newspaper poll.

Mr. and Mrs. Public may have diverse opinions about a good many things, but an unanimous choice of their favorite actress isn't one of them—ten year spans, or no!

In Myrna's case, you can call it luck if you want to, or plain ability helped along by a chain of healthy circumstances. You would be only partially correct in either case. You could antagonistically pry deeper and come up with the high spot in the Loy career, "The Thin Man," to bolster your contention of what luck and one good picture can do for an actress. The film that definitely erased the last vestiges of the Myrna that was, and, incidentally, began one of the greatest teams Hollywood has seen, with the possible exception of the earlier Gaynor-Farrell combination.

But don't forget Myrna's ability to put across almost any kind of a role, both before and after "The Thin Man." "The Prizefighter and the Lady," for instance, or "Penthouse." Above all—and it should be easier to remember—think of Katie O'Shea in "Parnell." That wasn't long

ago, over a year after "The Thin Man," and Mr. William Powell was charmingly absent. Or, if you are still in doubt that Myrna Loy deserves all the credit shoved her way, and, perhaps, a little more, the recent releases of "Man-Proof" and "Double Wedding," or "Test Pilot" should convince any doubting skeptic that Myrna always has had a few tricks in her hand-bag, waiting for the right moment to produce them.

You'd have to go back not only a dozen years, but almost twice that many to discover the real success secret behind this titian-haired, piquant individual with the almond shaped eyes and the expressively peaked nose. You'd have to talk to Myrna, herself, to learn what happened when a little girl, Mary Williams, by name, lived in Helena, Montana, and dreamed of becoming a great dancer.

"No," she says, wrinkling that turned up nose and giving those burnished locks a shake for added punctuation, "I can't see much point in glossing things over with a laquered coating of honey and sugar. Particularly, about myself. Ever since I can remember, I've felt I had a future that hadn't the mountains, the ranch atmosphere of my childhood Montana for a background, but I hadn't any more idea that that something was a place in moving pictures than a gibbon has of higher mathematics.

"Dancing, yes! But my father was so set against that, he put his foot down to any suggestion about my doing it anywhere but at home. Church socials, the Elks Club or in anyone's home, that was all right with him. That kind of dancing was esthetic and so, artistic. But to go 'traipsing about the country' as he put it, was another thing. To him, a dancer in a road show was a chorus girl, and a chorus girl, then, was—well—not the nicest person to know.

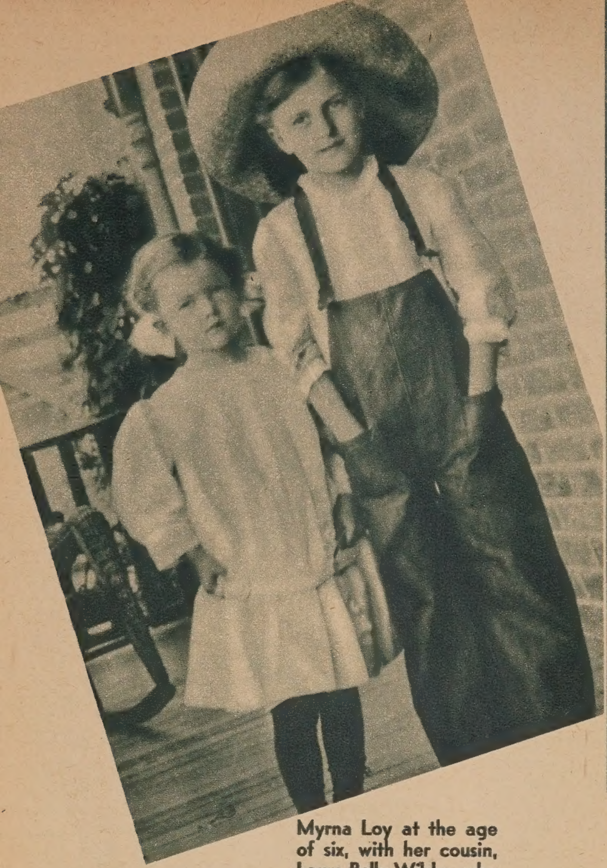
"But my father, despite his opinions, was one of the best friends a young girl could have. Like a lot of fathers might have done, he did not hold my ideals up to ridicule and preach constantly on the subject of marriage and settling down to a career of motherhood. He gave me a great deal of sound advice about the problems of licking a world that is sometimes anything but friendly.

"An influenza epidemic took him from us when I was thirteen. I realized after he was gone how much he had really done for me."

But. Myrna's mother has always been, and still is, the one individual who has done more to make her daughter a success than anyone. "Even myself," Myrna states, with almost an explosion of positiveness.

Mrs. Williams might not have foreseen a great future for her only daughter, but, at least, she did recognize Myrna's early desires to be a dancer for what they were and encouraged them. She was a former concert pianist,

From Graumans Chinese Theatre to the role of heroine in "Man-Proof" is a far cry. She is glad she long ago was permitted to be "a normal, average woman on the screen"



Myrna Loy at the age of six, with her cousin, Laura Belle Wilder, who has since passed away

She was glad when she was through with her last Oriental role—even though it was her greatest—the Chinese girl in "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Her intuition she should play American parts was correct

herself, and so she was gifted with the soul of an artist and understood where so many others didn't. On more than one occasion she did more than just encourage Myrna; she actually took a hand to see that opportunities weren't missed.

The fortunes of the Williams family sharply declined when Myrna's father died. The family went to California to live because Mrs. Williams, weak from an attack of pneumonia, sought the warmer climate of the coast, and a fourteen year old girl found herself a woman with all the obligations of an adult. There was a family to be taken care of, and let it be said in Myrna's favor that she didn't forget to do her share!

True, there was school, and that took time. When the family first went to Los Angeles, they lived near Venice; and after a short time in the Westlake girl's school, Myrna finished her education at the Venice high-school. She graduated when she was sixteen. Myrna had to forego the round of parties and picnics, the afternoon gatherings her schoolmates enjoyed. Not that she greatly minded missing them. She was red-headed, freckled, and pretty shy—and there was work to be done. At fifteen, Myrna had a dancing class of thirty pupils and that was a task to try the patience of any young teacher. Thirty laughing, crying fighting youngsters of both sexes, more concerned with having a good time or quarreling among themselves than learning their dance steps.

"I was undecided what to do after I left high school," Myrna admits. "For a time, I wandered about not knowing what to do with myself. I no longer had my class and though I wanted to do something with my own dancing, there didn't seem to be any opening."

That situation, however, changed in rather a spectacular manner before Myrna had much chance to become greatly worried about it. One morning, not long afterward, her girl friend came over to the house with the news that Grauman's Chinese Theatre was going to take on several girls for their chorus.

"How about going?" Myrna was asked. With difficulty she was persuaded to accompany her friend.

There were only a few girls to be selected out of nearly a thousand applicants. It was both a day of luck and one of revelation for the girl who hadn't, up to this time, as much confidence in herself as she should have had. Sid Grauman singled her out as soon as he laid eyes on her.

From that day on, a new Myrna came into being. Gone was the old shyness. She worked in the prologues at the Chinese Theatre for a year and a half, faithfully taking her paycheck home each week.

But as Grauman's is a part of the artist Hollywood, the moving picture studios are more so. Many of the girls had opportunities now and then to do extra work. Myrna had a few of them, and she welcomed each one. There was an informality about those old silent picture sets that entranced her. Besides, she had a secret belief that she might find steady work in the films through her ability to dance.

That wasn't a new idea with her. When she was ten, the family, on a vacation to California, went through one of the studios, pausing for a moment to watch the "take" on one of the sets. Myrna has never forgotten the incident.

It wasn't an unusual sequence for the Hollywood that even then delighted in putting on the unusual. A ballet scene in which a young girl broke out of a gaily festooned,

There is a forecast here in this scene from "Night Flight," with William Gargan, of Myrna's now famous wifely roles, such as that in "The Thin Man." "Night Flight" appeared in the fall of 1933

papier-mache egg, and with a few deft twirls, began a dance routine. No one can deny the glamour of a movie set seen for the first time. It had that effect on Myrna, but more important, young as she was, she saw a place for her dancing in film work, or thought she did.

A simple little thing, as simple things have a habit of doing, led to Myrna's first genuine chance—a photograph of a young girl in oriental attire in the show-case of a boulevard photographer. Natacha Rambova, wife of Valentino, saw the photograph and something else as well—a girl with all the charm of an East Indian ranie, and Natacha wanted that charm for a part in a picture she was about to make.

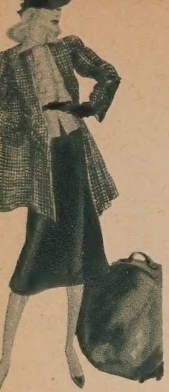
Everybody knows what happened. Myrna won the role in the picture, but Rudy Valentino died and it was never released. Yet, it was impetus enough. Warners saw the shelved film and signed Myrna to her first contract.

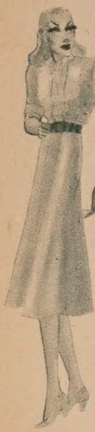
Hollywood is one of the easiest places in the world to make mistakes. Becoming typed is one of them. Ask Miss Loy, she has more than a working knowledge of the subject! As a successful "yellow peril," it seemed that no one would give her a chance to be anything else. For instance, there was a part in "Ten Commandments." Myrna wanted it . . . had it . . . for three hours . . . and then the producers decided against casting a well known type as the Virgin Mary. Betty Bronson got the role.

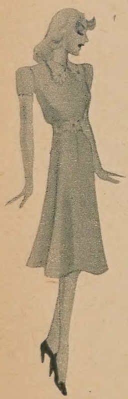
But where there's a will—and a little shrewd Scotch-Welsh ancestry—there's a way. Myrna discovered it. For a long time it seemed that no one would have her as she was, not even as an extra. But then, at last, one studio called her for a "take" in a part that wasn't

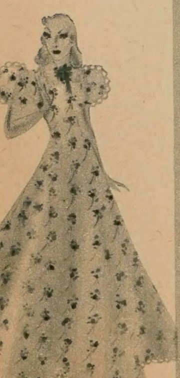
(Continued on page 76)

Above, from top to bottom, scenes from "Petticoat Fever," "After the Thin Man," and "Man-Proof." Famous stars are eager to play opposite her. In the first named film, Robert Montgomery was her lucky mate; in the second, Bill Powell followed up with her the "Thin Man" triumph; lastly, she proves to Walter Pidgeon that she is really "Man-Proof"









Ginger Rogers demonstrates what the well dressed working girl will wear in her current picture for RKO-Radio, "Having Wonderful Time," in which she is co-starred with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Cast as a typical New York office worker, the red-haired star wears clothes appropriate for the use of millions of girls and women who are employed in offices and stores. To the left are four sketches of her costumes.

Now here's a marvelous opportunity to get a complete new wardrobe for spring. The wardrobe will consist of a tailored suit, a dress for day time wear and a dress for dancing—three items that would be ideal for having a wonderful time! This is the grand prize sent to the winner by Ginger Rogers for the best letter telling her what your idea is of having a wonderful time!

There will be twenty-five second prizes. Each will be a set of four styles of playtogs which are pictured on the page opposite. They are beautifully made and manufactured by Robert L. Schwartz & Bros., of New York. Page seventy-eight has list of stores where these playtogs may be purchased. Third prize will be a carrying case for make-up designed by Max Factor of Hollywood and filled with all the necessary items for your use. For the complete list of prizes see the list on the next page, then follow these instructions carefully:

RULES

Simply write down your idea of having a wonderful time in a letter to Miss Ginger Rogers. The letter should not be longer than fifty words, or it may be less. In judging, consideration will be given to

Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are the co-stars of RKO-Radio's "Having Wonderful Time" which is directed by Al Santell and produced by Pandro S. Berman.

WIN A LOVELY GIFT FOR HAVING WONDERFUL TIME

FORTY PRIZES FOR FORTY WINNERS! The GRAND PRIZE IS A SPRING WARDROBE OF A TAILORED SUIT, A DAY AND A DANCE DRESS SENT TO THE WINNER BY GINGER ROGERS!

neatness and appropriateness of text. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The best letter will be awarded first prize, the next twenty-five best letters will win the twenty-five second prizes; and so on until all forty prizes listed have been awarded. No employees of RKO-Radio Pictures nor of the Ideal Publishing Corp., nor members of their families may enter this contest. The contest will be closed on March thirtieth, 1938. Address your letter to Miss Ginger Rogers, *Modern Movies,* 18 East 48th Street, New York City, N. Y. Be sure to state your size should you be a winner of one of the ensemble prizes.

JUDGES

S. Barrett McCormick, director of Advertising and Publicity for RKO-Radio Pictures.

Bernard Waldman, Modern Merchandising Bureau, Inc.

W. T. Walsh, Editor *Modern Movies.*

PRIZES

First Prize: A marvelous wardrobe consisting of a new tailored spring suit, a dress for day time wear, and a dress for dancing, all to be sent by Ginger Rogers.

Second Prize: Twenty-five second prizes, each a perfect ensemble set for having a wonderful time. The set is made up of four styles of playtogs as pictured right.

Third Prize: A Max Factor make-up case, complete with necessary items.

Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Prizes: Each a handsome Barbara Bates manicure kit.

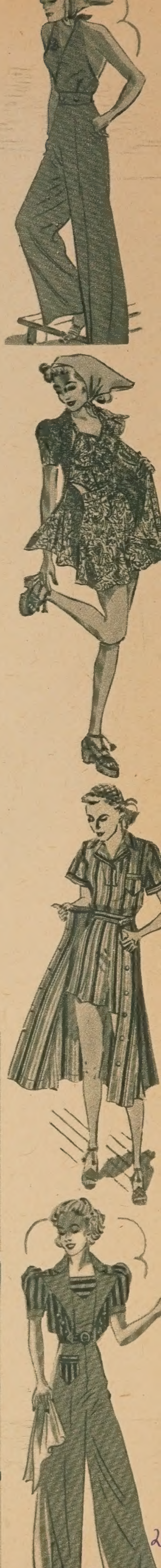
Seventh Prize: A three piece antique maple dresser set by Prophylactic.

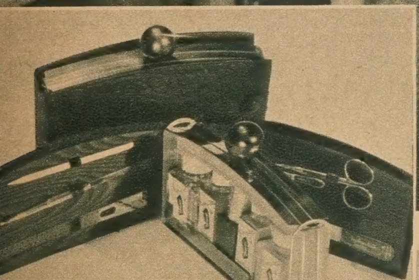
Eighth Prize: Maison Juerelle Central Park perfume, cologne, and sachet set.

Ninth Prize: A La Cocarde de France eau de cologne, in sixteen ounce bottle.

Tenth Prize: Harriet Hubbard Ayer Carry-all beautifying kit.

Eleventh to Sixteenth: Six Max Factor's gold-finish powder and rouge compacts.





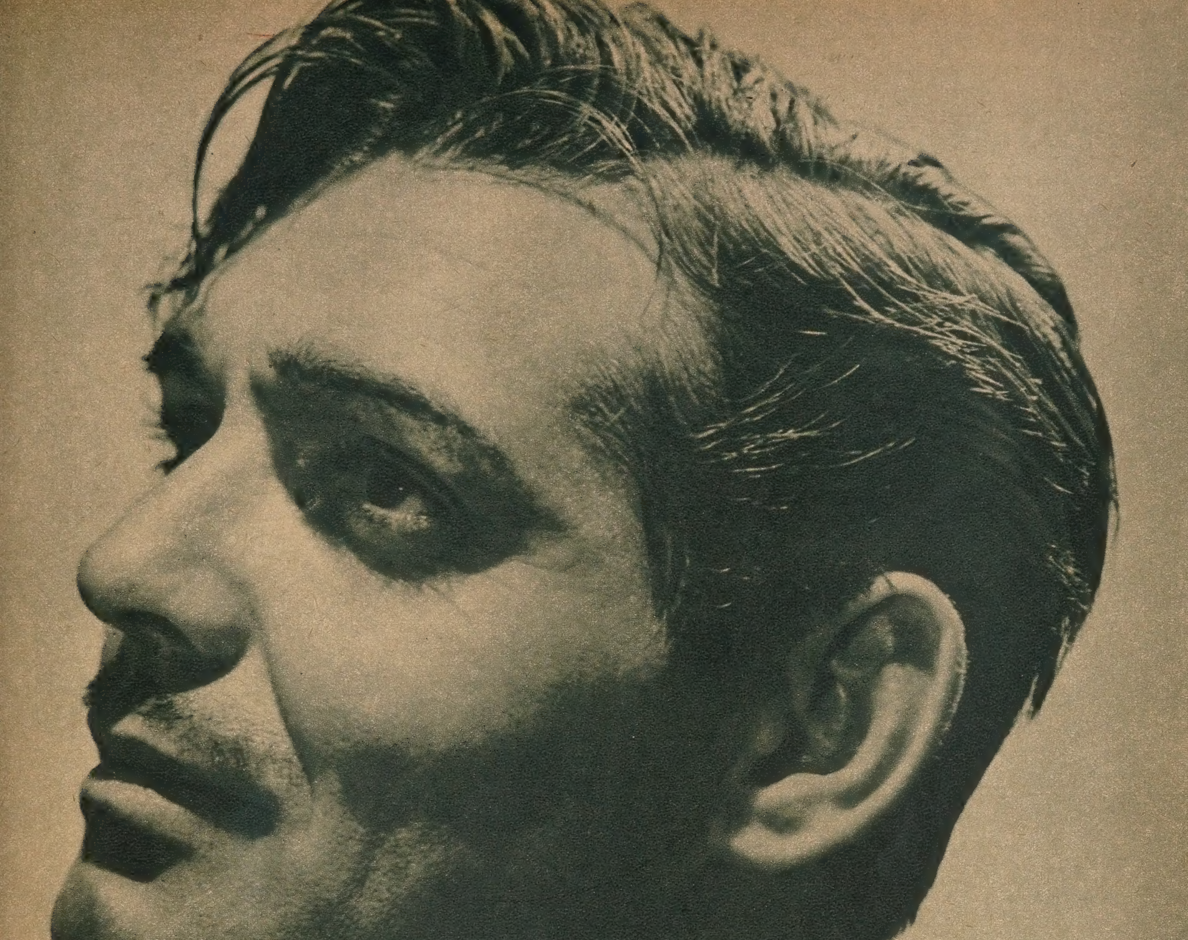
Here is a Barbara Bates' manicure set which is sixth prize. It's most complete with scissors, nail file; every thing you need for your nails.

PARK
CENTRAL PARK
CENTRAL PARK COLOGNE

Tenth Prize is this Harriet Hubbard Ayer Carry-all beauty kit.

Ninth Prize is a handsome sixteen ounce bottle of eau de cologne called A La Cocarde de France. You'll thrill to its lovely scent.

Clark Gable THE ACTOR—THE MAN



At left is the Clark Gable of the screen—the suave, well-groomed gentleman who stands out as the handsomest actor in pictures. Above is the other Clark Gable—the aviator, the hunter—the man of action. Of course you really can't separate the film from the real Clark—both overlap, but these two portraits do present a remarkable contrast of different phases of his virile personality, don't they?

UNUSUAL FANS AND FAN CLUBS

Strange requests—generous gifts—and clever organizations that honor the stars

By Roberta Dempster

A GOODLY share of Uncle Sam's postal revenue is due to the movies. Every time a new star rises in the sky or a present favorite has the spotlight's full flare for some screen (or off-screen!) performance, the boys in blue square their shoulders and get set to carry an extra sack of mail. The fans are responding to the call! Established stars receive hundreds of letters daily, but let some choice bit of news about them escape, and the daily hundred becomes a daily thousand—fan mail is the voice of the people.

Fan mail usually falls into one of four groups: crank letters; begging letters; requests for photographs; and constructive, worthwhile criticism. It is only the latter group that reaches the eyes of your favorites. The star's secretary, or, if the star employs none, the studio fan mail department, handles those letters falling into the first three groups.

I have talked with the secretaries of some of the biggest stars on the screen and, although I can't tell you how to attract Garbo's attention to your epistle, I can tell you what *not* to do if you don't want your carefully-penned letter to make a quick trip to the wastebasket. No star could possibly read the entire volume of mail that reaches the studio—but if the secretary comes across a letter that is sincere, contains an honest criticism and gives an intelligent reason for the criticism, *that* letter will be placed before your idol. For, though the box-office may be the only means the star has to gauge his or her popularity—it's the fan mail that reveals *why* that popularity may be waning. So don't be afraid to tell your favorite glamour gal that you think she's awful in comedy and that she ought to hurry back to dramatic roles—she may not get a pleasurable thrill from such a letter but she is smart enough to appreciate its worth, and she'll remember your tip when her next picture assignment comes up.

Babies are one of the surest signs of motion picture popularity—that is,

From left to right: (1) Judging by fan mail, every little girl who is born on April 23 (Shirley's birthday) is promptly christened Shirley. (2) Sonja Henie turning out an autograph that seems to amuse her. (3) Robert Taylor and his secretary going over fan mail. You may be sure that the hand-some star's admirers keep the postman busy. (4) Mary Maguire tells of a unique experience with autograph hounds. Not only did they want her signature but they produced finger printing outfits to record her pretty digits. (5) Bette Davis was among the first to be honored by a mother member of the club, "Name Your Baby After a Star"

the names of babies. The minute parents begin naming their little pride and joy after a star, he or she knows the next option is as good as taken up—for a multitude of namesakes is as bright a sign as S.R.O. in front of the box-office.

At present, Claudette Colbert heads the list in number of namesakes, with 274 little Claudettes scattered over the country. But not far behind is Carole Lombard with 254 little girls who can proudly answer to the same given name. Of course little curlytop Temple is way up in the list, her exact number of namesakes not being known. But judging by her fan mail every baby girl born on April 23 (Shirley's birthday) was promptly christened Shirley. Proud mothers sent her birth announcements (Continued on page 79)

Below, John and Elaine as they appeared together for a radio broadcast. The critics raved over John's performance, but were slightly reserved in their comments on Mrs. Barrymore

Right, The great tragedian in action at the mike. Barrymore's famous dramatic voice has stayed throughout the years, as radio audiences can testify

JOHN AND ELAINE

"SHE is the most talented woman I have ever met." John Barrymore was speaking of his fourth wife, Elaine Barrie (Jacobs) Barrymore.

John and his wife beamed at each other in a warming tableau of connubial bliss. Forgotten were all the harsh words that have passed between them. Once more they were in love, as they have been (on and off) ever since their much publicized first meeting.

All their differences seem very remote today. The Barrymores are living peacefully together under the watchful eye of Mama Jacobs, and "trying not too much to mind newspaper notoriety."

"We find," Mrs. Barrymore said, her black hair effectively set off by a soft peach negligee, "that if we are perfectly frank with the press, they don't make up a lot of untrue stories about us."

It may be mentioned that the press has been of no little service to the ambitious Mrs. Barrymore. Other novices may find it difficult to get started in the theatre. But

Left, Paramount has signed up Elaine—whose marriage has made her a member of the Royal Family—as well as John, for picture parts

You'll remember this goofy scene in "True Confession," where, as an evildoer, Barrymore blows bubbles while Carole Lombard languishes in jail

All the gossips are confounded. The John Barrymore family is a happy threesome and home life has restored his enthusiasms

By Edith Pelton

Elaine was offered her first stage role after the publicity she received with John, and after her elopement she even won a movie contract. Thus far she has not appeared on the screen save in a short subject fetchingly entitled, "How To Undress In Front Of Your Husband." (Mr. Barrymore, the records show, did not co-star!)

John did, however, appear with his bride in a Shakespearean series on the radio, you will recall. For competition they had an all star cast playing Shakespeare at the same hour on a rival network. Most of the critics awarded the honors to John, but mentioned that Elaine was no appreciable aid.

Nevertheless, John insists that Elaine is a gifted performer.

"She never does anything without conviction. 'Why do you read your lines that way?' she'll ask me. 'I don't know, I just do, that's all.' 'But why?' she persists.

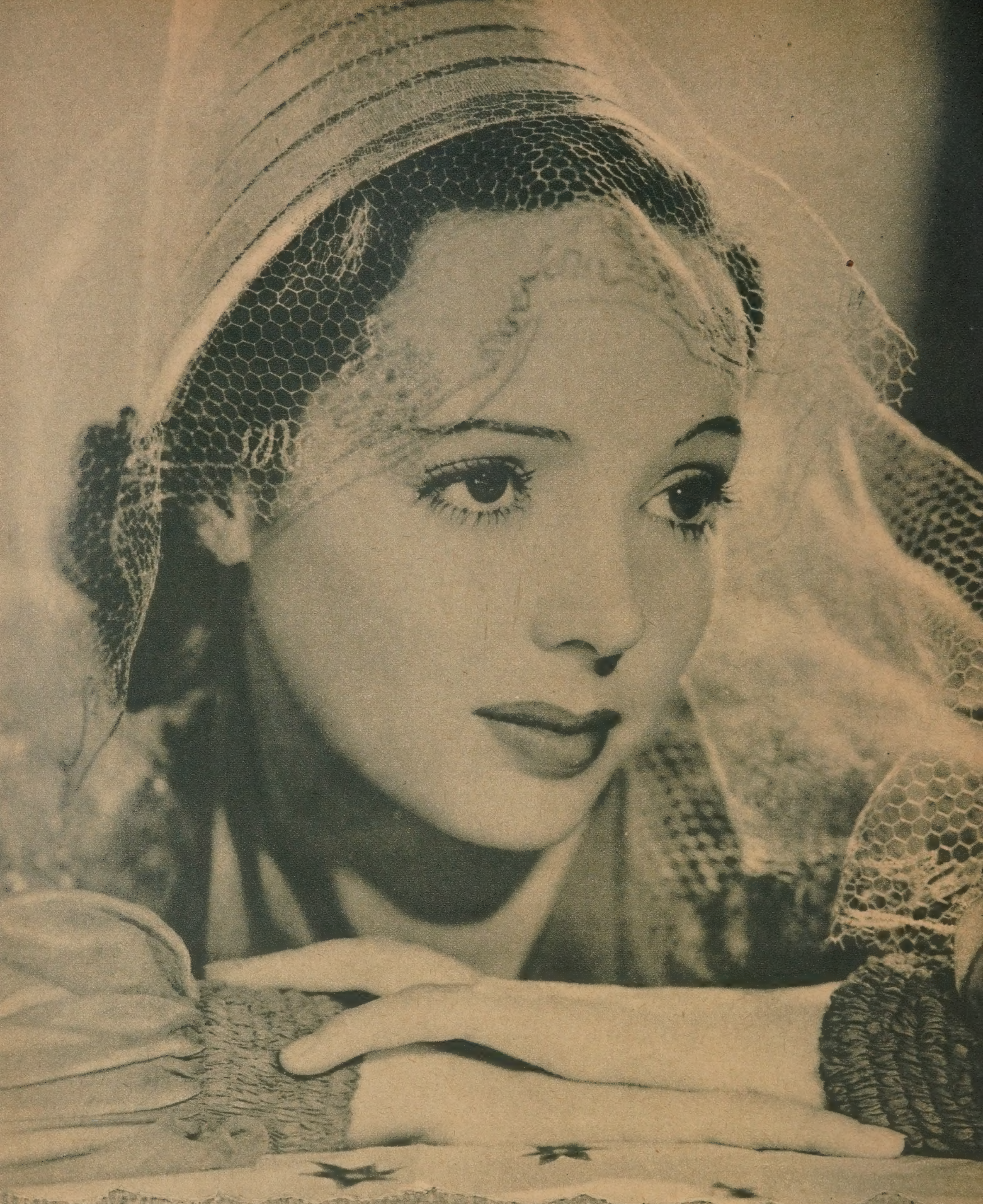
"She won't tolerate fuzzy thinking. Always honest, herself, she demands honesty in others. She is quick to learn, and although her training has been scanty, she has turned in some really good performances. What's more, she is imaginative, sensitive, direct and keenly analytical."

Elaine had the grace to blush. She gave a little cough of embarrassment, and then began a eulogy on her husband.

"More than anything else," she said, "I am impressed by Mr. Barrymore's great humility. Often I have heard him worry, 'I am not ready for this part yet.' And that despite all the acclaim he has received! That is why I believe he is truly a great artist."

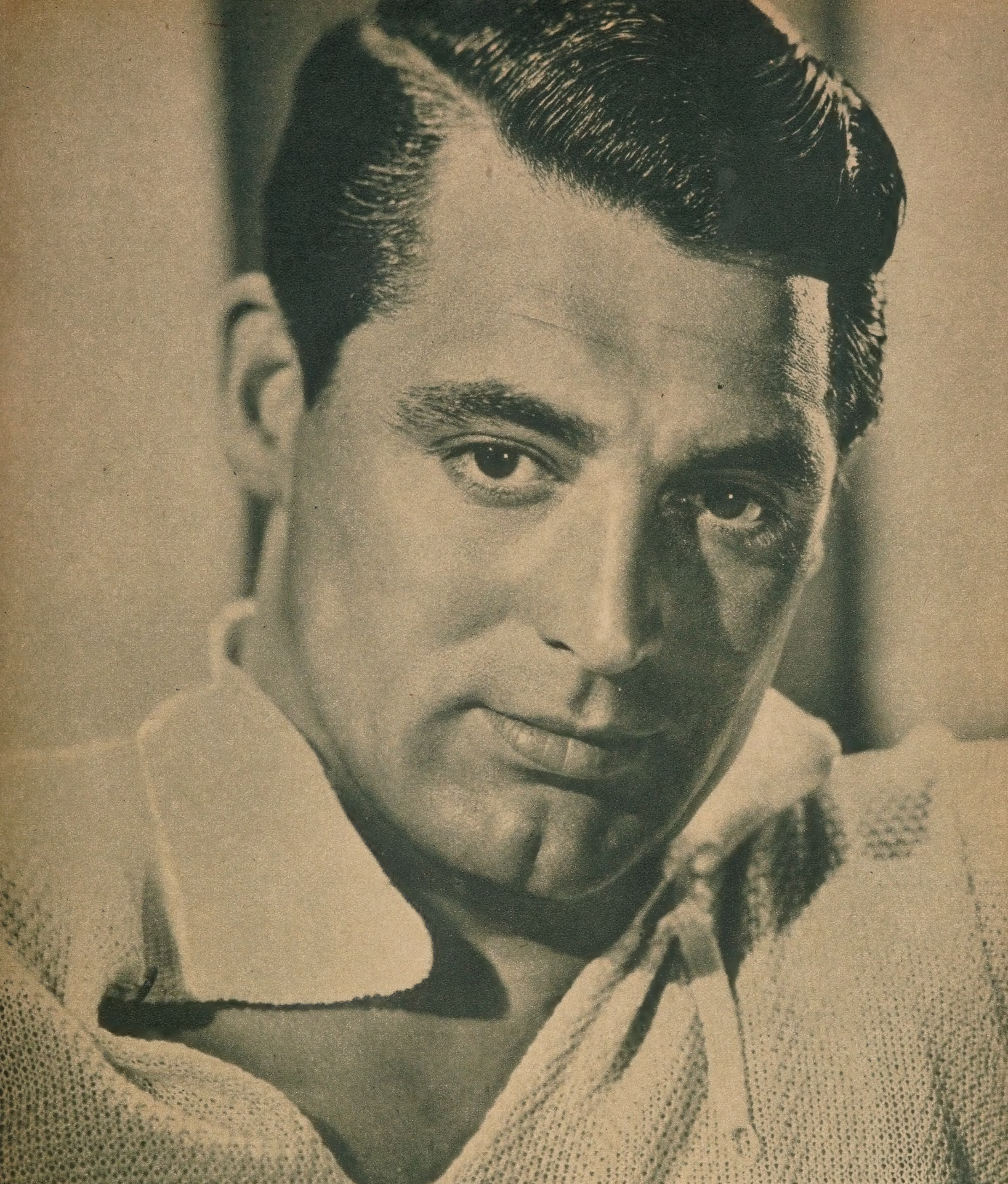
Thus the Barrymores, Elaine and John, make their answer to a world that refused to take their marriage seriously. Despite their public peccadilloes, despite the difference in age (Who's Who gives his age as fifty-five, while she is reported to be twenty-two) the Barrymores have much to offer each other.

John brings to Elaine the glamour and fame of the Barrymore name, and she, in turn, offers the infectious gaiety of youth. He wears her as a colorful *(Continued on page 66)*



Jessie Mathews

The petite Gaumont-British star will soon be seen in a gay musical, "Sailing Along," in which she sings and dances to some delightfully lilting lyrics. Roland Young and Jack Whiting are also in the cast. "Sailing Along" is Jessie's first picture for some time. Now in preparation is her next, "Asking for Trouble"



Cary Grant

It took "The Topper" and "The Awful Truth" for all of us to realize the true subtlety of Cary Grant's performances. He was a wow in both these films and so we eagerly anticipate his appearance with Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby." In this he is a zoologist entangled in the meshes of an heiress

HIGH ADVENTURE FOR JON HALL

by Edith Bersin

He was a world traveler and an expert in native Tahitian sports before coming to the screen

His magnificent physique seems to have been designed to wear clothes smartly. He is one of the screen's best dressers, but not foppishly so

Jon once looked forward to a diplomatic career, but once seen in Hollywood he could hardly escape motion pictures and subsequent fame

HE didn't get what he asked for. He got much more! That's the story behind Jon Hall's sensational rise to stardom. Sam Goldwyn was preparing to film "Hurricane" with Joel McCrae in the leading role, when one Jon Hall applied for a job as double. But that wasn't the job they gave him, as everybody knows by this time.

Right now Jon is Hollywood's man of the hour, but he knocked around Hollywood for years before his big chance in "Hurricane."

He played in "Charlie Chan in Shanghai." He was listed in the cast as Charles Loscher. Or perhaps you saw him tucked away in small parts in Paramount films. But the trumpets didn't blare and the drums didn't beat until the boy had given up hope of making good in pictures. Then, on an impulse, Jon wrote Sam Goldwyn asking for the job of double for the leading man of "Hurricane." His application stated he was an excellent swimmer. He could also dive and manage an outrigger canoe, as well as furnish some technical advice on native customs in Tahiti, having spent a good part of his life on the island.

Something about his letter made them send for him. He was interviewed and then began a lot of head shaking and mumbled conferences. Nobody bothered to tell Jon what all the discussion was about. They led him before the cameras, took screen tests of him, and the head wagging began again. Contracts were brought out and set before him and then, and not until then, did Jon Hall learn he had been accepted, not as a double for the dangerous shots, but as the leading man of "Hurricane."

AND no wonder, for Jon is the handsomest young actor to his this town of handsome young actors. He's a six-footer with a beautifully developed body. What's more, he has an abundance of that something that prickles the spine. In short, this boy has what it takes! But if you saw "Hurricane" you know all that.

He was taking a shower when I arrived to interview him. I was a few minutes early for our appointment, but he threw a robe about his powerful young body and strode into the room eagerly. He still can't believe that people want his autograph, his photograph, and even his biography.

While on tour recently, he slipped into the Astor Theatre on Broadway to see if, by chance, he might be recognized.

"And were you?" I asked.

He chuckled. "I was. Can you imagine that! Everyone rushed to see what the excitement was about and in a few seconds a crowd gathered."

A few days later he was entering a theatre when a pretty girl came up timidly and held out an autograph book to him.

"But why should you want my signature?" Jon asked.

"You're Jon Hall, aren't you?"

He didn't want another crowd to gather so he shook his head as if to deny it. The girl was about to persist when someone tittered. She was so embarrassed she ran away.

"If ever I felt like a heel," Jon said, "it was at that moment."

For a second he stood there looking after her, then (*Continued on page 71*)

Top, Jon and La Lamour preparing themselves for their roles as natives in "Hurricane" by browning themselves in the sun

Two years ago Jon—then Charles Loscher—was playing in "Charlie Chan in Shanghai." Irene Hervey is shown with him

DEANNA DURBIN'S DREAM

WILL THE AMAZING GIRL STAR ACHIEVE THE WISH THAT LIES NEAREST TO HER HEART?

by Elizabeth Petersen MacDonald

One of the incredible things about Deanna Durbin is, she didn't want to be an actress

(Far left) Crossed fingers! If papa Herbert Marshall thinks he's getting somewhere, we know he's mistaken. A scene from "Mad About Music"

(Left) Deanna as she appeared in the first full length party gown she ever owned. She wore it at the premiére of one of her pictures

(Right) The magic voice enchants in another scene from "Mad About Music." The film's story is laid in a school in Switzerland

YOUTH dreams and sometimes adults take those dreams and make them the stuff their lives are built on. For some dreams have the substance and strength of a tower of steel.

Deanna Durbin has such a dream in her heart and it is all the stronger because it is the only dream she has ever lived with. There have been no lesser ones to make her turn to smaller things.

Because of it she has given up things other little girls would never relinquish. She has given up extra playtime for singing lessons and hard hours of practise. She has given up new dresses and new toys for those same lessons and there has never been a trace of self-pity in her choice. For under all her gaiety and youth and charm there is an unexpected vein of practicality to point that dream and sharpen it into reality.

Already she has accomplished more than most people do in a lifetime. Now a little girl of fifteen she is a world figure. The dream she has lived with, the dream she has worked with, has brought her adulation and fame and success. But it hasn't brought her the one thing she wanted above everything else.

For Deanna Durbin wants to sing at the Metropolitan.

The other things that have come to her have come unasked. She never planned to be a motion picture star. Brought up in Hollywood as she was the studios had no particular interest for her. She wasn't one of those little girls who saw herself being Carole Lombard or Joan Crawford or Garbo. She didn't want to be an actress. She wanted to be a singer. The best singer in the whole world.

All around her were young girls whose dreams had brought them to Hollywood and failed them there. Deanna Durbin had daily contact with these girls, for it is impossible to live in Hollywood without coming across them. They are waitresses in restaurants, salesgirls in stores, part-time maids, ticket-sellers and usherettes in movie houses and all of them have more than their share of the good looks that still aren't enough to get them past the studio gates.

Which makes it all the more ironical that Deanna, who never sought that particular fame at all, should have had it thrust upon her.

The dream she dreamed was steady and strong. And yet because of its very steadiness and strength she may never savor the full reality of it. For when the time comes and she is ready for it will she be able to toss aside the things she has already gained? Will she, with that strong practical side of her, be able to give up the security of her motion picture career for the possibility of success in grand opera? And even were she assured of that success would she be willing to accept the smaller income of a singer after having had a fabulous Hollywood salary for years?

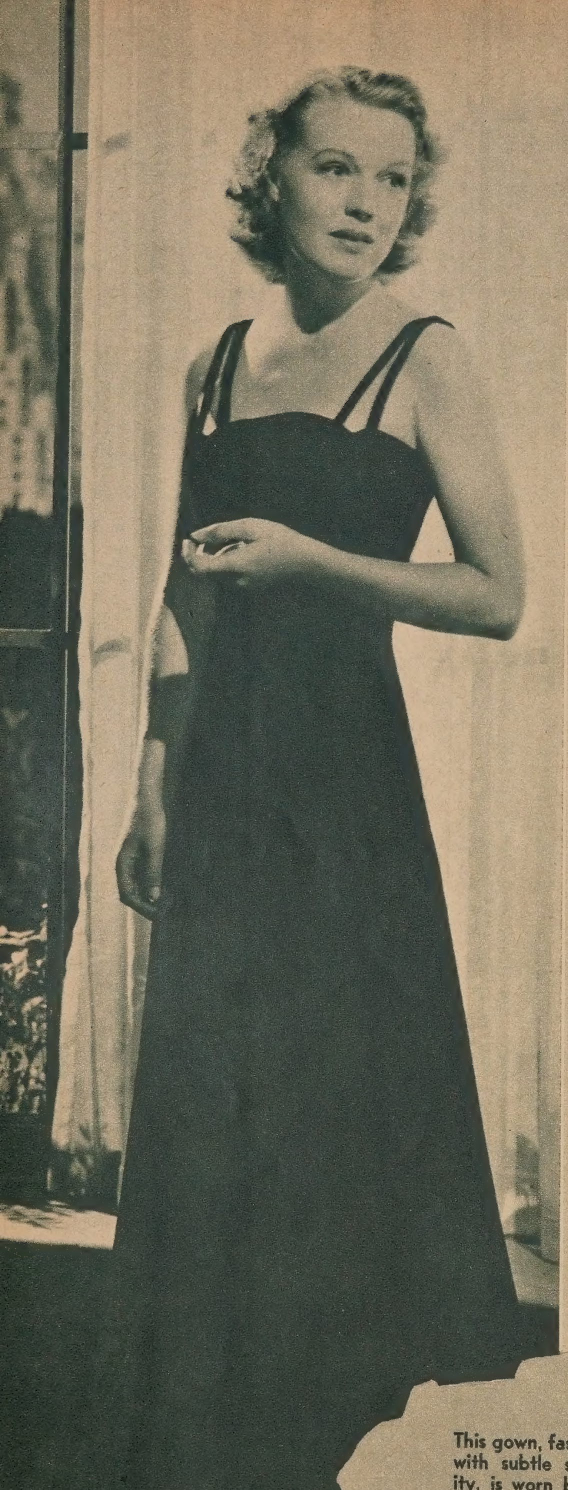
Of course an opera singer's income can hardly be classified as peanuts. But it doesn't look so imposing stacked up against a first bracket Hollywood pay-check. Time was when the real glamour of the entertainment world was found in grand opera. That was back in the days of prima donnas and lobster suppers at Rectors and high-stepping horses and open barouches. Young girls longing for glamour then, dreamed of being Melba or Patti or Calve and thrilled to the stories of their triumphs. And what girl wouldn't get a thrill out of being a prima donna and having the gayest and wealthiest playboys of the day unhitch the horses from her carriage and drive her themselves through flower strewn streets after a sensational performance?

But opera isn't what it used to be and the movies have lured some of its brightest stars away. When the time comes will little Deanna Durbin with her amazing voice reverse the tables and leave Hollywood for the Metropolitan?

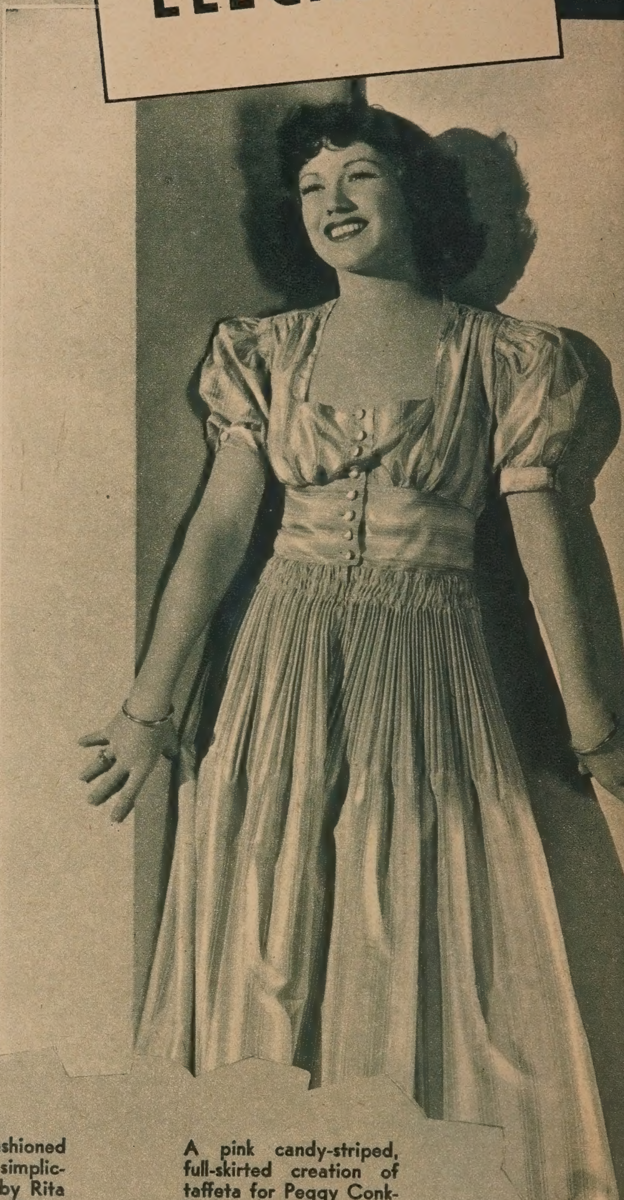
Remember, it will be a few years before she is ready for it. Today she may be sure that when the time comes the greatest glory of her life will be her debut at the Metropolitan. But will she feel the same way about it then?

Today Deanna and her family are still unspoiled by her amazing success. But even today the (Continued on page 70)

EVENING ELEGANCE

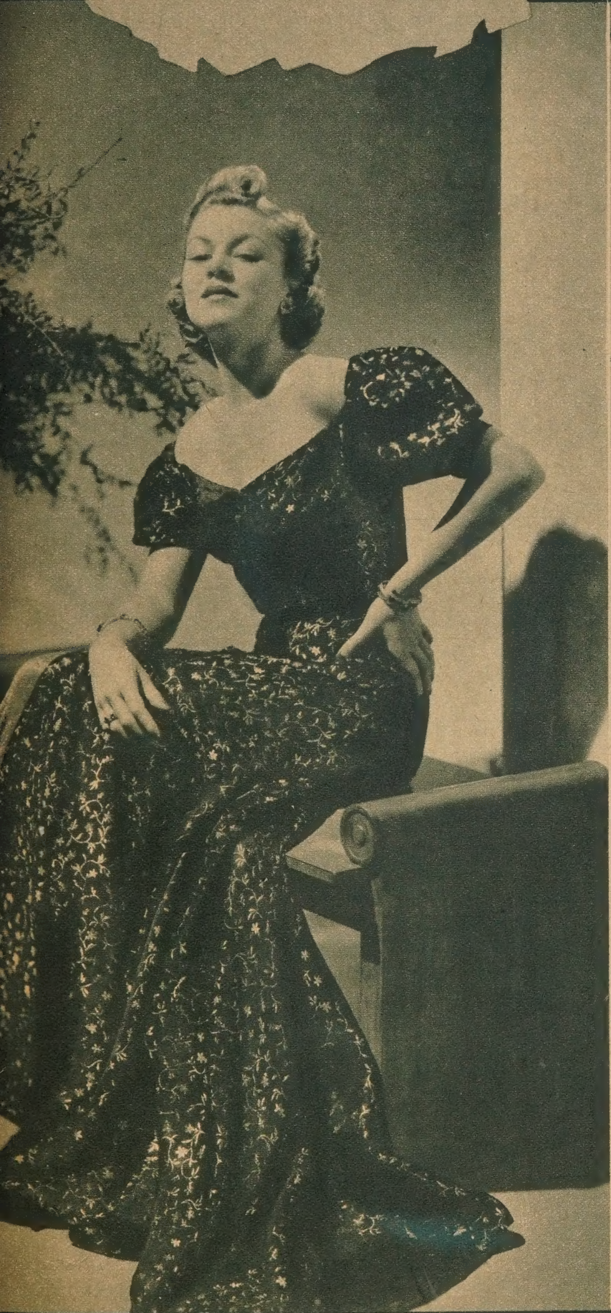


This gown, fashioned with subtle simplicity, is worn by Rita Johnson in "Manproof." Quite slenderizing in its effect, it is a joy to almost any waist line

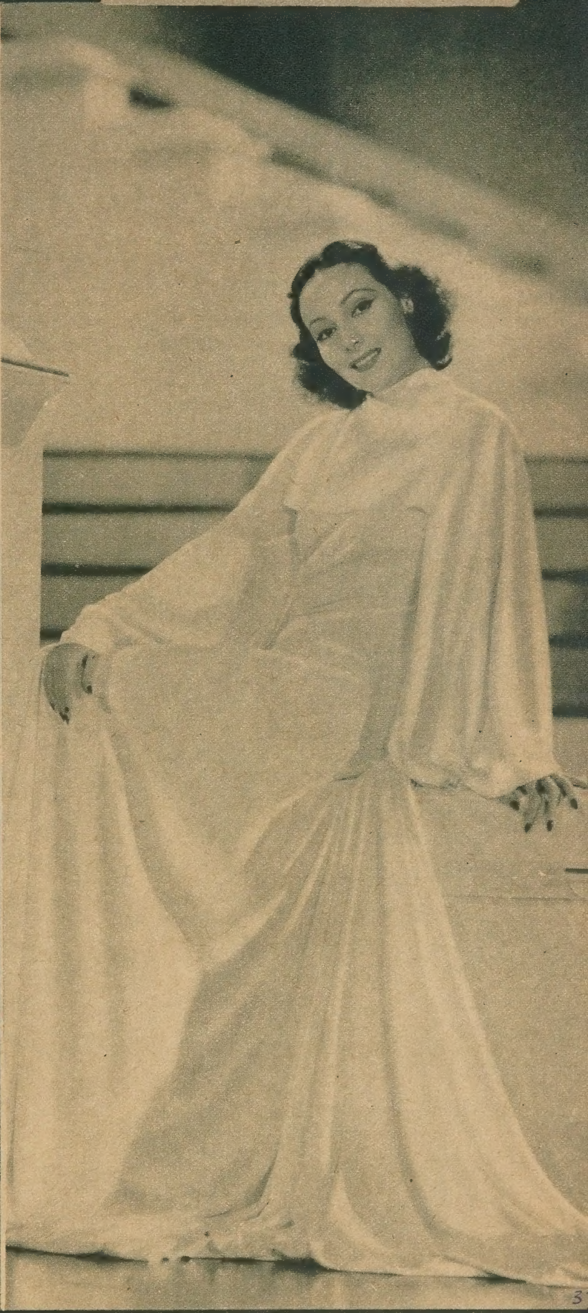


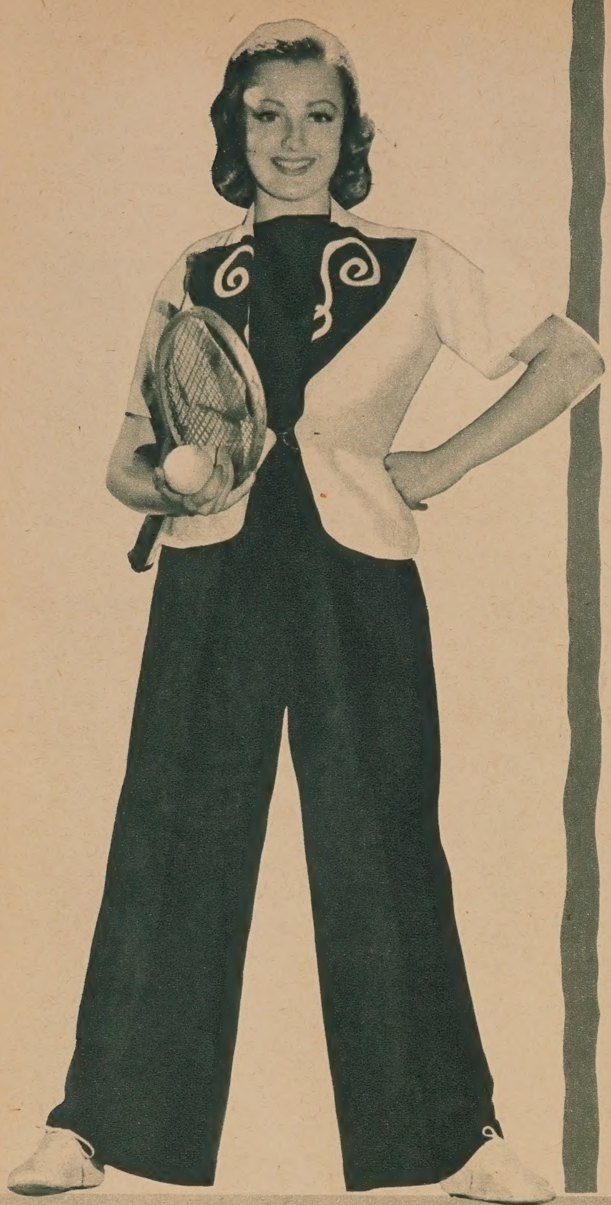
A pink candy-striped, full-skirted creation of taffeta for Peggy Conklin in "Having Wonderful Time." Shirred in three tiers at the waist. Self-covered buttons. New square decollete

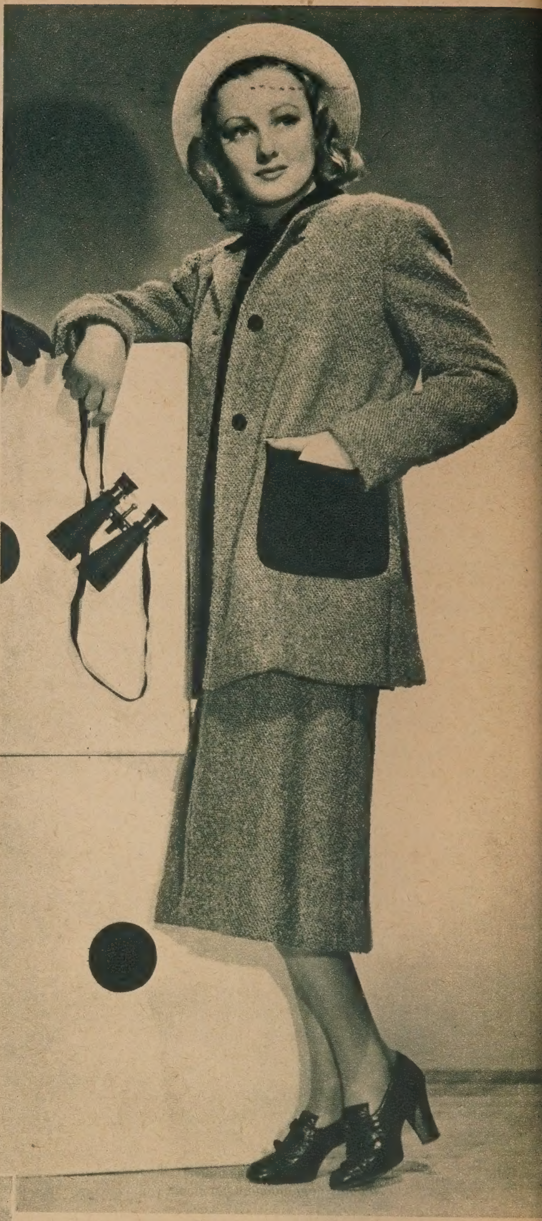
Claire Trevor in "Big Town Girl" adorns this lovely hostess gown of black—embroidered in silver, gold, blue and scarlet. It opens to reveal a silver lame slip and falls to a full train in back. Sandals are silver and scarlet



Distinctive is this silk Jersey "Juliet" hostess gown, worn by Dolores Del Rio in "International Settlement." The back laces with bows of black to hold the high neckline. Circular sleeves carry out the lines of the cascading train



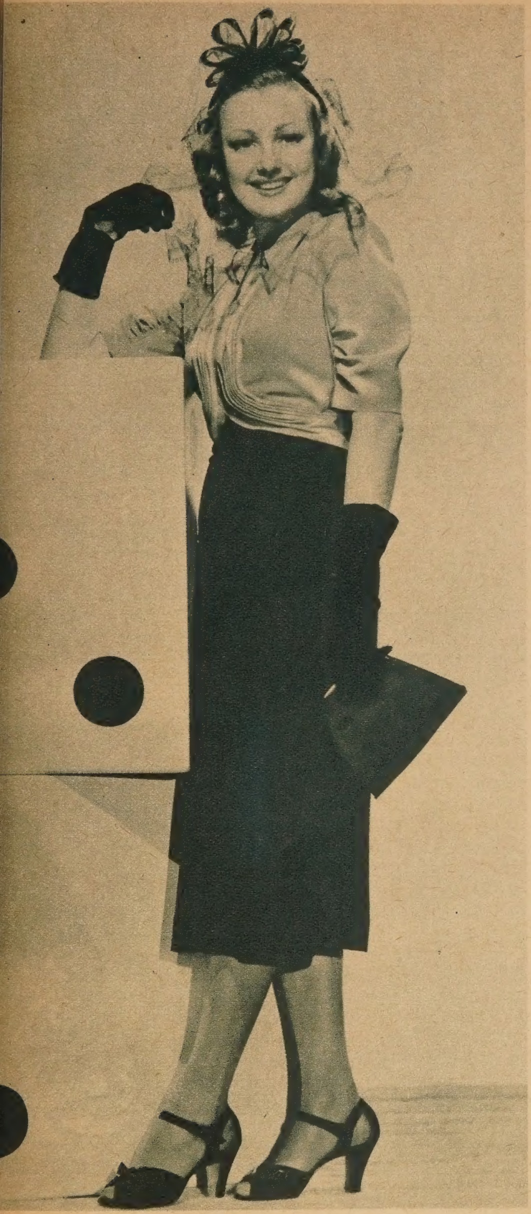


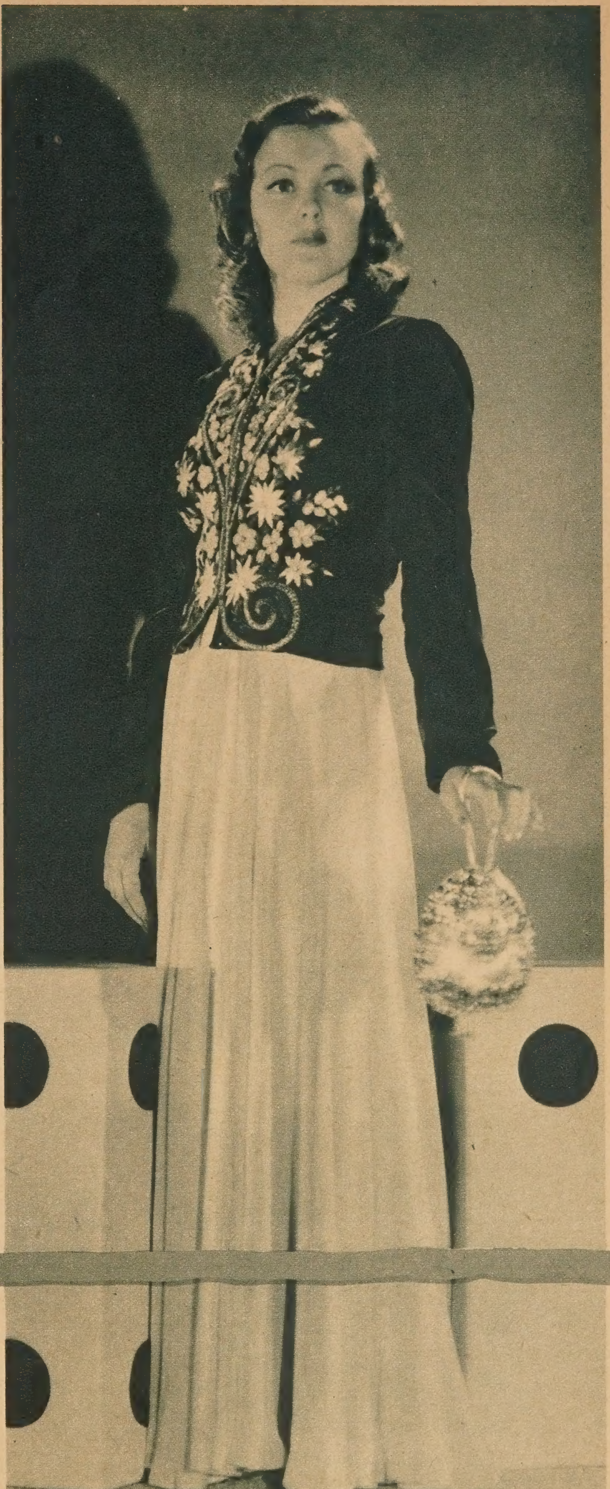


a Week End Wardrobe

(Upper left) Around the social clock with Virginia Grey, charming M-G-M player. We find her on the tennis court at eleven A.M., attired in slacks. This outfit is of natural linen and blue wool crepe. A backless, navy halter is worn beneath the smart jacket

(Above) At two, Virginia is at the races. Suit is of tan homespun. Brown suede pockets are matched by an under jacket, the entire front of which is fashioned of the same material. Underskirt is slightly flared. The hat is ribbon-trimmed





(Above) Virginia's selection for five o'clock tea is this smart Alice blue and black frock. Tucks feature blouse, waist and sleeve-line. The hat is of patent leather ribbon, held together by fine layers of black net. The veil has lace edging. Accessory notes are black

(Upper right) For dinner and after-dinner thrills, Virginia wears this stunning gown of pearl grey chiffon, topped by a Persian jacket of dubonnet velvet heavily embroidered in bright yarns and threads of gold. The coloring in her evening bag matches jacket embroidery

ERRANT ERROL

See all you can of Errol Flynn if he is your "big moment," for that insatiable Flynn urge for writing and traveling may overcome him some day and the screen may lose its most dashing star. Not that the young Irishman doesn't like pictures—he does. But—

"Being in pictures is grand—intensely interesting; but I find it takes up every minute. Leaves me little time for my writing and *that's* my greatest interest," he confided. "As for travel, I can't even think of it right now. Some one of these days I'm going to walk out of this studio and never come back!"

"Don't you think the little matter of a contract will bring you back?" I asked.

"Of course I was only kidding," he grinned. "But print that anyway and I'll take a copy of the magazine to Mr. Warner. Imagine what he'd have to say!"

"My one ambition," he went on, "is to become so successful on the screen that I will be financially secure for the rest of my life and can devote all my time to writing. And when those big fat envelopes with my rejected manuscripts come back with a boom, they won't discourage me. I'll know that I can afford the time and money to work on them and send them on their way again."

He sold a story to his studio last year for $25,000, the largest sum paid for an original screen story at Warners within the past seven years. I first met him shortly after the story had been purchased and within five minutes he had told me about it. He was more excited and thrilled over selling that story than he was over any screen part ever assigned him.

"But I'm really very lazy," he told me, lighting a cigarette.

"Lazy! A man who maintains the crowded studio schedule you do?"

He nodded his head. "I'm still lazy. I have the ambition to do a lot of things, and the desire—but I have to drive myself to actually tackle them.

"Whew, I'm hot. And I can't get used to this goatee." He wiped his face, glistening with perspiration from the hot lights; he had just come off the set for a brief rest between scenes.

For his role in "Robin Hood" he had to have a goatee and since false hair is pretty discernible on the screen, Errol grew his own adornment. With the exception of but two or three pictures, he has appeared in the costume of a by-gone day, and so I asked him if he minded being typed as a costume picture star.

"No, not in the least," he surprised me, for practically every star bewails that bugaboo, being "typed." "The story is the main thing, everything else is incidental. I don't mind playing in several costume pictures in succession. What difference does it make if I'm attired in velvets and satins or in a business suit—so long as the story is good?"

You will note he didn't say "part," or "role,"

(Continued on page 72)

Handsome Errol Flynn, whose performance in "Adventures of Robin Hood" promises a grand thrill, is nevertheless, he says, more interested in writing than in acting

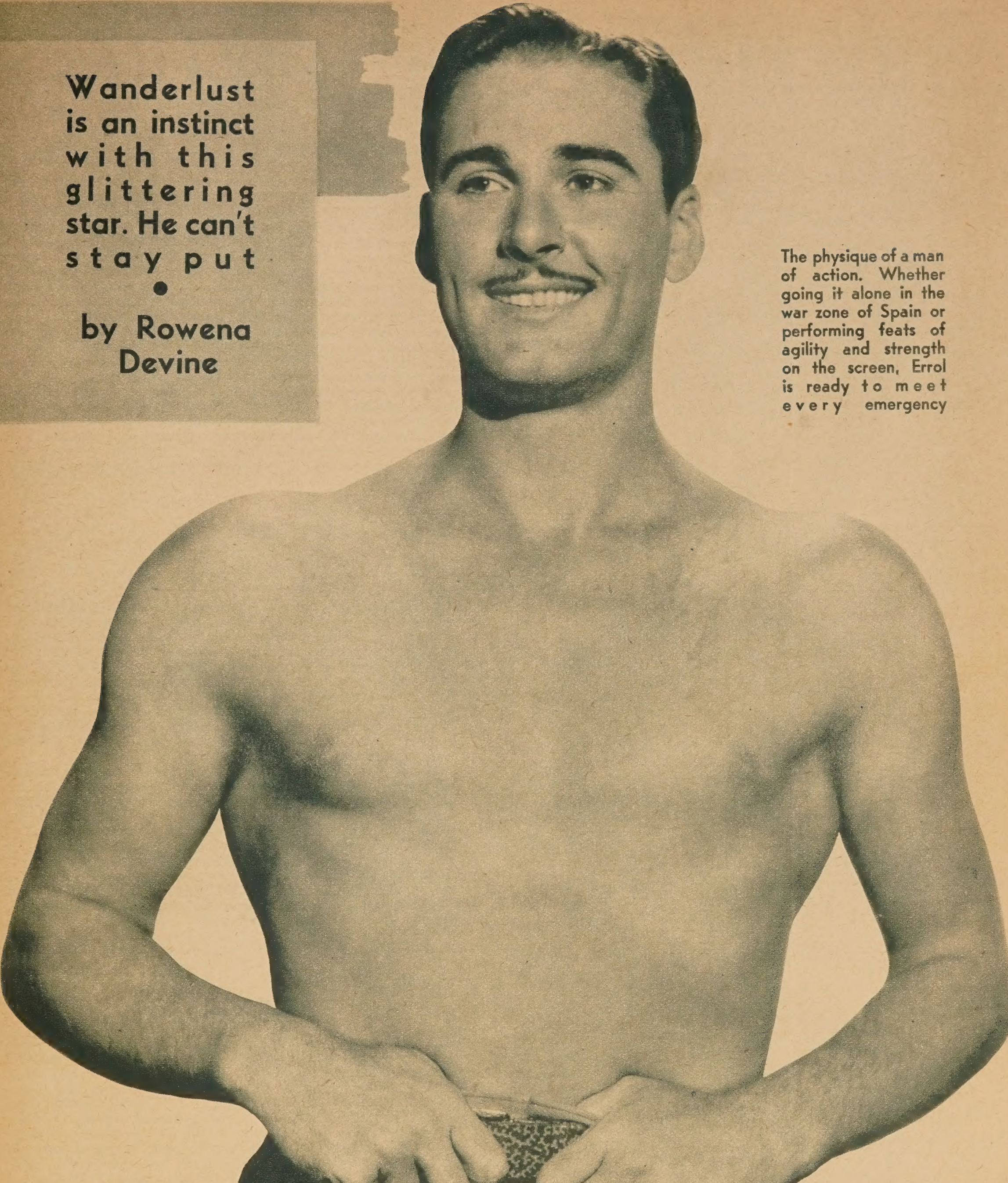
But he is also a true knight errant and mighty hunter. That "cat" he holds, in the second photo above, he shot with an arrow while on location in the mountains

The great outlaw, Robin Hood, is a character after Errol's own heart. Here, at left, we see him in the part that fits his personality and his imagination perfectly

Wanderlust is an instinct with this glittering star. He can't stay put

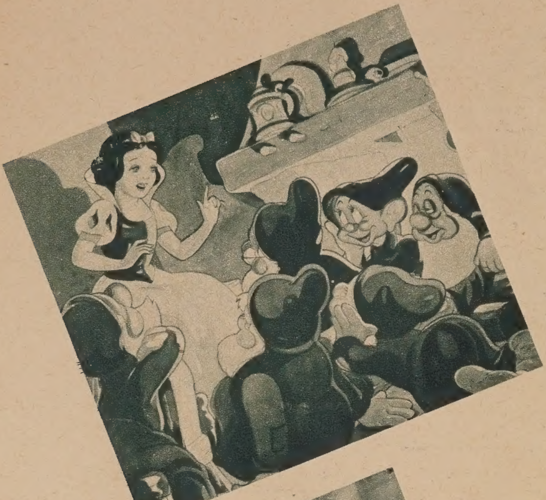
•

by Rowena Devine



The physique of a man of action. Whether going it alone in the war zone of Spain or performing feats of agility and strength on the screen, Errol is ready to meet every emergency

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES



✓SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

THIS film already seems ear-marked for immortality, and so does Walt Disney, who conceived and created this unparalleled piece of movie art. Disney found his inspiration for it in Grimms' fairy tale, but where those kindly German brothers left off, the magician of the animated screen goes on into a wonder world that unfolds before the incredulous but delighted eye. Everybody knows the story of the hapless maiden and the wicked stepmother, and the gnomes who toiled all day for gold and diamonds in underground caverns. But Disney has given a new interpretation, a new beauty to the deathless tale. His inked puppets rise to high emotional drama. There is tenderness, romance, pathos, a magnificent blending of fantasy with the realistic that will appeal to any mind, of any age, of any race throughout the whole world.

Each of the dwarfs is made a living being. Each has his individual qualities. But the stars of these seven are Dopey, the silent one, who wishes to have friends and to please everybody; and Grumpy, the non-conformist. Disney has used the best Technicolor so far seen. This gives a splendid richness and depth to the scenes. If ever there was a must movie, this is it.—*RKO-Radio.*

✓WELLS FARGO

HERE is a film of such magnitude, so chockful of genuine epic events, that forty reels could scarcely have adequately covered the history it endeavors to embrace. The result is that there are scores of tantalizing shots over which you wish that the director and his players had lingered. "Wells Fargo" is one of the most magnificent spectacles that ever came to the screen. And besides being a vast panorama of the upbuilding of our West, it is real drama—full of thrills, comedy and sentiment. It covers the pony and overland express, the California gold rush of '49, the construction of railroad and telegraph lines, the wars with Indians, and a phase of the Civil War.

Through it all, rides high the hero, Joel McCrea, in the role of Ramsay MacKay, representative of Henry Wells of the famous express company, upon whom devolves the difficult and dangerous tasks of developing a transport system to the Coast and of operating a bank in San Francisco. Frances Dee as Justine Pryor, sweetheart and wife of MacKay, is a lovely and appealing heroine. And, by the way, this is the first picture in which these two have played together. Bob Burns, of the inimitable radio voice and brand of humor, is tops as Hank York, buddy and staunch friend of MacKay. This is a film you cannot afford to miss.—*Paramount.*

THE BUCCANEER

PIRACY on the high seas, war, the romance of an old French city, a reckless but gallant buccaneer chieftain, beautiful women, and a hapless maid in distress—all are part and parcel of Paramount's magnificent offering of adventure and love—"The Buccaneer." In the lagoons of the Gulf of Mexico, there lurked, in the year 1815, the famous sea-rover, Lafitte. According to the story, he was wont to take part at times in the life of New Orleans, then very French both in population and gaiety. Meeting a lovely young lady, he is more than half-minded to abandon his evil ways for wedlock. The British come, try to take the city and Lafitte's outlaws dash to the aid of the Americans. It's a grand setting and a thrill plot and at times you will grip your seat through sheer excitement.

Fredric March in the title role again demonstrates his versatility. He's a freebooter after our own heart, whether in battle, making love or thwarting his foes. If Lafitte was really like this, then he was a gallant and irresistible gentleman. Margot Grahame, as a New Orleans society girl, turns in a neatly distinctive performance. And Franciska Gaal, the Dutch prisoner of the pirates, is a brilliant newcomer to the American screen.—*Paramount.*

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Modern Movies Presents for Your Convenience the Best of the Latest Film Releases

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

✓*Joan Crawford in "Mannequin"*
Spencer Tracy in "Mannequin"
Alan Curtis in "Mannequin"
Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo"
Bob Burns in "Wells Fargo"
Dopey and Grumpy in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"
✓*Fredric March in "The Buccaneer"*
Wayne Morris in "Submarine D-1"
✓*Pat O'Brien in "Submarine D-1"*
Frank Morgan in "Rosalie"
Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie"

✓MANNEQUIN

THIS is one of the most entertaining films that have come to the screen in recent months. The acting of its two stars—Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy—make it so. The plot is not particularly unusual and in less able hands could easily have been just a pretentious production. However, with these two delivering performances unsurpassed in their careers, the picture is a sure hit. In the first place, Joan Crawford is once more her old screen self—the self that lifted her to the topmost heights of stardom and kept her there. Her flair for emotional interpretation, which her recent pictures seem to have held in abeyance—is rekindled with new energy. And who ever dreamed that Spencer Tracy could be so great a lover? His scenes depicting him as a man of the world, knowing women equally with men, are done with flawless insight. If you think that any man on the screen understands women and love better than Tracy, then you are laboring under a delusion. Tracy could give pointers on these important matters to some of the ladies' screen idols. Alan Curtis, is another man in the heroine's life, gives excellent support to the two principals. After this picture he will well bear watching. He, too, has an unusual but convincing personality and technique.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

• • •

✓SUBMARINE D-1

NO ONE but an out-and-out pacifist could fail to like this picture. It glorifies our underwater fighters in much the same way that films have glorified the Army, Navy and Air forces. While it is meat for the male, the ladies, too, can enjoy it, for the loves of our heroes are not forgotten in the thrills and excitement of their dangerous service to the nation. The formula upon which this picture is based has frequently been used before. You will recall the screen ructions between Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney over some "dame." In "Submarine D-1," O'Brien is paired off in similar situations with that young man, rising high in the favor of ladies—Wayne Morris. Pat is his usual self, and Wayne gives a freshness and new turn to these bickerings. He still maintains the high promise of his debut in "Kid Galahad."—*Warners.*

✓ROSALIE

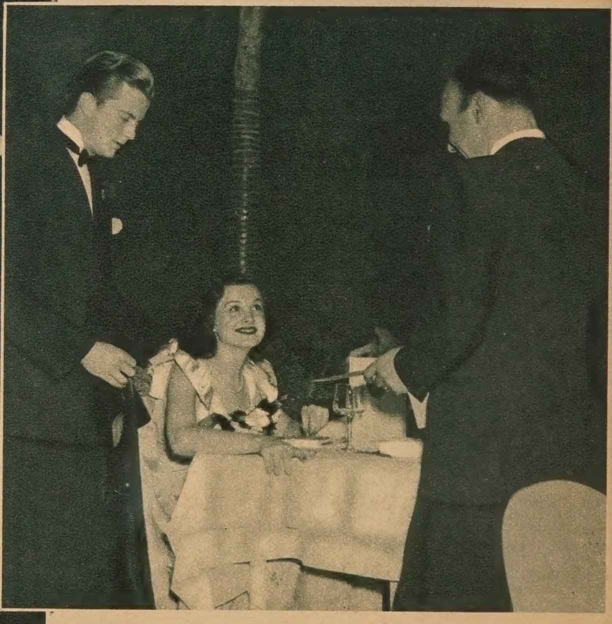
THIS is an excellent vehicle for Nelson Eddy's magnificent voice and for Eleanor Powell's twinkling toes. Moreover, Frank Morgan, who never fails, gets across some excellent laughs. And Edna May Oliver's humor brightens the scene. But, nevertheless, the film may fall a little short of your expectations. Eddy's voice is as compelling as ever and Eleanor's dancing leaves nothing to be desired. Those two features alone make "Rosalie" distinctive. It is the story itself that does not seem to quite measure up to the abilities of the several brilliant stars. This is largely due to the manner in which it is staged. "Rosalie," once made famous by Marilyn Miller, might have been brought a little more nearly up to date. Possibly, too, the action is paced too slow for the screen, which requires a faster tempo than the stage. Still without taking the plot too seriously, one can settle down to real enjoyment of the singing, the dancing and Cole Porter's excellent music.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

IT'S PROPER

Left. William Lundigan, (of Universal's "The Black Doll") and Constance Moore (in the same studio's "Border Wolves") here illustrate the correct procedure in entering a restaurant. After checking his coat and hat, William rejoins Constance, to be greeted by the maitre de hotel. These scenes were taken at the famous Coast cafe, Victor Hugo, Mecca of many stars.

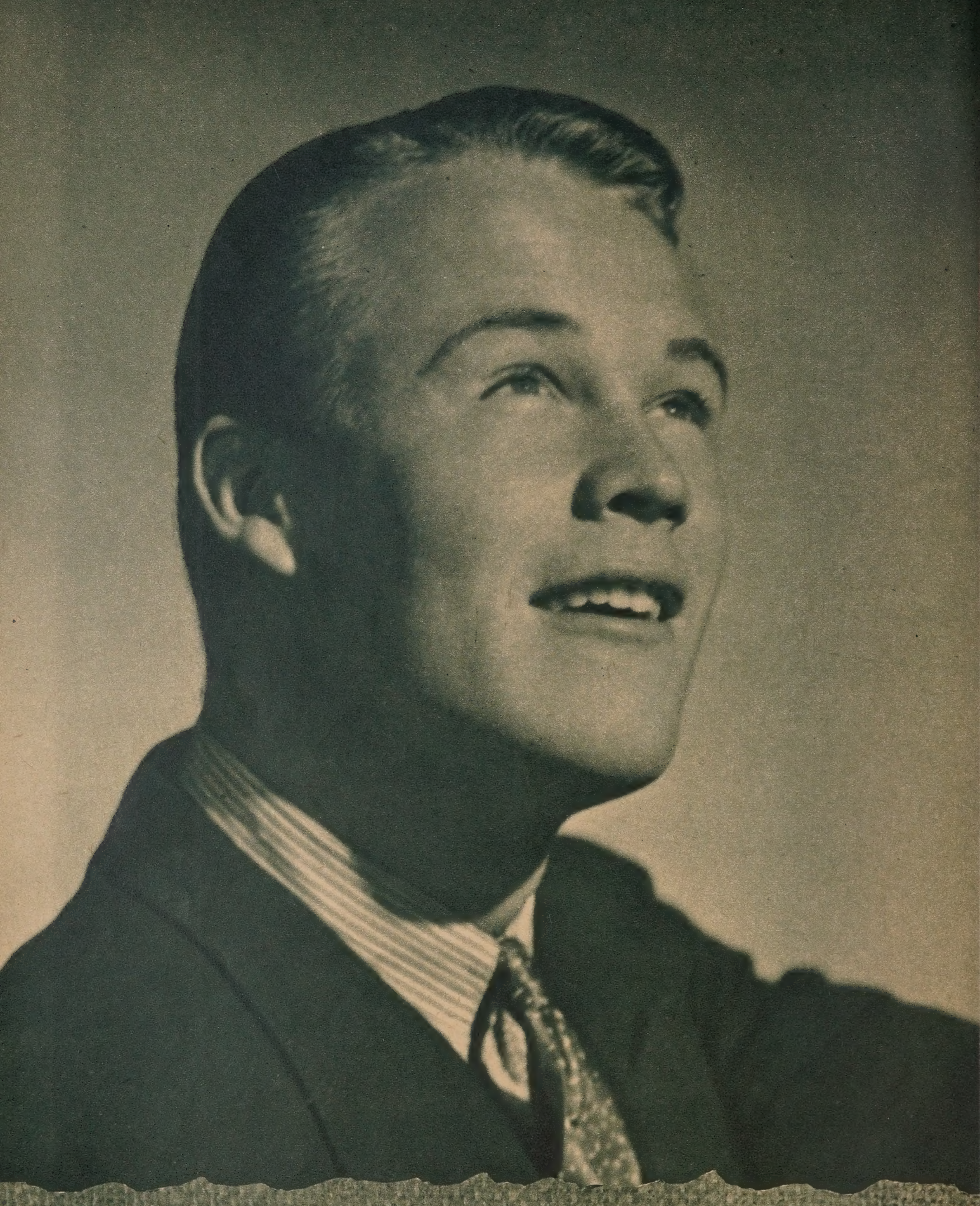
Lower left. Having been escorted into the dining room, William and Constance are shown to a table by the maitre de hotel. Of course the lady precedes the gentleman in instances of this sort. While their dress is strictly formal, this same procedure would hold true even in the daytime and in any restaurant, in any place.

Below. William seats Constance at the table and removes her wrap, while the maitre de hotel stands by to receive the order when the couple is ready to give it. It would be proper, too, for the maitre to perform the seating of the lady, instead of her escort, though thoughtful escorts prefer to offer that service themselves. It shows greater interest.



Young Love

Nor is the title meant to be a pun, as Florence Rice and Robert Young achieve one of their big moments in the comedy-thriller, titled "Paradise for Three." In true feminine fashion Florence doesn't forget her hat while Robert is thinking only of the girl. They've been so good together in other pictures that their studio wisely decided to team them up again.



Wayne Morris

Wayne Morris goes onward and upward to the screen heights for which he seems destined. Following his success in "Submarine D-1," with Pat O'Brien and Doris Weston, he has been cast for a different sort of role in "Love, Honor and Behave"

Betty Grable

The pulchritude of the girl whom Jackie Coogan was so lucky to win, as his wife, is already internationally famous. A warm, vibrant type, her photograph has become a "must" in every fan collector's gallery. She'll charm us next in "College Swing"

Margot Grahame's life has been a series of lucky breaks, but—she was always prepared for any opportunity. So with her it's not a case of being fortunate; it's a case of being just smart

SHE COULD ONLY BE AN *Actress*

by Ben Maddox

Every time Margot Grahame got a role the leading lady fell ill and then—

MARGOT GRAHAME is a blonde siren in Hollywood now because she detested school away down in South Africa and managed to duck out of her classes forever at fourteen. Because, too, she knew she had a flair for the glamorous life. And then a telephone was always ringing! It's all most extraordinary, her story.

So is this Margot in person. She doesn't wear slacks and say she's just the girl next door. If she were she'd be darned disappointed in herself. She's eagerly covered a lot of ground excitingly. Her figure is naughty—and she never bothers to exercise. Her hair is incredibly golden, worn extravagantly in a swirling bob. She has eyes of a sophisticated china blue, artfully helped along by mascara. When she steps out it's in a creation. When she speaks it's with the king's own diction. Experience and an intriguing candor combine to distinguish her as a first-rate distraction.

Her parents were in the London theatre and moved their baby daughter six thousand miles away when they decided to get out of it. Her father tried diamond prospecting in the small African town of Durham.

"My mother had become quite deaf and so I went to all the teas with her to repeat the conversations. I'm afraid," laughs Margot, "that I was one of those precocious children. I remember making myself up as a wicked blonde girl and donning a Nell Gwynne frock for a grammar school play. I'd been one of four tots masquerading as washerwomen previously; I'd sung out my lungs in that quartet in my debut, so I was all ready to portray a woman of the world. I wasn't a terrific success, but I congratulated myself shortly on my versatility. In the next school affair I merely sat and sewed, but I had to appear tremendously intelligent. When we progressed to Shakespeare and I was a lady-in-waiting in 'Twelfth Night' I was so frightened I was awful!

"We moved on to Johannesburg and I was elated, though still under twelve. Here was a city as fascinating as Paris, practically. The women there have genuine dash; their styles come directly from Paris. There were broad boulevards and beautiful cafes and real theatres.

"Mother wanted me to avoid the Colonial twang, so I studied diction on the side. My hobby soon was elocution. I won a few prizes, and went hunting for pupils. I secured them and made them recite 'Mr. Bumblebee's Adventure,' a tongue-torturer, as their entrance test. I charged fifty cents a week for half-an-hour's lesson.

"However," Margot admits honestly, "I was a complete dud in school myself. I hated it and all its dull routine. I was only passable even in drawing and art and French. I can't spell to this day. But that hasn't proved a handicap! My teachers, of course, were in deep despair. 'Your parents are paying thirty-five dollars a week for you,' they finally orated, 'and you might as well go home and wash dishes and not waste their money!'

"I agreed gladly, except I wasn't going to become any kitchen drudge while I was in my right mind. Luck was with me, and in a curious way, I think. I became a professional actress within a few months, by sheer good fortune.

"In London, you see, mother had played the second lead in 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' and Dennis Neilson, the son of the actor who'd been starred in it then, was coming to Johannesburg in the same play. My parents got up a party for the opening night.

"We were walking down Elof Street, going to luncheon, when we ran into John Turnbull, a very fat man who was the advance manager for the forthcoming local event. My parents remembered him and invited him to join us. Over our soup he asked what I did, if I were an actress. At that there was a polite titter from me. Mother was emphatic. 'No,' she replied, 'and we don't want her to go on the stage. We know there are too many heartbreaks!' He sighed and so did I. 'We had a regular ingenue signed up for your old role and she's ill and can't open,' he continued to mother. 'It would be a great publicity stunt if Margot could step in.' Mother sputtered, 'But I have no idea whether Margot can act!' My eyes were popping when he mentioned twenty-five dollars a week as the salary. After my meager elocution fees this was fantastic. So I insisted upon reading the role. Visions of glamour and romance reeled in my head.

"And," she adds calmly, "I got it. And I was riding to the theatre enthroned in the back seat of our car. Mother chauffeured. The critics acclaimed me, for the opening was on my fifteenth birthday and I was interpreting the 'other woman.' I wasn't content, though; I plagued mother with my declarations that it'd be more fun to be Lady Port Arlington, a red-nosed, Beatrice Lillie sort of silly gossip who just had a walk-on for laughs!"

AT FIVE one evening the Grahame phone rang. It was the second week of the run. "A terrible thing has happened, Margot! The leading lady's ill and her understudy has the flu. You'll have to play the lead tonight!"

She hadn't even understudied it. "But I was ready to try it," she explains. "Perhaps," she muses, "my grand crush on Dennis Neilson spurred me on. He was the personification of glamour to me, and it was my definite chance to win him in the love scene instead of losing him." She was rushed pell-mell to the theatre and a mad rehearsal ensued. "But she's only fifteen!" wailed the manager.

Dennis Nielson helped her with her make-up and then, miraculously, the heroine's costumes fitted her exquisitely. Before she could draw a decent breath she was before the discriminating audience. "I only had to read my lines in one scene, where I carried a fan anyway and could conceal the paper. I never made one mistake. Dennis was in tears with joy and mother and dad were in

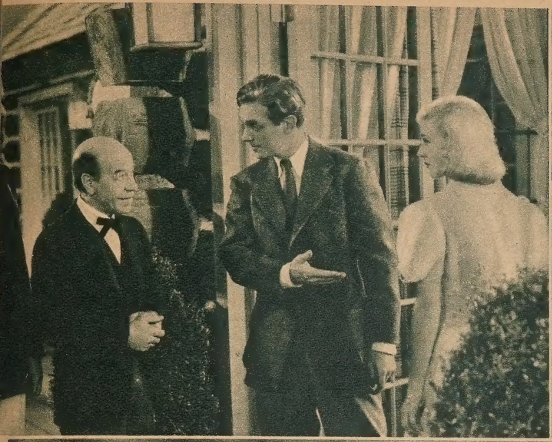
(Continued on page 00)

After appearing in forty-two films in England, Margot came to Hollywood and won fame in "The Informer" (Extreme left). The center picture is especially typical of her. Lastly, as she appears with Fredric March in their latest, "The Buccaneer"

HAVING WONDERFUL Time

AFTER breaking her engagement to marry for good reasons, Teddy Shaw (Ginger Rogers) goes for a vacation in the mountains. At the station she is met by Chick (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) over whom she assumes airs. He is a college graduate, with a summer job as waiter at the camp, and he resents her superciliousness. But the second evening Teddy attends a dance at the camp's Social Hall. Meeting Chick there, she unbends and the two become good friends. At the end of a week they decide that they are in love. But Chick can't marry because he has no winter job, and proposes that they live together anyway. Angered by this, Teddy quarrels with him. The next night Teddy is disgusted by a drunken party in the cabin she shares with others. Buzzy, a young man of indifferent morals, suggests she visit his cabin where it is quiet. Discovering this, Chick, infuriated, upbraids her. Overcome by liquor Teddy falls asleep and the next morning on leaving the cabin is seen by everyone. Chick at first refuses to believe in her innocence, but Teddy forces him to listen and persuades him to marry her.

Ginger Rogers
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

SANAT
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BLUEBEARD'S *Eighth* WIFE

MICHAEL BRANDON (Gary Cooper), wealthy American, creates a scene in a Paris shop by insisting on buying only the coat to a pair of pajamas. insisting that he has no use for trousers as he never wears them. The clerks can't comprehend this eccentricity. Lovely Nicole De Loiselle (Claudette Colbert) smilingly offers to buy the other half and then disappears.

But Michael accidentally comes upon her father in a hotel and knowingly buys from him a worthless antique in exchange for permission to court his daughter. However, when Nicole discovers that Michael has divorced seven wives she resolves to teach him a lesson. She agrees to marriage with the stipulation of a settlement of $100,000 a year, each of his previous wives had received only $50,000. Nicole is cold and distant during the honeymoon. She stirs her husband to jealousy by a pretended correspondence with non-existent lovers. Driven to desperation by these tactics, Michael resorts to espionage. On the pretext of making a journey he plans to return and surprise her. His scheme is betrayed, however. She wins over the detective he puts on her trail. Hiring an ex-prize fighter to pose as her lover, she plots vengeance on Michael, but Albert, an old friend of the De Loiselles, who chances to call, is set upon by the pugilist in error. Michael finding him in Nicole's room, leaves heart-broken and takes refuge in a sanitarium. Michael refuses to let her see him at the institution. With Nicole's allowance her father buys the establishment and puts Michael in a strait jacket. Realizing his love for her, Nicole finally releases him—into her own arms.

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Gary Cooper
Claudette Colbert
A Paramount Picture

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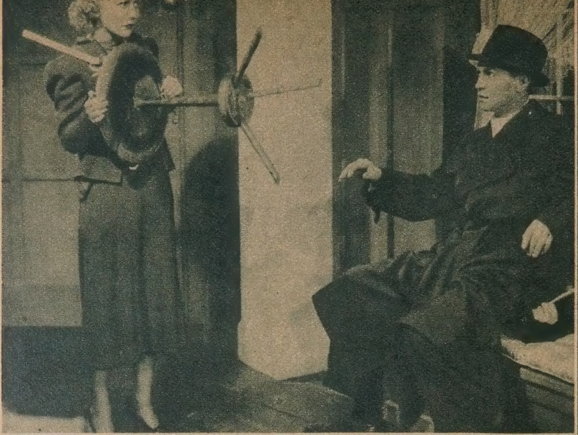

LOVE IS A Headache

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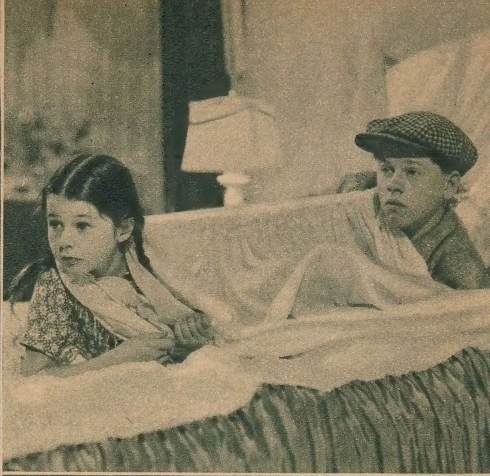
IN LOVE with Carlotta Lee (Gladys George), a Broadway stage star, Peter Lawrence (Franchot Tone) tries to stimulate her to doing better plays by criticisms. Peter is a newspaper columnist who also has a radio programme. The death of a window-washer leaves two orphans (Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler). Peter broadcasts their plight for financial aid lest they be committed to an orphanage. The idea is taken up by Carlotta's press agent, who suggests to her that she adopt the youngsters as a publicity stunt. When she actually finds the children in her apartment, Carlotta is angry, but presently loves them and refuses to give them up. The police,



GLADYS GEORGE
FRANCHOT TONE
MICKEY ROONEY
VIRGINIA WEIDLER
An M-G-M Picture

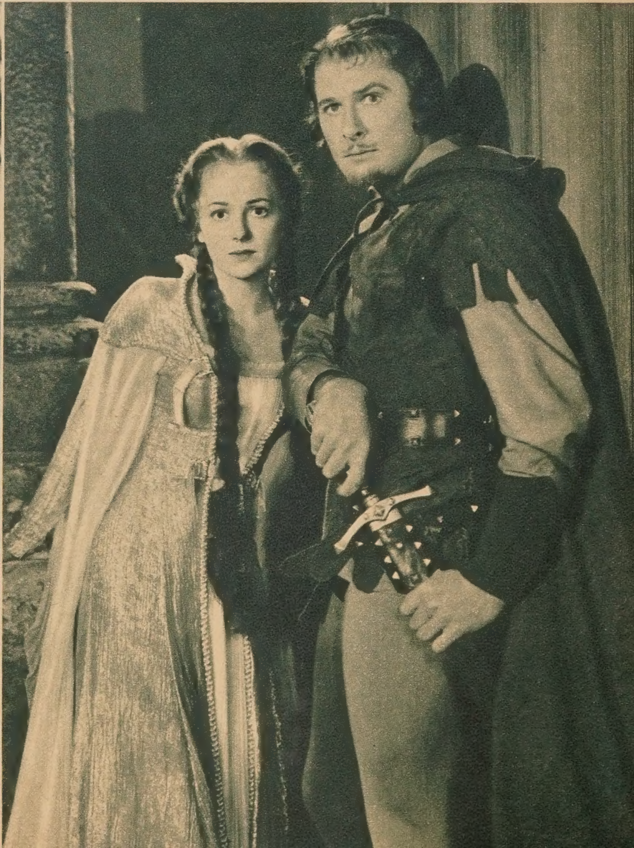
believing them kidnapped, begin a search. Peter tries to get the children but Carlotta flees the state with them, thus making the charge against her very serious. He follows her to a small country hotel. The innkeeper is also a sheriff and justice of the peace. Eavesdropping, he hears Carlotta say that the solution to their troubles is marriage. Not understanding the situation, he rushes into the room with a shotgun and makes them man and wife. This settles all their personal problems, including those of the children, to the delight of the latter.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

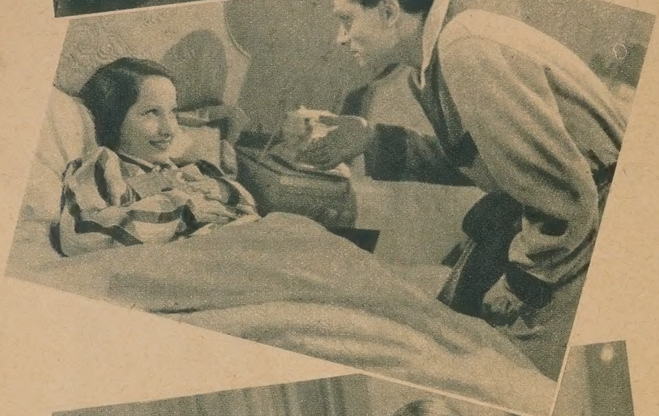
EVEN a hundred years after the Norman conquest of England, the native Saxons are still mistreated. King Richard (Ian Hunter) has gone to war against the Turks, and his wicked brother, Prince John (Claude Rains) usurps the royal power. Robin Hood (Errol Flynn) leads the Saxons against their oppressors. In a tournament he bests the Norman champion, Sir Guy (Basil Rathbone), but Maid Marian, (Olivia de Havilland) ward of John, treats him haughtily. To his band Robin presently adds other daring outlaws—Little John (Alan Hale) and Friar Tuck (Eugene Pallette). Robin takes prisoner Maid Marian, Sir Guy and the Sheriff of Nottingham (Melville Cooper), and after stripping them of their booty releases them. Robin now knows that Maid Marian loves him. Lured by Prince John to an archery contest he is taken prisoner, but daringly escapes from the very gallows. King Richard returns, banishes Prince John, and Friar Tuck joins Robin and Maid Marian in matrimony.

✓Errol Flynn
✓Olivia de Havilland
Basil Rathbone
Ian Hunter

A Warner Bros. Picture



THE DIVORCE OF Lady X



TAKING refuge from a London fog in a hotel, Leslie (Merle Oberon) has difficulty in finding accommodations. However, she forces herself into the room of Logan (Laurence Olivier), a divorce attorney, and takes possession of his pajamas and his bed. When she leaves next morning Logan knows nothing about her except that he is very much in love. Leslie's grandfather is very angry with her story of the night before. Logan appears in court that morning to plead a divorce case. Leslie is in the audience. Later Lord Mere (Ralph Richardson) comes to Logan for a divorce, his wife (Binnie Barnes) having stayed all night with some unknown man. Logan fears he himself is the corespondent in the case. Leslie leads Logan on, and he is much perturbed because Lord Mere has given Lady Mere a very bad reputation. Her deception discovered, Logan angrily packs his bags and leaves London. But Leslie follows him on board a boat for France. He becomes seasick and Leslie convinces him that his best cure is to marry her.

A United Artists Release

At right, Kathleen Burke (of "Boy of the Streets" film) presides over the charmingly decorated table. Above, a close-up of arrangement of decorations and favors

BRIDGE LUNCHEON for ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Unusual menus and favors to aid in celebrating one of our gayest festivals

THE holiday so often makes the party—or inspires it! The latter is true of this month's party for it takes the gay spirit of St. Patrick's Day for its theme. We asked Kathleen Burke exactly what sort of party she thought lent itself best to St. Patrick's Day decorations. Her reply was a bridge luncheon—so it is with pride that we give you a very charming one, planned down to the last detail by Kathleen Burke.

The decorations are the backdrop for the delicious luncheon menu so we will get into those first. Kathleen has planned a party for sixteen and, because later this makes four tables of bridge, she suggests that it is simpler to serve the food right on the bridge tables.

Linen-like paper cloths in white printed in green dancing Irish figures and shamrocks cover each table. And each table has its own centerpiece—you may have all the centerpieces alike or you may have every other table with the same one, as Kathleen has suggested.

One center decoration is a basket made with a paper plate as its center and with green and gold paper together with shamrocks and ribbon for trim. Into this Kathleen has put white flowers. This same basket may be used to serve sandwiches or biscuits if you would rather use the harp decoration for each of the tables.

The harp makes a very appropriate decoration for the day and is ridiculously easy to make. It is made from a glossy but sturdy green cardboard with thin wires strung through it. The paper ruffling upon which it rests is a combination of green and gold crepe paper.

Each table has favors consisting of dancing paper dolls in typical Irish costumes. Green ribbons run from them to small place cards beside each place. And shamrock trimmed paper cups hold nuts or bon bons. As you can imagine, the effect is charming and will call forth applause from your guests.

Now to the menu. Kathleen has planned this with an eye to those who come hoping that the food will not be too fattening. As you will notice, the green color scheme pops up in the menu repeatedly.

St. Patrick's Luncheon Menu
Cream of Asparagus Soup with Croutons
Cheese Rings with Green Salad
Sour Cream Biscuits
Pineapple Mint Sherbet
Shamrock Cookies
Coffee Mints

So good is each individual item on this menu that we are herewith giving you recipes for the majority of them. Each is a *tested recipe* which you will find easy to prepare.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

1 bunch or can of asparagus
2 tablespoons butter
1 quart milk
Salt and pepper

Use only the tender parts of the asparagus. Wash well and cut into small pieces. Boil in

(Continued on page 76)

JOY HODGES TALKS

The lovely star reveals secrets for maintaining youth and slender lines

This lovely white gown designed in a diamond-shaped sequins has been selected by Joy Hodges for her gala evenings. A luxurious white fox box coat that is the "last word" in fashions is worn over the sunburst-pleated skirt

Dedicated to magnificence is this gold lame gown selected by Joy. The tight bodice is stunning on her slender figure, which she keeps at the minimum poundage by swimming, horseback riding and cycling

"WATCH those laugh-lines if you're over eighteen!" is the beauty advice of Joy Hodges, beautiful stage and screen star. "I know it seems rather silly for girls so young to worry about laugh-lines, wrinkles and such, but if they give their skins the necessary care while they *are young* they won't have to worry about many beauty hazards as they mature into womanhood," she explained.

Creating an atmosphere of natural beauty and simplicity in style (she was wearing a tailored black dress, a beautiful skunk fur jacket, a pert little chapeau adorned with a veil and black suede shoes with smart, low heels), this charming actress told me all of her beauty secrets the day I interviewed her, in a cozy little office at the Universal Pictures Studios. Joy, as you know, is starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," that swell musical show released recently by Universal.

"I believe in the good old soap and water treatment for keeping my skin scrupulously clean," she said. "But, to counteract the extremely drying qualities of water, I use a rich turtle oil every night before retiring. This I gently massage and pat into my skin and leave it on overnight to replenish the oils which are so valuable for a soft, supple skin.

"Naturalness is the one explanation for beauty," she replied to my comment on her make-up, which was so natural that I scarcely realized she was wearing any. "A faint touch of creme rouge in a light orange undertone is my favorite beauty aid for giving my cheeks a natural blush tint, and I use a dark ivory shade of powder to harmonize with my complexion, which is usually tanned because of the extremely hot sun in California.

"I always 'paint on' my lipstick with a fine Sable brush. It gives my lips a natural appearance that is not possible to achieve with my fingertip. Any fine Sable paint brush found in an art store will do the trick.

"Every night I brush my eyebrows and eyelashes with a small, flat paint brush. It is excellent for keeping them well-groomed and stimulating their growth. And, if you want the brush to do two jobs for you, use it to brush over your eyelids and eyelashes after applying your powder.

"My 'pet' eyeshadow is a deep violet shade mixed with a special bronze powder to make it iridescent. It's particularly grand for evening under electric lights!"

Joy, whose hair is light brown with titian tints, is the proud possessor of a natural *widow's peak*. This she accentuates by outlining it with an ordinary pencil. She doesn't advise any girl to incorporate this little trick in her beauty routine, however, unless she has a *natural* peak and knows how to pencil it so that it cannot be detected as artificial.

She keeps her beautiful tresses in excellent condition by briskly brushing them with a good, sturdy brush every morning and night. Twice a week she shampoos her hair—preferring to do it herself, with a water-soluble shampoo and twice a month she has hot oil shampoos.

"I use a very weak solution of lemon juice—the juice of half a lemon in about two quarts of water—in my final rinse water. This keeps my hair soft and silky and gives it a beautiful sheen."

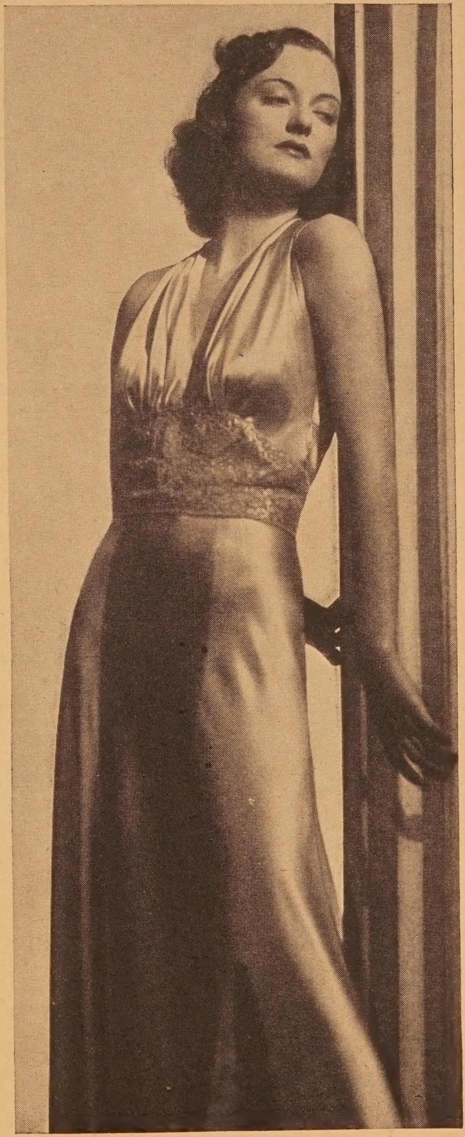
The waves in her hair were so soft that I believed them to be natural. "Oh, no," she responded, "I have a permanent wave every two months. But not as you think," she hurriedly explained in answer to my expression of amazement. "I request the hairdresser to barely steam the curls, hav-

ABOUT Beauty

HELEN STEWART will gladly send you trade names or expert advice on your individual beauty problems. Simply write to Miss Stewart, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with your letter

by HELEN STEWART

Isn't she lovely? We can't blame Bob Wilcox for popping the question to this brunette songbird. Her beauty secrets are revealed in the accompanying interview—which she happily granted for your benefit



Joy Hodges says: "Cultivate the habit of standing and sitting up straight, if you will have a perfect posture."

ing the heat on about one-third the length of time for an ordinary permanent. It gives my hair just enough curl to keep it soft and natural looking always.

"I have my hair set twice a week. And I believe that every girl would be wise to follow this little hint, for it keeps the hair in place and affords an opportunity to try new hairstyles more frequently—one of my pet hobbies. I, personally, have to be careful with new hair styles, though, because my features demand low-neckline coiffures.

"Another treatment that girls should never forget is the beautifying of their elbows. They can look so terrible, you know, if neglected. Of course, I use my hand lotions and creams 'all the way up to my shoulders' every night.

"I couldn't go to bed without first massaging cuticle oil into my nails," she continued. "While it may seem to be a prolonged treatment when you're tired and ready to fall into bed, it's well worth the few minutes it

(Continued on page 68)

I WANT TO KNOW

Jane Bryan—born O'Brien in Hollywood—age nineteen. Among her successes: "Kid Galahad," "Confession," Now in "A Slight Case of Murder." Her "supporter" is newcomer to Warners—Willard Parker

FRANK Z., Ashtabula, Ohio.—Edward G. Robinson's next film is "A Slight Case of Murder." He is one of the most consistent box office favorites in pictures. No, he is "not like that off the screen," but is one of the best educated actors in the business, holding a degree of Master of Arts from Columbia University. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and is 44 year old. Height 5 feet, 8 inches; hair black and eyes brown.

Rosetta, Rome, Ga.—Yes, there really is such a man as Hermes Pan. He is a dance director for RKO. Among his notable productions are "Roberta," with Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and "A Damsel in Distress," with Fred Astaire, and George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Mary Frances, Easton, Penna.—We agree with you that the formation of a Fan Club is one of the most sincere forms of showing our appreciation of a screen player. Joan Crawford's popularity in this respect is said to be pre-eminent. There are some three thousand such clubs organized in honor of her. Which is some indication of what a vivid personality the M-G-M star is.

Erminie, La Crosse, Wisc.—Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Conn., and has had excellent training in stocking companies before she went into films. Among her important pictures are "Evelyn Prentice," "Forsaking All Others," "Night Must Fall," and "Man-Proof."

Harriet M.R., Blytheville, Ark.—The first talking films in English that Charles Boyer made were "Cavalcade" and "Private Worlds." Pretty Pat Paterson is his wife. You can write him at Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. The Gallic Fernand Gravet is co-starred with Carole Lombard in a production at Warners, the tentative title of which is "Food for Scandal."

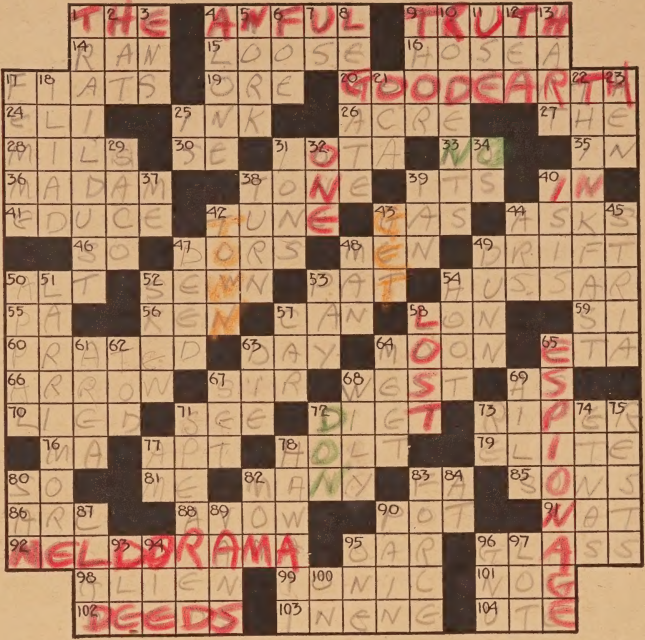
Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th St., New York City.

The singing chef and the lady who saves the family fortune by going on the stage. That's the way the plot of "Everybody Sing" works around Allan Jones and Judy Garland

Joan Woodbury, who always photographs beautifully, is assigned to play opposite Lee Tracy in RKO's "Crashing Hollywood." Another of her pictures is "Broadway After Midnight." She's a brunette

MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE ON PAGE 78



HORIZONTAL

1, 4, and 9. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant starred in this
14. Hastened
15. Untied
16. A Biblical prophet
17. Positive commands
19. Mineral rock
20. Paul Muni starred in this (two words)
24. Another Biblical prophet
25. Writing fluid
26. Land measure
27. Article
28. Wire measures
30. A compass point (abb.)
31. Particle
33. "—— Time to Marry"
35. Stand ——
36. Title of respect
38. Joan Crawford's married name
39. "—— Love I'm After"
40. "Racketeers —— Exile"
41. Bring forth
42. Melody
43. Aeroform fluid
44. Requests
46. Thus
47. Beetles
48. "—— Are Not Gods"
49. Float away
50. High (mus.)
52. Mended, Stitched
53. —— Knowles
54. A light horse trooper
55. A parent
56. —— Murray
57. Is able
58. —— Chaney
59. Musical note
60. Boasted
63. "—— At the Races"
64. "Turn Off the ——"
65. Greek letter
66. Dart
67. Title of respect
68. Mae ——
69. "—— You Like It"
70. Falsified
71. Behold
72. Prescribed method of eating
73. More mature
76. A parent
77. Precocious
78. Jack ——
79. The choicest part
80. Consequently
81. Pronoun
82. Numerous
83. Musical note
85. Descendants
86. Part of a circle
88. Assert
90. Kitchen utensil
91. —— Pendleton
92. "Manhattan ——"
95. Rowing instrument
96. Mirror
98. Foreign
99. An architectural order
101. A strong ale
102. "Mr. —— Goes to Town"
103. Rich
104. Member of an Indian tribe

VERTICAL

1. William Boyd starred in this (two words)
2. A headpiece
3. Half ems
4. "Woman ——"
5. Labor
6. Enemy
7. Pronoun
8. Representative
9. God of War
10. Rats
11. Employ
12. "—— For Two"
13. William S. ——
17. Woman (Fr.)
18. Poem of Homer
21. Edible tuber
22. "—— ——, Mr. Moto"
23. Female fowl
25. "Love —— on the Air"
29. City in Maine
31. Electrified atoms
32. "It Happened —— Night"
34. Bone (L)
37. Love —— Again
38. "—— Off the Moon"
39. —— Hunter
40. An Egyptian goddess
42. "Top of the ——"
43. "Come and —— It"
44. Land measures
45. Small stripe
47. Act
48. "—— Proof"
49. James ——
50. Astonish
51. Francine —— ("John Meade's Wife")
52. A distortion
53. "The —— Off"
54. —— Gibson
57. Automobile
58. "—— Horizon"
61. Open space
62. A fox
63. Expire
64. "—— The Boy Friend"
65. Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans starred in this
67. A picture studio term
68. Sly
69. Is ill
71. Pierced with a weapon
72. —— Ameche
73. Musical note
74. Small heating devices
75. "The Defense ——"
77. Exist
78. "—— Calls"
80. —— Goldwyn
82. Mother
83. Power
84. "Laughing —— Trouble"
87. Clothed
89. Moving trucks
90. Ache
93. Swedish name
94. Cease to exist
95. "—— Mile from Heaven"
96. African antelope
97. Picture setting
100. "Double —— Nothing"

ROSES AND RAZZES

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th St., New York, New York.

"Joan Is Back"

JOAN, Joan Crawford! How could you keep us waiting so long for "Mannequin"? Advance notices of the picture's progression would seem to indicate that it is among the very finest you have ever done. They say you are *the* Joan that first intrigued us with your style, glamour and loveliness. I liked you in "The Bride Wore Red," but somehow the role didn't quite fit you.

I'm glad that you are coming back—the Joan that we have learned to love and admire.

Jenny C.
Richmond, Va.

■

"Almost as Good as Tracy"

I THINK that Pat O'Brien is too modest when he holds the acting ability of Spencer Tracy so far above himself, as quoted in "The Greatest Friendship in Hollywood," in February *Modern Movies.* I think that Pat's right in believing Tracy to be the screen's finest player. But is Pat O'Brien so far behind him? Just look at the list of *some* of the films that O'Brien has made memorable—"The Blonde Bombshell," "Here Comes the Navy," "Devil Dogs of the Air," "Oil for the Lamps of China," "Page Miss Glory," "Submarine D-1."

I'm not trying to claim that Pat is quite as good as Tracy. My only argument is that he is *almost* as good. So here's to two splendid Irishmen, Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien.

Ben
Salt Lake City, Utah

■

Ginger and Astaire

THERE'S been a lot of talk about Fred Astaire not being so good when Ginger Rogers is not playing with him in a picture. That is hardly the case. I have noticed that when Astaire is not teamed with Ginger the producers seem to offer a different kind of picture. The nimble-footed champ of stage and screen needs a dancing partner, as much as a love story needs both a boy and a girl. It adds to the story and his glamour.

No, we mustn't ask Astaire to do the impossible—be a dancing Romeo all by himself. Give him any girl of real charm, who can be his dancing partner, and a good, romantic scenario, and no one will say that he isn't tops. But, of course, the very best combination that I can think of is Ginger and Fred.

R. L. T.
South Bend, Ind.

■

Wanted—More Comedies

IT'S COMEDY that we all love, isn't it? We go to the big spectacles, the two million dollar productions, and are thrilled and excited by the realistic scenes of action on a big scale. But we don't always want terrific excitement. The pictures the past year that have amused and entertained me most are "I Met Him in Paris," "True Confession," "It's Love I'm After," "The Perfect Specimen."

Say, when you've been grinding away at dull work and duller care all week, what a lift to get into a theatre where there is a high-speed comedy showing! It peps one up for another week. Messrs. Producers, all, can't you make more comedies?

Bette Harmon,
Chicago, Ill.

■

A Rose for Jackie Cooper

I SAW Jackie Cooper in "Boy of the Streets," and what a fine actor he has become. Or rather I had better say, remained. He's at the "awkward age," and yet Jackie isn't a bit awkward. He plays his role as though he were actually going through real life in the tenement districts of New York City. It's a comfort to know that producers haven't lost this talented lad as they have so many other screen boys and girls in their adolescent years.

It's true that the change from one period of growth to another is often remarkable, that the budding young man or woman is often scarcely recognizable as the child favorite of only the other year. But the public is not as fickle as movie interests seem sometimes to fear—and there is a prestige in a name that is not soon forgotten.

I think that many a child star could have been saved to the screen and continued to be a box office favorite if only the studios had given the matter greater consideration.

R. F. L.
Pittsburgh, Penna.

A Surprise for Oxford

WHEN Oxford University refused to let the "Yank at Oxford" cast use the premises of that hallowed institution to make the picture, I think the college authorities were guilty of a stupid act of inhospitality. There's not an educational institution in America that would not have been glad to have received the priceless advertising and prestige, through the act of throwing open its premises to a great motion picture producing company.

However, when the "dons" of the English educational center see the film, they certainly will be amazed. I am only guessing at this, of course, but we all know the remarkable skill and resourcefulness of our great amusement industry. Just as Hollywood can make tropics look as genuine or even more so than the real thing, so I'll wager that the Oxford "sets" on the screen will deceive even the old grads.

Martin C. L.
Portland, Me.

■

Those Big Salaries

EVERYONE has been reading in the newspapers the report from Washington on big salaries—salaries of business executives as well as motion picture stars. And many of us sigh enviously at the figures. The two to four hundred thousand dollars a year that some of these stars have been credited with receiving during 1937 sound very large. But when Federal, State and other taxes have been deducted, when other necessary expenses—expected of them because of their positions—have been computed, the figures shrink like a snowball in a thaw.

Every dollar that these stars make is hard-earned money. The head of a big corporation is not *directly* engaged in making his own money. As

(Continued on page 66)

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John Barrymore

JOHN AND ELAINE

(Continued from page 29)

adornment. His marriage is his defiant gesture to the world that he has lost none of his romantic appeal.

They enjoy working together, even though she is almost ashamed to bring her elementary problems in dramatic technique to her celebrated husband. But John basks in her admiration, and he is never happier than when he is talking about his great days in the theatre. In Elaine he finds his most responsive audience.

But John's greatness is by no means behind him. His brilliant performance in "True Confession" has placed him once more in the forefront of the screen's distinguished performers.

Informed that many critics conceded he had stolen the picture, John looked pleased, then growled:

"Nonsense, nobody can steal a picture from Carole Lombard."

"You see what I mean when I say he's modest?" exclaimed Elaine pointedly.

"It was a good fat role, anyway. Anybody would have done well in it."

"Then you don't mind playing supporting roles!"

"Mind! I love them! I never want to play a hero again."

"But why?"

"Because supporting roles relieve you of a terrific responsibility. Besides, a good minor role is better any day than a stuffy lead."

"Remember what Mr. Barrymore did with Mercutio in 'Romeo and Juliet'?" Elaine interposed archly.

"Stuff! Mercutio always steals the show from Romeo. It's the way the parts are written."

"There, you see," sighed Elaine.

John grimaced. "But really, I'm sorry for leading men. I know what I'm talking about. I've been one for years. Everytime I played a virtuous hero, someone swiped the show from under my nose."

It was then that Mrs. Jacobs, wearing cerise lounging pyjamas, tiptoed into the room. She whispered in her daughter's ear, and tiptoed out again. At the door, she paused. "Don't forget to tell him," she called back. Dutifully Elaine whispered the message in her husband's ear, and John followed his mother-in-law into the other room.

Only once did he express anything that might be interpreted as even remotely approaching criticism of his wife's antecedents. "Elaine has always had a great reverence for the theatre," he was saying. "Heaven alone knows where she got it from."

And if the other Barrymores find cause to resent the newcomers to their distinguished family, Lionel remains discreetly silent, and the incomparable Ethel, whose wit is famous, was provoked to comment only when she learned that a Barrymore was featured in "How to Undress in Front of Your Husband." With lowering brow, she proceeded to introduce herself as "the sister-in-law of Elaine Barrie, you know. . . ."

No doubt Elaine, determined young lady that she is, is a little terrified of Lionel, and especially of Ethel. She must pinch herself now and then to make sure she is really a member of "the Royal Family."

Sometimes a wistful expression flits across her face, particularly when her husband speaks of his early days in the theatre, before she was born!

"There was the time," John was reminiscing, "when Lionel, Constance Collier and I played 'Peter Ibbetson.'

"We all loved the Du Maurier play and we decided to produce it no matter how great a failure it might prove. Rather to our surprise, it turned out to be a tremendous success. Even though on opening night, and the night after, too, in one of the tenderest scenes in the play, the scenery fell down on top of us.

"I had brought some gold pieces to distribute to the stage hands, but after the fiasco of the stage sets, I thought I had better wait a night or two before presenting the gifts. So I left the theatre with this bag of gold pieces in my pocket.

"On the way home I stopped for a drink. The only money I had with me were those gold pieces. I shook one out of the bag. The bartender's eyes fairly popped. All I lacked was the make-up of Shylock.

"After playing 'Peter Ibbetson' on Broadway for months, we went on tour. I remember the night we played Philadelphia. I was born in Philadelphia, you know.

"Lionel went on first, but in place of the round of applause that always greeted his entrance, there was silence. Later, backstage, he remarked, 'Strange acoustics in this theatre. You can't hear a sound from out front.'

"It simply didn't occur to him that the audience wasn't applauding. Then my turn came. I went on. Again that strange brooding silence. It was so disconcerting, I blew up in my lines. Completely! I could hear Lionel chuckling in his beard, and he threw me my cue again. We learned then that Philadelphia audiences may be appreciative, but they are most certainly undemonstrative!"

Elaine sat quietly with her hands folded in her lap. It was time for dinner, but John rambled on.

"The big scene in 'Peter Ibbetson' was the one where I struck Lionel violently again and again with a cane. He wore a leather arm-band and took the blows on that, his arm shielding his head. As I struck him, he would urge, 'Harder, harder!' We stopped the show with the scene every night—except in Philadelphia.

"One night, in our dressing room, I noticed that his right arm was black and swollen.

" 'What's that?' I asked.

" 'It's nothing I tell you. It's a great scene.'

"That's Lionel," John exclaimed with quiet pride. "I finally persuaded him he could take the blows on his left hand, and give his right a chance to heal."

John is irrepressible these days. He has finished for Paramount "Romance in the Dark," with Gladys Swarthout, and he will be cast next in "Cafe Society," with Dorothy Lamour playing opposite him. For a long time John listened, despondent and ill, to those who brayed that he was slipping. But in his last few pictures he made a terrific comeback. No longer cast in romantic leads, John is proving he has no equal in the type of comedy he plays. Nor is that unexpected. His first roles some forty years ago were comedy.

Perhaps Elaine has helped in some measure, to restore his faith in himself. Perhaps she has offered him the challenge he needed. He has regained both his health and his place on the screen. His doubts are behind him. Today he faces the future with assurance, for a new career, as great as any he has had, stretches before John Barrymore!

ROSES AND RAZZES

(Continued from page 64)

president he draws a salary. He owns part of the business. When he retires his income will continue, from the stock he holds. Not so with the stars. Their pay may be high but it is still only a "wage." When their working days are over, they must look to what they have put aside to live on.

So let's not begrudge the stars their salaries—whatever they may be. Let's think, instead, of the entertainment and happiness they bring us in their screen work.

T. H.
Madison, Wisc.

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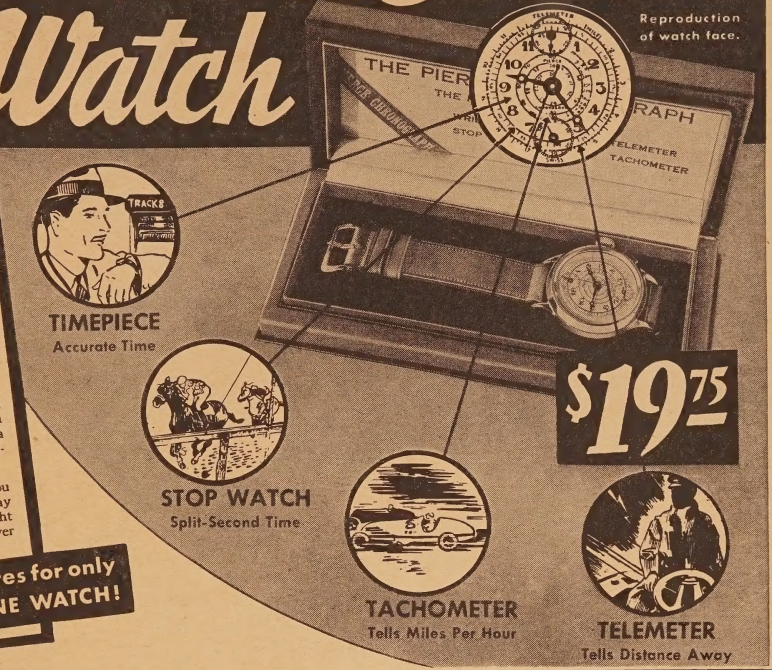

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From "The Buccaneer," with Fredric March, to "Paris Honeymoon," with Bing Crosby, goes the way of Franciska Gaal, Paramount's importation from Budapest. Franciska is all settled down in Hollywood for a long stay—with home, library and everything

JOY HODGES TALKS ABOUT BEAUTY

(Continued from page 61)

requires, for it keeps your nails and cuticles in such excellent condition that they seldom require any special care other than your regular weekly manicure."

I WAS really not aware of the lovely figure Joy has until I attended a matinee of "I'd Rather Be Right," George M. Cohan's new play depicting the activities of our representatives in Washington. Joy is exquisite in the feminine lead! If figures count in the bank balance she will certainly pay Uncle Sam plenty when she makes up her income tax report. "The most graceful lines in forty-eight States," was the comment made by my escort. And I certainly had to agree with him.

With beautiful hazel eyes that flash a cheery disposition, Joy told me how she keeps her five feet, four and one-half inches of height at 110 pounds.

"Every morning when I hop out of bed I do several hand stands against the wall. This is done by facing the wall, throwing your weight forward on both hands and swinging your feet up over your head to rest against the wall. When you have arrived in position, with your back well-arched, raise your head up to look at the wall and stretch—then stretch some more. It gives you the grandest sense of balance and, no matter how sleepy you may be when you start your first hand stand, you'll be *wide awake* after three or four of them. Then jump under a cool shower and see if you don't feel like a new person!

"My daily outdoor exercises consist of swimming—when in California—and horseback riding. I love horses and adore riding by the hour. Out in Hollywood we do a lot of bicycling too. It's the perfect exercise for keeping the hips and thighs slender.

"I eat five or six times a day but lightly and sensibly. I believe it is better for the system than three heavy meals each day. And I adore sherry or champagne with my evening meals, although I never drink any other alcoholic beverages."

Joy believes that poise is acquired, not inherited, and that it can be developed if you'll sit up straight with your chin and head up and wear smart heels that are comfortable (she wears boulevard heels). Cultivate the habit of standing and sitting in the position that you would take on if "squeezing" through a narrow passage—hips forward, stomach in and chest out. It will help you to "fall in" to a perfect posture.

"I wear a lot of black during the winter," she replied to my question about her favorite colors, "but during the summer my favorite color is green—in any shade. I have my dressing room decorated in green and even don a green bathing suit when I stroll down to the beach for my daily sunbath."

One hundred and ten pounds of beauty and charm, this lovely star is a perfect example of health and beauty for the young girls of our country. And I certainly advise you to follow some of her suggestions if you wish to be attractive and popular with your own social and business groups.

She suggests that you experiment with new hair styles, make-up, general beauty treatments and clothes, until you find the ones that are best suited to you and your personality. Then stick to those ones and go ahead if life with a smile, knowing that you are always well-groomed and as lovely as you can possibly be.

And now I know that you are anxious to hear more about some of Miss Hodge's beauty aids that she keeps on her dressing table.

Her favorite treatment preparations are made by one of our famous beauticians who is devoting her life to restoring beauty and youth to the women of our country. Believing that "there's no such thing as growing old" this creator of beauty aids offers to you and you, some marvelous creams and lotions that do miraculous work in erasing tired lines and smoothing the skin.

The cleansing cream is a soothing, deep-pore cleanser that whisks away every particle of dust and grime. It is a luscious cream that is smooth to the touch and is delicately scented to please the nostrils of the most fastidious of femmes. It's available in sizes at one, two and three dollars and is packaged in delicate pink and blue jars that are lovely on any dressing table.

The special oil that Joy uses at night is made by the same beautician. When massaged into your skin nightly it rapidly helps to eliminate those ugly little lines around your eyes, nose and mouth. It prevents them, too, if they haven't already appeared. Your face and neck will feel years younger after only one application.

Joy's make-up consists of a fine-textured face powder that has excellent adherent qualities and goes on so smoothly that it leaves ne'er a trace of artificiality. Her favorite shade is grand for all girls with tanned or naturally dark complexions, but the manufacturer makes many other shades to harmonize with all complexion tones.

Her choice of lipstick and rouge are also available in several exquisite shades that harmonize beautifully with all the lovely high-fashion costume colors and complexions. The cream rouge will not fade, nor will it streak and leave your cheeks "splotchy." It is a fine, creamy rouge that blends into your skin perfectly, giving it a natural blush tint that beautifies your complexion to the point of looking healthy without the aid of cosmetics. The lipstick is permanent and when painted on with the sable brush can barely be detected as anything other than your own natural lip coloring. I know you'll want the trade names of these marvelous requisites.

A water-soluble shampoo that removes every trace of dandruff and other foreign particles from the hair, is made from oil and not only keeps Joy's locks scrupulously clean but gives them a beautiful lustre that outshines the brightest of sparkling jewels. It leaves her hair so lovely and soft, too—an important point to remember when making your shampoo purchase!

To keep her hands and arms velvety-smooth and white, Joy uses a hand lotion that overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon her skin. This lotion "sinks in" and replenishes the oils which have been carried away by exposure to water and weather. It quickly heals chapping and roughness. Its delightful fragrance is an asset too, as it will not clash with your other perfumes. It's available in sizes at fifty, twenty-five and ten cents and a large economy size at one dollar!

I'll gladly send you the trade names of Miss Hodges' beauty aids. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, for a personal reply.

Beautiful Merle Oberon stars next in the English made film, "The Divorce of Lady X"

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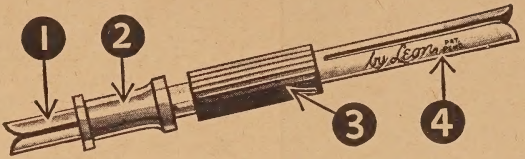

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Deanna Durbin

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These are just a few of the pulse-stirring stories of real women in love featured in PERSONAL ROMANCES. The March issue is now on sale at your favorite newsstand. Buy a copy today!

PERSONAL ROMANCES

DEANNA DURBIN'S DREAM

(Continued from page 35)

Durbin family's scale of living has gone up. The modest bungalow on one of the city's busiest thoroughfares is a thing of the past. Their charming new house in the expensive Los Feliz district boasts the badge of Hollywood's success—a swimming pool. But that pool isn't any gesture. It's there because it is the one luxury she has earned for herself that Deanna is excited about. That and her dog, Tippy. But a girl doesn't have to be a motion picture star to have a dog.

Luxuries seem unimportant to Deanna now, but will they be years from now? For luxuries have a way of becoming necessities over a period of years.

On her thirteenth birthday Deanna had a party. Her school-chums were there and they played games and had ice-cream and cake and it was like all the birthdays that had gone before it.

It was shortly after that things began to happen for Deanna. At one of her recitals a Hollywood actor's agent heard her sing and within twenty-four hours she was headed toward a career.

But it wasn't the screen test for Universal's "Three Smart Girls," or the radio engagement with Eddie Cantor, that excited Deanna most. It was the chance of studying with Andres de Segurola, the former Metropolitan star, who had taught Marion Talley and Mary McCormick and so many other grand opera luminaries, that really thrilled her.

"Three Smart Girls" turned out to be one of those phenomena that surprised the studio which made it as much as it did everyone else. When Universal officials saw the first rushes they were amazed at the acting ability of this girl who had scarcely been inside a studio before, and so they changed the story to revolve around her.

Thus on her fourteenth birthday we see an amazing change. No simple little party in a modest little house for Deanna now. Her birthday party was held in New York in a well-known luncheon club in the fashionable Fifties and the great of the movie world were there to do her homage.

It was amazing to think of this girl as a movie star. Simply dressed, with her eyes shining at the sight of her birthday cake, and with that irrepressible, bubbling happiness of hers that had made the world reach out and take her to its heart, there was no mistaking the child of fourteen. And even if these things were not enough to impress skeptics who have insisted no girl of her age could possess either the voice or the poise of the amazing Deanna, they would have had to be convinced by her hands.

For they were little girl hands, those hand of Deanna's. Little girl fingernails, too, that had never known such a grown-up luxury as a manicure. Square and nibbled at the edges they accentuated the childishness of the small excited hands.

Another year saw Deanna even more firmly established as the important money-making star of her studio. "One Hundred Men and a Girl" had more than fulfilled the promise of that first picture. And her fifteenth birthday was spent at the Universal studios with Deanna working before the cameras.

There was a party on one of the sets afterwards and Deanna wore her first party dress, the one that had been made for her to wear at the première of her last picture. But it was essentially a working birthday, unlike that last one in New York that had centered all around her party. The sort of birthday busy Hollywood stars are apt to have.

But for all that Deanna had grown an inch and a half in that last year and her nails had been coaxed into oval pink shells through expert manicures and she no longer bit them when she was excited. That young breathlessness was still in her eyes and her smile and her voice. Neither success nor hard work nor Hollywood itself had been able to change her essential personality.

Her new picture, "Mad About Music," is almost finished now. The story is about a fourteen-year-old American girl in school in Switzerland, whose mother, a glamorous motion picture ingenue, depending on her simulated youth for her success, dares not acknowledge her lonely little fatherless girl as her daughter. In this, Deanna is making a departure from the two pictures that made her a star.

For there will be a love interest for her in this picture. Not really a love interest, to be sure, this delicate awareness of an adolescent attraction between a girl and boy, but a thread of romance just the same to groom Deanna for the more adult roles future years must bring.

If audiences protest this mere whisper of romance for the naive artless child they have taken to their hearts, it may affect her future Hollywood career. On the other hand, audience reaction might make her one of the glamour girls of the movies. And either decision may have a lasting effect upon her career and upon her dream.

Jon Hall

HIGH ADVENTURE FOR JON HALL

(Continued from page 33)

he caught up with her and touched her arm.

"I'd like to sign your book, if I may," he offered humbly.

She gave it to him and he wrote, "Thank you for making me feel important. Jon Hall."

"Gee," she said breathlessly. "Gee. Thank *you!*"

No wonder they're talking about this Jon Hall! Perhaps his cosmopolitan upbringing has contributed to his gallantry. The young star of "Hurricane" spent three years in Tahiti, and speaks Tahitian as well as he does English, French, and German. It was in the picturesque South Seas that he learned to swim and dive, and handle an outrigger canoe as well as any islander.

From Tahiti to Switzerland is a far jump, but by that time Jon had decided to study for the diplomatic service. His parents sent him to the university at Neuchatel, Switzerland, and later to the International University at Geneva. His aquatic training stood him in good stead at college. He won intercollegiate honors in swimming and diving at Geneva, and learned to ski as well as to excel as a track star.

The next year Jon spent on the Riviera and then he matriculated at Badingham College in England where he picked up some Latin and law. Thus equipped, he might have gone far in his chosen career of diplomacy, but that face, that torso, and that voice marked him for Hollywood!

And today Jon is one of the brightest of the screen's new stars. But success was by no means instantaneous. He served an apprenticeship in the little theatres around the film capital, and Fox Films and Paramount gave him contracts, only to drop him again because they were not convinced of his potentialities. It took Sam Goldwyn and "Hurricane" to establish him in the starry firmament.

Perhaps those years of discouragement have helped Jon keep his equilibrium when fortune finally fell in his lap. Today Jon lives with his parents in Hollywood, and though any girl would have been flattered to go with him to the preview of "Hurricane," Jon invited his mother, his father, and his sisters! Perhaps they, better than any outsider, were able to understand him when he slipped out of his seat soon after the picture began and hid in the men's washroom until he regained his composure.

"It was seeing myself on the screen that got me," Jon confesses. "Every time my face flashed on, I had an uncontrollable impulse to cover my eyes and flee. It wasn't until a few days ago that I was able to see the whole picture through without once running out.

"I learned a lot though during the six months we filmed 'Hurricane.' Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, and several of the others in the cast gave me a great deal of sound advice, and John Ford was very patient with me. Although," he recalled somewhat ruefully, "he did give me a few bad moments."

Jon was referring to a practical joke the director played on him. It was during the scene when Terangi swims away in a barrage of bullets.

"The night before we took that scene," Jon tells, "I noticed that the marksmen who were to shoot at me were drinking pretty heavily. John Ford tried to re-assure me, but I didn't believe anybody could shoot straight after a night of drinking. Those fellows kept mumbling and swaying and singing in whiskey tenors until I went up to my room. All night I didn't shut my eyes thinking of them, and the next morning, sure enough, they staggered onto the set and picked up their guns with hands that shook noticeably. I didn't want to hold up production by complaining, and I went on with the scene. I dived into the sea and their bullets splintered the water all around me. I thought each stroke I took would be my last, and it wasn't until the scene was finished that I discovered it was all a joke on me. All that drinking had been feigned."

"Did you get back at them with any jokes of your own?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No," he answered gravely. "You see it was my first real chance and I was pretty serious about it. I wasn't much in the mood for clowning."

Jon doesn't joke about things that mean a lot to him. He's serious about looking for the right girl too. So far he hasn't found her. But some lucky girl somewhere is going to have the best looking guy in the world fall in love with her. And when Jon falls in love, he's going to stay in love, because he does everything with his whole heart, or he doesn't do it at all.

There are a lot of things Jon wants to do besides make pictures. Travel, for one. Not in luxury on a huge ocean liner, but roughing it, aboard a freighter. He's quite sure of that, because he had a taste of travel once on a tramp steamer, and his eyes lit up when he recalled it.

"Nothing I had ever done before was so much fun," he exclaimed. "I

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John Hall

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MOVIE LIFE

pictures for you what goes on behind the scenes, off stage, and on the movie lots. With every picture is a caption that backs up this visual information with factual text. Informally and informatively, here's Hollywood on picture parade in the March issue—on sale at all newsstands.

MOVIE LIFE

had the run of the boat, fine meals, and the captain would even let me take the wheel from time to time. But most of the time I was down in the engine room. Gosh, a ship is one of the most wonderful things in the world. You can't begin to appreciate that until you've been down in her bowels, down where the wheels go round."

Adventure beats in Jon's heart. One of his ambitions is to go off to Indo-China on an exploring trip. His enthusiasm is so infectious that already Darryl Zanuck and a number of others are planning to go with him. Of course they don't know whether their picture schedules will permit an extended trip, but they spend many hours together making plans.

"We'll take guns with us, of course," Jon explained, "and plenty of food supplies and drugs. We started with just a small party, but the way it looks now so many people are planning to go, we'll have a pretty sizeable expedition. Perhaps we can come back with some valuable scientific data. We plan to go to a part of Thibet where no white man has ever set foot."

Yes, the spirit of adventure runs high in this boy. But he doesn't need danger to give a fillip to his hobbies. When he isn't bent over maps routing a hazardous itinerary, he can be as greatly absorbed in his collection of stamps or his amateur photography. For he has learned that the secret of exciting living is to give himself whole-heartedly to the task of the moment. And perhaps it is the zest with which he approaches his screen roles that will win for Jon a unique place on the screen. He can portray colorful characters with a fire that stirs a responsive chord in those who love heroic deeds. And, of course, his next film, which is now in preparation, will be full of adventure.

Errol Flynn

ERRANT ERROL

(Continued from page 41)

but "story." Good proof writing *is* his chief interest. Perhaps that is because of his background. Born in the north of Ireland June 20, 1909, he attended St. Paul's school in London and Lycee Louis le Grand in Paris. A born adventurer, he has traveled on every continent.

His experiences include being a deep sea diver for pearls and a member of the territorial constabulary of New Guinea.

He and a companion were once entertained royally for two weeks by Haile Selassie. The pair of adventurers, penniless and baggageless, posed as big game hunters and wealthy New Guinea gold mine operators.

Errol Flynn's screen career actually began in the wilds of New Guinea, where he led a party of motion picture cameramen to get pictures of the headhunters in their native state. The party was ambushed, and during the fight, Flynn was photographed in action. This accidental "test" got him a role in a British version of "Mutiny on the Bounty." Incidentally, he is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the famous mutiny on the bounty.

Acting was a new thrill for the young Irishman and he sailed for England and made the rounds of the producers' offices. Before long he had procured parts on the English stage. He appeared in the title role in "Othello"; played with Herbert Marshall in "Another Language" and made a number of English pictures. Irving Asher, head of the Warner Bros.-First National studios in England, saw him on the stage, made a screen test of him and brought it to Hollywood to show to the production heads there.

The young actor's first important part at Warners was in "Don't Bet on Blondes," in which he appeared with Warren William and Claire Dodd. After several minor roles, he won the coveted part of Captain Blood in the picture of that name. His tremendous success in this led to his stardom.

He left his costume roles and heavier dramas long enough to make "The Perfect Specimen," one of the brightest comedies of 1937, followed by his present swashbuckling role in "Robin Hood."

Errol Flynn has no special plans for his life; doesn't believe in them. Being a true adventurer, he wouldn't. He remarked that you can live quietly and sanely in Hollywood, popular opinion to the contrary.

"I lived hectically at first when I arrived in Hollywood," he confided, "but I have now settled down and find it very easy to live normally here. Life in Hollywood all depends on the individual, just as elsewhere," he believes.

He likes California and the opportunities to engage in year-round sports. He has no hobbies but writing and that amounts to more than a hobby.

He finds the technical side of pictures fascinating and would like to direct. He thinks Michael Curtiz is a grand director. "Wellnigh a genius," is the way he put it.

Errol Flynn

Errol Flynn

He got a kick out of telling me about a recent dinner he gave. He had an East Indian, whom he met at the studio, prepare an Indian dinner for a group of friends. The guests were ill for two days afterward. He doesn't care about cooking himself, but admits he often handled a skillet when he had to.

Six feet two, handsome, rather boyish off-screen, he finds the many duties of a star somewhat bewildering, even yet. He confided to the publicity department that he is scared stiff of interviewers but denied it beautifully and with a blush when I mentioned it to him.

He keeps fit by playing tennis. In 1928 he represented England in the Olympic games at Amsterdam in boxing. But he has given up that sport now as a broken tooth or cauliflower ear would hold up production and bring the wrath of the studio on his head.

His home is on the summit of Lookout Mountain, far up in the hills of Hollywood. Here he wrote his book on pearl fishing, which includes many of his personal experiences.

He politely answers questions about his screen work, but just mention writing to young Errol Flynn and he becomes enthused. The self-consciousness that is apparent in him when you discuss Errol Flynn, the movie star, disappears entirely when you speak of Errol Flynn, the writer.

Apparently success has not mounted to his head. Between scenes he kidded with the other members of the cast and obligingly greeted several visitors. One incident sticks with me. They were about to shoot a scene with a minor group of actors. An assistant yelled "quiet" for the tenth time while the talking and din continued. But Errol Flynn, the star, tip-toed softly over to me, settled noiselessly on a nearby table and carried on the interview in a low whisper. I don't know why, but I liked him for that.

Right now he is looking forward to a vacation at the completion of "Robin Hood." He is planning to buy a new boat on which he will take a three months' cruise down the West Coast of South America. The boat he has chosen is a 72-foot racing ketch now in Boston and when the deal goes through, it will be the first boat of its type on the West Coast. Errol intends to equip it with Deisel auxiliary motors.

It is fitting that a man who has had the daring life of Errol Flynn should be the one to portray like parts on the screen. Dashing, romantic, he is one of the few actors in films who really seem to fit those swashbuckling, historical characterizations. His own zest for adventure has played no little part in making his roles of adventurers so true to life.

Just the same, don't look for many years of Errol Flynn on the screen. It's this same zest for life that will take him from us.

Acting these stirring adventures is all very nice, thinks Mr. Flynn, but writing about them is much better!

A dangerous "gun woman," Katharine Hepburn tried out target practice with much success while on location for "Bringing Up Baby." A property man is reloading her rifle

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RECIPE FOR ROMANCE

(Continued from page 15)

was engaged as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Later, Mary Garden gave her an audition and then signed her to sing with the Chicago Civic Opera Company which Miss Garden then directed. In fact, Miss Garden became so interested in the young singer that she became her operatic godmother and gave her the full benefit of her own extensive experience. What with singing at summer music festivals, a couple of concert tours thrown in for good measure, the little girl from Missouri found that after three seasons with the Chicago Civic Opera she was a star at twenty-four.

But all this time she was so taken up with her music that she had little time for beaux. Her first marriage to a much older man ended with his death and was of such short duration that her career was hardly interrupted at all. Thus she still continued to live all her romance and love in her music.

A short while later she was in Florence, Italy, on a vacation. The setting was most romantic. A warm win carried the scent of wild flowers; the blue Mediterranean was studded with tiny white-sailed fishing boats, while overhead was a sky of cloudless blue silk.

And then it happened! Friends introduced Frank Chapman, who had sung for two brilliant years as the only American member of the Italian National Opera Company.

They spent as much time together as they could, but all too soon she had to return to this country to fill concert engagements. A year later Frank returned, too, to attend her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

"A most thrilling moment came to me a few hours before I stepped on the stage of the Metropolitan," she flashed at me. "I did a most prosaic thing—I signed a check. But it was the last payment on the loan for my musical education made to me years before. Three hours later I faced the huge audience at the Met and knew that whatever happened that night, I was a success to myself because I had realized my goal."

The congratulatory telegrams, flowers and phone calls proved that the world regarded her as a success, too. Then she and Frank gave a joint recital and the critics proclaimed it an overwhelming triumph and wrote that they sang with such extraordinary feeling. But why shouldn't they? They were in love.

"For our last encore we sang the old German folk song, 'Du liegst mir in Herzen' which translates into: 'You are in my heart.' We knew definitely that that was so with each other and that song has been ours ever since. We always sing it when we sing together.

"A short while after we were at dinner in our favorite restaurant when Frank suddenly said: 'I think we should get married today.' And I replied, 'I think so, too.' So we went to Tenafly, New Jersey, and in the home of friends we were married by the Mayor of Tenafly."

Then they settled down to the business of being happy together. There were happy, shared days as they sang together on many radio broadcasts, concert programs, and on the opera stage.

"Now, after years of being married," she says, "I still feel that neither time nor custom can stale its romantic essence. For I believe that a man and woman should stick together through work as well as play. We always discuss each other's performance and make suggestions so that our careers are a binding tie instead of a hindrance to our happiness."

Then came a call from a Paramount talent scout asking for an appointment. He was sure there was a definite place in the movies for her, but such is her inherent shyness that it took her husband and the talent scout many months before they could get her to take a movie test. Perhaps subconsciously she thought that movie acclaim might break up this marriage that she had carefully tended; that it might interfere with her husband's career; that he might resent her going ahead faster than he.

As if in answer to her unspoken thoughts Frank came to her one day and pointed out that these days the career of a woman singer was rather short because the movie fans demand youth and beauty and freshness while male singers, on the other hand, got better as they got older. He convinced her that so long as they cared for each other nothing could part them, not even the false rumors that inevitably are circulated about those who live in the cinema city goldfish bowl. He told her it was his dearest wish to help her realize the utmost from her talents. She signed with Paramount.

Recognizing how much she leans upon him for guidance and advice, the studio sensibly made Frank Chapman vocal supervisor on the Swarthout set. His job is to see that the musical end of her acting is up to par. He aided materially in her several suc-

Gladys Swarthout

cesses—"Rose of the Rancho," "Give Me This Night," "Champagne Waltz," and in her latest film, "Romance in the Dark."

Miss Swarthout says, "Frank is indispensable because I know he will bring out the best in me. I owe him a great many things, but perhaps the biggest single thing is the knowledge that the living of life is good—a life in which we share everything. For that is what we do. We share our work, our ambitions, our plans, problems and even our innermost thoughts. Early in our married life we found that this sharing of everything required some altering of our personal tastes. But if you love enough you'll be glad to make these adjustments so that you'll have more things in common."

And then Gladys Swarthout revealed to me a very important ingredient in her recipe for romance. She calls it her anti-divorce diet. According to her, much marital disagreement is caused by nervous irritation following the wrong combinations of food. She and Frank never eat heartily on the days they sing. Mostly they have salads, with a chop or a steak on the day they work particularly hard. They avoid heavy sweets and starches. She believes that people who eat the proper foods and keep their systems healthy never give way to those temper outbursts that can only be mended in a divorce court. She recalls that once when she was cross, Frank questioned her closely on what she had eaten. When she finally confessed that she had indulged in a cheese soufflé, he sent her right out to the rowing machine to work off the acid that way.

"I've talked a lot about sharing things but I have a very good reason," she continued. "Before I was married there was no center to my private life. I suffered from that driving restlessness that haunts people whose private lives do not pivot about a particular person. Marriage changed that for me. Since I expect to be married when my career is nothing but ancient history, I am doing every thing I can to make my husband happy and our home a comfortable, livable place to be in.

"Some day when we are quite old we intend to return to Florence where we first met and live out our days in a villa we bought there. We plan to turn over one wing of this villa into a residence for about a half dozen talented young Americans. They may be writers, sculptors, and artists as well as musicians. All will be welcome just as long as they love Florence and can get from its libraries and museums that which will enrich their own particular art.

"This old villa was once an ancient monastery and it even has a very friendly ghost. While helping these young people to a fuller realization of themselves, Frank and I can relive our activities in the past and it will all seem that much sweeter for the things we have known and shared together.

"Maybe your own particular villa of retirement that you look forward to some day will be a little home in the country or a trailer on the road. But for true happiness there you'll have to equip it with more than tables and chairs and dishes. The most enduring furnishings of all are pleasant memories. May yours be as fragrant as the ones Frank and I are stocking up."

Happy memories to you, Gladys and Frank, but you'll have them surely if you follow your own recipe.

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Louise Gillaspie, 161 Norwalk Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Gertrude Kybort, 21 East 14th Street, New York, N.Y.

FOURTH PRIZE

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Wanda Cochrane, 256 Eastern, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

FIFTH PRIZE

Annabelle Cooper, New Millford, Conn.
Marjorie Colker, 3856 Northumberland, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIXTH PRIZE

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MYRNA LOY'S LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 21)

oriental. Myrna knew the studio was interested, not in herself, but in the costume she was to wear. Cannily—and sparing the studio no expense—she made up for the part with more meticulousness than she had ever lavished on any part before. It worked! A role in "Satin in Sables" was the result, and the exotic began to slip into the background, replaced by a real Loy. Through her own ingenuity, Myrna found the place she always had wanted in moving pictures—not that of a dazzling man-killer, but of an average, normal woman. The kind of person Myrna really is!

"I didn't have to go around any more imagining that every decent woman was slyly pointing me out as a husband-robbing siren," Myrna laughs. "At last, I could hold my head up. I could be normal—and believe me, it was a relief!"

When Myrna was married, the plans for the wedding gave one a better insight to her character, perhaps, than anything has done, despite all the contradictory things one hears about her. It was her wedding—she planned it. It was as she and Arthur Hornblow wanted it!

No Hollywood premiere for the Hornblows! They didn't want the publicity that would have gone with a wedding lavishly put on in one of the city's big churches, the big parties afterward, the costly frills. They quietly stole away to the dreamy little Mexican town of Ensenada. One might have thought that Myrna was taking the week-end off for a pleasure trip to Mexico. It was as simple as all that! Her ensemble consisted of a plain suit-dress, her wedding flowers were not orchids or gardenias, but a colorful bouquet of common garden flowers that blended perfectly with the myriad coloring of her print blouse. Myrna is like that—simple and to the point, fuss and frills excluded!

Miss Loy has often been referred to as a man's woman. She has never denied it.

"I'm afraid I've never been very socially minded," she confesses. "I remember years ago, I had almost a snickering regard for women who spent their time in a round of club luncheons, teas, and supper dances. I felt they could have been putting their time to better advantage. Perhaps I was too harsh. I had to struggle so early, money was the only thing that seemed to matter.

"Arthur and I do find a lot of pleasure in entertaining now, but, thank goodness, both of us get more real enjoyment out of a quiet evening at home!"

Yes, Myrna Loy has been typed as almost every kind of woman in private life—as she has been a good many different persons on the screen. The characters she plays may be delightfully assorted, and the things one hears about her may run the gamut of human traits, but above all Myrna is one thing—definitely—and that, herself!

BRIDGE LUNCHEON

(Continued from page 59)

enough water to cover well with about an inch over. Add salt, pepper and butter. When asparagus is tender, pour into it a very rich milk and let it come to a boil. If you use canned asparagus, ask for the green. Serve with crisp, crouton squares floating in each cup.

Cheese Rings with Green Salad

1 cup cream or evaporated milk
5 tablespoons grated yellow cheese
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon gelatin
½ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
¼ teaspoon paprika

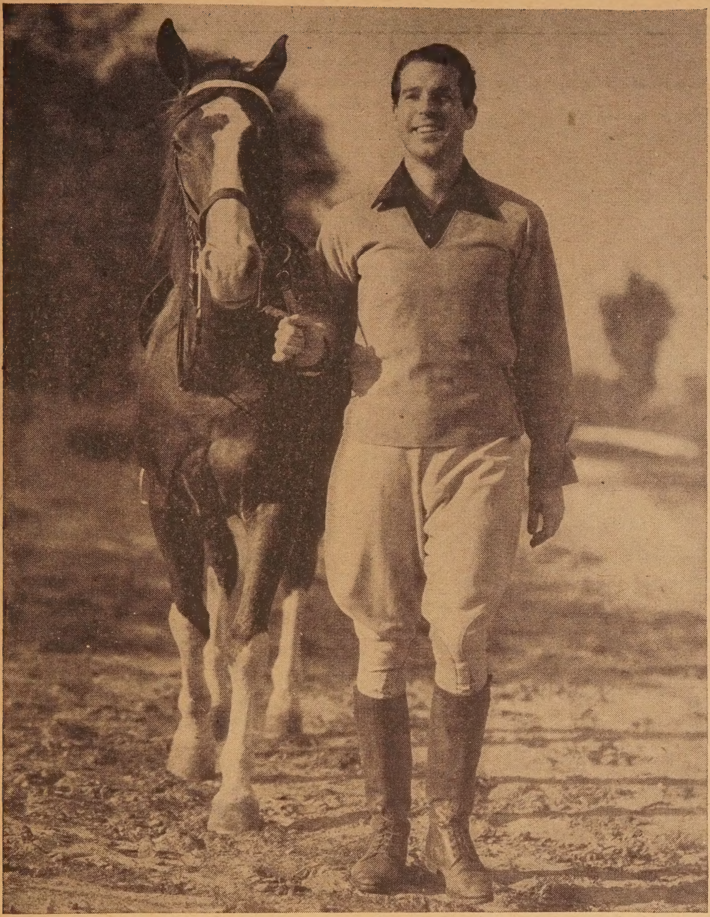
Soak gelatin in milk. Whip cream, add cheese and seasonings. Dissolve gelatin over hot water and add to cream mixture. Mold in individual rings and chill. Unmold and fill each center with a crisp green salad and serve with French dressing.

We suggest the individual molds for this luncheon rather than the large single molds because it makes a simple way to serve it at the tables. This amount makes exactly four small molds with hollow centers.

Sour Cream Biscuits

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sour cream

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and soda. Add enough sour cream—about a cup—to make a soft dough. Place on a floured bread board and pat to desired thickness.



Fred MacMurray, voted the most popular masculine lead on the Paramount lot, is glad his co-actors like him. Fred is on very good terms too with his favorite mount, Star, who takes him for many a pleasant gallop in the hills

Cut with a floured biscuit cutter and bake in a hot oven for about twelve minutes. Because of the fat in the cream, you need not use any other shortening.

Pineapple Mint Sherbet

½ cup water   1 cup pineapple juice
½ cup sugar   1 teaspoon gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water, additional
1 cup drained crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint or ¼ teaspoon mint extract
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 egg whites

Combine water, pineapple juice and sugar, and cook 3 minutes. Add gelatin, softened in cold water, and stir until dissolved. Cool, add pineapple, mint or mint extract, and lemon juice. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze into a mush. Then turn out into ice-cold bowl and beat until very light. Combine with stiffly beaten egg whites and blend all thoroughly. Return to freezing tray and complete freezing. Or freeze in crank freezer, using 3 parts ice to 1 part salt. This serves six people.

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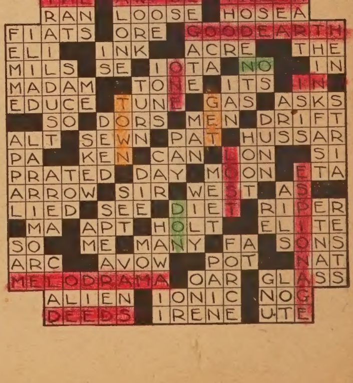
HOUSTON, Texas—Foley Bros. D. G.
SAN ANTONIO, Texas—Joske Bros.
WACO, Texas—Goldstein-Migel Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Keith-O'Brien
BURLINGTON, Vt.—Abernathy-Clarkson-Wright
RUTLAND, Vt.—Salander & Manley
CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—N. W. Pugh Co.
LYNCHBERG, Va.—Snyder-Berman
NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Nachman's
PORTSMOUTH, Va.—Blumberg's Dept. Store
RICHMOND, Va.—Thalheimer's
EVERETT, Wash.—Rumbaugh's
SEATTLE, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
SPOKANE, Wash.—Spokane, D. G. Co.
TACOMA, Wash.—Rhodes Bros.
YAKIMA, Wash.—Barnes-Woodin
CHARLESTON, W. Va.—A. W. Cox
HUNTINGTON, W. Va.—Bradshaw Diehl
WHEELING, W. Va.—L. S. Good-Stone-Thomas
GREEN BAY, Wis.—H. C. Prange
LACROSSE, Wis.—Wm. Doerflinger
MADISON, Wis.—Hills, Inc.
MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Gimbel's; Herzfeld Phillipson
SHEBOYGAN, Wis.—H. C. Prange
SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Stevens-Fryberger

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

(Continued from page 10)

CHATTER.—Lily Pons returned to opera after the release of "Hitting a New High." . . . Jack Holt, starring in "All Were Enemies," for Columbia, is hard at work in that film. . . . Spencer Tracy has a nifty new dressing room on the M-G-M lot, Director Victor Fleming directed the interior decoration for it. . . . Clark Gable, crack horseman, hunter and skeet shooter, has resolved to become a crack airman. . . . In "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy wears gingham, for the first time in two years. . . . Between times Judy Garland studies practical nursing. She's very serious about it. . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offer a prize of $5000 for a new title for the picture known as "Benefits Forgot." . . . George Cohan is reported to have told John Barrymore's mother-in-law her personality was suitable for Broadway stage. . . . Francis Lederer had rash from ant bites, hundreds of them swarming up his pants legs while he was working in a picture with the critters. . . . "Thin Ice" is breaking all European box office records, with Sonja Henie displacing Greta Garbo as that continent's film favorite. . . . Fort Wayne, Ind., proudly sets up a plaque in honor of the local girl, Jane Alice Peters, none other than Carole Lombard. . . . Fred March recovering from leg infection, which delayed his opening of a Broadway stage show. . . . John Barrymore, wife Elaine and latter's mother were a frequent threesome in restaurants during the star's recent visit to New York. John let the others order his meals. . . . Stan Laurel, comedian, divorced from Virginia Ruth Laurel, married Illiana, Russian singer. . . . Eddie Cantor was godfather at christening of baby daughter of radio announcer James Wallington. . . . Deanna Durbin and Glenda Farrell godmothers.

Solution to Puzzle On page 63



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UNUSUAL FANS AND FAN CLUBS

(Continued from page 27)

and older children in the family scribbled hasty messages carrying the glad tidings.

Gary Cooper, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable can each claim about 240 small namesakes the past year.

The most unique fan club in the world has been formed in Kankakee, Illinois. It's a "Name Your Baby After a Star" club and has 521 members. Bette Davis received a letter from the club telling her that one of the members, Mrs. David G. Westman, had named her new daughter Bette. In return Bette Davis was asked to write the child a letter each Christmas. A list of favorite star names has been given to each member. The member who has the baby has the right to select any name she chooses from the list.

It's all right for the fans to name their offspring after the stars, but let some motion picture player decide to change his own name, and the public is up in arms. Recently Buster Keaton planned to change his name. He is launched on a new career as a film director and thought his position entitled him to a more dignified name. But he counted without the tribe of Keatons throughout the country. There are several thousand people bearing the name of Keaton in the United States, and the clan was up in arms, because they insisted Keaton is a perfectly good name and Buster gilded it with fame. John C. Keaton, of Aberdeen, Washington, was organizing the Keatons to protest.

"Inasmuch as you are the only person in the world to bring such prominence to the name," he wrote, "if you alter the name the rest of the Keaton tribe will see that you are called many new names, mostly unprintable.

"However, if you merely want to change the name 'Buster' to something more dignified, we're with you, as we can readily see that Buster belongs with Junior, Buddy, and the rest of the pet handles.

"Think of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Edison and Ford. So why a first name at all?"

But one of the delights of fan mail is the never-ceasing supply of gifts that accompany it. Some valuable, some of no intrinsic worth—but I have yet to find a star who wasn't touched by even the most modest little offering tucked in an envelope. When Bette Davis was ill because of a sunstroke, her first week's mail brought forth 34 samples of sunburn lotion and forty-seven remedies for sunstroke. Anita Louise's ability to play the harp resulted in a useful gift from a Chicago fan, a set of metal fingertips to protect her hands when she is playing.

Cliff Edward (Ukulele Ike), has received a portable ukulele from a fan. It can be folded into a case the size of a vest pocket camera, and Cliff advised the maker to have the idea patented.

June Travis receives an average of four freckle remedies in her fan mail each week, and the wide assortment of gifts, reaching Shirley Temple, show a predominance of the color blue—Shirley's favorite shade.

When Bob Taylor announced he was going on a brief vacation "to nowhere" because he craved quiet and solitude, hundreds of letters poured into M-G-M offering Bob mountain cabins and mansions—and promising that he could be alone. Others sent in road maps of the United States and marked a route for him which would allow Bob to complete his vacation unmobbed. The sheriff of one small town in the Middle West wired Bob that he was certain he could be comfortable and happy in his city.

"Sure you can enjoy normal vacation here," wired the officer. "I will arrest the first person who asks for an autograph."

Claudette Colbert claims the most loyal fan in the country. The fan, Catherine Fries, of Portland, has written to Claudette once a month, for seven years, and has seen every picture at least five times, in which the star has appeared. Errol Flynn has a feminine fan in Scarsdale, New York, who writes him a letter a day. Errol also says he has the nerviest fan on record. A resident of Pendleton, Oregon, wrote to the handsome Irishman asking him to come to Pendleton and autograph a pine tree in his back yard!

One of the longest fan letters ever received came to Bette Davis recently. Written in long hand by a fan in Cut Timber, Missouri, it filled eighty-seven sheets of paper.

Olivia de Havilland has a twelve-year-old girl fan in Maine who has just sent her a charming gift. It is a brief fan letter, in the form of a sampler, illustrated by roles Olivia has portrayed in various films, painstakingly worked out in cross stitch needlework.

A girl in Dubuque, Iowa, sent Pat O'Brien a book of cigarette papers with the request that he and other stars autograph the rice paper. She explained she wanted the signatures on the thin paper because she was going to use them in making a lamp shade!

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But when it comes to autograph fans, Dick Powell can boast (?) of one with plenty of nerve. A complete stranger in Connecticut sent Dick 365 printed, addressed and stamped postal cards with the request that he mail one each day. Pertinent facts concerning Dick's health and activities, such as "I am sick" and "I am well" were printed on the card and Dick was asked to place a check mark after the statements referring to his condition each day. If he should feel up to it, there was a space on the card for a personal message, too. A nice pastime if he didn't have a little thing like a movie career to take up his time!

If you've been content with a mere autograph from a star, you're not up on the latest Hollywood wrinkle. Now, it's photo autographs they're after! When Joan Crawford attended a recent preview, she was asked for an autograph. As the star obliged, the girl requesting the autograph stepped to her side and a friend snapped a picture. The photographer had the latest candid camera equipment.

And little Mary Maguire, the Australian beauty, encountered a still more ingenious autograph hound. As she came out of a Hollywood restaurant, four fans descended on her and demanded her autograph. She graciously obliged and then turned away. But the fans whipped out small fingerprinting outfits and begged her to oblige with the prints of all ten fingers. The fingerprinting outfits, they told Mary, are being sold in Hollywood stores for fifty cents.

Fans used to be content with a rubber-stamped photo of their favorite. Next was the demand for a genuine autograph; then a posed picture and now fingerprints. Who knows what the newest fan-antic will be? (The stars wish *they* did!) Whatever it is, the smart ones will grin and bear it!

SHE COULD ONLY BE AN ACTRESS

(Continued from page 49)

the front row and I was busily receiving twenty curtain calls. What a night!"

Next day the critics switched from acclaim to raves. This young girl had genius to so quickly replace a noted actress. She stayed on in that lead for a whole week.

There was nothing for her in the following two plays.

"Mother was glad my career was over. But as I was riding the streetcar to a girl friend's—I was trading some movies star photos I'd collected for a brass Buddha I wanted for my bedroom—I read that Owen Narez, another English star, was arriving in the city. I stopped at the theatre and wondered if there'd be something for me with him? 'Only a one-line part is left, which you wouldn't consider. We're looking for a play for you, you know.' I interrupted, 'Oh, but I don't mind doing one line.' They were pleased at such bigness and said they'd pay me twenty-five dollars a week.

"That was Saturday. I went home and at dinner told my parents I was leaving for Pretoria on Monday with this company. 'One of us must be crazy,' said mother. 'It isn't me,' I retorted ungrammatically and mother promptly turned delirious with excitement.

"So Monday I was on that train. A character actor was celebrating and next day at our first rehearsal he couldn't speak his line distinctly. My one line was 'Of course I just love the polka!' and then I drifted into the wings. They asked me to speak his line, too. My being so obliging must have impressed them for next morning my telephone rang. Good grief, I thought, I must have trodden on the leading lady's train and I'm going to be fired!

"Instead," smiles Margot, flinging a cape of green cock plumes over her knees in her dressing-room on the set of "The Buccaneer" at Paramount, "the second lead had been given to a local society girl who was no good and would I attempt her role the following Monday night when we opened in Johannesburg?" Learning already that she who hesitates is liable to be left to a humdrum existence, Margot accepted immediately. They assumed she was older and had a long record behind her, and she only said, "Don't mention it," when they apologized for the short notice.

She stole the show. After five nights in Johannesburg, during which time she was assiduously understudying the lead, a phone call came to her unexpectedly. Yes, the heroine was ill! Yes, certainly Margot could hurry right down and get into a black wig and an accent and do the prima donna role in "Romance"—Garbo did it later for the screen. She was the child wonder after this feat. Sensational. Dennis Neilson, back in England, heard of her triumph and wired her to report to him in London if she were really serious about a career.

Margot Grahame

Margot Grahame

She concluded she really was and the Grahames sold their home and returned to their native land. Margot still was only fifteen, but she was headed for the heights. For luxury and love and gowns by Irene. They were in London two days and Neilson gave her a letter which resulted in her taking over the role Sylvia Ashley (Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks) had been enacting—for the show's season on the road.

Her first film venture was a bit part. But she naturally didn't see much advantage to that.

"I heard that Seymour Hicks, England's most noted actor, was searching for a blonde for the second lead in his next film. I hope," she added dryly, "that this isn't all too involved and technical. But it's the truth, the unvarnished story of how a girl gets ahead! Anyhow, I didn't want any more studio bits, so when I heard he was searching I went over to that studio for luncheon in the cafe. He saw me, inquired about me, and I had the role. He's discovered all the big names in the English show world, so obviously I was encouraged. I told mother we'd take a better flat right away!"

Margot was all set to be Pompom, a French cutie, when what do you imagine happened? Hold on, for here we go again. Suddenly Mr. Hicks' heroine fell ill. Frantically he tried to get Gladys George, Ursula Jeans, and so on down the line of his former leads. None could cancel current engagements. Hicks proclaimed that he either had to have a big name or a brand-new discovery. He combed London in vain.

Then, as the incomplete cast sat around waiting to rehearse one day, he glanced more thoroughly at Margot.

"They began discussing me as a possibility. I pretended to be exceptionally occupied with my script. I didn't tremble inside, for I knew . . . there was no phone ringing, but this is the way things come to me. . . ! 'Garbo,' he cried, 'we're testing you.' "

To cap her success, in her very next picture Margot was cast with the man she married. Her magnetism is apparent. She'd flirted, but she wasn't going to encumber herself with a husband. She endeavored to forget that she could cook like nobody's business, that she even enjoyed knitting. She recalled these traits when she found herself inviting Francis Lister to her flat for a home-cooked supper, when she caught herself knitting him a sweater. She didn't say yes for two years, however. An actress has quite a pick.

Her Hollywood reception is a classic the way she tells it. She hadn't been sent for, but that didn't daunt her.

"I'd starred in forty-two pictures in three years in London, but when I went to one studio here the casting director—not knowing who I was—told me I would never photograph. I had to stand, waiting to get in for appointments. It was, I confess, rather depressing. Then I heard of 'The Informer,' and of the marvelous feminine role in it, only to read that someone else had been given it before I could even ask."

She paused. "A couple of days later she fell ill and I knew then that, obviously, this was my break. I hired an agent and I was asked to the studio to discuss the role. 'Can you act?' I was cross-examined. It was pouring rain outside—some of that unusual weather—and these are famous last words to an actress. Does anyone expect you to say you can't act?

"I was a little weary of Hollywood's treatment, so I retorted, 'You haven't anyone in this town who approaches me. Can I act!! Why, I'm the tops in England. I am a great actress. I am the best—!' And do you know they looked at me with amazement, as well they should have, and said, 'Well, then you'd better read this page of the script for us.' I picked it up. I saw I was described as an Irish character. I'd employed most other accents, but never a brogue. But I read with one then, believe me. And how. 'You must indeed be Irish!' they beamed delightedly. 'Shure, and both my parents are,' I admitted to please them."

One of the reigning screen queens will undoubtedly break a leg or something equally incapacitating so Margot Grahame can try on a major Hollywood crown!

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PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 23-C, St. Louis, Mo.

Clark Gable does the work while Spencer Tracy holds Myrna Loy's hand and gets the smile. Well, it's all in the day's routine on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. These three are being co-starred together with Lionel Barrymore—all in one picture. That's something to look forward to. "Test Pilot" is the name of the film, now actively in production

COMING EVENTS

"BRINGING Up Baby" is arousing the curiosity of Hollywood. RKO is making it but four other studios are also taking a hand. At Twentieth Century-Fox, Columbia, Selznick and Schulberg lots, shots have been taken of exterior sets. It's a comedy, Katharine Hepburn starring.

Norma Shearer is scheduled to make a film version of the stage play "Pride and Prejudice," which, in turn, was based upon the old Jane Austen novel. It's listed on the 1938-9 programme.

At Twentieth Century-Fox the cameras are grinding on Loretta Young's "Four Men and a Prayer." Also on Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway."

The remarkable characters Walt Disney created in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" deserve to find action in later films. In particular, Dopey and Grumpy seem too good not to continue their adventures in future Disney productions. *A la* Donald Duck, we might say.

Here's an anticipation of Deanna Durbin's next birthday—December 14. It's a letter from a youthful (male) admirer. "Dear Deanna," it reads; "I am very sorry I could not wish you a happy birthday. But here is a nickel when you become sixteen. Call me up sometime."

Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell were so popular in "Perfect Specimen" that they will be paired again in "Romantic Adventure."

"Vivacious Lady" is in production on the RKO lot. Ginger Rogers is supported by James Stewart, Fay Bainter, Donald Crisp, Virginia Weidler, James Ellison, among others.

In "Walking Down Broadway" (formerly "Six Girls") the cast includes Claire Trevor, Phyllis Brooks, Dixie Dunbar, Michael Whalen, Thomas Beck. A Twentieth Century-Fox film.

Robert Louis Stevenson's masterpiece, "Kidnapped," is in production on the Fox lot. It's the story of a lad who was shanghaied by an avaricious uncle and carried unwillingly away to exciting adventure at sea. Freddie Bartholomew will play the role of the kidnappee, David Balfour. Warner Baxter has a high spot in the cast.

Republic Pictures have changed the title of "Hollywood Stadium" to "Hollywood Murder Mystery," which sounds much more exciting. Cast: Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Venable, Barbara Pepper, James Spottswood, among others.

There has been so much stunting in Warners "The Adventures of Robin Hood" that more than a hundred thousand dollars has been paid out to stunt specialists. Fortunately no one was killed, though several have been injured.

John, of the uncrowned Royal Family of Barrymores, will play the high-living King, Louis XV in "Marie Antoinette," in which Norma Shearer will star as the queen of that name.

And now it's to be "Alexander's Ragtime Band," on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. And forecasts are that it will be a most gorgeous musical production. It will have Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman, Marjorie Weaver, and Helen Westley.

"You and Me," with George Raft and Sylvia Sidney, will create something in fashion trend. Travis Banton, Paramount's designer, has selected large, bold prints considered most suitable for Sylvia's brunette type. To the prints Banton adds fans of the same material, which may be carried in the handbag.

There's a movement on in Hollywood to shorten pictures. Whether anything will come of it is another matter. But it is asserted that films exceeding eight reels are too long for most audiences.

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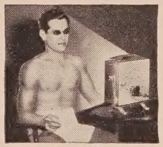

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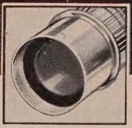

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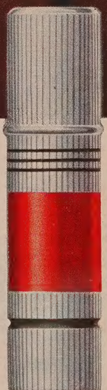

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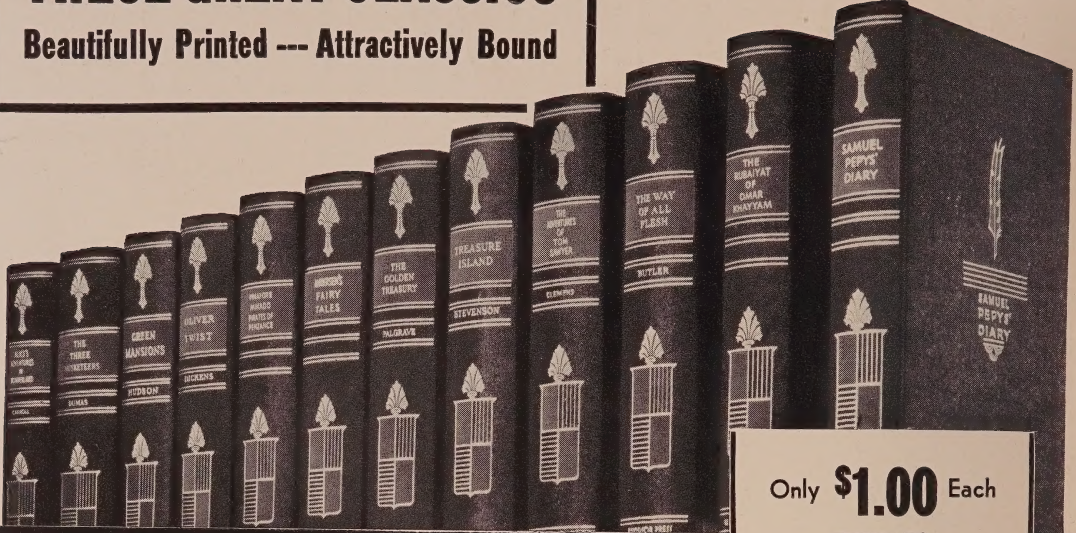
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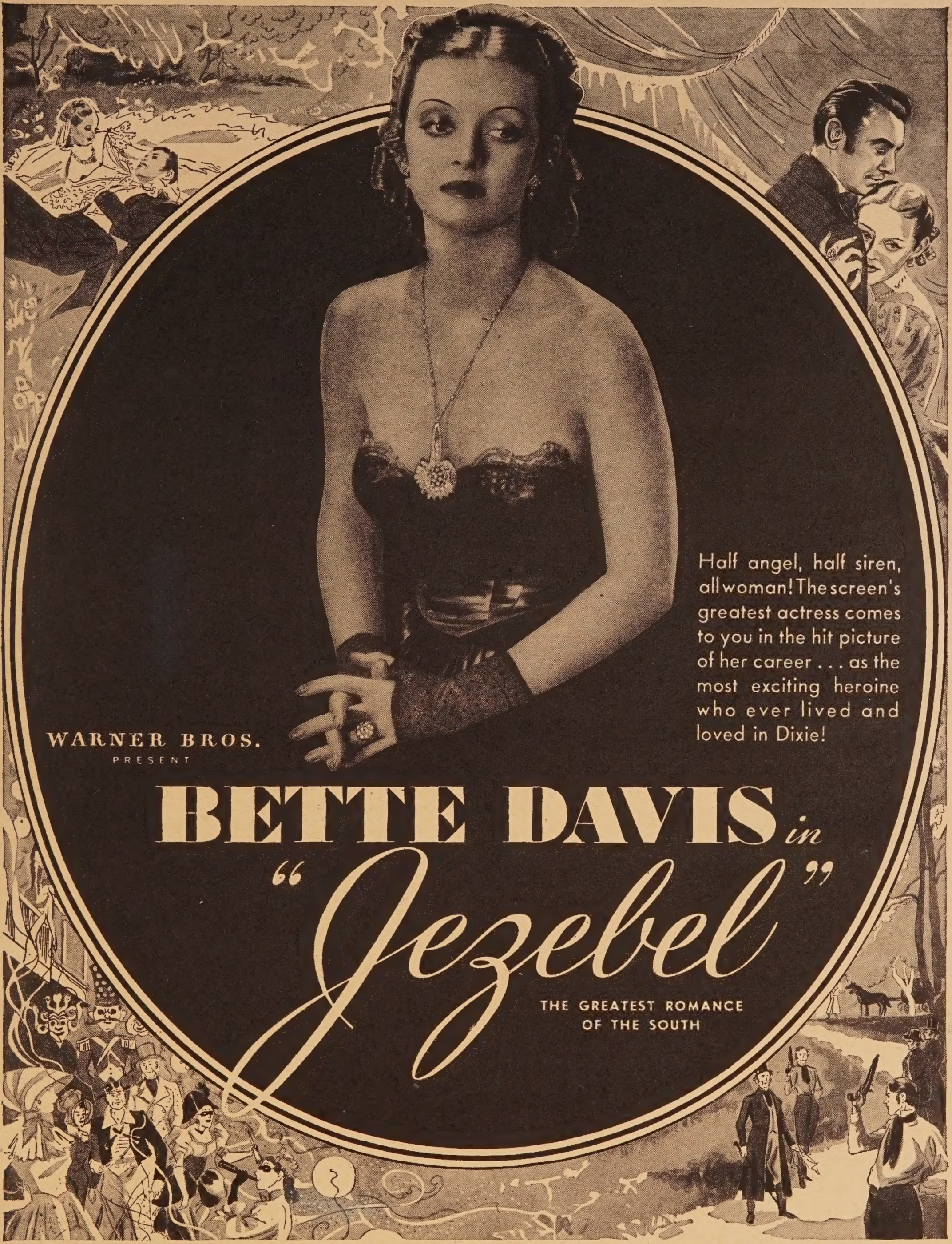

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MODERN MOVIES

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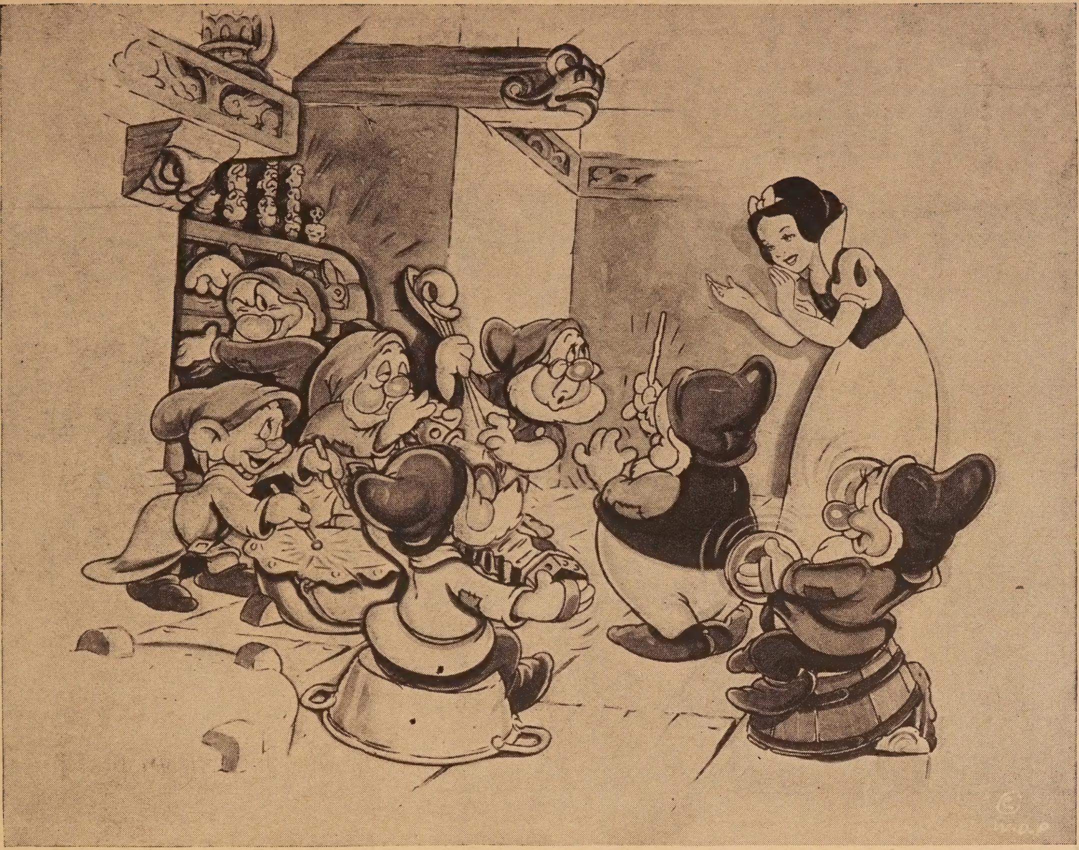


THE CHILDREN ARE HAPPY

It was the kids, as much as any, whose delight over their antics helped bring to fame Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy and other flesh-and-blood caricaturists of human action. But even this incomparable mimicry finally lost something of its tang, or, more probably, the rising tide of animated cartoons had a greater appeal to the juvenile taste. For such comics as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Pop-Eye the Sailor have risen to tremendous popularity with the up-and-coming generation.

For a time, adults found this new humor mildly funny. Then, all at once, it broke out upon them, too, like a rash, and the animated cartoon was no more to be missed than the "feature." A new art doesn't stand still long. If it doesn't go forward it dies. The animated cartoon was too good to perish. But no one was prepared for the Lindbergh leap with which Walt Disney made himself dazzlingly famous. As a filler to the feature it suddenly became the feature itself. The advent of "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs" was one of the few really important events of screen history.

And what a break for the children! It has given the screen back to them. Such ecstatic comedy, such hilarious goings-on! What human beings can compete with the brain children living in the world of delicious fantasy that must be Walt Disney's! The cartoonist has proved that there is more humor in a pencil than in a camera, and that reality is never quite as convincing as idealization of reality.

The Editor

HOLLYWOOD

Here's a game known as "hot hands," in which Deanna Durbin plays with her director, Norman Taurog. The trick is: slide your hand from under your opponent's and slap it before he jerks it away

JANE WITHERS' famous dolls—605 of them—are being attended by a personal maid while Jane is on a personal appearance tour! Their hair is being combed, their faces washed, their clothes cleaned and pressed and their room kept sparkling by a woman engaged by Jane's mother for that special job.

In all the time Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce have been working at the same studio, "Wooden Wedding" will be the first time they have appeared together.

When you see the Polka Saloon in "The Girl of the Golden West" look for the signs on the walls, for they are actual copies and in some cases, the actual signs picked up in crumbling old saloons in ghost towns throughout the West. Here are a few:

"Keep Yore Boots On—Spilled Likker ain't not tolerated."

"This Saloon is Law Abiding—Fightin' Discuraged."

"Credit Ain't Forthcoming!—Dust and Nuggits is our Langwage."

"If Shootin' is to be Done Please Respect the Art Work."

"Guest Sleeping On or Under Tables is not Like by The Management."

It was pretty smart of Louis Hayward to arrange for that job in England so he could be near Ida Lupino while she is making her picture there. These Britishers are fascinating and Hayward isn't taking any chances.

James Stewart is in despair because he can't gain weight. The more he eats, the less he gains, so Jimmy says he is thinking of going on a thinning diet to see what happens.

It must be love! Phyllis Brooks cancelled a trip to New York to remain with Cary Grant.

Irene Hervey couldn't get out of her sick bed to go to the preview of hubby Allan Jones' picture, "Everybody Sing"—so hubby brought the preview to Irene! He arranged for a print of the picture to be rushed directly from the theatre to their home, and Irene had a private preview in her boudoir.

Fiery little Margaret Sullavan inherits Jean Harlow's studio dressing room, and with the change comes the passing of the white and mirrored daintiness of Jean's retreat. The new color scheme is blue and coral. The room has no mental association for the Sullavan lass, for she never knew Jean. But others around the lot get the jitters when they think of seeing another face in the big corner room where Jean made her working home. It's a grand heritage of affection that Harlow left her co-workers.

The Famous Door in Hollywood is covered with autographs of the patrons who have come and gone. It's a weird coincidence that Jean Harlow and Hymie Miller are the only autographers who drew black rings around their names.

Frank Morgan's voice must have what it takes. Since his radio appearances he has received sixteen proposals of mar-

(Continued on page 8)

HAPPENINGS

The original Hollywood Hotel recently celebrated its thirty-fifth birthday. Joan Blondell delivers a bon mot to Hugh Herbert. Dick Powell shows by the tilt of his head his pride in his wife's wit

Carole Lombard and J. L. Warner, production head of Warners, make merry together at luncheon on completion of shooting "Fools for Scandal"

Edward G. Robinson and Lona Lane as they attended a stars' dinner dance at Cafe Trocadero, given to celebrate a new program, broadcast from Warners' studios

HOLLYWOOD

All seems peaceful now with the Laurels, with a fadeout of troubles left over from Stan's previous marriage. He and the Missis, Illiana, Russian singer, at last are alone

Wayne Morris is pulling some rough stuff on Priscilla Lane in "Love, Honor and Behave," but it's all hunky-dory with Pris.

(Continued from page 6) riage from all over the country. One wealthy widow in Florida offered him a honeymoon trip around the world. "I've never received a proposal of marriage before in all my life," said Frank. "I must sound more helpless than I look—or something!" Apparently his radio listeners do not realize there is a very charming and delightful Mrs. Frank Morgan.

Looks like wedding bells in the offing for Mary Rogers and Bob Rowan. They're getting very, very serious. Cecelia Parker and Dick Baldwin also are cooing in dark corners of the bright spots. Charlie Butterworth and Lila Lee are going places together. It is reported but not confirmed that Charlie actually grinned when out with Lila the other night—when the waiter brought him an especially nice steak.

The "frame-up" craze sweeping Hollywood gets plenty of laughs; nobody is immune. Lunchers at Paramount the other nooning heard frantic cries coming from an alley between two stages. The wise boys grinned in their wisest manner, and kept eating. One or two curious souls, however, went to investigate. They found Gary Cooper struggling to get out of a straitjacket, and emitting the yells for help. It was Gary, not the lunchers, who was being framed. He had been placed in the straitjacket for the last scene before lunch, and the company just walked away and left him. But he'll get even.

And the game of famous quotations is another delightful means of going nerty. It remains popular. Parties go into hysterics over some of the problems. Loretta Young spent half an hour throwing bread into an imaginary bathtub until somebody guessed correctly, "Cast your bread upon the waters." The usual procedure is to organize teams; the team guessing the most answers in the shortest time is the winner. Loretta holds the championship, but Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks are runners-up. Even Mervyn Leroy and Darryl Zanuck are addicts. Claudette Colbert put her pretty coiffure under a water tap the other night to illustrate something, but the sacrifice was in vain. Up to this time no one has the slightest idea what she was trying to illustrate.

Shouldn't be at all surprised if Tony Martin were in love with his bride. You should have seen his face the other night as he proudly watched wife Alice Faye Big Appleing with Mack Gordon at La Maze.

You'd giggle to see Jane Withers' impersonation of Deanna Durbin. It may not be nice, but it's awfully funny. She had another routine in which she impersonated Freddie Bartholomew, but it has been temporarily shelved because she and Freddie are friends again.

Clark Gable has taught Spencer Tracy how to shoot paper wads with

HAPPENINGS

Clark Gable takes a director's eye view of what's going on. He changes places for a moment with Victor Fleming on "Test Pilot"

Isn't Jack Warner glad to see Jimmy Cagney once more under his banner! The "late unpleasantness" is all forgotten as they shake hands at "Hollywood Hotel" party

rubber bands. They sat on the "Test Pilot" set all day like a couple of ninnies, taking pot shots at selected moving targets. Friend or enemy, they weren't particular.

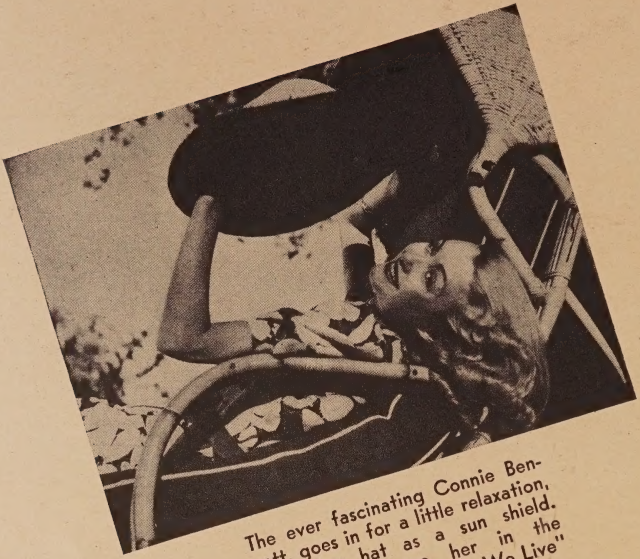
Many an actor has lived through an uncomfortable preview, but none more so than Claude Rains. The picture was "Gold is Where you Find It." Claude's wife was momentarily expecting a baby. The natural anxiety made him uncomfortable, of course, but he had foolishly confided the fact to a group of his "pals" just before the show began. Result: Ushers kept calling him to the telephone all through the picture, and although he felt sure each call was a "frame" he just couldn't take a chance. He spent the whole evening running up and down the aisle. Had to have the picture run at the studio next day to see what it was like.

Les Parker is going places with Jon Hall's sister. Loretta Young and Rouben Mamoulian are a steady twosome; he used to be linked with La Dietrich.

Thinking of Rudy Vallee, *(Continued on page 10)*

Among past and present favorites of the screen at "Hollywood Hotel" jamboree were Rudy Vallee and Jean Acher Valentino, who is here shown signing the guest register

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS



The ever fascinating Connie Bennett, goes in for a little relaxation, using her hat as a sun shield. Soon you'll see her in the Hal Roach film "Merrily We Live"

A lamb's as good as a duck any day, believes Jack Oakie, going into competition (amateur) with Joe Penner. But, truthfully, lambkin "acts" in "Radio City Revels"

(Continued from page 9)

he has some delightful eccentricities that tickle Hollywood. He has just had his wrist watch inscribed, "To Rudy Vallee, from Rudy Vallee." Isn't it just too silly? And he caused a sensation the other night by appearing at a late spot with his own electric cocktail mixer—and his own liquor! It wasn't a gag, he swears; he likes a certain cocktail made in a certain way with a certain liquor, and he takes no chances.

The quints will return to the screen as "Everybody's Sweethearts." It will be their first speaking roles. Jean Hersholt, of course, is again playing Dr. Dafoe.

A. G. Vanderbilt (just plain Al to Hollywood) spends a lot of his time on Margaret Lindsay's set, and they're a frequent night club tandem. Dick Cromwell is taking up the rest of Margaret's time, apparently. Al was at Ray Hallor's new spot the other dawning with Mary Maguire.

James Blakely seems to be the head man in Olivia de Havilland's life. He should have been on the "Adventures of Robin Hood" set the other day when Olivia was in a love scene with Errol Flynn. Flynn couldn't kiss Olivia to please Mike Curtiz, the director. Mike flew into one of his tantrums. "You act like it's nothing to kiss Miss de Haviland," he fumed. Millions of men would give plenty to be lucky like you. I tell you —you act like you wouldn't if you were kissing your mother-in-law!" They went into the scene again—and Olivia received a kiss that would have done credit to a Casanova-Tarzan.

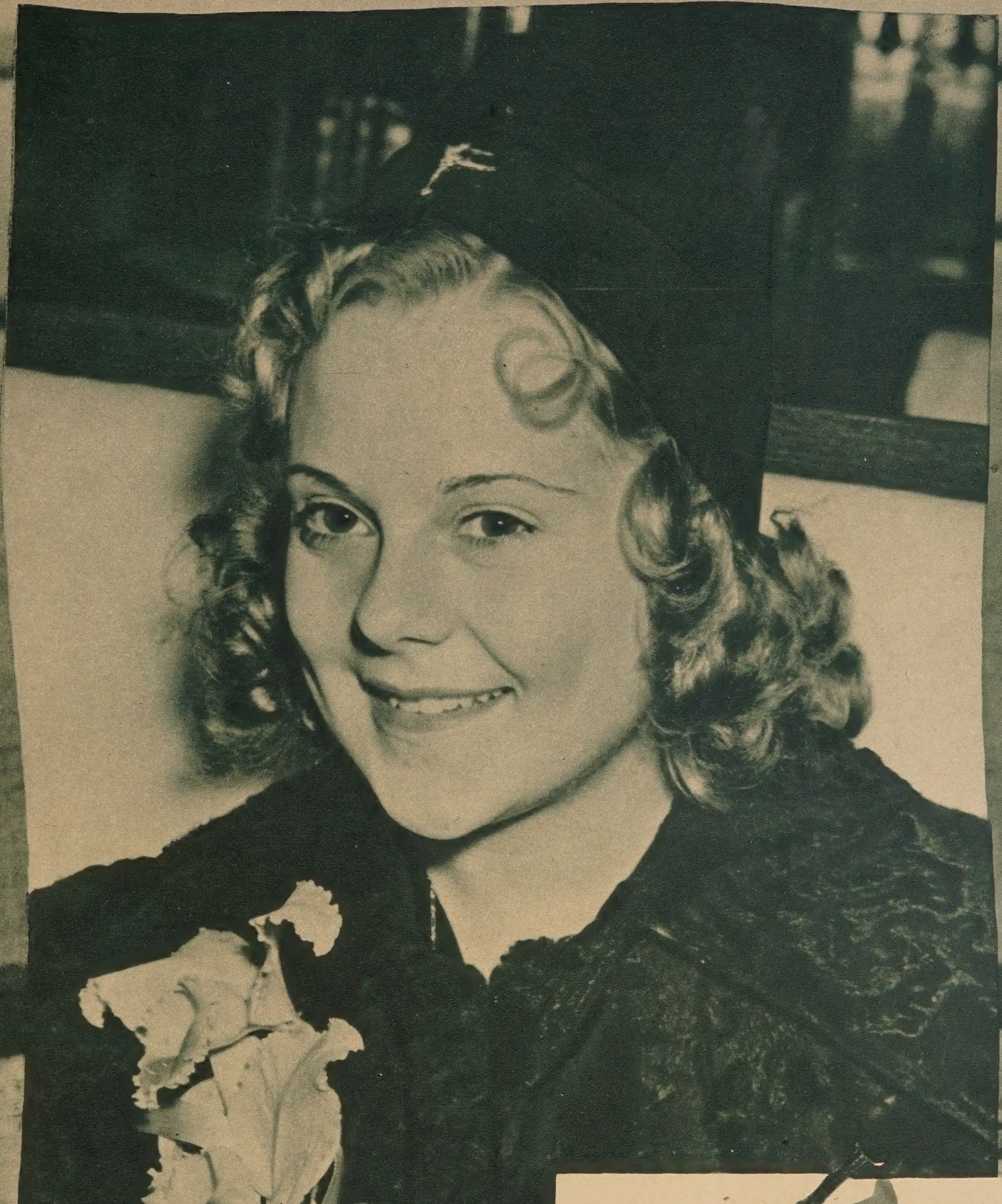
David Niven is consoling himself with Simone Simon since Merle Oberon went away. But he doesn't seem the same. He has never quite settled down to a consistent romance since Oberon left Hollywood.

Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart danced and danced at the Troc the other night.

Barbara Stanwick and Robert Taylor held hands at the Cocoanut Grove while Paul Whiteman played "Rhapsody in Blue." Off in another corner Rochelle Hudson and Henry Wilcoxen seemed to be having a good time, too. . . . Dolores Del Rio and her art director husband Cedric Gibbons are off to the Nile pretty soon with the Gary Coopers. Not hunting, just looking.

Universal is plenty worried because the fans are bombarding the studio with letters warning that Buster Crabbe better be good as Flash Gordon, the funny paper hero, or else! Looks like

(Continued on page 81)



sonja henie

Sonja Henie, who broke all records on her skating tour, is back in Hollywood to make "They Met in College" for 20th Century-Fox!

kenny baker

Kenny Baker, the busiest man in Hollywood, just completed "Goldwyn Follies" and "Radio City Revels"

myrna loy

Myrna Loy wears gingham for the first time in two years, in her new picture for MGM, "Test Pilot"

Telephone consciousness, or Fred Allen listening and talking at the same time. It happens only in pictures

Fred's been over-doing it in "Sally, Irene and Mary," the film he "escaped" from. But Alice Faye looks skeptical

Fred's marriage to Portland Hoffa, ten years ago, has been personally and professionally happy

"I'M A FUGITIVE

Says FRED ALLEN to Ruth Arell

"EXTRA! Extra! Comedian spurns movie contract!"

Actually, if you saw such a headline you'd think something was screwy with the newspapers, wouldn't you? But if it is supposed to be front page news when a man bites a dog, it certainly is a much rarer event to have a producer plead with a star to make more pictures, only to be told, "Keep your gold, sir, it really doesn't interest me" . . . or words to that effect.

For that's what Fred Allen has done. The tall, lanky radio comedian is actually a fugitive from a movie sound track, to use his own words. He simply turned his back on all the glory and glitter of Hollywood, the goal that so many strive for and but few reach.

But he had his reasons. And when you understand them as he explained them to me, you'll stand up and cheer for his forthright honesty.

I went to see him at his home in a modest apartment hotel in midtown Manhattan. (What, no penthouse?) "Mr. Allen?" the desk clerk repeated after me. Yes, he supposed Mr. Allen was still around although nobody had seen him since the last time the groundhog came up to see his shadow. But the neighbors were always complaining about the noise in his apartment so he supposed he was still living there. Wild parties? No, just that confounded typewriter of his, clicking away at all hours of the night.

When I finally got upstairs and rang a bell, I was

"A little pep like this does the trick," suggests Fred to Louise Hovich, but Alice Faye has his number

"This—this is so sudden," Fred's expression intimates in this scene as Louise Hovick turns on the heat

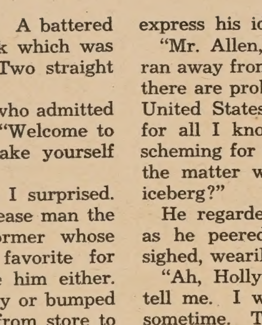
FROM A MOVIE SOUND TRACK"

ushered down a hall to an almost bare room. A battered portable typewriter stood atop a rickety desk which was planted smack in the center of the room. Two straight chairs completed the furnishings.

The tall, amiably melancholy-looking man who admitted me held out his hand in welcome and said, "Welcome to my cozy workshop. Come right in and make yourself comfortable—I dare you to."

That was Fred Allen, in person, and was I surprised. I never would have recognized in this ill-at-ease man the poised, garrulous and fluent-tongued performer whose radio program has been an outstanding favorite for years. Chances are you wouldn't recognize him either. Not even if you sat next to him in the subway or bumped into him on the street wandering aimlessly from store to store window-shopping, an umbrella hooked over his arm. This is probably due to his almost painful New England reserve which has made him at once the least dynamic in manner and the most dynamic in accomplishment of all the funny men on the air and screen.

And the room in which he worked . . . instead of taking his ease in an easy chair before an open fire in a richly appointed library as he languidly tossed off quips to an admiring secretary, as I had imagined I would find him, he did his stint in a room almost barren in its simplicity. For simplicity is the keynote to his personality. He lives simply with no car, chauffeur, maid, butler, or even a secretary. He writes out his scripts in longhand and types them himself because he says he has never been able to find a secretary who could think of new gags and lines to put in during the typing process.



He is very shy with strangers, as if fumbling for something to say. But once get him talking about his favorite subject—his work—and he loosens up immediately. His adenoidal baritone works overtime getting out the rush of words to express his ideas. And what a variety of them he has.

"Mr. Allen," I began, "I've come to find out why you ran away from Hollywood. Why, right at this very minute there are probably hundreds of girls and boys all over the United States, Canada and Alaska, and even in Mexico for all I know, who are hoping, praying, planning and scheming for what you so nonchalantly toss aside. What's the matter with you? Are you a man or are you an iceberg?"

He regarded me with great compassion for a moment as he peered at me through his spectacles. Then he sighed, wearily.

"Ah, Hollywood," he murmured, "a great place, they tell me. I would certainly like to get around to see it sometime. The only thing is, when I do come back I'll have only makeup on my mind, no microphone too."

"Mister," I suggested, "the place to start a story is at the beginning. Then it finishes at the end."

"O.K., but remember, you asked for it.

"Do you know that at this moment I might have been an obscure, contented though perhaps slightly stooped librarian with a pension to look forward to and maybe time to go to the movies for enjoyment only?

"It was juggling that led to my downfall. Sounds harmless, juggling, doesn't it? But my friends—my friends, mind you—told me I ought to give up my job in the library and go on the stage! And I did. I even made a living as the world's worst juggler. But was I satisfied with that distinction? No! I decided that if I couldn't juggle better at least I could talk. And that was the beginning of the end. I gave up juggling entirely to tell jokes and from talking it was but a step to writing.

"While I am in a confessing mood, I might as well tell all. I must have written, all in all, a hundred or so vaudeville and revue sketches.

(Continued on page 70)

Betty Grable, having taken her place
to have gone to sleep. Or maybe she's just playing
possum, while the cameraman seeks the perfect angle

SUN QUINTETTE

Barbara Read does her tanning behind glass, and if she faced a street you may be sure the sun couldn't get through for the crowd. Barbara was vacationing down at famous Palm Springs

Marcia Ralston on her way down the boulevard in striking swim togs

We had to show again Barbara Read in this charming satin suit. And, anyway, close-ups are always interesting

Not to be outdone by the little brunette, Barbara, Nan Grey reveals what blondes can do when it comes to modeling

The future screen favorite as he appeared at the age of three years, in the Welsh town of Neath

In England, Ray Milland belonged to a crack troop of cavalry, known as "The Blues," all British gentlemen

The romance of Ray and his wife (Muriel Webber) is one of the strangest that has ever been recorded in the annals of Hollywood

THE STORY OF RAY MILLAND

Debonair is the word for Milland. And he is definitely that, from the top of his sleek dark head to his shoes. Nor is his sophistication a product of Hollywood or of picture-making. It is a fundamental part of himself.

True, Ray Milland has portrayed countless worldly young men on the screen, but he has never had to *act* those parts. He *is* a worldly young man.

He could show you Paris—from Ciro's and the Ritz Bar to the most obscure haunts of the Latin Quarter. He knows London and Biarritz and the Riviera. He has travelled with the Smart Set in all these places. He has dined with beautiful women of all nationalities and sent them flowers out of season and ordered the proper wine with the proper course as easily as you or I might ask for a hamburger. He has laughed and danced and flirted with the gayest of them, spending his money like water, draining dry the cup of today—little caring about tomorrow.

And then again, he has starved. He has known heartbreak and defeat—the chill of barren furnished rooms, the utter desolation of being alone and penniless. He has known love—the sort of love that finds itself capable of any sacrifice. He has known humility.

To really appreciate Ray Milland as he is today let us take you back some twenty odd years to a small Welsh town called Neath, in the county of Glamorgan. It was there that Ray was born in the year of 1907. And it was there that he spent his early boyhood years. His family had money and he was, therefore, brought up after the fashion of all small boys born to the English gentry.

In those days he was known as Ray Mullane. He had a governess and a riding master and before he was seven, he was perfectly schooled in manners and social conduct.

It was inevitable that he planned to attend Kings College, Cambridge, but Fate, in the guise of financial reverses, decreed otherwise. His father, a steel mill supervisor in Neath, lost most of his money and Cambridge was out.

Instead, an uncle, a breeder of blooded horses in England, offered Ray a job on his stock ranch. The boy took it and worked at it for a year. He trained racers and won countless cups and medals for his prowess in horsemanship. He raced the Grand National course at Aintree and was one of the few gentleman riders able to make the grade without being dished out of his saddle. As a result, he won a place in the Cheshire Yeomanry and from there became a member of the British Household Cavalry.

During the time he worked for his uncle, Ray developed a characteristic which has stood by him ever since. He never learns anything part way. Whatever he may tackle, he keeps at until he is as skilled as it is possible to be. Today, he is an expert fencer,

Taking a barrier with his horse, Commander. Milland was one of the few to ride successfully the course at Aintree, England

"The Blues" rider whom Hollywood discovered

BY SUZANNE KINGMAN

an airplane pilot, a crack rifle shot. He learned to shoot and fence with the British Cavalry, little dreaming that those assets would someday be partially responsible for his screen career.

After a year, he left his uncle's ranch and went to sea, working on a potato boat, cruising around and servicing the Channel Islands. He did this for six months and once more Fate stepped in and changed the course of his destiny. An aunt died and left him the magnificent sum of seventeen thousand dollars.

Now at this point, you might think that Ray would be guided by a practical turn of mind. But you'd be wrong. He didn't invest his money or put it into a savings account. He promptly went to the most expensive tailor in London, ordered himself as dashing a wardrobe as you could imagine and thence set off on a trip around the world.

He toured in what is known as the "grand manner," becoming a so-called member of the smart younger set. He frequented the Riviera, the Lido, Biarritz, all the bright spots of the Continent. He met all of the best people and some of the worst. Very quickly, and with surprising ease, he began to take on the suave polish, the ingratiating, worldly charm which distinguishes him today. He was very good-looking—tall and lean, with a clear-cut, straight-nosed profile and the sort of smile women remembered. He was the sort of young man to be invited places and he made the most of every opportunity to meet new people—new situations.

No man can deny what most ladies aver—"One of the handsomest"

But seventeen thousand dollars will last just so long. When it was gone, Ray found himself back in London and very broke. He hadn't been trained for anything really practicable and he knew it. One night, he ran into Estelle Brody, the British film star, whom he'd met during his travels. Impulsively, he invited her to dine, knowing perfectly well that it would take his last farthing.

In "Ebb Tide," with Frances Farmer, Ray did a grand job as a ne'er-do-well

In "Four Hours to Kill." Playing opposite Gertrude Michael he began to attract the feminine fan following he now has

Surprise! The "white goddess," Dorothy Lamour, in "Her Jungle Love," is caught red-handed in Ray's arms. One of the outstanding scenes

What pleasanter way to greet imminent starvation than across the table from a glamorous actress? You see, he was very young in those days—and very romantic. And so they dined and danced and when they parted, Estelle suggested that he come to the British International Studios the next day as her guest. He might even find it amusing, she suggested laughingly, to be in a movie—just for a lark, of course.

Needless to say, Ray appeared at the studio, bright and early the next morning. Estelle introduced him to the casting director who offered him a job as an extra "for the fun of it." No one at the studio dreamed that had Ray not secured that job he wouldn't have eaten that day.

He donned top hat and tails for his part and so completely *soignee* did he appear that Ed Newman, an American supervisor, and Castleton Knight, an English director, spotted him and gave him a contract at six dollars a day to go on location in Scotland for three weeks. The picture, aptly enough, was entitled "The Plaything," and during its making young Ray Mullane decided that he had at last found his life work. He wanted to be an actor.

It was then that he changed his name to Ray Milland.

There was nothing for him to do along those lines, however, for three months after he got back from Scotland. So he starved gently and waited for the breaks. Then he landed a job in a province-touring troupe of "The Woman in Room 13." He returned from this jaunt broke, as usual, but this time was fortunate enough to overhear a telephone conversation in an agent's office to the effect that an expert marksman was wanted for a picture.

Ray got the job. He had to shoot a mirror out of Lya de Putti's hand and smash, with a bullet, a window glass an inch from Lars Hansen's nose. The marksmanship took place all offstage, of course, but while he was busy firing pistols all over the place, Cyril McLaglen, Victor's brother, became ill just before the start of a picture and Ray was offered the lead. The picture was called "The Flying Scotsman."

In that gay, giddy film, "Easy Living," Milland and Jean Arthur both won tremendous popularity. It marked a definite turn in Ray's screen fortunes

An unintentional all-British cast in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." We see here the petite Heather Angel in the strong arms of Mr. Milland.

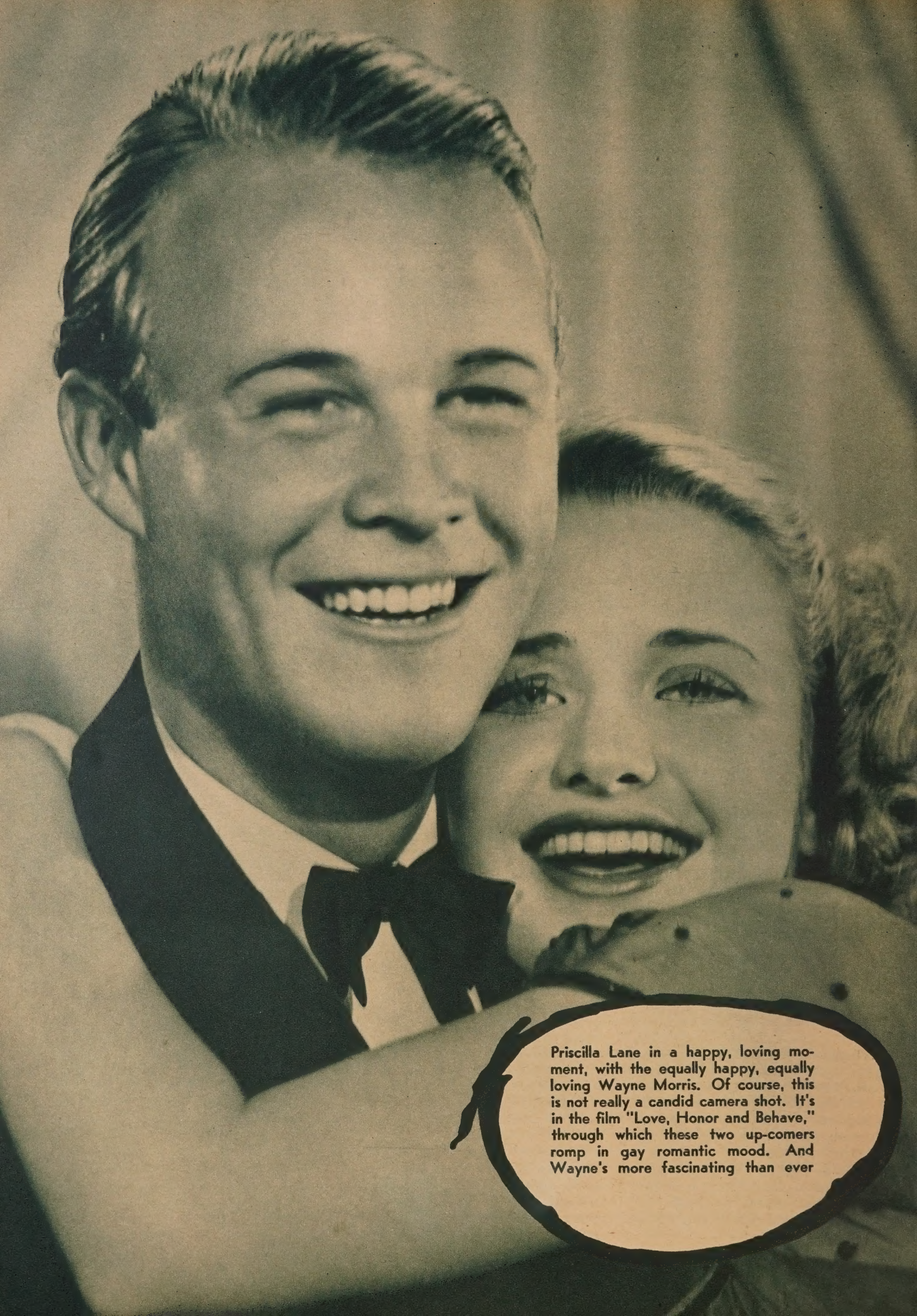
Ray next learned to tap dance and was signed to do a London stage revue. An American film scout attended the opening night and as a result, the next thing he knew he was on his way to Hollywood. He felt as though he had conquered the world when he boarded that ship on July 28, 1930. He little knew what lay in store for him or perhaps he might never have made that fateful trip.

Hope rode the headwinds at first, then flagged and failed. His first picture was a small role opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought." There was an option clause in his contract but the option was never taken up so he went home again. Six weeks later, he returned to play in "Larceny Lane" and "The Man Who Played God," for Warner Brothers.

It was during this period that starvation set in in earnest. He lived in rooms that defied description and managed to eat only sometimes at a corner drugstore "on the cuff." Now and then, the jinx would lift and he'd land a part in an insignificant picture. It was during one of these "breathing spells" that he met Muriel Webber. Muriel wasn't in pictures—wasn't even interested in them, though she was pretty enough.

She was slim and dark, with soft, shining hair and a voice that was slightly husky. She wore clothes with an air of chic and possessed all of the smooth sophistication that was part and parcel of Ray. But at the same time, she was genuine. She was tolerant and wise beyond her years as well as lovely.

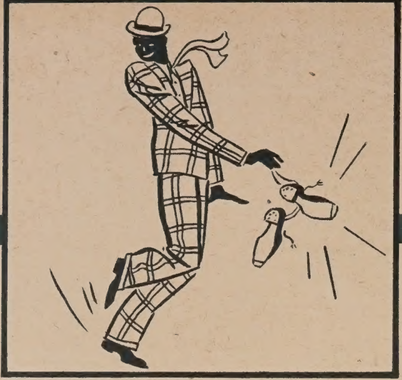
The first time he met her, Ray knew that she was "different." He lost no time in seeing to it that they met frequently. It wasn't love at first sight, however. For Ray Milland is not the sort of person to fall in love blindly or impulsively. He had a pretty clear idea of just what he wanted in the girl he would one day ask to be his wife. Once he realized, however, that Muriel was what he wanted, he didn't give her a chance to *(Continued on page 78)*



Priscilla Lane in a happy, loving moment, with the equally happy, equally loving Wayne Morris. Of course, this is not really a candid camera shot. It's in the film "Love, Honor and Behave," through which these two up-comers romp in gay romantic mood. And Wayne's more fascinating than ever

It looks as though things were going quite all right for John Beal in this scene with Maureen O'Sullivan in M-G-M's picture "Men of the Waterfront." But when John goes away to sea some surprise will be awaiting him on his return. Genial Frank Morgan is the man who puts a spoke in the wheel of John's romance

HOLLYWOOD



- Bill Robinson sentimentally preserves his first pair of tap shoes. They dog his nimble feet from place to place. Bojangles still marvels at Shirley Temple's ability to follow steps. She's his keen admirer.

ALL-AMERICA LORE.

Kay Francis, versatile Warner Bros. star, holds All-American honors for pet superstitions. She dotes on unbreakable mirrors, horseshoes over doors, old coins.

NUMEROLOGY FANS.

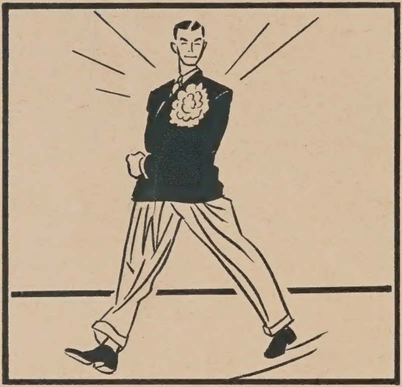
Edward G. Robinson, Warners' number one gangster, has an uncanny aversion for thirteen. *Twelve-and-one is fourteen,* says Eddie. He courts good luck by approaching a hunchbacked person unseen, then he donates money. Wendy Barrie of Universal spoils the first take of any picture as she feels this is luck for remaining scenes.

THE WISHING WELL.

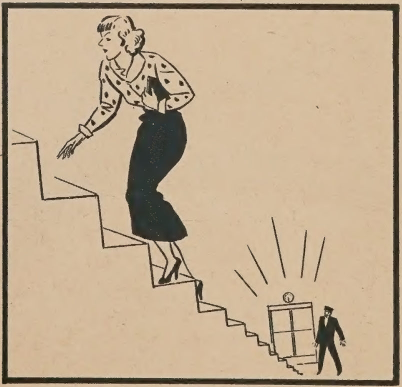
Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee) of Fox Films, believes that by extending her arms and wishing at exactly 8:45 a.m. and 3:15 p.m. each day, her wish will come true. Looks like it worked in her transition from burlesque. Andy Devine, another Fox favorite, places his faith in an old pair of football shoes. He's removed the cleats and substituted soft felt soles. They're on the set—they travel with Andy—they never leave him.

A STUDY IN COLOR.

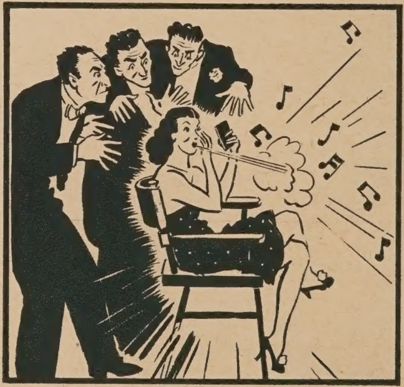
Ethel Merman, MGM's torch-singing comedienne, refuses to wear anything with a true green hue. She considers the color unlucky. What do you suppose the Irish think?



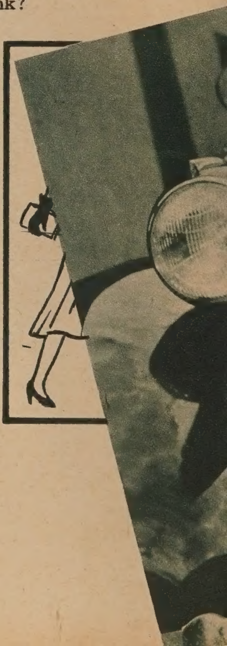
- George Murphy insists that a good luck symbol is a fresh flower daily in his lapel. He is signed to play the romantic lead opposite Phyllis Brooks, Cary Grant's girl friend, in *Little Miss Broadway.*



- June Lang is superstitious about riding in elevators. She would rather walk. Fox Films plan to change June from a dramatic actress to a comedienne ala Lombard. *Meet The Girl* is her newest film.



- The Ritz Brothers firmly believe it is bad luck to whistle in the dressing room. These three zanies graced the vaudeville stage a few season back. Wonder if they warbled *The Dressing Room Blues,* in those days.



SUPERSTITIONS

Superstition has prevailed since the ancient days. From monarch down to scullery-maid they believed in lucky signs. Folks today are just the same—your movie favorites too. So here is Hollywood's version of kinds of luck

BY DICK HYMAN

GAZING IN THE CRYSTAL.

Mae West, shapely Paramount star, consults soothsayers, fortune tellers and crystals. Wayne Morris, Warners' newcomer, will never light three on a match. It brings bad luck. MGM's Bob Montgomery always knocks on wood.

HOLLYWOOD HUNCHES:

George Sanders is positively hunch-conscious. He believes that not to follow a hunch is the surest route to evil luck. Joseph Schildkraut sees luck in his mother. She visits on the set quite often.

A LUCKY TALISMAN.

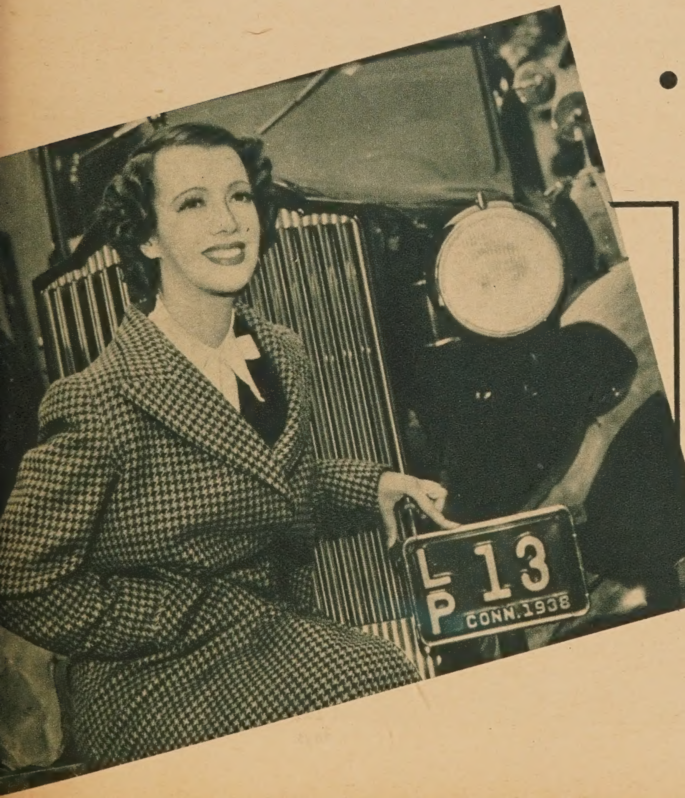
Claude Rains, Warner Bros. character actor, values an intaglio ring received from his present wife. It's his good luck charm.

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND.

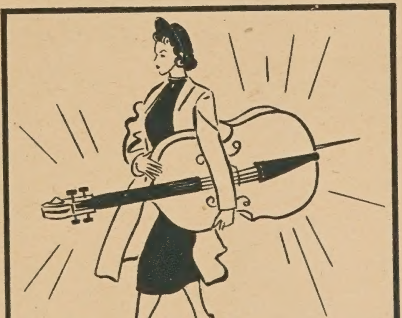
Frank Jenks (the taxi man in *100 Men And A Girl)* has an odd superstition. A bicycle wheel and a trombone vie with each other in making Frank's decisions. If the spinning wheel stops before the trombone's toot, the answer is *yes.* If the wheel wins it is absolutely *no.* Nice work if you can do it.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN.

Loretta Young, beautiful Fox star, insists high-heeled shoes make her feel unlucky. Bette Davis, Warners' top-notcher, refuses to part with coins that are nicked or bent. Pretty Ann Southern of RKO has a strong superstition about peacock feathers. Hands off! Joel McCrea of United Artists fears black cats.



● Lily Pons implicitly believes in number 13. Her automobile license, her dressing room door, her staterooms, all bear this numeral. Opera house curtains are another superstition. She snips off pieces for luck.



● Danielle Darrieux totes a cello around as a good luck charm. We are curious about how she toured the countryside with this compact little gadget, while awaiting production of Universal's latest *The Rage of Paris.*

THE THREE OF US

From Iowa come three smart sisters,

IT ALL began some years ago in a little town called Indianola, Iowa. There the scene was set and there five little girls played and went to school and grew up. But before they were grown, they knew what they wanted and had already set about getting it.

Lola was sixteen when she first broke away from Methodist-college-town tradition and all the traditions of her conservative family in search of a theatrical career. Her first venture was with Gus Edwards, then touring with a skit called Ritz Carlton Nights. Edwards it was who changed her name from Dorothy Mullican to Lola Lane—a surname later to be adopted by her sisters and more recently by their mother, Mrs. Cora Lane.

The girl's fresh young beauty won her a hearing and led to her first success, but Lola has always been contemptuous of that beauty and of the place it won for her. A few years later, not in the least pleased with her reputation as a charming and lovely ingenue, Lola rebelled and broke once more with tradition and began anew. She altered her plans for a career.

But in the meantime, the two little sisters were already on their way. Leota, an older sister, had blazed the trail. Her career, too, exemplifies the family ambition and determination, for she has bridged the gap between night club singing and grand opera. After studying in the Juilliard School of Music in New York, Leota is to make her debut in opera this fall.

"Such a tiny person, to have such a glorious voice," Rosemary comments enthusiastically. "We call her the Duchess, she holds herself so straight and tall—"

They *would* call her that and they would rib her unmercifully, because that is their way, but beneath their ribbing is sisterly pride and loyalty and deep devotion. They are rugged individualists, the Lanes, each carving out her own career, shaping her own ambitions but united not only by blood but by common interests, common ideals and an unassailable affection.

Priscilla had decided upon a course in dramatic school as the shortest cut to what she wanted. Rosemary spent that year in her home-town college, studying voice and piano and also having a grand good time. It is an oft-told tale now, how Rosemary went to New York with her mother to get Priscilla at the conclusion of her dramatic studies and how the two girls, trying out some songs at a music publisher's, were overheard by Fred Waring.

For five years they worked with Waring and his orchestra, and I mean worked. They put on two broadcasts a week, they toured like seasoned troupers with the band, and they didn't know what it meant to have a vacation or time to play. But they learned a lot in those five years—learned among other things a fine philosophy of life. They have never been afraid to work and they learned to work hard, to co-operate, and perhaps even more important, to laugh.

Their first introduction to the fine art of ribbing was a severe one but Priscilla and Rosemary were apt pupils.

"It is a cute little custom boys in orchestras have," Rosemary explained. "They razz you and ride you

Lola and Rosemary look enough alike to be mistaken for twins—almost. You know them as Lane, but they were born Mullican

Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

and if you can take it with a sweet smile, why then you are all right, a regular guy. But Priscilla and I were just two kids from the country. We couldn't take it all—we'd get mad and we'd cry and we thought it was just awful, the way they took advantage of our greenness and made fun of everything we did. As a matter of fact," she chuckled, "I still can't take it. I adore teasing people but I hate being teased—isn't that always the way? The ones that can dish it out can't ever take it!"

But her blue eyes twinkled merrily and you knew she *could* take it. Anyone that can laugh at herself has learned the first lesson in being a good sport. And if the teasing rankles a bit, she hides it with a merry grin. Back in Indianola, the Mullican sisters are a tradition. In Hollywood the Lane sisters are fast becoming one. Martha—married—is the fifth. And because they are all so "regular," which is about Hollywood's highest praise, they are the current raves off the screen as well as on.

Lola, as I said before, took stock of herself and decided that her career needed a firm hand. That she was small and pretty, with doll-like features, was proving a strange handicap. Her voice was warm and deep and she had brains and ability, but producers failed to see beyond her prettiness and she was invariably cast as an ingenue.

"What could I look forward to," she exclaimed, "but waking up some fine day and finding I was still an ingenue—with four chins?"

Other people had made themselves over. She applied herself diligently to study and self-development. She changed her hairdress, her style, to fit not her face but her inner self, that personality she was banking on to carry her through. She went to voice coaches and developed the voice that was already rich and vibrant. And she made over her figure, which at that

(Continued on page 77)

Right: The triple pride of Hollywood—and as popular off the screen as on

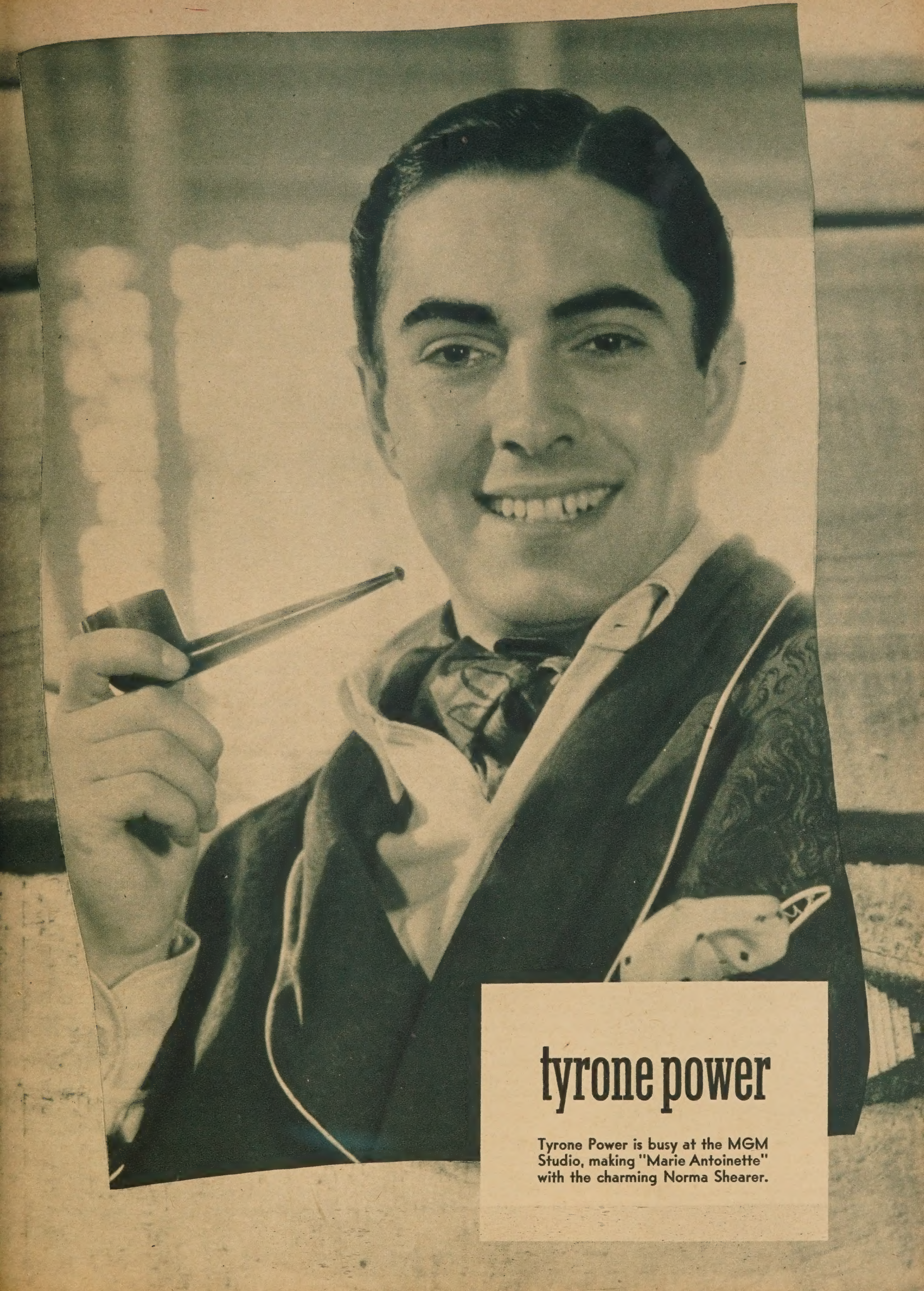
Below, right: Priscilla, the youngest, eyes bluest, hair blondest

Priscilla Lane with Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor and Behave." And—don't forget—they are that way off screen, too

Below: Mrs. Cora Lane and her three famous daughters. From left to right: Lola, Mother, Rosemary and Priscilla

judy garland

Judy Garland, who won national fame in just three pictures, is scheduled for stardom by Metro.



tyrone power

Tyrone Power is busy at the MGM Studio, making "Marie Antoinette" with the charming Norma Shearer.

HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS FACE

Alan Curtis tried to

THE very thing that annoyed Alan when he was a young boy made him very happy when he became older. At school he was constantly being badgered by the other boys who thought he was "too good looking" and were always kidding him about his face. He thought that if he confided his ambition to his school chums, they might let him alone for awhile. So one day he told them how he planned to be a steamboat captain. He got an even more royal ride after he told them that, because as usual his friends pointed out that steamboat captains were rarely very handsome.

In time Alan came to hate his looks and he took to going around with his hair shaggy and his beard grown in. All this, of course, was done in self defense. While at High School he proved to himself and his friends that even if he was better looking than the average lad, he could still make his school letters for proficiency in football and track, to say nothing of baseball and basketball.

When Alan graduated from Senn High School in Chicago, his family pointed out to him the urgency of his getting a job. He thought, fleetingly then, of going to sea but he remembered hearing someplace that seamen weren't very well paid, so he gave up that idea temporarily and started out on the usual sort of job hunting. Stenographers and receptionists were always very polite to this attractive six footer and possibly fawned on him more than they did on other applicants for jobs, but he still didn't land work. By the time he was footsore and weary he was given a job as a bill collector. The man who hired him said: "Nobody will ever think you're a collector. You're too pleasant looking. You ought to do very well at this."

In those days, Alan got quite used to having doors slammed in his face. Even his good looks didn't save him there. He finally decided that he wasn't too good at bill collecting at about the same time that his employers came to the same conclusion, and once again Alan found himself seeking employment.

Again he remembered with a sort of nostalgia, that he wanted to be a steamboat captain. He wanted to steer a ship in the murky waters at night. The closest he came to steering anything was an automobile. He became a taxi driver and instead of steering a ship at night, he drove a taxi cab through the streets of Chicago from six o'clock in the evening until six the next morning.

Alan became quite interested in his passengers and he got to know a few of his customers rather well because they used his cab day after day.

One night, a passenger whom he knew from having driven him all around Chicago asked Alan whether he would like to make a little extra money. Alan quickly said, "Yes."

"You know, you're too good looking to be a cab driver," the passenger stated.

Alan drew himself up with a jerk. He thought people had stopped commenting on his looks.

"You can't make any money by being good looking," Alan answered in a surly fashion.

"Oh, can't you?" the fare responded. "That's where you're wrong. If I had a face like yours, young feller, I'd make it my fortune."

Alan thought he was being taken for a ride and he was a little hurt.

"I have quite a few contacts with agencies who use models for photography and I think you'd be swell for ads. Here's a card to a friend of mine. Go and see him tomorrow. I think he might have a job for you," the passenger said as he jumped out of the cab and paid Alan off.

Bright and early the next day, Alan dressed in his Sunday clothes, presented the card at the agency. The man came out and looked him over carefully, noted his beautiful, wavy brown hair and his light blue eyes. His square jaw cinched the job for him.

His first assignment was to pose in a sport suit for a color photograph

change it and yet it brought him success

BY CHARLOTTE BUCHWALD

When it comes to major sports Alan Curtis, if not king, is at least crown prince. The series of three photos at the left shows the handsome, square-jawed six-footer coming ashore after a swim in the tank. Alan attended the Nicholas Senn High School in Chicago, where he won a sweaterful of letters for athletic prowess. His splendid physique helped his movie career.

Bit playing attracted attention and then Alan was cast with Crawford in "Mannequin"

which was later displayed in the window of a downtown department store and caused considerable comment from the passers-by. Pretty soon Alan was making more "extra" money posing for ads than he was making regular salary from driving his cab. Also, he had been sacrificing his sleep to hold down both jobs and in time, it began to tell on his health.

Alan came to the conclusion that he would be wiser to continue to pose instead of driving a cab, because he discovered he liked it better. Soon, he became popular with a great many commercial artists and photographers and worked steadily six days a week. It always seemed a little strange to him that he should be able to commercialize the one thing that had been the bane of his existence in his youth. He remembered how he had suffered when the other children kidded him about his good looks and now he was making more money than he had ever known existed, because he was good looking. It all seemed rather strange to him and decidedly paradoxical. Soon he began to see his picture on advertisements in magazines and on bill posters for swimming suits, soap, automobiles and even refrigerators. It always made him feel a little self-conscious to walk down the street and see full size pictures of himself.

After about two years of successful modeling, he *(Continued on page 75)*

He drove a taxicab, modeled between times, made his face famous and so came the right ending—Hollywood

penny singleton

She started her career as Dorothy McNulty, but changed her name to Penny Singleton when she married

dolores del rio

Dolores Del Rio and hubby are on a jaunt to North Africa, seeking a rest from the clicking cameras

A mob mele that would get any actor's goat. Autograph hounds at work on Miss Dunne in a scene from the sure-fire film, "Joy of Loving"

Irene

Irene bursts again into hilarious high in her latest picture, "The Joy of Loving." In fact, it's a riot of the maddest go-ings on enthusiastic co-workers from scenarist to players could evolve

BECAUSE of a splendid dramatic ability revealed in "Cimarron", Irene Dunne has been a popular star since 1931. Now, suddenly, she has become the darling of millions, and the whole thing is due to nothing more or less than a change of pace. But what a change!

After seven years, a period in which many stars either start on their way down, or get solidly in a rut of one-type characterizations, Miss Dunne has moved into an entirely new field, and proved herself to be one of Hollywood's brightest comediennes.

In two pictures, "Theodora Goes Wild" and "The Awful Truth," she has acquired a vast horde of new fans, and her early admirers are with her more than ever.

In almost anyone else this transition would be little short of amazing. In Irene Dunne it was to be expected, because, paradoxically, it was so unexpected. You have only to look at her career to realize that.

There's a difference between being a popular star and being the idol of a vast portion of the movie-going public. Actually, of course, the only difference is that the latter just has a larger and somewhat more rabid following. The size of that following, however, has almost everything to do with determining the all-important figures that follow the dollar sign on the star's next contract. It may mean, for instance, that that long-desired swimming pool can be installed immediately. Or it may mean that Spleen, the butler, will have to start reading the "help wanted" columns come next pay day.

Her only theatrical experience before she went to Hollywood was gained in musical comedy, and in the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House. After one little-remembered part in a frowzy comedy called "Leathernecking", this unknown newcomer to the films was given the im-

Another scene in which Warren Hymer is doing some of his famous rough and dumb acting, somewhat to the consternation of exasperated Irene

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., co-starred with Miss Dunne, continues in court an argument that the two had started elsewhere. And is Irene burned up!

GOES WILD

Since "Theodora," Miss Dunne continues her amazing comic roles

By JOHN F. DEVINE

portant role of Sabra Cravat in Edna Ferber's saga of the oil fields.

Richard Dix was the star, but Irene Dunne's performance was the talk of Hollywood, and, for that matter, of every other town where "Cimarron" was shown. It shot her to stardom in her third picture, which, even though the phrase usually is reserved for press agents, really is a meteoric rise.

Up to that point she had played only youthful roles, but when RKO produced Fanny Hurst's "Back Street", in 1932, she gave a performance that tore at the heartstrings of the world, as she moved tragically from youth to old age. There were other equally serious roles, in Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord" and in Sinclair Lewis's "Ann Vickers".

Then came her first screen transition. Her admirers who were unaware of her musical comedy background were pleasantly surprised to hear her burst—and beautifully—into song in a picture with Adolphe Menjou. Here, Hollywood realized, was a new Irene Dunne. So the song cycle was on: "Roberta", "Sweet Adeline", and later "Show Boat", although she did revert to the more serious vein in "The Magnificent Obsession".

It was "Show Boat" that first disclosed the new facet of her gem-like talent. She had played tragic figures superbly and had sung equally well, but she never had done comedy. A few studio friends who thought she should be cast in lighter roles, suggested that she try it. Irene was dubious. She says she was afraid audiences wouldn't like her in comedy.

The test came at a preview of "Show Boat". The role of Magnolia Ravenal called for a black-face bit, in which she did a comedy Negro shuffle. Miss Dunne says she sat through the picture in trepidation, waiting for that scene. She had decided to let the audience determine the next step of her career. If it was amused by her comic antics she would act on her friends' suggestion; if not, then back to straight roles she'd go.

When Magnolia appeared on the screen, her lovely face blackened, the star of a score of pictures sat rigid in her seat, tensely awaiting the reaction of the audience. Magnolia moved into her comedy dance, and the audience roared. Irene Dunne took a deep breath and relaxed. The next day she told executives at the Columbia studio:

"Okay, I'll do a comedy. Get me a story."

Just before she sailed for Europe, the studio sent her a copy of Mary McCarthy's story, "Theodora Goes Wild", a hilarious yarn about a quiet, conservative small town girl who is revealed as the author of several sensational novels, and has to live up to the reputation her neighbors think she ought to have.

Miss Dunne read it on the boat, and sent the studio a two-word radiogram: "Buy it."

The rest of that story is Hollywood history. With Melvin Douglas playing opposite her, a completely new Irene Dunne was presented to movie audiences. The star who for years had possessed the reputation of being cold, aloof, and, yes, even smug, romped through the riotous scenes of "Theodora" with all the abandon of a Charlotte Greenwood or a Helen Broderick.

Movie-goers who previously had been only lukewarm admirers became ardent Dunne Fans, and confirmed Dunne fans became her adorers.

It was nearly a year before she got another chance at comedy, but when Columbia put her in "The Awful Truth", with Cary Grant, she more than repeated her triumph of "Theodora".

Taking the story of two young people

(Continued on page 73)

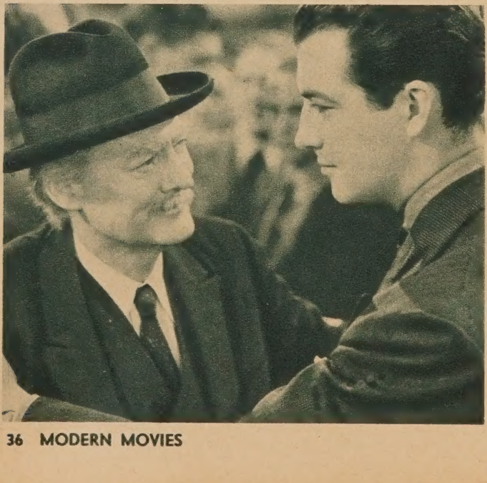
THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

The remarkable vitality of Mark Twain's tale of life along the Mississippi continues unabated in this screen version of the favorite of now more than sixty years. And when you can pick up a boy in New York City and through the magic of Hollywood actually convert him into Tom Sawyer himself, but one conclusion is possible: in every age the American boy is much the same. Tom Kelly, who plays the title role, and who had never been west of the Hudson River until fate and fortune had selected him from among thousands of other candidates, takes up his role with a gusto that stamps the film production with the charm of the original text. Ann Gillis, as Becky Thatcher, renders an impressive performance as the frightened little girl, trapped with Tom, in the recesses of a mysterious cave. May Robson is the loving, forgiving, but much harassed Aunt Polly. The old masterpiece rolls before our eyes, with all its fascinating characters. *Selznick-United Artists.*

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES

This picture has been made with remarkably good taste and with an eye to pleasing all types of audiences. Some of its novelties are impressively artistic, while others are cleverly calculated to relax us into off-guard moments. The production has been built with a lavish hand, and famous performers in every amusement field have been drafted unstintingly. The impressive cast consists of Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, the Norwegian dancer Zorina, Kenny Baker, The Ritz Brothers, Helen Jepson of grand opera, Phil Baker, Ella Logan, Bobby Clark, Jerome Cowan, Nydia Westman, Charles Kullman, Frank Shields, and Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy. Visualize these unsurpassed stars of screen, radio, and opera in one magnificent extravaganza, done in superb technicolor, for one hour and fifty-five minutes, and you'll understand why Mr. Goldwyn believes he has got something. *Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.*



A YANK AT OXFORD

If you have had reason to complain that few of the college films you have seen were altogether convincing, you can't say that about "A Yank at Oxford." Even the snootiest graduate of that hallowed British institution will have to succumb to its convincingness. And much of this result must be credited to the personality and the acting of Robert Taylor. The picture is largely a glorification of American athletics and, both in form and speed, Bob answers the call like a veteran. The story is that of an American who wins an Oxford scholarship and who, because he is rather boastful, gets in bad for a time. But character and sportsmanship triumph in the end and one of the perquisites for this victory is also the love of Maureen O'Sullivan. Besides the excellent acting of Bob and Maureen there is that of Lionel Barrymore and an English player, Vivien Leigh. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

MODERN MOVIES PRESENTS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE THE BEST OF THE LATEST FILM RELEASES

BRINGING UP BABY

Cary Grant is launched—this time with Katharine Hepburn—into a grand uproarious farce comedy, replete with situations that make you shriek while you laugh. It all starts when Katharine Hepburn asks Cary to look out for Baby—expected in an overseas shipment, nothing more nor less than a baby leopard. Now mixed in with this is a somewhat suspicious aunt, another—really ferocious—leopard, a big game hunter, a squad of police, and a cell for everybody. And there's a fossil bone, too, that Cary is needing badly to complete the skeleton of a prehistoric monster, because he is a professor of zoology, and a playful dog that steals and buries the precious bone, to add to the confusion and hilarity of the film. It's all done in that mad, mock serious manner that will lift you out of your seat. *RKO-Radio.*

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

The revival of the golden days of California nearly thirty years after the bonanza days of '49 forms the background of this exciting drama. Unlike the early prospectors who dug with pick and shovel and panned nuggets out of streams, the operators at the time of this story used the hydraulic method, thereby washing away whole hills to uncover the precious deposits. And out of this new method grew armed strife, for a muddy flood spread over the fields of nearby wheat growers to ruin the harvests. One of the mining engineers is George Brent, in love with Olivia De Havilland, daughter of Claude Rains. There is excitement, action and suspense in this film. *Warner Bros.*

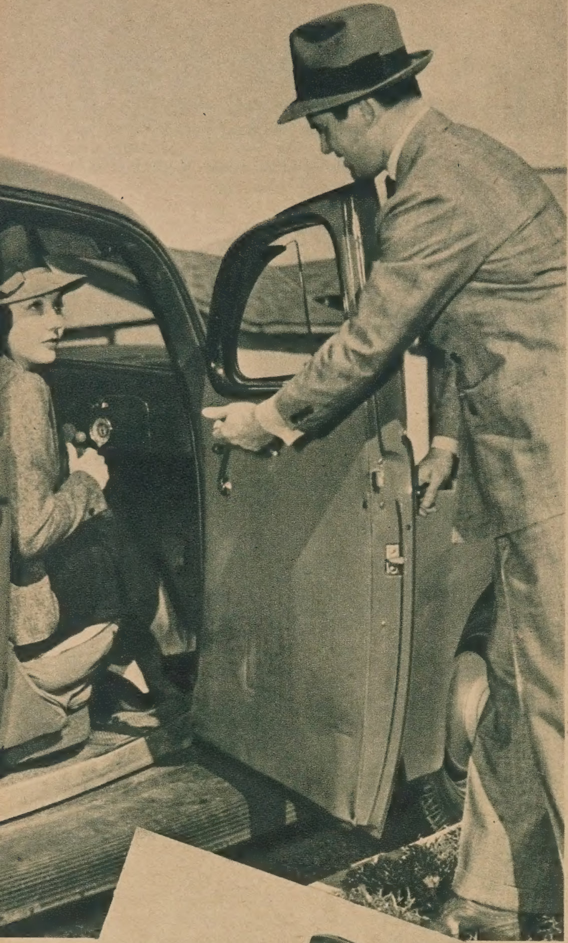
THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

A musical you will go for in a way as big as the film itself may be said of this production, which is smart, taking the best advantage of its material and its situations. W. C. Fields heads the cast, and never was the great comedian in better form. With Fields is Kirsten Flagstad of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and around the two there is an impressive cast, who never let the principals down. The picture is notable for its excellent tunes, its dancing and its riots of laughter. Excellent performances are delivered by Dorothy Lamour, Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Lynne Overman, Ben Blue, Leif Erikson, Shirley Ross, Rufe Davis and Grace Bradley. Tuneful melodies are "You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart," and "Mama, That Moon Is Here Again." *Paramount.*

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby"
Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby"
Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford"
Lionel Barrymore in "A Yank at Oxford"
Adolphe Menjou in "The Goldwyn Follies"
Zorina in "The Goldwyn Follies"
Tom Kelly in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"
Ann Gillis in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"
Claude Rains in "Gold Is Where You Find It"
Olivia De Havilland in "Gold Is Where You Find It"
W. C. Fields in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
Kirsten Flagstad in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"

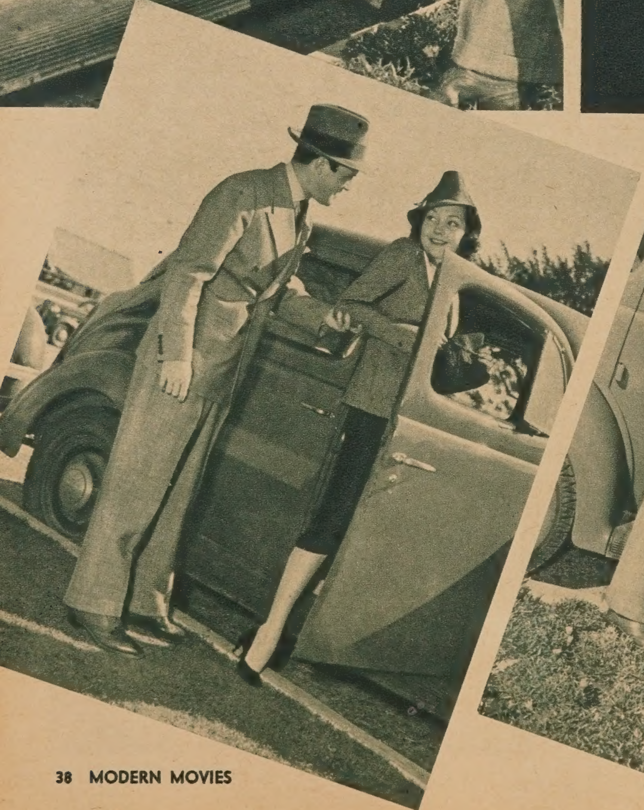
IT'S PROPER

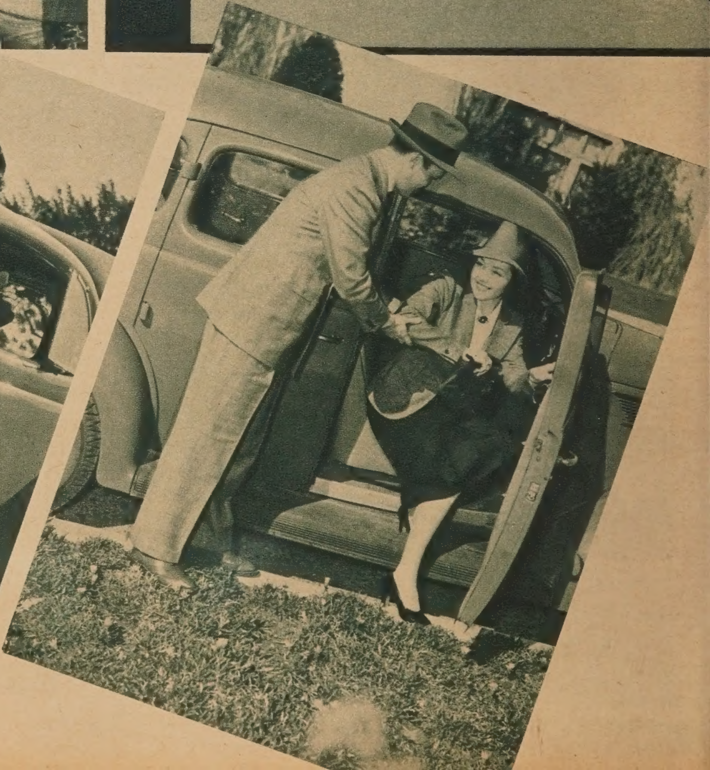


How Lynn Bari and Dick Baldwin, Twentieth Century-Fox players, get into a car. As Dick assists Lynn by supporting her elbow, she turns and smiles her appreciation of his courtesy in this little attention that every girl likes to have given her in such cases

In the lower left hand corner we see how Dick, on reaching their destination, first gets out and then comes around the car in preparation to assist Lynn to alight. He does not regard it as gallantry to allow a lady to look out for herself in this matter as is too often done today

Below, we see Lynn, who, instead of bouncing out even before the ignition is turned off, is accepting happily the aid of her escort. After he has opened the door for her, she turns toward him, ready to be assisted to the street





ANDREA'S DAY at home

Miss Leeds was all ready to go to the studio when stopped by a phone message. They were today shooting scenes in which she would not appear. Happy relief! Now she can rest at home

Andrea curls herself up with a good book and Felixa the cat in turn curls herself about her mistress. It's a bit gloomy indoors, one of those California off the record days

Just a trace of sunshine brings Andrea out into the garden. She stops troweling the flower beds for a moment to admire the tiny buds beginning to sprout on the shrubbery

And now this fuzzy canine craves her attention. So the lady with the leading romantic role in "The Goldwyn Follies" drops her trowel to give him a double handshake

Romero, the "lone stag," isn't so lonely here. In fact, Director Roy Del Ruth's presence makes this stroll with Sonja Heinie take on the aspect of a parade

The two musketeers, Don Ameche and Cesar, escort Ethel Merman to lunch after a morning's work in "Happy Landing." Cesar seems to play no favorites—openly

MY IDEAL WOMAN

BY CESAR ROMERO

One of Hollywood's most elusive bachelors offers specifications for the type of girl he believes would be just the kind to make him really happy

DREAMING about the ideal woman is something an average Latin simply cannot resist. . . .Nor, for that matter, can a Celt, Slav or Finn. An ideal woman, naturally, has all the best features of history and romance—a composite Garbo, Wally Simpson and Helen of Troy, cut to 1938 standards. Naturally my ideal woman is no exception. Like other men I feel I shall one day find her. Perhaps I have already. How can one tell in Hollywood, where there are so many charming and lovely ladies? Or she may be tucked away somewhere in Canton (Ohio), Paris (Kentucky) or even New York!

Summing her up in a phrase, I'd say she must have bread, butter and rhythm! But let me explain:

I'll take the rhythm first because it's so important to me. You see dancing has always been both my work and my chief diversion.

When I was very young my father took it for granted that I should some day enter his firm. Fathers often do. This didn't please me, but having been trained in the traditional Spanish manner I offered no vocal protest. However, when Cuba's sadly bankrupt sugar industry, (among which was my father's business) was taken over by the financial interests and my father was given an officership I bolted, determined to find an "out."

Unknown to my family, Elizabeth Higgins, one of the season's debutantes, and myself put our desire to make dancing a profession into practice. Things broke rather well. We secured engagements at several night clubs and hotels in my native New York and then came a role in the short-lived musical "Lady Doz." But it didn't take me long to realize that the future of a dancer is all too limited—so I stepped off the dance floor and into a part in "Dinner at Eight," followed by a year in "Strictly Dishonorable." With such a background dancing for me is more than a whim—it's a necessity—and I would like to find in my ideal woman a dancing "partner" as well.

She'd have to have a sense of humor, of course. If you can see the funny side of a situation you'll be more apt to laugh than disagree. Beauty? I suppose so, but not necessarily classic beauty; I'd rather have her charming and sophisticated and with a flaire for wearing clothes well.

Now prepare for a surprise. My ideal must also be a wifely "bread and butter" sort of women. One who can cook, should the occasion call for it, be a gracious hostess and also be one you might easily imagine would have children, several children! That, again, is probably the result of my Spanish upbringing—our love of home and family is a dominant trait.

And I like a girl who, while not aggressive (Heaven forbid!) manages to boss! Yes, boss! I mean the kind who would say, "Cesar, you must put your rubbers on, it's raining"; or, "You must not eat so many sweets, Cesar, it is not good for your digestion!" Probably that only means that I, in common with most other men,

Delightful camaraderie as Cesar finds himself at last without competition. Lunch with Phyllis Brooks

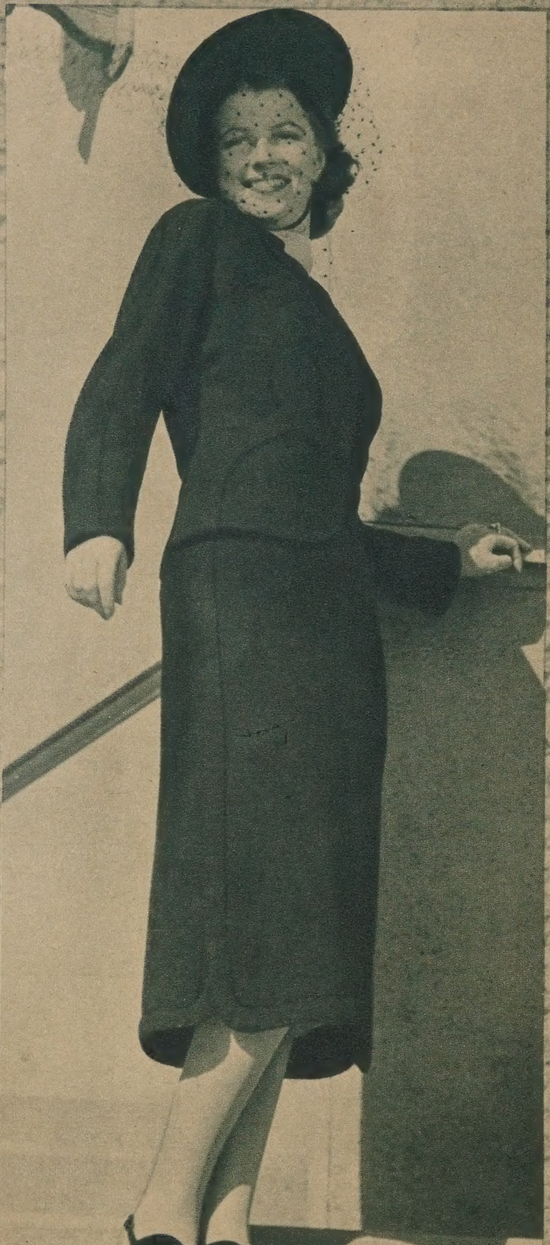
"My ideal is, after all, just my ideal—a picture I have long had. I do hope when I do meet her she'll see in Romero her ideal man"

like to be mothered. Women who can "boss," charmingly, are not feminists, but maternal women, and that's an endearing trait.

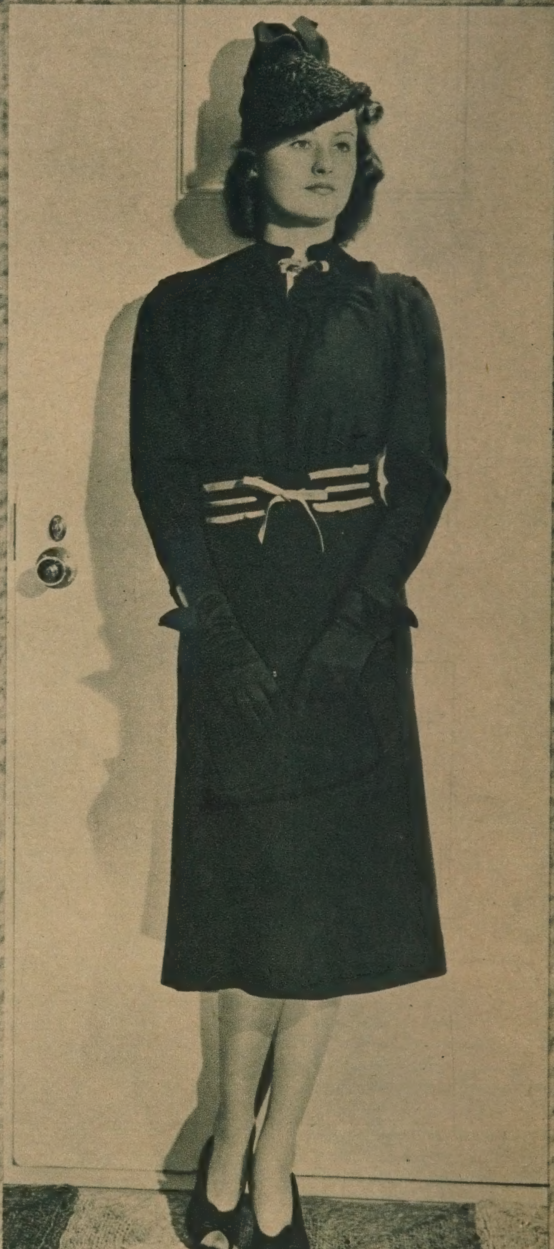
I know I couldn't endure the clinging vine. I mean that type of girl who perpetually wants to be babied and petted, who must have a red carpet rolled before every little one of life's jolts, for whom a man must pre-

(Continued on page 69)

TAKE OFF YOUR COAT

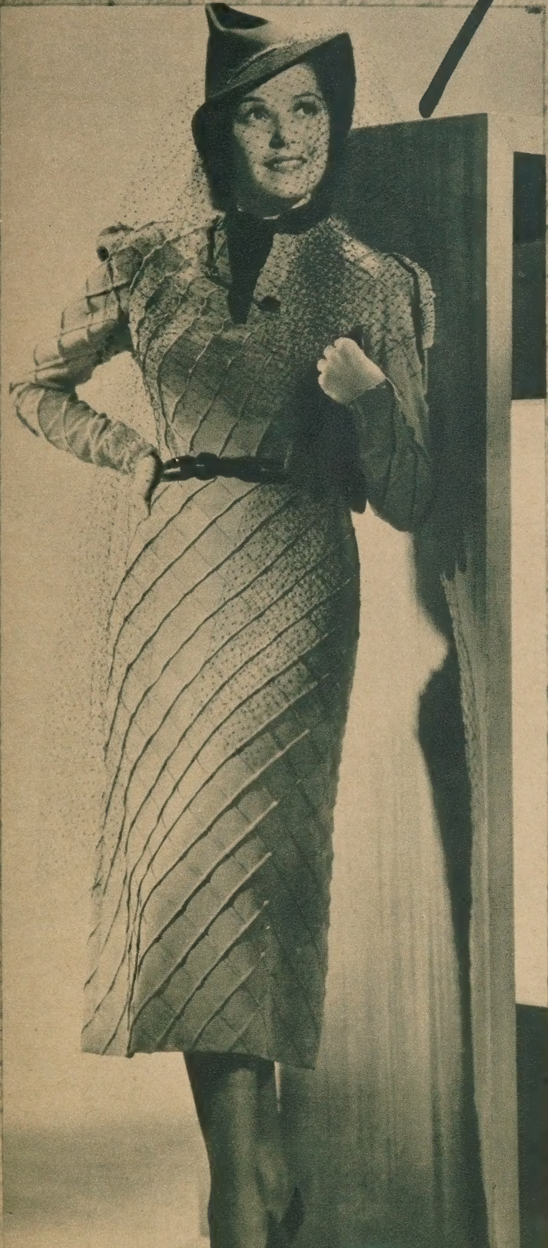


Betty Furness, MGM player, heralds Spring with a suit of black roda wool. The applique trimming is chic.

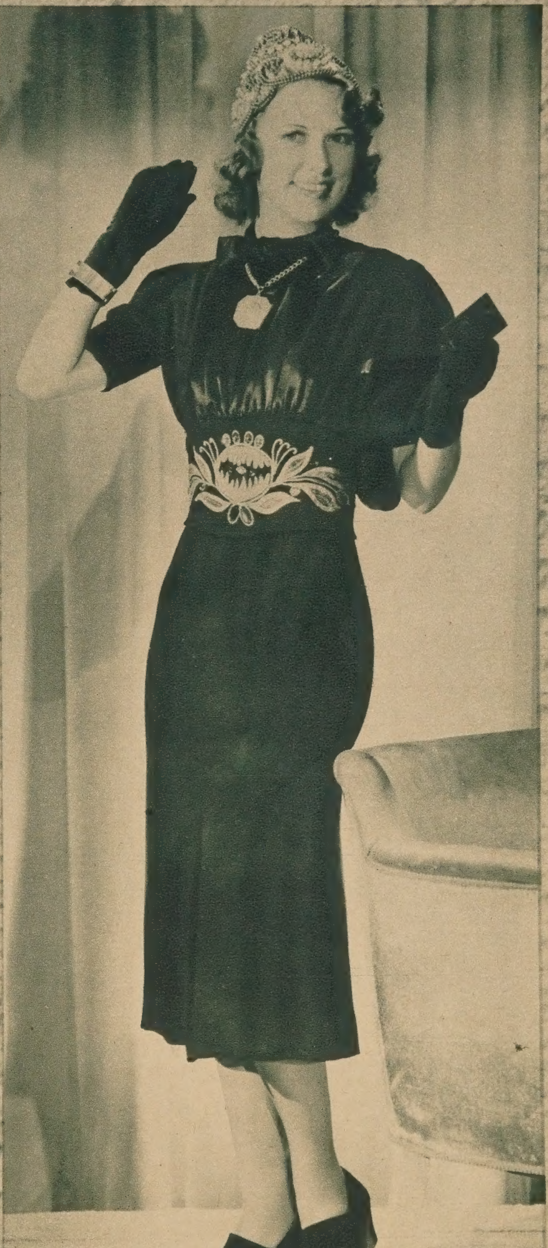


Luncheon finds MGM's Lynne Carver smartly clad in tailored soft black wool. The wide suede belt and neckline are striking.

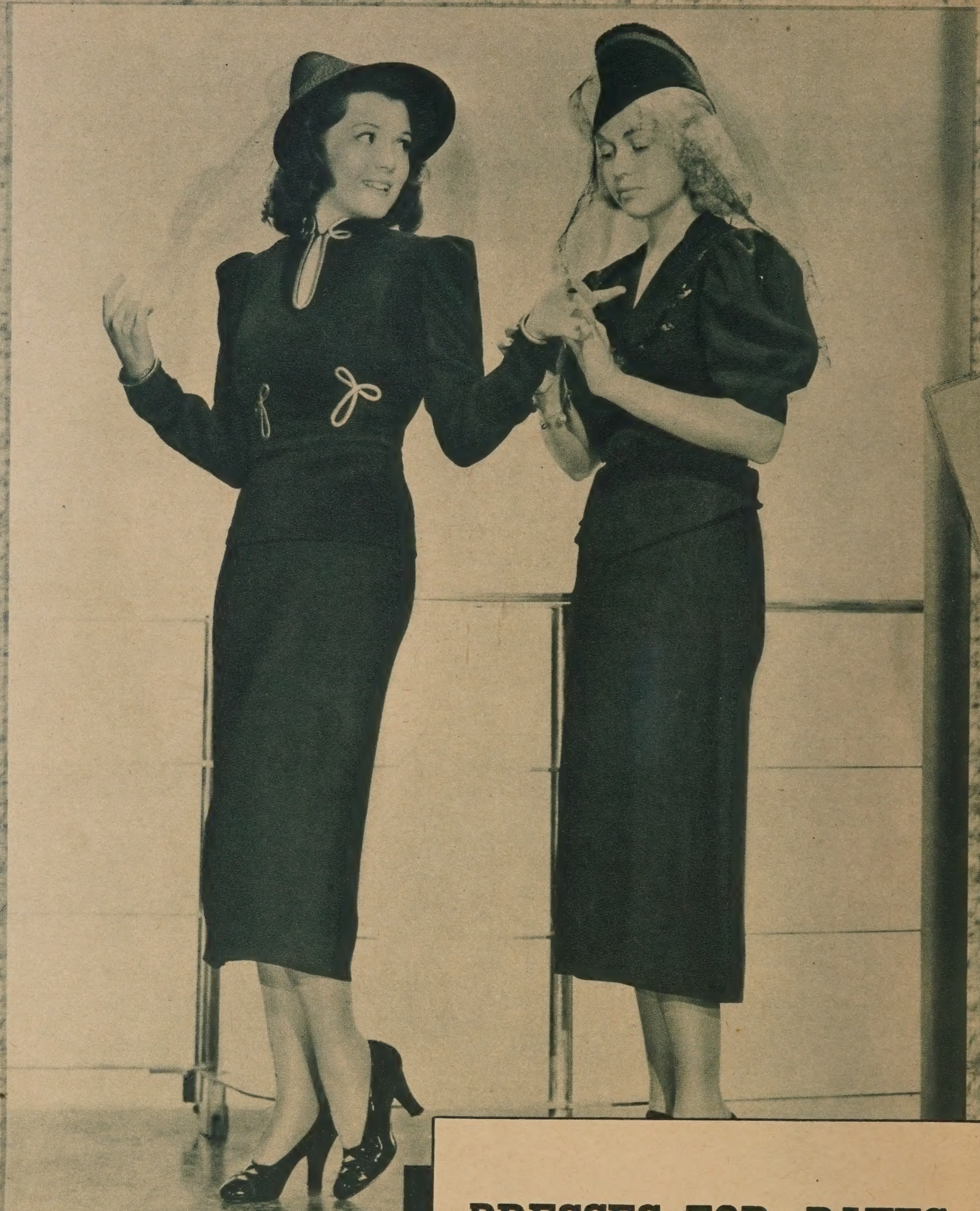
FOR SPRING IS *here*



● Honey-comb tucking on sheer wool of a deep gold shade envelops the slimness of Marjorie Weaver of Fox Films.



● Eleanor Powell, MGM's dancing star, glitters in dressy black and gold. Her hat is embroidered in coral and gold beads.

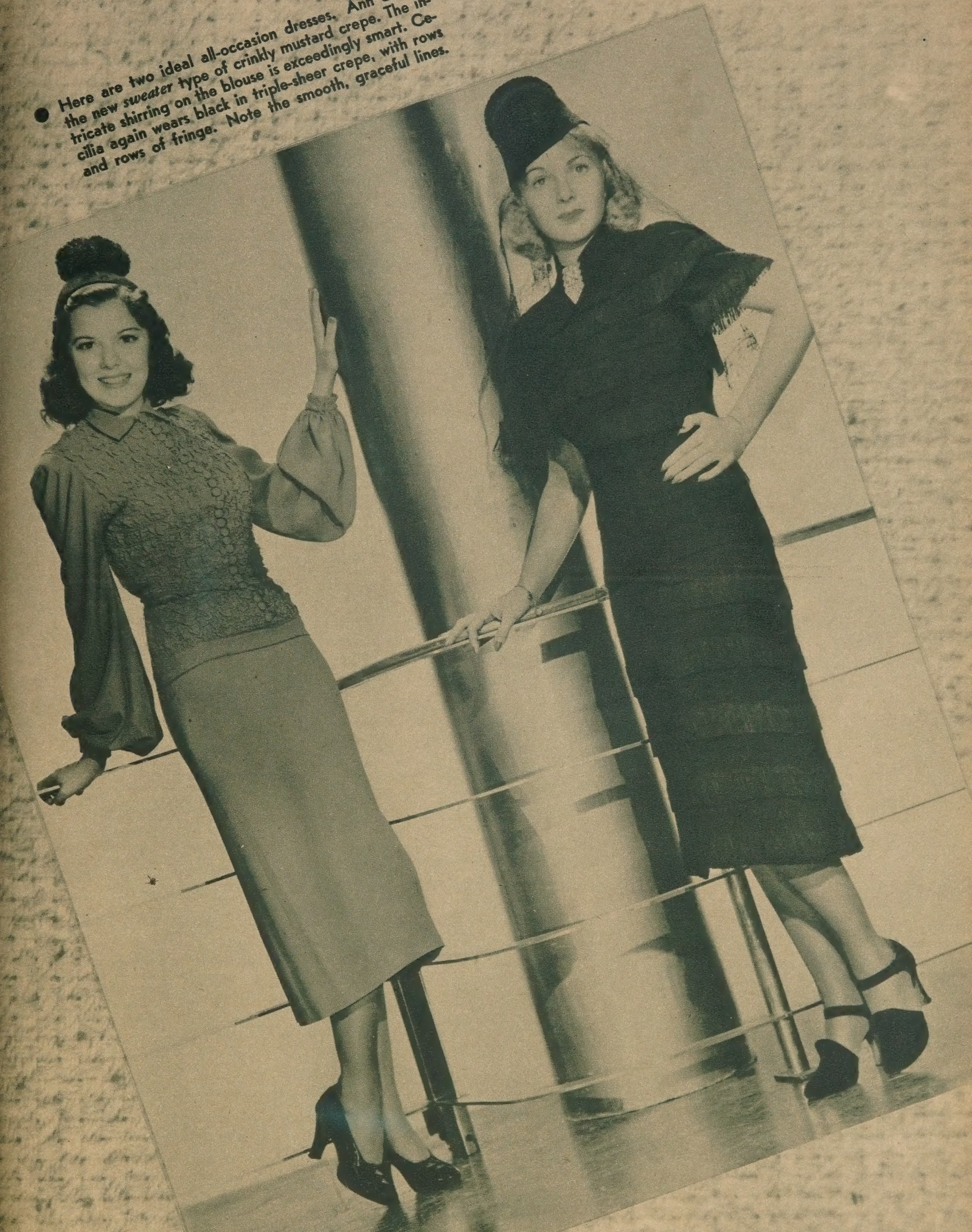


● MGM's Ann Rutherford and Cecilia Parker both choose black crepe dresses of the two-piece variety for dinner. Touches of gold kid adorn Ann's frock, while Cecilia prefers a neck trim of colored sequin flowers. They follow the rage for veils.

DRESSES FOR DATES

dinner—dining—dancing

● Here are two ideal all-occasion dresses. Ann affects the new *sweater* type of crinkly mustard crepe. The intricate shirring on the blouse is exceedingly smart. Cecilia again wears black in triple-sheer crepe, with rows and rows of fringe. Note the smooth, graceful lines.

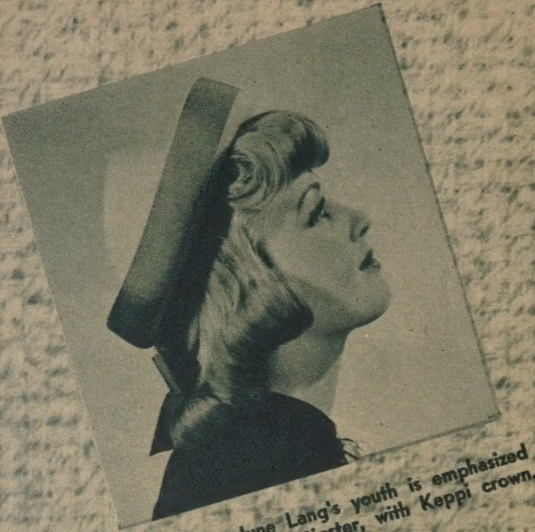


WIN A LOVELY
Hollywood Hat

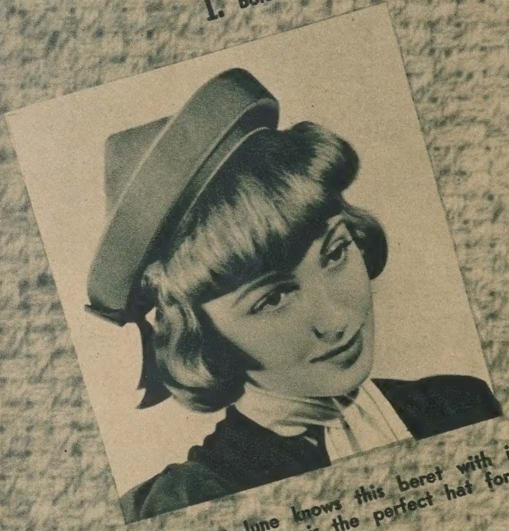
June Lang, who is featured in Twentieth Century Fox Films, has a delightful surprise for you this month. She is offering twelve lovely Pre-Vue Hollywood Hats to twelve readers who submit the best answers to a certain question. The problem confronting June is whether she should insist on dramatic parts or light comedy roles. Since signing a contract with Twentieth Century here is a list of the pictures in which June has appeared:

- Captain January
- Every Saturday Night
- The Country Doctor
- Road To Glory
- The White Hunter
- Nancy Steele Is Missing
- Wee Willie Winkie
- Ali Baba Goes To Town
- International Settlement
- Meet The Girl

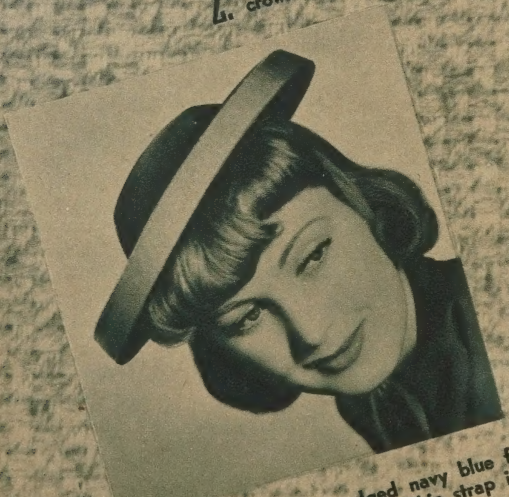
In the last two films mentioned, June has been cast in completely different roles from her previous parts in "Road To Glory" and "Wee Willie Winkie." Pre-Vue Hollywood Hats are advanced models of the newest spring millinery. You may have any one of the three delightful styles pictured. While June was in New York on a recent personal appearance tour she saw these Pre-Vue Hollywood Hats and we asked her to pose in them so you can see how really wearable these particular models are. To win a new bonnet for spring write a winning reply to June's query *"Do you want to see me in dramatic or light comedy roles?"* Give your reason in ten words or less. Appropriateness of text will count. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Be sure to state your hat choice and head size. The coupon below is for your convenience. Paste it on a penny postal and mail to June Lang, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, N.Y. The judges will be the Editor and the Staff of MODERN MOVIES and their decisions will be final. Contest closes April 15th, 1938. Page 80 lists the stores where Pre-Vue Hat fashions are available but here is your chance to win one FREE! Mail your entry today!



1. June Lang's youth is emphasized in this. Bolero tipster, with Keppi crown. Cute?



2. June knows this beret with its Pagoda crown is the perfect hat for tiny girls.



3. This kettle-edged navy blue felt sailor is June's favorite. Chin strap is adjustable.

Dear June Lang:

To your question, "Do you want to see me in dramatic or light comedy roles," my answer is:

....

....

....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

HAT CHOICE.............................. HEAD SIZE..............................

A real lad, is Jackie, natural as the youngster who lives next door to you. And that characteristic has brought him safely into the "awkward age"

At the piano in the playroom in the Beverly Hills home, he coaxes out jazz music when not on the set or engaged in other pursuits

MIRACLE BOY

Jackie Cooper breaks the tradition that child stars must quit in their 'teens

BY MIRIAM G. SMITH

TEN years ago a tow-headed, chubby five-year-old boy first faced the cameras of movieland. Today, at the age of fifteen, the man-like boy is a full fledged motion picture star. In spite of his youth, Jackie Cooper has his future well in mind.

"When you've been in the movies for so long," says the boy whose blond hair is darkening and growing curly, "it gets in your blood. And I love my work so much that I am going to stay right where I am—acting on the screen. That is, if Hollywood will have me," he adds naively.

What is the answer to this? Why has Jackie Cooper been able to stay at the top of the movie ladder for so long? How has he been able to weather the "trials and tribulations of stardom" without losing (Continued on page 79)

But it's the traps and drums that Jackie likes best. True to his generation, he is crazy about swing music, and can he make it roll!

IT HAS been thirty-two years almost to the month since "The Girl" made her rousing debut on a New York stage under the masterful guidance of the late great David Belasco, to become almost on the instant a shining symbol of the fairest and staunchest in Western womanhood. Since then she has ridden by incandescent and by lamplight, in metropolis and cow town—and always she has known the crowning triumphs of cheers, and tears, and tenderness.

And now she's been glorified! Flo Ziegfeld, at his best, never glorified the American Girl with greater fervor than has M-G-M surrounded "The Girl" with what Hollywood fondly and expensively calls "production."

"The Girl of the Golden West" was launched just as the devastating brain-storm called "framing"—a sort of violent "ribbing"—hit Hollywood. "Framing" swept everything before it, and at the present writing is still raging with fierce undiminished fire.

Jeanette walked right into the first "frame" of the picture when she arrived on the set to start work. As she entered her portable dressing room, she stood in the doorway transfixed with astonishment. In the middle of the room stood a dusty, disreputable burro. He looked very dejected and somewhat apologetic. He felt uncomfortable amidst the dainty feminine beauty that surrounded him. His burro heart was heavy with the knowledge that he did not belong there. His ears drooped in shame. Atop the dressing table mirror perched a dour parrot eyeing with disapproval the spirited antics of a big gray squirrel as he curiously investigated perfume bottles and toilet knick knacks on Jeanette's dressing table. On the chaise longe lay a speckled fawn completely terrified and not at all sure whether to stay where it was or to go away from there. Jeanette's own terrier brought to her dressing room a moment earlier by the chauffeur, was perched on a chair in a corner, completely undecided what to do about this unusual intrusion.

Nelson Eddy, Buddy Ebsen, Leo Carrillo and Robert Leonard slipped up behind Jeanette as she stood looking.

"Thought mebbe you wouldn't mind sharin' your nice dressin' room with these members o' the cast, Miss MacDonald. They ain't got no dressin' room o' their own," drawled Buddy Ebsen—and then Jeanette caught on! It was just another "frame."

That was the start of it. From that time on, no one knew what to expect next!

One day Jeanette was waiting to go into a scene in which she was to enter a carriage and be driven to Monterey.

Around the corner came her carriage. Instantly she saw there was

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST RIDES

Putting Miss MacDonald in her place. The cameraman lines up her position with reference to the focus of his lens before starting to shoot

What's wrong with this picture? Just one thing—Gene Raymond shouldn't be sitting beside his wife, Jeanette. The script calls for Nelson Eddy to occupy this choice spot

something very strange about the horse. It was cross-eyed, wobbly-kneed, its skin was wrinkled and dull and its front didn't coordinate with its rear at all. It staggered blindly and moved most strangely. As it came to a horribly disjointed stop in front of her, she grasped its head firmly and pulled, and a very warm and uncomfortable, but aimably grinning Nelson Eddy stood revealed. The rear end was dropped to the floor hurriedly, revealing a profusely perspiring Leo Carrillo. "That's going almost too far for a 'frame'," emoted Leo.

"I thought you were never going to call us, Bob. Phew!" said Nelson Eddy, fanning himself vigorously with a nearby paper.

Bob was shaking with laughter as he went about his directing. He had known what Nelson and Leo were planning and had done a little framing of his own. He had kept busy about other things as long as possible and had left them uncomfortably waiting in the hot horse hide much, much too long.

Nelson and Leo swore ven-

(Continued on page 68)

AGAIN

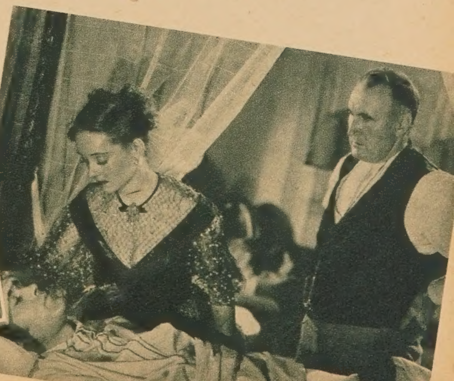
By DORRIS DENBO

Nelson Eddy, in the dark, gaudy Mexican sombrero, and Leo Carrillo (facing him) go over their dialogue

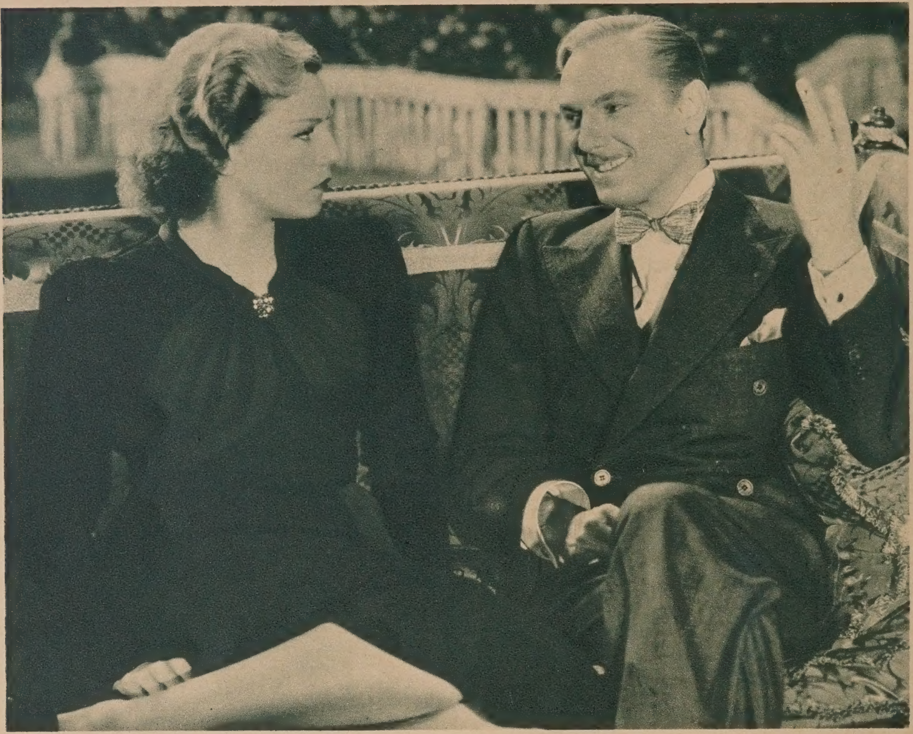
Jezebel

About 1850, in New Orleans, Julie (Bette Davis) and Pres Dillard (Henry Fonda) are engaged to be married. Pres is an earnest young banker, while Julie is flighty and unconventional. Julie gives a party to announce her engagement and appears in a riding habit. Shortly after, she buys a dress to wear to the famous Olympus ball. Scorning the custom that all unmarried young women wear white at this affair, Julie selects a red dress, ordinarily worn by ladies of easy virtue. Pres takes her to the ball only because she taunts him. There she is shunned; she begs Pres to take her home but he finishes the dance first. Pres goes to New York and a year later returns with a bride, Amy (Margaret Lindsay) a gentle girl. On her knees before Pres, Julie asks for forgiveness, then discovering that Pres is married Julie tries to involve him in a duel with Buck Cantrell (George Brent), who is a dead shot. But yellow fever calls Pres into New Orleans and his younger brother kills Buck in a duel. Julie and Amy follow Pres into the fever-stricken city. Pres has caught the illness. Amy steps aside, knowing that Pres loves Julie, and so the latter goes with her former fiance to nurse him on an island of death.

A Warner Bros. Picture



THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER

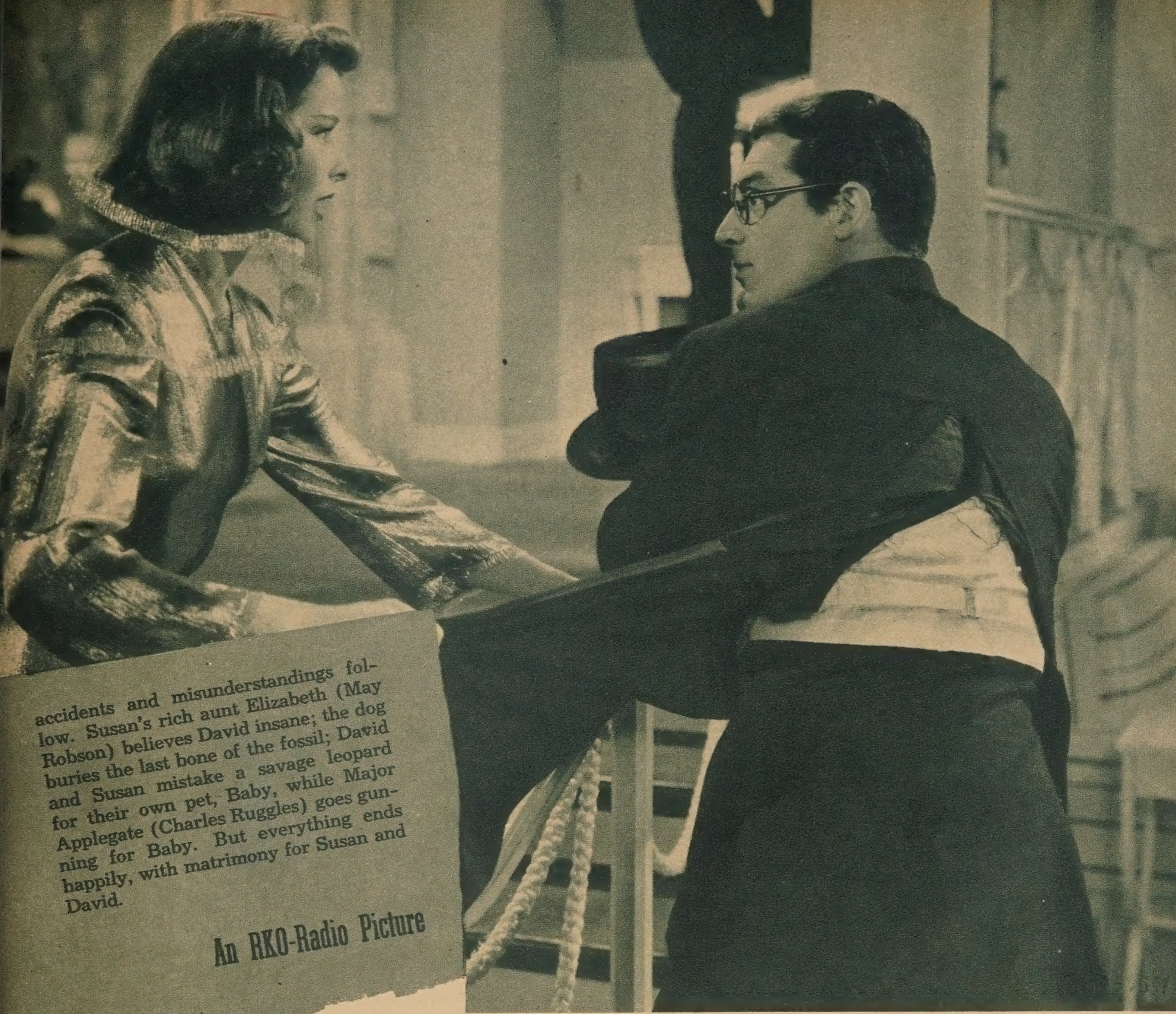


In the family of Count Albert (Henry Stephenson) Prime minister of Hungary, Johann (William Powell) is butler. Occasional visitors to the castle are the Count's daughter Katrina (Annabella) and her husband, Georg (Joseph Schildkraut). On a certain day, Johann turns off the radio when the family is receiving election returns. Georg angrily turns it on again, only to hear that Johann has been elected to Parliament on the Social Progressive ticket, in opposition to his employer, the Count. Katrina is very angry. Still continuing his domestic service Johann takes his seat in Parliament. On every occasion Katrina shows her dislike of him. Finally one day Johann kisses her and she discovers she really loves him. Georg surprises them, offers Katrina a divorce in exchange for a place in the cabinet. Johann agrees but Katrina refuses this, knowing it will ruin Johann. Still he keeps his bargain and leaves the country in disgrace. Katrina follows, disguised as a domestic maid. The two are reconciled and Johann returns in triumph to Parliament.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

BRINGING UP BABY

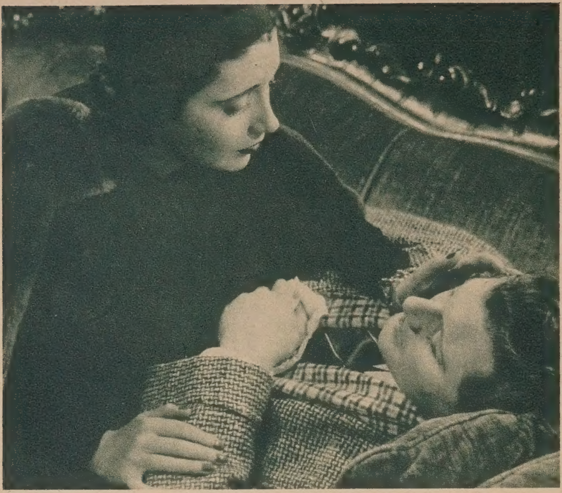
While awaiting the arrival of the last bone to complete a gigantic fossil he has been working on for years, David Huxley (Cary Grant), a professor of zoology, meets a wealthy man from whom he hopes to obtain a rich endowment. However, a spoiled heiress, Susan Vance (Katharine Hepburn), upsets everything by getting into a quarrel with David. Becoming friendlier, Susan asks David to help her with a pet leopard. A whole series of



accidents and misunderstandings follow. Susan's rich aunt Elizabeth (May Robson) believes David insane; the dog buries the last bone of the fossil; David and Susan mistake a savage leopard for their own pet, Baby, while Major Applegate (Charles Ruggles) goes gunning for Baby. But everything ends happily, with matrimony for Susan and David.

An RKO-Radio Picture

Women are



like that

As Martin Brush (Ralph Forbes) is waiting at the church, his bride-to-be, Claire King (Kay Francis) is eloping with Bill Landin (Pat O'Brien), a young advertising genius. Bill, despite Brush's protests, continues working for the Brush-King Co.

So a year passes and then Claire's giddy father runs off to Europe with a blonde, and much of the concern's money. This puts son-in-law Bill in a tough spot. He induces the members of the board of directors to cover up King's embezzlement and relinquishes to the company all the stock he himself owns. Moreover, he offers to work for nothing for awhile. Martin Brush reluctantly acquiesces in this arrangement. But the complications of this situation become increasingly difficult and Bill resigns. Claire sells to a rich client some advertising plans; his pride hurt, Bill leaves her. Claire takes his place at the advertising agency. Bill starts drinking himself to death. One day by chance he hears Claire addressing a woman's club. She sees him and indirectly points her remarks at him. Furious, he resolves to "show her." He gets an agency job and proceeds to take away all of Claire's business. Bill's boss buys out Claire's agency. She wants a divorce, she says, intending to marry Martin Brush. As they wait in a lawyer's office, Bill works to regain Claire. They begin to dance to the music of the office radio. As the lawyer arrives full of apologies for being late, the two kiss and make up.

A Warner Bros. Picture

THE SHOW GOES ON

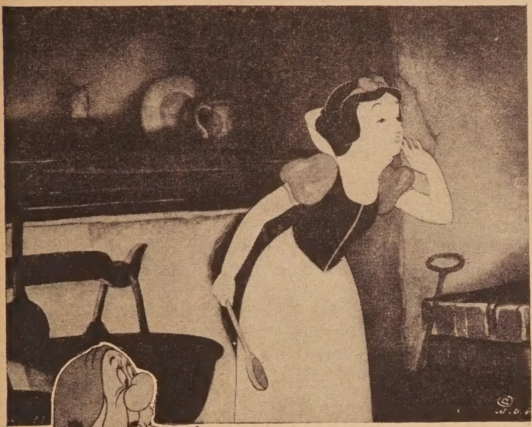
A troupe of French acrobats known as the "Three Maxims," Pat (Anna Neagle), Toni (Tullio Carminati) and Mac (Leslie Banks), open in a little country town in France. They dance, juggle, sing and do also a daring trapeze act. They are expecting to be present the manager of a Paris theatre, but unfortunately, there has been trouble earlier in the day owing to a young masher's attentions to Pat, and the evening show breaks up in a fracas. Later in Paris, the Maxims secure an engagement. Mac is in love with Pat but does not know how to express himself and so begs Toni to intercede for him. Toni does his best for his friend but Pat says she does not love him. Mac gets drunk and tries to drop Toni without success. Then suddenly Toni sees Pat in a faint across her trapeze and he swings and saves her, with the inevitable happy conclusion for both.

A Gaumont-British Release

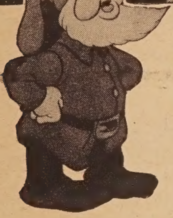
SNOW WHITE COOKS FOR THE SEVEN DWARFS

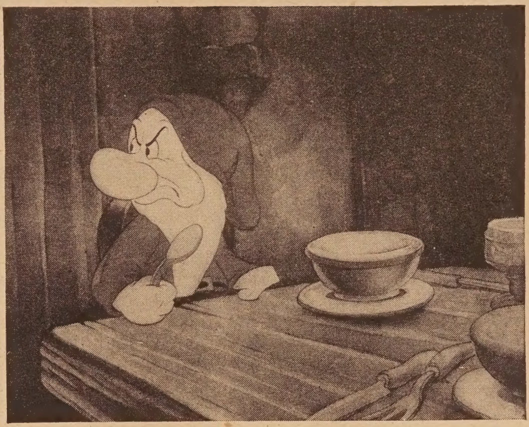
When Snow White made Apple Dumplings for the Dwarfs. even Grumpy, the woman-hater, melted!

BY JUDY DRAKE

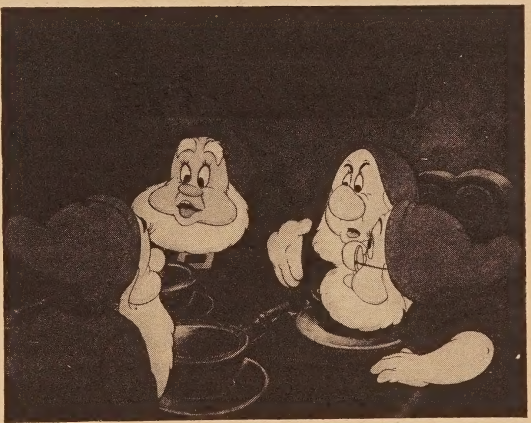


"The Dumplings are ready," Snow White might be calling to the Seven Dwarfs. We'll bet they're delicious, too!





What's the matter, Grumpy? Didn't Snow White give you enough to eat? We believe even you like her cooking!



If Snow White's recipes can satisfy The Little Men, we better try them out on the males in our families, too!

It is doubtful if *Snow White* would have had such an easy time persuading the *Seven Dwarfs* to let her stay and keep house for them if she hadn't regaled them with tales of her cooking prowess.

When the little heroine of Walt Disney's first feature-length production, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, told them about her success with gooseberry pie, apple dumplings and plum pudding, even *Grumpy*, the woman-hater, melted!

Of course, you probably won't have occasion to win over a little group of dwarfs with your culinary art, but if there is a husband, father, sweetheart or brother in the offing, you certainly will rise to a new high in his esteem if you set before him one or all of *Snow White's* choice recipes.

And there is no better time than right now, when the problem of thinking up new desserts is handicapped by the lack of all the summer delicacies which won't be on the market for another couple of months, to try some of her favorite recipes.

Here is *Snow White's* recipe for Apple Dumplings. If it doesn't make your mouth water and the men in your family smile with glee, well—we know nothing about delectable foods!

Snow White's Apple Dumplings

1⅓ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
1½ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ cup pure vegetable shortening
4 tart apples pared and cored
¼ cup brown sugar

Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt and cut in the shortening. Add milk and mix to a soft dough. Turn the dough out on a floured board and roll into about a twelve-inch square. Then cut the square into fours, placing an apple in each. Cream the butter and brown sugar and place in the hollows of the apples. Bring the four corners of the dough together on top of the apple and press the edges together. Brush with milk. Place in greased pan and bake in hot oven for about a half hour. Serve with cream or hard sauce. This recipe serves four, although *Snow White* undoubtedly doubled it.

When we think of Plum Pudding it

(Continued on page 72)

MAKING LUCILLE BALL INTO A NATURAL

A transformation that revealed another personality

WHEN Lucille Ball arrived in Hollywood she was definitely a show girl type. She had pale platinum hair and still had the mannerisms of a fashion mannequin, which she had been. As she was one of the models in RKO-Radio's "Roberta," she was perfect in type. But Lucille showed distinct talent as an actress. She was placed under contract to RKO-Radio Pictures and immediately went to work to get out of the show girl ranks.

It was in late 1934 that Miss Ball signed her contract. She had long hair at that time and wore it parted in the middle. She looked like a thousand other beautiful show girls. She lacked individuality!

Following the credo, the secret of charm is individuality, Mel Berns, head of RKO-Radio Pictures Make-up Department, set to work to create a new Lucille Ball, to teach the "platinum" Lucille how to be beautiful *a la naturel!*

His first step was to bob her hair and change the part to a new location. Then came a careful analysis of her features to decide how best to develop the new personality for which he was striving. Mr. Berns first allowed her eyebrows to grow out to their natural line and then just trimmed them to a conservative arch. He gave her a new lip line, making her mouth as natural as possible, instead of trying to make it smaller or giving it an artificial Cupid's bow which did not fit the new personality. Next, her platinum hair was darkened to a real gold blonde.

These changes in appearance had a definite psychological effect on Miss Ball. She lost any suggestion of chorus girl manners and took on the poise and repose which fitted the new make-up and coiffure. And, as happens in almost every instance of complete transformation, Miss Ball immediately began to adapt the new screen personality to her social life. Her choice of clothes was influenced by her subdued make-up and hair coloring, and she emerged as a charming, poised young woman who might have stepped from the social instead of the show business ranks.

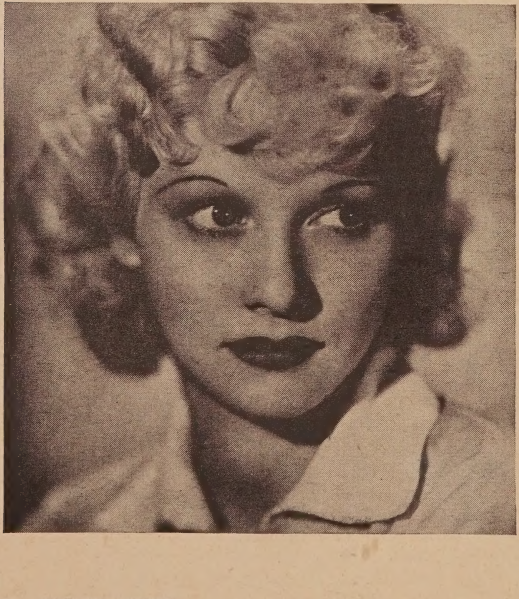
As Lucille continued her climb to bigger dramatic roles, she permitted her hair to return to its own light golden brown shade. This added still more distinction to her looks. When she arrived in Hollywood she was using a very light powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize with her platinum hair. As her hair darkened, her shades of make-up darkened with it.

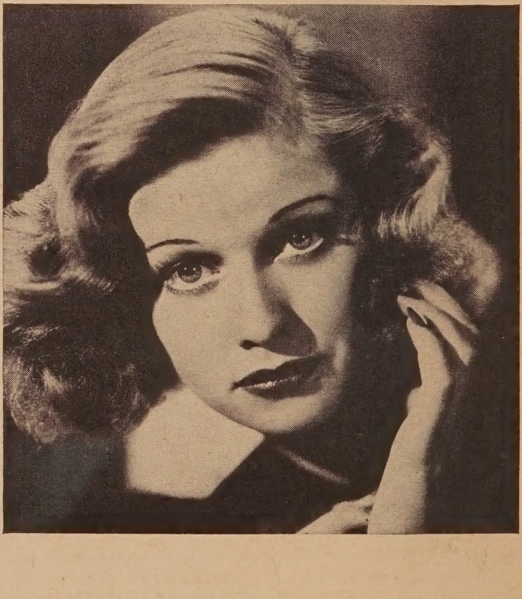
In her first really important role, that of the wise-cracking stage aspirant in "Stage Door," Miss Ball emerged completed in her new character. She proved herself to be a fine actress and someone very pleasant to look at. She's just finished a big part in "Having Wonderful Time," in which she plays a dizzy, man-crazy youngster and her characterization is perfect. She looks and acts like a young thing with not a brain cell working and justifies the faith everyone at the studios had in her ability as an actress when they started grooming her for stardom.

The most interesting thing in the world to any girl is her appearance, and while *there is no definite rule for smartness,* there is no reason on earth why you, you and you cannot study your individual type, apply the proper make-up artistically and emerge, as did Lucille Ball, a new person!

The trouble is that, though girls are intensely interested in their appearance, they seldom do anything about it.

Lower left, Lucille Ball, lovely RKO actress, as she looked when she joined the company as a show girl in "Roberta." Below, Lucille as she is today. Note the soft, natural beauty and youthful loveliness of today, as compared to the older, sophisticated expression of yesteryear. . . "It pays to be natural," says Miss Ball!





BEAUTY

BY HELEN STEWART

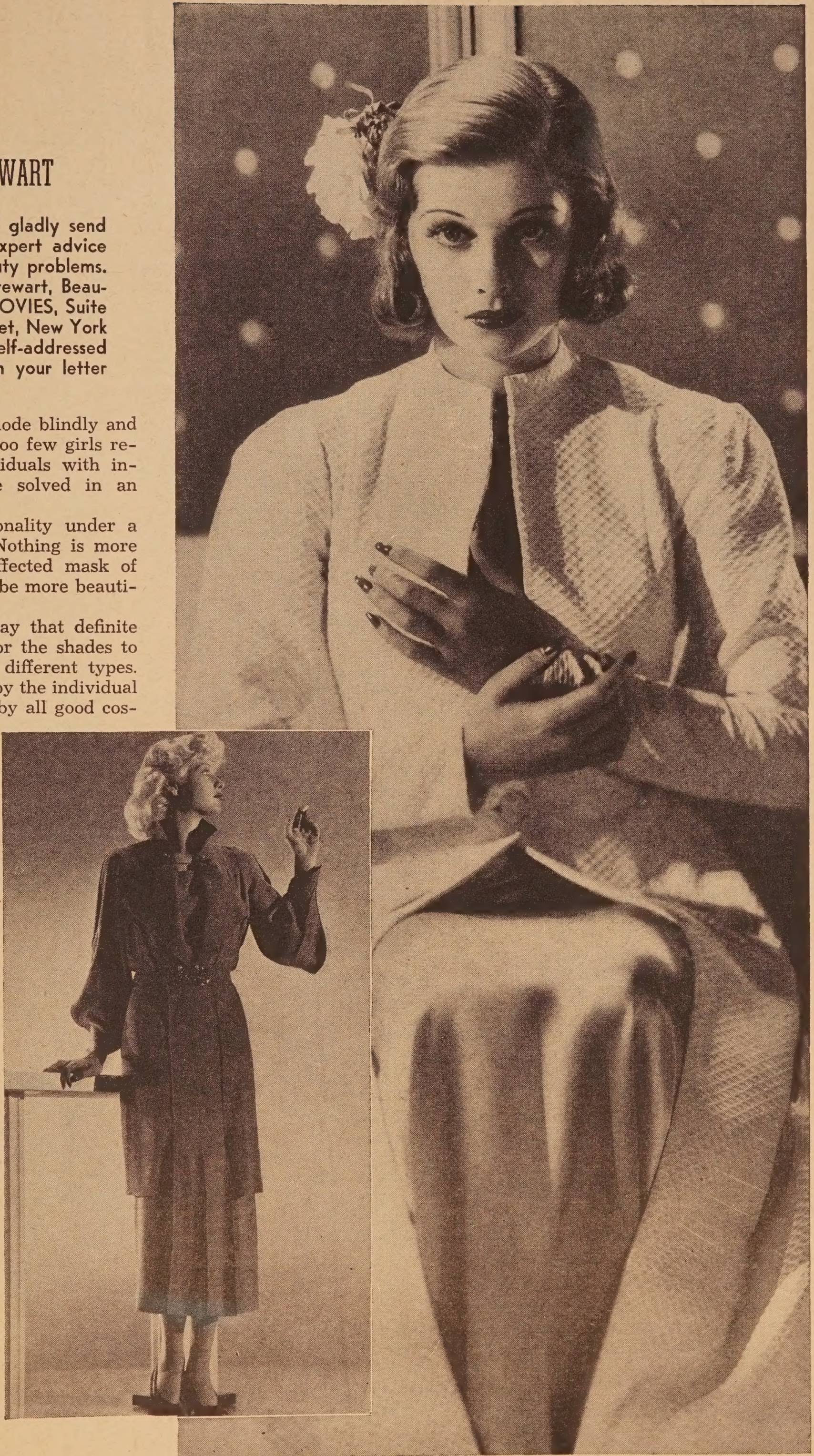
HELEN STEWART will gladly send you trade names or expert advice on your individual beauty problems. Simply write to Miss Stewart, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with your letter

They merely follow the mode blindly and do what they are told. Too few girls regard themselves as individuals with individual problems to be solved in an original way.

Never hide your personality under a profusion of make-up! Nothing is more heart-rending than an affected mask of cosmetics, for no girl can be more beautiful than she really is.

There is no possible way that definite rules can be laid down for the shades to be used in make-up for different types. This must be worked out by the individual from the charts supplied by all good cosmetic companies and beauty authorities. The important point to remember is the necessity for making up under natural light or with an artificial light which simulates sunlight. Otherwise, your

(Continued on page 70)



As a platinum blonde, Lucille was beautiful but just like all the other platinum-blonde show girls. Today, as a lovely brown-haired beauty, Lucille radiates individual and refreshing loveliness that has made her one of the most promising starlets on the Studio lot. Not only does she look like a different person, but acts like one. "A girl from the society, rather than the show-girl ranks," has been said of Miss Ball since Mel Berns taught her naturalness!

I WANT TO KNOW

A. E., Pawling, N. Y.—Alan Mowbray, who played the part of the butler in *Topper,* is very English! He is married and has two lovely children whom he calls A. M. and P. M. His daughter's name is Patricia and his son is Alan Mowbray, Jr.

Dorothy K., Topeka, Kansas—Dorothy Arzner has the honor of being the first woman director in motion pictures. She is under contract to MGM Studios. Dorothy was born in Oakland, Calif., on January 3rd. Always speaking in a soft, low voice, she has never been known to display the least semblance of temperament and is one of the most popular directors in Hollywood.

Gene G., Palo Alto, Calif.—It is true that Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie have not talked to each other for a week, but for a good reason. Sonja has been touring the country, giving skating exhibitions in all the key cities. Miss Henie's next picture will be *They Met in College,* to be released by 20th Century-Fox sometime this Spring.

Eleanor S., Miami, Fla.—Joy Hodges, whom you admired in Universal's *Merry-Go-Round of 1938,* is now in New York playing the feminine lead in George M. Cohan's production, *I'd Rather Be Right.* You can write to her in care of that company at the Alvin Theatre, New York City.

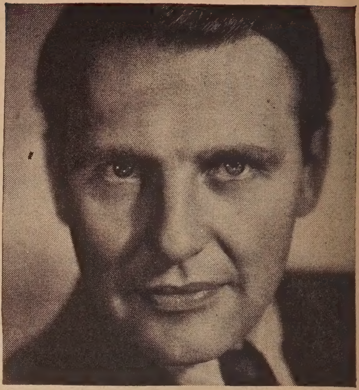
Betty D., Memphis, Tenn.—Ginger Rogers is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in her newest production for RKO, *Having Wonderful Time.* You'll like this new romantic team! There has been talk of Warner Bros. teaming Ginger and James Cagney in *On Their Toes.*

Roy T., Detroit, Mich.—Eleanor Powell is five feet five and one-fourth inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, and has blue eyes and chestnut hair. Myrna Loy is five feet five inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has dark hair and dark eyes.

Sally K., Philadelphia, Pa.—Ian Hunter, an importation from the English stage and screen, was born in Cape Town, South Africa, on June 13th, 1900. He was educated at St. Andrews College, Grahamstown, South Africa; and Aldenham School, Radlet, Hartfordshire, England. He is married to Casha Pringle, an actress, and has two children, Jolyon George, age 8, and Robin Fan, age 5. Ian is six feet one and one-half inches tall, has brown hair and grey eyes. You can write to him in care of Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif.

Jack S., Phoenix, Ariz.—Paul Muni's real name is Muni Weisenfreud. He was born in Vienna, but his family came to the U. S. when he was very young so he regards himself as a 100 per cent American. For his role of Louis Pasteur, Mr. Muni was given the Academy award for the finest performance in the year 1936. He has just scored another success in *The Life of Emile Zola.*

Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th St., New York City.



Ralph Bellamy is equally good in heavy roles, such as "The Crime of Dr. Hallet" and light, goofy ones, like his role in Warner's "Fools for Scandal"

Barbara O'Neil, whose next picture for Warner Brothers will be "Love Honor and Behave," is rapidly rising to stardom in Hollywood

Marjorie Weaver yearned to go home after two years in Hollywood. But success came in "Second Honeymoon." Now featured in Fox's "Sally, Irene and Mary"

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who never thought they could!

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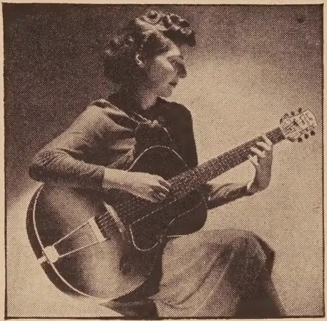
* L. M. C., N. Y. C.



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* C. C., New Jersey.

Wouldn't Take $1000 for Course

The lessons are so simple that anyone can understand them. I have learned to play by note in a little more than a month. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my course.
* S. E. A., Kansas City, Mo.

Surprised Friends

I want to say that my friends are greatly surprised at the different pieces I can already play. I am very happy to have chosen your method of learning.
* B. F., Bronx, N. Y.

Best Method by Far

Enclosed is my last examination sheet for my course in Tenor Banjo. This completes my course. I have taken lessons before under teachers, but my instructions with you were by far the best.
* A. O., Minn.

You, too, can play any instrument By this EASY A-B-C Method

YOU think it's difficult to learn music? That's what thousands of others have thought! Just like you, they longed to play some instrument—the piano, violin, guitar, saxophone or other favorites. But they denied themselves the pleasure—because they thought it took months and years of tedious study and practice to learn.

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ROSES AND RAZZES

ROSES AND RAZZES is your department, and you are at liberty to express your frank and honest opinion of motion pictures and players. Preferably, letters should be limited to a length of 200 words. You may sign either your name or your initials to your communication. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th St., New York, New York.

NELSON EDDY'S UPBRINGING

BEN MADDOX tells in *Modern Movies* how Nelson Eddy "handles" Hollywood. The article might well be kept for anybody's scrapbook.

These lives of the players are like practical problems in psychology where we may study cause and effect. Nelson Eddy is a splendid example of the American boy's chance to make life a good thing despite handicaps or (what could be to some) temptations.

When right thinking and right living can build so well for a man, we might all do well to analyze what composes that "right". This man's clear observation and expression of the essential ingredients are better than a sermon—or a story—whichever medium may be your preferred source of food for thought.

The one quality in Nelson Eddy's make-up that appeals to me as superior is the fine balance which combines, along with principled self-discipline, a lusty, wide-flung joy in the business of living. Would that I and my small son could do the same!

I wish his mother could be induced to relate something of her methods of guiding the young Nelson.

(Mrs.) Beulah Barker,
Chicago, Ill.

DEANNA DURBIN, "THE MODERN JENNY LIND"

A LITTLE more than a year ago a charming girl was introduced to the amusement world. She had a winning personality, a beaming smile and a most beautiful voice. She sang her way into the hearts of millions of music-lovers, making them smile and be happy. For this she deserves medals and our sincere show of appreciation. She is deserving of this, for Deanna Durbin is the modern Jenny Lind.

Raymond Ponath,
Milwaukee, Wis.

KEEP FRED AND CAROLE TEAMED

FRED MACMURRAY'S performances in "Swing High, Swing Low," "Exclusive" and "True Confession" were superb. I especially like the pictures in which he and Carole Lombard are co-starred. To my mind they are one of the most perfect teams in cinema.

Florence E. Thomas,
Lake Bluff, Ill.

TEN WISHES

IF I WERE an Hollywood executive I'd

1. Produce "Ivanhoe," with Robert Taylor in the title role. He'd be splendid in a costume picture.
2. Star Buddy Ebsen in stories written especially around his unusual personality. He'd be big box office.
3. Watch John Clements who made himself noticed (altho his role was small) in "Knight Without Armor."
4. Give John Howard and Ray Milland better breaks. They deserve them.
5. Stop mis-casting Jane Withers as a "heroine"—when she made such a charming brat!
6. Team Janet Gaynor and Ralph Bellamy.
7. Give us more of Leopold Stokowski; he has a charming personality; he can act; and many interesting stories could be written around him.
8. Insist that Grace Moore play with Nelson Eddy.
9. Give Garbo a comedy.
10. Bring Marion Nixon back to the screen in something worthy of her ability. She has beauty, talent and a whimsical personality.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

SUBJUGATING MALE STARS?

IN "THE LAST WORD" of the February issue of *Modern Movies* the question was asked if man's future place on the screen will be to act as a foil for feminine stars. I hope the fans will take up the discussion and express their opinions.

R. H. C.,
Clarkwood, Texas.

TEAMING CAB AND MARTHA

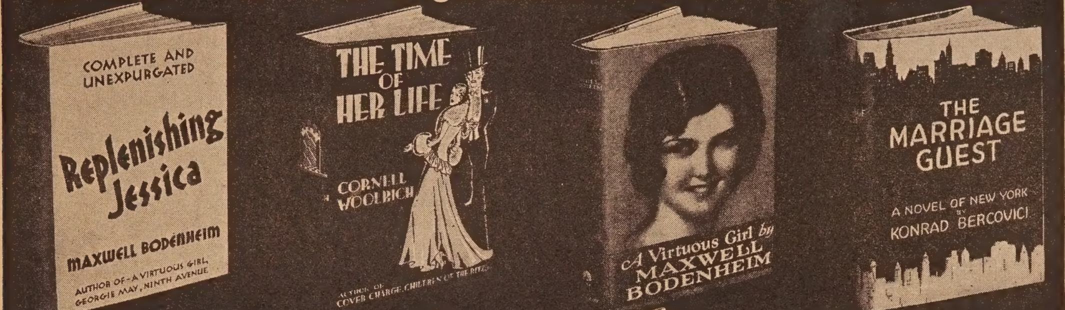
I HEARTILY agree on what O. H., of New York City, said about seeing a picture with Martha Raye and Cab Calloway together. That would be a combination really tops in my estimation.

Every short or bit in a picture that Cab makes I always see and he is always good, with his singing, personality and dancing, he's great!

As for Martha Raye she literally makes a song talk and take on new meaning when she sings it.

Jane Caldwell,
Tulsa, Okla.

$12.00 Worth of Thrills and Romance for 98¢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THE TIME OF HER LIFE
CORNELL WOOLRICH
AUTHOR OF COVER CHARGE, CHILDREN OF THE RITZ
A Virtuous Girl by MAXWELL BODENHEIM
THE MARRIAGE GUEST
A NOVEL OF NEW YORK BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

Playthings of Desire
J. Wesley Putnam
Photoplay Edition
A JANS production
BROADWAY RACKETEERS
BY JOHN O'CONNOR

REPLENISHING JESSICA Maxwell Bodenheim

CONFLICT of LOVE and DESIRE ■ The story of a young woman, full of passion and the love of life. The conflict between lust and the spirit makes sensational reading that holds you spell-bound until the last page is finished. Charging it with being an immoral book, reformers tried in vain to prohibit its publication. Seventeen complete editions were sold at the original price of $2.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE Cornell Woolrich

TAMED by the ONE MAN ■ This $10,000 prize-winning author has written the amazing story of a very young, very alluring, very ruthless adventuress. Her mother had been the gay and reckless "Grass Widow" whose mad love of pleasure she had inherited. Her life became a veil of deceit concealing wild escapades with rich and pleasure-sated men-about-town until, in the final pages, she is tamed by *the* man. Even at $2 this was a "Best Seller."

PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE J. Wesley Putnam

A STORY of PASSION ■ The flaming fire of a great and overpowering love in a smashing story that swings the glittering lights of Broadway to the sanctity of the North Woods. A strong emotional heart-stirring novel of a rich roué and his wife and the rugged Big Woods guide who proves more sophisticated than was expected. The frank answer to the question "What does a faithful wife owe an unfaithful husband?" Many $2 editions of this "best seller" were sold out.

A VIRTUOUS GIRL Maxwell Bodenheim

STARK DRAMA of ENDURING LOVE ■ The passionate story of Emmy-Lou . . . wistful, pink-and-white Emmy-Lou, 17 respectable years old in the corseted era of 1900. Alluring, born to love under the spell of a summer night and a boy whom her parents forbade. They called her "fast" in Chicago but Emmy-Lou believed in Romance and was ready to pay for it. A pulse-quickening drama of a girl's courage against the strangling conventions of respectability! Formerly $2.

THE MARRIAGE GUEST Konrad Bercovici

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MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

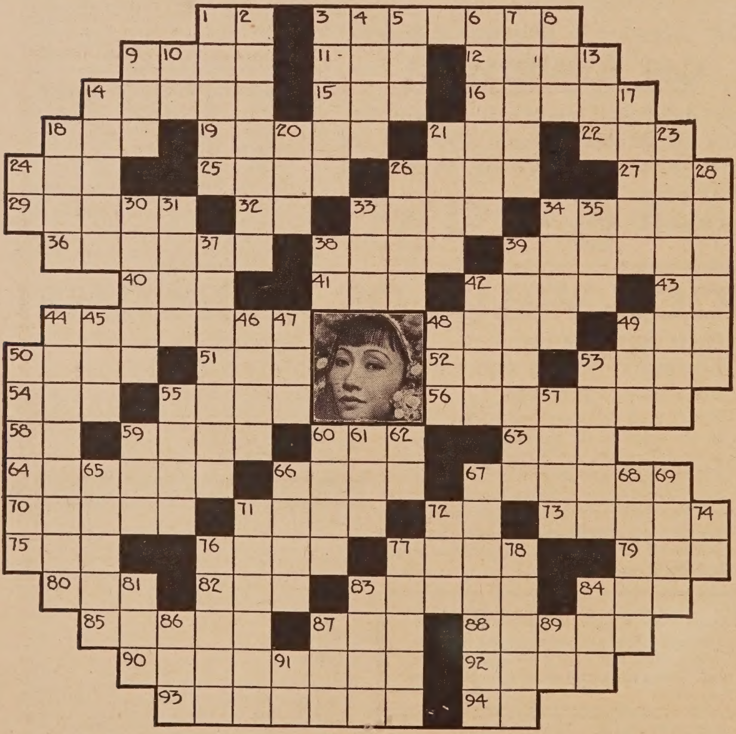
ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE ON PAGE 76

HORIZONTAL

1. Exist
3. Seymour Hicks is star in "——"
9, 11, 12. Star in "Daughter of Shanghai"
14. Oratorical tribute
15. Before
16. Swellings
18. Comrade
19. Heating devices
21. Cot
22. Type units
24. "— Husband Lies"
25. Prevaricator
26. Beetles
27. High card
29. Walk in
32. — Dear Miss Aldrich
33. Prohibits
34. Bing Crosby sings these
36. Three times
38. "All Over ——"
39. Walking sticks
40. —— reporter
41. Mind your —— business
42. Clock face
43. Musical note
44. Puts in
48. Bell
49. I Promise to ——
50. Joint of the leg
51. Part of the foot
52. Unit of work
53. "——, Cowboy, ——"
54. Suffix meaning "like"
55. "—— Warning"
56. Sullied
58. Exist
59. Seed covering
60. A disinfectant
63. Born
64. City in Germany
66. Have sensation
67. Female monster
70. Growing out
71. Expression of regret
72. Land measure
73. Mountain nymph
75. Ever (poet.)
76. Brought up
77. Agree with
79. Past
80. "Souls At ——"
82. We who —— about to die
83. "—— Have a Way"
84. A mild liquor
85. Male duck
87. Clara —— (the original "it" girl)
88. Corrodes
90. —— Whitney
92. Large lake
93. Clothed
94. Prefix meaning "from."

VERTICAL

1. Marlene Dietrich and H. Marshall starred in this
2. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy starred in this
3. Daub
4. Calling all ——
5. Kind of whiskey
6. Possessors
7. "Damaged ——"
8. "Dead ——"
9. Complete
10. Compass point (abb.)
13. Turn to the right
14. "Good ——"
17. "—— Town Boy"
18. Confined
20. No
21. "A Star Is ——"
23. "Girl From —— Yard"
24. Pronoun
26. "Another ——"
28. Themes
30. Obliterate
31. Mary Alice ——
33. Nod
34. Male deer
35. Lubricate
37. "That —— Woman"
38. "Farewell — Arms"
39. "—— Lady"
42. Feminine name
44. "—— Can't Take Money"
45. Born
46. Labor
47. Weight used in India
48. "Let's —— Married"
49. Ancient comedy movie missile
50. Guy ——
53. Direct
55. At liberty
57. Roman emperor
59. Quantity (abb.)
60. "Roarin' ——"
61. Affirmative
62. — Brendel
65. Having ears
66. Run away
67. Directed
68. Water mammals
69. Wise
71. That which is past due
72. Direct
74. Accomplish
76. Kenny ——
77. Seeded
78. Harden
81. "Men —— Not Gods"
83. "The Bride —— Red"
84. Consumed
86. Wing
87. "—— Meets Girl"
89. Musical note
91. Abb. for a Continent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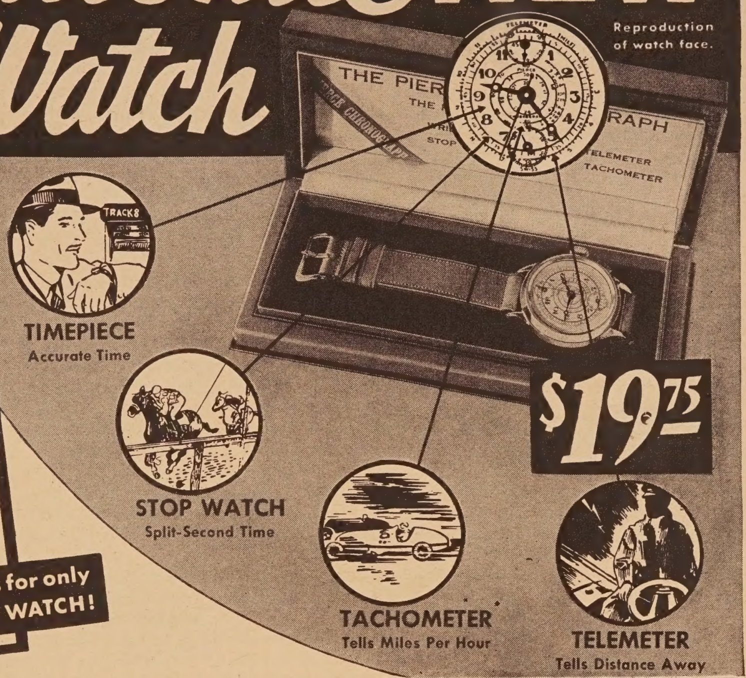

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■ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

(*Continued from page 49*)

geance. Their chance came the next day when Leonard was ready to shoot his first scene in the Polka Saloon. Jeanette was to cross the room to speak to her gambling Sheriff admirer, Jack Rance (Walter Pidgeon to you). She started across the room and suddenly all bedlam broke loose! Cowboys fired their guns and yipped, Spanish and Mexican loiterers shouted and milled in a most disconcerting panic of excitement and burlesqued violence.

The astonished Leonard yelled frantically, trying to make himself heard and to restore order.

"Hey! What's the matter with you people anyway?" he shouted as the general confusion subsided. Then he saw Nelson Eddy, Leo Carrillo, and Buddy Ebsen with grins all over their faces—he knew.

"That's for keeping us in that horse skin so long," said Nelson.

Buddy Ebsen was behind much of the fun, according to his cast-mates. He was always framing ribs, most of which went haywire and boomeranged at him. He was generally at the ultimate receiving end of most of his own best "frames."

In the middle of the picture the Company held a Christmas party thoroughly enjoyed by all. Buddy Ebsen was conspicuous by his absence. The whole company framed him. When he appeared on the set next day no one noticed him. No one spoke to him. No one even looked at him. He was thoroughly snubbed. He wandered around forlornly trying to make an impression, but although it is almost impossible not to notice Buddy when he is clowning, no one even smiled at him.

Finally, Leonard picked up a scrim box, (about as heavy as a pint milk bottle) and tossed it carelessly. It landed on Buddy's foot. Buddy let out a blood-curdling howl of pain. He began to hop about and demanded loudly that he be sent to a hospital at once. Still no one noticed him, so he hopped from the set emitting strange Martha Raye catcalls of agony. When he returned fifteen minutes later he was leaning on a crutch and had his foot bandaged until it was the size of a barrel. But Bob Leonard had the last "frame"; he had told the watchman not to let Buddy back on the set.

The next day Buddy decided to atone for his absence at the Christmas party. He was to come riding his burro down a mountain trail and interrupt a love scene between Jeanette and Nelson. The love scene was taking place beside a beautiful sylvan studio mountain stream, with deep quiet pools of nice cold water. At the proper moment Buddy came riding down the trail on his burro, but he was dressed in a Santa Claus suit. Behind the burro he had hitched a sled piled high with Christmas packages.

The shout of laughter that greeted the freckle-faced, tousle-haired Santa Claus and his burro should have delighted the heart of the most enthusiastic "frame" addict. But Buddy's triumph was short lived. The trail was steep. The sled started to slide. It bumped the burro's hind legs. The burro took instant and violent offense. It whirled furiously, kicked the sled off the trail and bucked like an outlaw horse. Christmas packages went flying all over the studio scenery and Buddy went flying over the burro's head. He landed plump in the middle of the deepest and wettest of the limpid pools of nice cold water. Buddy scrambled out very wet and very sore in vital spots.

"Everythin's always against me," he wailed, as he kicked at a big stone in profound disgust. "Everythin' I do burps right back at me!"

Leonard believes a happy cast gives the most inspired performance. Also, he is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic "framers," so he had no objection to all this by-play between scenes. In fact he often had some fun of his own. The day Jeanette was to fire a gun in a scene, he pulled what was unanimously declared the champion "frame" of the entire session.

Jeanette always has been afraid of guns. She told Leonard she knew if she had to shoot a gun she'd faint. "No you won't," said Bob soothingly. "There's nothing to be afraid of in an empty gun, and we can dub in the noise later."

"Well," said Jeanette doubtfully, "that might be better."

Bob motioned to a nearby "outlaw" and asked for his pistol. He opened the cylinder and extracted some cartridges. Then he handed the gun to Jeanette. "You can practice until you begin to feel at ease with it," he said. "Just point it at the ceiling and keep pulling the trigger."

Jeanette gingerly took the revolver and dutifully pointed it at the ceiling. She closed her eyes tightly and pulled the trigger. The gun roared deafeningly. Jeanette screamed. From high above two stuffed peacocks, a moth-eaten pheasant and two defunct quail dropped at her feet. Bob had plotted with the electricians on the high scaffolding to throw down the birds when the gun went off. Jeanette did not faint. She laughed as merrily as the rest.

Jeanette rides White Lady, her wedding present from Gene Raymond, all through the picture. At one time she thought it would be funny to teach White Lady to whinny whenever she started to sing. White Lady thinks it is funny too, and she never misses a chance to do her stuff. But Jeanette never thought of this when she started to sing in a scene, with White Lady standing near. At the first clear high note, White Lady lifted her head and gave out with her best and loudest whinny. It broke up the scene.

"Will you ever forget the day Leo's 'Pinto' chased Ukelele Ike?" reminisced Buddy Ebsen with a contagious guffaw that instantly became a chorus. But Ukelele Ike didn't even grin. "I don't think it was so funny!" he said.

"Ike took a postman's holiday and visited the set one day when he wasn't working," explained Leo. "I'm using 'Pinto' as Mosquito's horse in the picture." (Leo plays Mosquito, the constant companion of Nelson Eddy's romantic Rammerez, the outlaw robber who falls in love with Jeanette's Mary of the Polka Saloon.) "You know 'Pinto,' and you know he understands practically everything I say to him. I talk to him all the time like a friend. Well, this day Ike kept wisecracking softly every time I rode past him in a scene. Finally, I leaned over Pinto's ear and whispered, 'Get that little runt, Pinto,'—and I let him have the reins. That's all I had to do. Pinto started to chase Ike around the set, and he doesn't look like he's fooling. Ike started running and Pinto stayed right after him."

"Ike shore jumped over plenty of scenery," chuckled Buddy. "Finally, Ike saw a light standard loomin' up right in front of him. He was tired of jumpin', I guess, or he could've cleared that light standard in nothin' flat the way he was goin,' but instead he clumb right up it like a monkey."

Leo winked at Ukelele Ike. "I wouldn't let him hurt you, Ike. We were only fooling."

"I knew that," responded Ike solemnly, "but I wasn't sure the horse knew it!"

"It's been a lot of fun," said Jeanette.

"I'm sorry it's over," said Nelson quietly. "This is our fourth picture together, Jeanette."

The lovely blonde girl said nothing. The group broke up. As I wandered away I couldn't forget the wistfulness of Nelson's eyes as he looked at the companion of his screen adventures. I remembered the romantic gossip that had linked their names before handsome Gene Raymond came along to steal her heart and hand. And I wondered, somehow, whether Nelson someday would find his own Jeanette. I hope so.

MY IDEAL WOMAN

(Continued from page 40)

digest all unpleasantries. No, thanks! A girl who has a mind of her own, who demands respect and admiration because she can stand on her own two feet (size 4) and defend her principles in good round terms makes life, at least, more interesting.

And—save me from the "yes woman!"

Imagine having someone say "amen" to every crackpot idea that springs into the masculine brain! Can you draw a mental image of the little woman who, when you come home distraught and frayed from a day at the studio, or the office, looks adoringly at you while you kick the cat and throw the dinner at the cook?

But perhaps it's even easier to discover the things she must NOT be. . . .

Jealous, first of all. Jealousy and a professional career are as impossible a combination as a romantic team consisting of Marlene Dietrich and, well, W. C. Fields! Yet no man wants to be taken for granted. Nor does he want to be thought of as a woman's exclusive property—even if that woman *is* his wife. I think that jealousy which springs from nothing is just another word for stupidity. On the other hand she should have poise for poise makes of a person a personality! And it's intelligent too.

And she mustn't be petty, either. That would make her considerably less than "ideal." If we must disagree let's be big about it and whatever differences there are will soon be overcome. At least I think so.

It's an old law that opposites attract. Perhaps that's why I prefer blondes, but natural blondes—and, for that matter, natural women—unaffected, always wholly themselves. I've found it very trying to sustain interest in a woman who constantly apes others. I never know quite who she will be the next time I date her! That isn't to say she shouldn't be as many-sided and changeful as her moods. But for pity's sake let them be *her* moods and not the counterpart of someone who, in her presence, you may have ever so casually admired.

Maybe it's expecting too much but my *ideal* ideal needs the fusing quality of understanding to weld all the traits which make her that. Understanding lends absolute perfection to the ideal woman for that happy ending!

I'm no Lindbergh—Einstein—Byron and my ideal is, after all, just *my* ideal—a picture I have long had and have tried to draw of an average lovely woman of charm, talent and character. Like the rest of my sex I can only hope that when I *do* meet her she'll see in Cesar Romero her ideal man!

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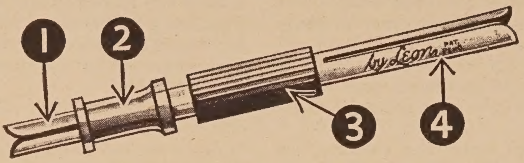

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MAKING NATURAL BEAUTY

(Continued from page 61)

make-up, which looked perfect under an electric light, will be too heavy under sunlight. Blending is another important point in make-up. There never should be any definite line where powder or rouge ends. And your make-up should never be obvious. No one should be able to tell that make-up has been applied. It should simply simulate nature at her best, accentuate your natural attractiveness!

After that, color and costume are the important factors, and there are two methods of procedure for every girl, depending upon the effect she desires. If she wants to become appropriate, her color and costume scheme becomes a simple matter of adaptation to circumstances and surroundings. If she desires to create something of a sensation, to set herself apart, the art becomes much more subtle, dealing with the language or psychological, effect of color.

Color means many things. It expresses every mood, also character. The clever girl, by using it in conjunction with, or in contrast to her mood and surroundings, can become an arresting picture of meaning without uttering a single word. That is why men flock around some girls and why other girls become wall flowers, appropriately garbed as such.

For example, consider a society dance at which a majority of women present effect popular style, or dress according to precedent and custom. Then, along comes a pretty girl dressed in a gown that simply lives and breathes romance. Delicately rose in hue, simple yet intriguing in design, the gown and the girl shout of moonlight, arbors and love. That, the experts tell me, is an illlustration of the language of color, the art of being unusual. Of course, the possibilities are much too voluminous to be contained in anything less than a book. But the gist of the book could easily be—*Learn that costume and color are as vital to pulchritude as a pretty face!*

This trend toward individuality will be a sort of permanent style, a style changed only as the individual herself changes. It takes intelligence; it also takes honesty; but it can be achieved. Simply stop cheating yourself!

With the breath of Spring to symbolize new life, it's unusually fitting to paraphrase a current best-seller and advise women to make up and live, in case they haven't done so before this.

Of course, you all use cosmetics of some kind, but do you get as much pleasure out of them as you should? Nowadays, they are admittedly more of a necessity than a luxury, but there's no reason why they can't be both. Make-up and its attendant creams and lotions should mean more than just a jar of cream, some cleansing tissues and powder, rouge and lipstick crammed in a drawer of your dressing table.

There has been much discussion of late on the fact that cosmetics boxed in fancy packages and perfumed with alluring scents are no more beneficial than the absolutely plain variety with no frills. Perhaps so, but I firmly believe that attractively-packaged and perfumed things do a great deal for the average woman's morale.

For instance, isn't it nicer to open a jar of cream that has an aroma of lemon blossoms, strawberries, or a subtle perfume, than one devoid of all this? And, perhaps most astringent lotions are made up of plain water with some witch hazel, coloring and perfume, but they're much nicer to use than just a dash of tap water.

An example of what attractive packages and delicate scents can do for you can be discovered when you try the new dainty cleansing pads recently put on the market by one of our famous manufacturers of beauty requisites. These little cloth discs are scientifically saturated with a superior lotion, especially prepared to prevent dryness—to keep your skin soft, white and petal-smooth. Each pad is sufficient to cleanse your face and neck thoroughly—to remove all dust, grime and make-up—and leave your face refreshed and clean! They are *quick* and easy to use, and make a perfect foundation for your make-up. Ideal for the busy, business girls, you'll want to carry the little compact with you to use several times a day during the humid weather, which is rapidly approaching. They're economical, too! A large, attractive blue and white jar that holds 110 pads, to keep on your dressing table, and a trick little compact that holds 10 pads, to carry in your purse, is *only fifty-five cents!* Doesn't that sound intriguing? You do want the trade name, don't you?

Another grand item, which we discovered recently, is a small, portable shelf of grooming accessories, all ready to hang in your bathroom. The shelf contains three preparations—rose geranium scented bath salts, presented in a beautiful hand molded bottle with screw glass top, rose geranium scented dusting powder and a pungent, refreshing toilet water. The shelf itself is covered with a glossy, white paper in a smart tile pattern and is strung with pink cord for hanging. A hook is also supplied with each package. A stunning cover with an all-over floral design on a black patent leather finish paper completes the presentation of the bath shelf. It certainly simplifies the problem of the cluttered up bathroom cabinet by getting these important aids to personal daintiness up and out of the way and its only Three dollars!

Then, there's the new outlining pencil for perfect lips! It's the only thing of its kind on the market and is made by one of our greatest beauty authorities. This pencil, that looks like an eyebrow liner, is used to outline your lips only. If you have thin, sharp lips and wish to make them appear fuller and more expressive, build them up with this liner, then fill in with your own lipstick. It helps prevent smearing of your lipstick and gives your lips a nice, smooth outer edge. It is creamy—not a bit drying to your lips—and is available in light and dark shades. It is only seventy-five cents! (Want the trade name? See Helen Stewart's announcement on page 61.—Ed.)

A FUGITIVE

(Continued from page 15)

Then came radio. And now look at me, a poor skyscraper mole who toils over his typewriter by night as sounds of merriment drift up from the streets!

"Sure I like radio," he continued, "but it keeps you more on your toes than a fellow with his neck in a noose who is trying not to strangle. If you could only relax a little when you got to the top, it would be grand. But you can't if you want to keep up to standard.

"Twentieth Century-Fox had been after me a long time to come out and do a picture. But since I knew my mugg would never give Robert Taylor any real competition, I couldn't see why I should bother. Portland, however, thought it would be kind of nice to be married to a movie star, so with one thing and another—you know how persuasive women are—I made up my mind to give it a trial.

"I did point out, though, that I simply could not do a good job before the camera and over the radio at the same time. So we decided to postpone the picture until my annual vacation from the network came around.

"Everything had been figured out so that the shooting of the picture and retakes would all be done in my 'vacation.' So, I reported to the studio, ready for work. Only there wasn't any work for me to do.

"The studio was ready to shoot, but Alice Faye, the Sally of the story, was so worn out from working on her previous pictures that the doctor insisted that she take a three-weeks rest before starting on my picture. So there I was, with time on my hands. Oh yes, the studio sent me a check every week while I was practically loafing. That is, I didn't have to put in more than eight or nine hours a day.

"Along about this time I looked up the meaning of the word vacation in the dictionary and decided to try some. One bright guileless morning I walked into the office of the unsuspecting producer Darryl F. Zanuck and told him I was temporarily off the payroll. As I gently administered the smelling salts and tried to reduce the shock to his pocket nerve, he looked as if he wondered whether he ought to put me in a strait-jacket or send me to an alienist. As I left him, he kept mumbling over and over again, 'An actor refuses salary . . . an actor refuses' . . . at this point I shut the door softly."

When the time came for him to go back on the air, the picture was far from finished. And he could not postpone his return to broadcasting. Thus, for the last five weeks of picture-making his schedule was something like this: rise at 6:30 in the morning to do about an hour's work on the radio show before reporting to the studio at eight. Quit movie chores around six in the evening to work at home until 2 A.M. on the radio script. On Wednesday, the day of the broadcast, the director would arrange to shoot around Fred so that he could have the whole day off to polish and rehearse the show for the evening broadcast.

When the last scene was "in the box" and the last retake taken, he sneaked out the back way and headed for the railroad station, as studio officials were coming in the front way with a new contract for more pictures. When the train bound for New York got under way, he uncrossed his fingers and breathed freely again.

"How did you spend your time," I wanted to know. "I thought you went off salary so that you could give the town a thorough going-over before you went to work."

Before replying Fred slowly took a plug of tobacco out of his pocket. Deliberately he bit off a chew and looking at me in a hurt manner said, more in sorrow than in anger: "The weather ganged up on me. All during my free time it rained torrents. The day I went back to work the sun came out and all the time I was working the weather was even better than the Chamber of Commerce bulletins advertise. "Ah, Hollywood, how I'd like to see its sunny face some day. . . ."

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■ SNOW WHITE COOKS

(Continued from page 59)

is usually in connection with Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's dinners. But, after reading over the recipe that *Snow White* recommends, we have decided that we can't wait for the cold weather holidays to roll around before we try it.

We're going to serve it with our Easter dinner, and bet dimes to doughnuts you will, too.

Snow White's Plum Pudding

4 cups bread crumbs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon allspice
1½ lbs. finely chopped beef suet
1½ lbs. seeded raisins
4 cups sifted flour
¼ lb. mixed peel
1 lb. brown sugar
1 tsp. ground ginger
1 lb. currants
1 ounce chopped almonds

Mix the above thoroughly and then add seven well-beaten eggs and two cups of milk in which has been put a fourth cup of brandy or white wine (preferably dry sherry), a half teaspoon of lemon extract and a tablespoon of corn syrup.

The eggs and milk, mixed with the other ingredients, should form a stiff batter. Put it in thoroughly greased moulds with tight fitting covers. Allow room in the moulds for the pudding's expansion. Steam for eight hours. When ready to serve, steam two more hours. It can be made a few days before Easter and then steamed the extra two hours on Easter morning.

For added flavor and a decorative touch, it can be brought blazing to the table by pouring brandy over it and lighting it!

Snow White's Pie Crust

2½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup pure vegetable shortening
5 tablespoons water (ice cold)

Sift flour and salt together. Add half of the shortening to the flour. Cut in with two knives until the mixture looks like meal. Add remaining shortening and continue cutting until the particles are the size of a bean. Sprinkle with water, a tablespoon at a time, over the mixture. Work lightly together with a fork until all the particles are moistened and in small lumps. Add just enough water to moisten. Press dampened particles together in a ball. Do not handle the dough any more than is absolutely necessary. This recipe makes one two-crust pie.

In rolling the dough, do it gently, rolling upward from one edge to the opposite and back again. Be sure that the dough is uniformly thin. Be sure that the board is always well covered with flour. Never turn the dough while rolling it. For the lower crust, roll the dough about two and one-half inches larger than the pie tin.

Fit the dough into the pie tin and let it stand for a few minutes. Pat it with a little piece of dough to be sure all the air is out, occasionally dipping the dough piece in flour. Trim the crust. Adjust the top crust over the filling and fold it under the lower one. Seal the edges firmly with the tines of a fork to keep in the juices.

Follow *Snow White's* recipe for pie crust and you'll have the flakiest crust you have ever sunk your teeth into. Of course, the filling may be anything that strikes your fancy at the moment. If your mouth waters for a delicious, spicy apple pie, try this one:

Fill the shell with eight large tart apples (green apples are best), sliced thin, ¾ cup granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and dot with 2 tablespoons of butter. Cover with top crust and bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

Or, to try *Snow White's* delicious gooseberry pie—fill your shell with 3 cups of gooseberries and their juice, the juice being extracted by allowing them to stand for a while in sugar (enough for desired sweetness). For a nice flavor variation, use part light brown sugar. The juice of half a lemon adds a delicious tang. Dot the berries with butter and cover with top crust, which has been pricked with a fork.

Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

Spring days, with their longer, brighter hours rapidly approaching, give us the urge for those impromptu parties that are so much fun. If you have a little snack in your ice-box or pantry, it's so easy to be a hospitable hostess, for you can be certain that everything is going to be just right.

There are many delightful refreshment combinations that can be served with practically no effort. But, for a truly different party, write me for the menu that *Snow White* served at her Studio party, when she celebrated her screen debut. You will see what delicious foods can be prepared ahead of time, thus enabling you to enjoy your own party. Simply enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request and you'll receive a menu, complete with recipes, for a delightful Springtime party! Address Judy Drake, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th St., New York City.

IRENE GOES WILD

(Continued from page 35)

who can't live with or without each other, Director Leo McCarey made it into one of the funniest pictures of the year.

Without once indulging in the odious practice of "mugging", so common among newcomers to comedy, and even among some veterans, Miss Dunne already has learned the secret of making comedy scenes a sheer joy through the simple expedient of using only her eyes and her voice.

When "The Awful Truth" was previewed in Hollywood, one of the film colony's most influential trade papers called it "the most captivating portrait in her film album," and described Miss Dunne as "one of the screen's foremost comediennes."

That might be termed a rather remarkable designation for an actress whose earliest desire was to play Shakespeare, and whose first public appearance—at the age of five—was in a Shakespearean production. Hers wasn't however, a dramatic role. Nor was it comic. It probably would be more aptly described by the word, cute, for, garbed in a yellow tarlatan dress, she played the part of a mustard seed, in an outdoor production of "Midsummer Night's Dream", in Madison, Wis.

With her mother, Irene had gone from the Dunne home in Louisville, Ky., to visit an uncle in Madison. Children were needed for the play, and Irene won a role, for which she was paid $3 a performance. She was sure then that she some day would be a great Shakespearean actress, but she went back to Loretta Academy, in Louisville, on to a convent in St. Louis, and then, transferring her allegiance entirely to music, studied at Chicago College of Music.

The first season after graduation found her in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, where she stayed a year. Moving on then to musical comedy, she played the title role in a revival of "Irene". She sang in John Gay's old "Beggar's Opera", as long as the production lasted, and then was chosen to play Peggy Wood's role in "The Clinging Vine".

It was while she was in musical comedy that she met Dr. Francis Griffin, a New York dentist.

"I was tired that night," Miss Dunne says, "and I took a cab home, intending to go right to bed. But some friends had other plans for me."

When she got home she found her apartment filled with people, ready for a party. Dr. Griffin was among them. The group moved on to the

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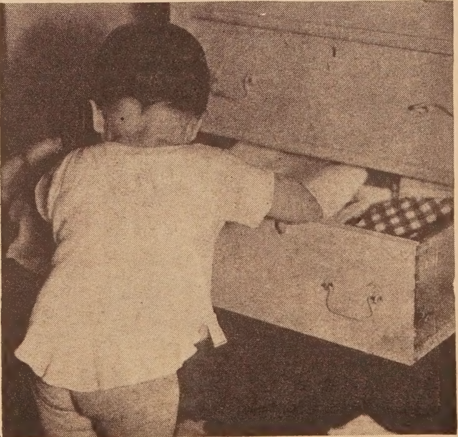

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Biltmore, and Dr. Griffin singled out Irene as his companion for the evening. So taken was he with this brown-haired, blue-eyed girl that he went out the next day and bought an engagement ring.

He placed it on the proper finger a short time later, after an incident in which he proved himself a hero, and saved Miss Dunne from possible serious injury.

Irene and the Doctor were to be guests at a costume ball, and inasmuch as she was dressed as a belle of the nineteenth century, and he as Dickens's Mr. Pickwick, Dr. Griffin engaged an ancient hansom cab to take them to the party.

He had alighted from the cab, and was about to help Miss Dunne down when a fire truck roared by. Frightened, the horse bolted, throwing Miss Dunne violently back against the seat. Dr. Griffin leaped after the horse, caught the bridle and prevented a runaway.

Irene Dunne became Mrs. Francis Griffin on July 11, 1927, in a little church in East 83rd Street, New York. She celebrated her tenth wedding anniversary, incidentally, by telephoning him from Hollywood while making "The Awful Truth."

When Hollywood beckoned to Miss Dunne in 1930, she hated the idea of being separated from her husband, but she also disliked the idea of passing up what looked like a great opportunity. She talked it over with him.

"Go ahead," he told her. "It's too good to pass up. You come East between pictures, and I'll join you in Hollywood every time I can."

The arrangement means a lot of flying trips from coast to coast, for both of them, but they see each other a great deal, even though their careers are separated by a continent.

A year or so ago Dr. Griffin and Miss Dunne built a fifteen-room Norman type home in Holmby Hills, a suburb of Beverly Hills, where Miss Dunne lives with their two-year-old adopted daughter, Mary Frances, and their French poodle, named, uniquely enough, Pat Murphy.

Mary Frances, incidentally, was named for Miss Dunne as well as for Dr. Griffin. Although she never uses it, Miss Dunne's middle name is Marie.

Although it may sound like an exaggeration, the public's reception of her as a comedienne has made Miss Dunne a happier woman. It hurt her to realize that a great many movie fans had the impression that she was a cold, stand-offish, always dignified lady.

Now, she feels, they can see her as

Judith Allen, who has a leading role in Monogram's picture, "Telephone Operator," takes a breathing spell out on this pleasant ranch in the hill country of Southern California.

she really is, a warm-hearted vivacious person who loves gaiety as much as she prizes her inntae dignity.

Many who have known the real Irene Dunne for a long time feel as she does. In reviewing "The Awful Truth," another important critic wrote:

" 'The Awful Truth' is going to make Cary Grant and Irene Dunne two of the most sought after players in all filmdom."

It already has, especially in the case of Miss Dunne. Staying in the field where she has won her newest fame, she is making another comedy, "Joy of Living," in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays opposite her. And you can rest assured that no matter what else may be said about the picture, Irene Dunne will be swell.

Miss Dunne has never given a poor or mediocre performance in her entire film career. Whether the story was good, bad or indifferent, she always has done the best job she could do, refusing to let the director or the other members of the cast down. When you let someone else down because you're dissatisfied with something, you let yourself down, too, she believes. And Irene Dunne isn't letting anybody down.

HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS FACE

(Continued from page 31)

thought that maybe after all, "his face was his fortune." He felt that it was time to move on, however, and he packed his things and set out for New York. A few days after his arrival in the big city, he was hard at work on a set of seven color photographs advertising cigarettes, which were later used on the back covers of any number of national magazines. So by this time, although he was getting sort of used to seeing himself in books and on walls, he still wasn't sure that he had completely overcome his aversion to his looks.

When he got sick and tired of looking at himself, he went off to Europe for what he thought was going to be a vacation. He liked London and then went on to the city of glamour, Paris. He liked Paris so well that he wanted to live there for awhile. It occurred to him that he might try to find work while there and he looked up the editor of a fashion magazine, who immediately hired him to pose with women models, for their world famous fashion pictures.

It was probably a good thing that Alan liked Paris because here he met a beautiful young Russian girl with whom he frequently posed. They

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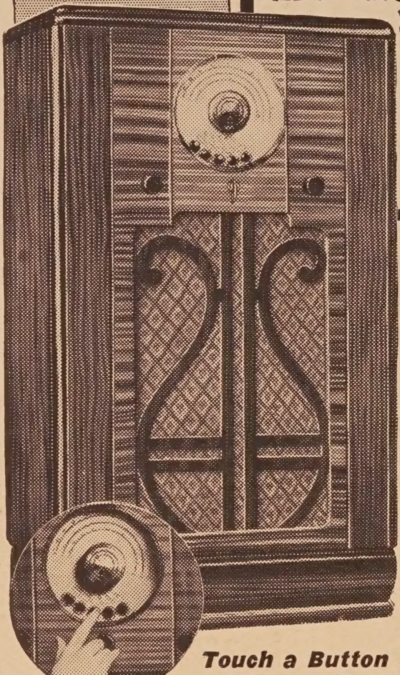

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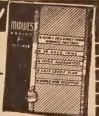

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29x4.75-20	2.50	1.25
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.25
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.25
5.25-17	2.90	1.35
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.35
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.35
5.50-17	3.35	1.40
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.40
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.45
6.00-17	3.40	1.40
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.40
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.45
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.55
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could carry on no conversations because the lady didn't speak any English and he knew no Russian. He discovered one day, that she was trying to tell him something and was going through all sorts of weird motions to get her idea understood by him. After a half hour of watching her make all sorts of gestures, he gave up and went out looking for someone to interpret what she was trying to say. He brought back a friend who listened carefully to what the blonde Russian girl had to say.

"Why, Alan, she wants to know if you care to make a motion picture with her," his friend said excitedly.

"A motion picture?" Alan repeated. "What kind of a motion picture?"

"She says it's a travelogue for an automobile manufacturer."

"Tell her, yes. I think I've always secretly nursed the desire to be an actor," Alan admitted.

So Alan and the Russian girl and a director went on a three week tour of France. Alan and the beautiful blonde girl played the roles of a young couple on their honeymoon in the silent picture but they found that they still couldn't understand a word each other had to say. At the end of the trip they were still making signs at each other with their fingers which was the only sort of conversation they could even pretend to understand.

Once back in Paris, he turned to posing again but he always was thinking about the one picture he had made and what an enjoyable experience it had been. He wondered whether he would ever get a chance to appear in a real picture. The idea sort of appealed to him and he quit the art magazine and sailed for America.

When he returned to New York, he found the cigarette ads he had posed for in every magazine he picked up and it wasn't long after that discovery was made when he learned that a talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was looking for him to take a screen test. He asked the scout how he had

Solution to Puzzle On page 66

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Personal
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- ■ I WAS BRANDED . . . . . . WAYWARD

Circumstances painted her wanton, while her heart cried for love

- ■ HEADLINES SCREAMED MY SIN

Scandal vendors shouted the news . . . She loved her husband's brother

- ■ MOTHER HAD NO WEDDING RING

Haunted by the ghost of her mother's past, she became the object of town ridicule

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heard of him.

"For heaven sake, man, I've seen your picture all over every magazine I pick up. I can't walk down the street without staring at your brown hair and blue eyes on every other bill poster. I'm getting so I can recognize your square chin a few blocks away when I'm driving my car. How about the screen test?"

Alan said, "Sure," and kept hearing in his mind a man saying to him, "Why don't you pose for ads?"

A few days later he took the screen test which was favorable and off he went to Hollywood. In his first picture he came closer to realizing his boyhood ambition than ever before. You remember, he wanted to be a steamboat captain. Well, the closest he has come to it so far, is playing the role of a sailor in his first picture, "Winterset." Later he appeared in "Between Two Women" and "Bad Guy" in both of which he played very small parts. His first big role came in "Mannequin," Joan Crawford's new starring vehicle.

Alan can now look in the mirror and see a well set up, fine looking young man. He laughs when he remembers how unhappy his childhood playmates made him by constant unpleasant references to his good looks. He still thinks he would like to be a steamboat captain, but he would prefer to appear as one on the screen. He says he really knows how to sail a boat too, because as a youth he lived close to Lake Michigan and frequently sailed other people's boats during summer vacations.

And truly, wasn't his face his fortune?

■ THE THREE OF US

(Continued from page 27)

time verged closely on the plump.

"It is simply a matter of glands," she states firmly, "and correct breathing."

And will power, perhaps. Whatever it is, Lola has the secret, for today designers go into ecstacies over her figure. Orry-Kelly, Warner Brothers' stylist, finds that her broad-shouldered, slim-hipped loveliness sets off the most trying gown to perfection. The day I saw her on the "Torchy Blane" set she wore a beige crepe artfully draped to reveal her slender grace.

"But then," Rosemary commented, "Put rags on Lola and she'd look like a queen."

By application and determination, Lola has won her point—and her spurs. Her rushes as Torchy in the first of a series of three have already got producers clamoring for her in other dramatic roles. Her little feet are firmly set now on the road to success and she would not easily be diverted from it.

Not, for instance, by romance. Lola has had enough of romance, for a while. Two unhappy marriages are enough to make any girl slightly misanthropic. For the time being, at any rate, Lola is well content with the simple pattern of her life. She lives in a charming home, capably run by a small staff of servants. She loves to read and to work in her garden or romp with her wire-haired terrier.

Rosemary too, having tasted success, finds it well worth the struggle. In her first picture, "Varsity Show," she was co-starred with Dick Powell. She was on tour with Fred Waring when she was tested for that and her success led to her being cast opposite Dick again in "Hollywood Hotel," in which Lola also has a fine role.

Now Rosemary is working in "Golddiggers of Paris," with Rudy Vallee, and singing Wednesday nights on Warners' program. She and Priscilla and their mother live in a lovely rented house a mile from Lola. They have a swimming pool and plan to go in for swimming in a big way.

"Priscilla's the cute one, Priscilla's the smart one, Priscilla's the funny one," says Rosemary.

"Rosemary—well, she's just the grandest person I know," chants Priscilla.

And then they both exclaim: "And Lola—she's just swell."

Rosemary disclaims all romance. "I'm the Lane sister that has no beaux," she declares. But she is not losing any sleep about it. Life is too rich and exciting and there is plenty of time for romance. For she too has definite dramatic ambitions and is studying and working all the time with that idea in mind, not satisfied with the present, glamorous as she admits it to be, but building for the future, substantially, enduringly.

Priscilla is the one whom romance has touched most recently. Both she and Wayne Morris were disturbed by premature announcement of their engagement but they are genuinely attracted to each other and incidentally are a very cute couple—if you could call the big and clumsy Wayne cute! You can easily see why they hit it off so well, they are both so ebullient, both having such a perfectly grand and glorious time. But Priscilla, who began her career at fourteen, says, "I'm only just getting started. It is much too early to talk about marriage.

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But perhaps after two or three years, if I were lucky enough to be well established—." She smiled shyly.

Right now, Priscilla is engaged in playing the leading role in "Cowboy from Brooklyn," with Dick Powell and Dick Foran. And she is right in her element in blue jeans or fringed skirt with a sombrero atop her towseled curls. She does her own riding, too, and spends her spare time learning tricky knots from the old cowhands.

With Rosemary, Priscilla was introduced to ranch life on a dude ranch in New Jersey. There they learned to ride western fashion.

The Lane girls all look a good deal alike until you analyze them closely. Priscilla's hair is the blondest, of the Hollywood trio, her eyes the bluest. Lola's eyes are deep violet, her hair light brown with reddish glints. Rosemary's eyes are gray, her hair perhaps a little browner. Lola's nose is straight and patrician, her little chin firm. Rosemary's features are a bit more blunt, less definite and Priscilla's are larger, less sharply defined.

Separately and together the three are wholly charming, engagingly alike yet completely individual. Roguish Priscilla, demure Lola, eager Rosemary—they'll all go places because they are pretty, because they are smart but above all, because they are sincere. We agree with Lola—Mother Lane has done a grand job.

■ RAY MILLAND

(Continued from page 21)

turn him down. His ardor won her.

Their marriage took place in 1931. It was a simple ceremony, with just Muriel's family and a few friends attending, but they both looked toward the future with shining eyes and hearts buoyant with courage. They had love and companionship and Ray had a bright, promising career ahead of him. He would be successful, he declared. He would make money in bushels so that he might buy her beautiful things and surround her with every luxury.

But somehow, things didn't work out that way. They were blissfully happy at first, but when jobs became fewer and farther between, Ray became morose and disgusted with himself. The thought that Muriel should look upon him in defeat rankled in his soul to such an extent that it became an obsession. It was not as though she depended upon him for her livelihood. She had her family and an income of her own, which made the situation even more unbearable. Little by little, before his very eyes, he could see their love withering and turning to ashes.

MOVIE LIFE
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NEW YORK NIGHTCLUBS
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Hollywood's newest all picture magazine is just the magazine for you if you like star gazing—and especially if you like to see the stars as they really are!

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Other highlights in the April issue of MOVIE LIFE include the low-down on Babies in Hollywood . . . Nightclubbing in New York . . . Proud Papas of the Cinema . . . Stars seen at the late spots at Table For Two . . . these are but a few of the exciting pictures included in the exclusive features. And the best news is that MOVIE LIFE is

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She would be better off without him, his proud young heart kept repeating. Perhaps, if he left, before it was too late, some of the stardust of their love might cling to her still.

And so, deliberately, he became boorish and impossible to live with, striving with a desperation born of defeat, to break the heart he cherished. When he found that her love matched his own for courage, he staged the most magnificent performance of his career. Coldly, brutally, he told her that he no longer cared, that she jeopardized his future as an actor. He asked for a divorce—and then he left her, knowing that he couldn't have wounded her more deeply had he plunged a knife into her heart.

Ray went home to England after that. Three times, subsequently, he made the round-trip to Hollywood. In England he filmed "Orders Are Orders" and "This Is the Life." On one of his Hollywood stopovers he made "Payment Deferred." On his last trip to Hollywood he was signed for "Bolero," for Paramount. Following this came a role in "We're Not Dressing," which in turn won him a long-term contract.

The instant he knew his future was assured, he rushed to a telephone and called his ex-wife. Would she have dinner with him tonight? The answer, of course, was no. It was always no and it went on for days and days. At last, in sheer desperation, Ray appealed to Muriel's younger sister and a meeting was finally arranged.

A strange meeting it was with Ray the suave, the sophisticated, unable to put into words the tremendous thing he felt in his heart. They were strangers . . . and yet not strangers. Friends that had, curiously, become enemies. During the weeks and months that followed, there began one of the strangest courtships ever to be recorded. For Ray had to win Muriel's love a second time. He begged for dates. He sent her flowers and candy and took her to the theatre, to dine, to dance. He told her all of the tender, beautiful things his heart had cried out to her silently during those anguished months of separation.

Small wonder that she was afraid of him, afraid of love. But in spite of herself, she listened to him. And though their first gay young love had blossomed midst the warmth of their laughter, second love bloomed in the afterglow of their tears. Heartbreak had left its mark on them both, yet somehow, they both realized the true worth of their feeling for each other more forcibly than they ever might have realized it had the course of their life together run smoothly.

Sunset was streaking the California sky and the vast silence of the desert lay all about them when Muriel finally said yes for the second time. They were married again in a dim little chapel by the sea . . . just the two of them together, with no one else.

Ray's success in pictures is assured. You remember him in "Ebb Tide," in "Wise Girl," with Miriam Hopkins and he is now being seen currently in "Her Jungle Love." He himself has lived through so many varied experiences, has known at first hand, so many different emotions that it is small wonder he can portray almost any type of character on the screen.

The thing he wants most, he will tell you himself, however, is to be master of any situation. He enjoys doing the suave sort of thing on the screen because, as he puts it, "there's no fun in being a blunderer through life. I don't want to play a blunderer in pictures. I want to play the type of man who can take life in his two hands and twist it to suit his own ends." Which is pretty much what he seems to have done off the screen, we might add.

■ MIRACLE BOY

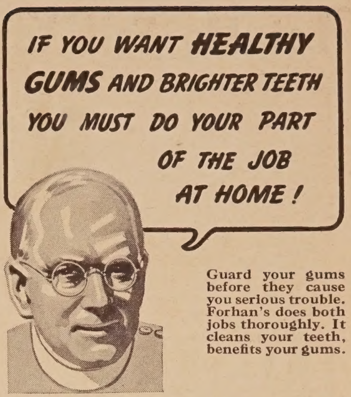
(Continued from page 47)

the favor of the so-called "fickle public?"

Mabel Cooper Bigelow is the answer. Mrs. Bigelow is the person who is solely responsible for the successful guidance of her talented son. For ten years, she has supervised the destiny of Jackie. When faced with the problem of Hollywood's theory that no child star can remain in films through adolescence, she used wisdom and common sense foreign to average "stage mothers"—as this peculiar genus of women is fondly named. What was her reasoning behind her wise decision? Let her tell you in her own words.

"It is the common belief of Hollywood that a child star should 'retire' from the screen for four or five years during the so-called 'difficult' age," she explains. "However, I believe that the years of a child between fourteen and twenty are the most important period of his life, psychologically. I felt that if Jackie did not act during those formative years, he would lose his self-confidence, that at the age of twenty he would have to start all over again. He loves his work and it seemed a pity, to me, that he should be deprived of doing the one thing in life on which he had set his heart.

"True, Hollywood offered him small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parts, to keep his hand in, but I was afraid of what this would do to him," she continued. "'Would he begin to doubt his ability?' I asked myself. What would be his subconscious reaction to being merely a bit player after having had important roles for so many years? Please don't misunderstand me. I am not saying that Jackie has to be a star to be happy. But I do believe that he should have an important role to keep his self-confidence."

As we all know, an actor must have self-confidence to be successful. How, otherwise, could he do a character effectively? He must believe in himself without wavering for an instant.

"A year after Jackie finished 'Devil Is a Sissy,' Monogram gave him a contract to do one picture," the small brunette woman who looks more like a sister to her son than a mother continued. "As a result of his portrayal of Chuck in 'Boy of the Streets' he has been signed to do two more films for that company, with options for additional films."

The National Board of Review's Committee on Exceptional Photoplays cited Jackie Cooper as the only juvenile for an outstanding performance for the year 1937. Need there be further proof of the fact that Mrs. Bigelow was justified in her belief in the acting ability of her child? But what of the boy himself?

"Mother always has told me that I could leave the screen whenever I wanted to," he says as he twirls a pencil. For all his adult manner of facing the future, he still is a boy in many ways. "But even if the time should come when they (the movie moguls) will not give me a job acting, I would stay in the movie industry. Gee, I love it. My second choice would be photography. In school, the Beverly Hills High School where I've been going for the past year, I took the photography course. It was a lot of fun and I am terribly interested in it."

Jackie is an average boy in spite of the great talent which has kept him on the top rung of the Hollywood ladder for so many years, since his first starring film as "Skippy." True to his generation, he is crazy about swing music. He is the proud owner of an elaborate set of drums and traps. Spare moments are spent playing these instruments to the accompaniment of phonograph records made by Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Tommy Dorsey, exponents of the popular swing music of the day.

His friends are non-professionals, students of the public high school which he attends. Judy Garland is the only exception to this rule. Girls?

"Aw, I'm still a kid," is the smart

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answer of the child star who now wears long pants and shaves every day. "Sure, we all go to school dances, and when the crowd comes over to the house there are girls too. But I'm too young to think of any of them seriously."

But the proof that Jackie is growing up is the trend of his fan mail. Up to a year ago, letters were from boys, small boys. Now at least half of his fan mail is from girls. On his recent trip to New York, he received a letter from a girl his own age. In it she told him that he would be a snob if he didn't see her to give her an autographed photo. Jackie's reaction to this letter gives a keen insight to his personality.

"I don't want anyone to think I am a snob," he said. "I want to see this girl so she won't think so." A meeting was arranged. The girl was made happy and Jackie had proven that he had the feeling of an average boy—to have no one think ill of him. This strong sense of meeting people on their own ground gave him a hectic few months when he first started at public school.

"I always had had a private tutor," explained Jackie. "When I started at high school a lot of the kids thought I would act funny toward them. I don't know why but I guess they thought because I was in the movies I was different. I hate to fight, to use my fists. But, you know, when there is no other way," he said in a serious tone, "I just had to do it."

Mrs. Bigelow added, "That was one of the hardest things Jackie had to do. He hates scraps. He hates to be hit as much as he dislikes doing the hitting. When he was a child I could never spank him. I tried it once when he was two years old and we had to call a doctor to calm him out of a tantrum. He is one of those people whose mind is completely distorted by physical blows. To use the trite expression, 'he sees red.' "

"Yeh," interrupted her son. "I'm always afraid I might hurt someone badly. I don't know what it is. Gee, I just go haywire when someone hits me. But now it's all right. I get along fine in school. The kids are swell and we have a lot of fun. We all pile into my car—the sport model Ford mother and dad gave me for my birthday—and we go all over Hollywood. And all the kids come over to the house and we go swimming in the pool and then come in and have some sandwiches or cake with coca cola."

A regular fellow, this Jackie Cooper. A boy who considers himself lucky—an unusual viewpoint for a youngster in this age of youthful unrest and discontentment.

Perhaps that is the answer to the miracle of a child star growing up in the movies.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

(Continued from page 10)

Robert Taylor is nothing at all compared to the popularity of the stalwart Flash. The studio's latest plan is to have at least a half dozen previews before releasing the film, which is entirely unusual for a serial. Universal has bought another funny paper character, "Red Barry," on the strength of the fan-interest in Flash Gordon. Probably Buster will play Red, too.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the only escort of Norma Shearer on the few occasions she appears in public. They are old friends.

Danielle Darrieux flew into a temper when she learned the movie censors had banned some "leg" pictures she posed for publicity. She thought it was an insult to her legs. "In France," she stormed, "they like my legs!" She was ready to take the first boat back until she was made to understand that the stills were not killed because her legs were unlovely—but because they were too lovely! She's still puzzling over this strange, incomprehensible paradox. Strange people, these Yankees!

Is Anita Louise losing her heart to Ronald Reagan—or is it Gene Markey, former spouse of Joan Bennett?

Sonja Henie is grateful. She is sweeping to the top of the popularity roll, challenging the Temple prodigy for first place. America has been good to her, so now she's going to be good to America. She has applied for American citizenship. In her next picture, by the way, she'll play tennis. Seems Darryl Zanuck saw her on the courts one day, and liked her form—as who doesn't?

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That old maestro and master of ceremonies, Rudy Vallee, swings his baton in "Gold Diggers in Paris," which he is now making for Warners. Rosemary Lane also lends her beauty and talent to the production

COMING EVENTS

A TREAT for the ladies: Robert Taylor, Robert Young and Franchot Tone—all singing together. It's in "The Three Comrades," which M-G-M is making, and the trio will sing "The Comrade Song."

◆

Lionel Barrymore gets the fat role of Grandpa Sycamore in the screen version of "You Can't Take It With You." There was a long elimination period in which many of the screen's leading players had their chance. It will be a Columbia production directed by Frank Capra.

◆

After Bette Davis finishes "Comet Over Broadway," she will go into "We Are Not Alone," by James Hilton, of "Lost Horizon" fame. Warners expect to start production on the new Hilton story in June.

◆

Because of his romantic interpretation of the pirate Lafitte in "The Buccaneer," Fredric March seems the foremost candidate for another dashing role—that in "The Gay Banditti," recently purchased by Selznick.

At Warners, Errol Flynn will play the lead in "Sister Act," from Fanny Hurst's novel. Shooting is scheduled for April 17. . . . George Raft will head "Racing Form," formerly titled, "Gambler's Maxim." . . . Judy Garland's next vehicle will be "Little Darling," based on the novel by Katharine Brush.

◆

"Mayerling," with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux—made by this team in France, you will recall—has been running six months at the Filmarte Theatre in New York City, and is still going strong.

◆

In preparation to start shooting: "Women Are Dangerous," starring Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter; "Battle of Broadway," co-starring Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy and Louise Hovick; . . . Darryl Zanuck has been casting for "Three Blind Mice," "Mr. Nickelby Sits Down," "I'd Give a Million," and "Meet the Girls" . . . Charles Boyer will star next in the Walter Wanger selection, "Algiers." In this Boyer will play an exiled rascal from Paris.

Ginger Rogers is all dated up for the next two years—not a vacancy in her calendar. We're speaking professionally, of course. After finishing "Vivacious Lady," with James Stewart, and the retakes on "Having Wonderful Time," (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.) she and Fred Astaire will dance together in "Carefree." Thence, Miss Rogers will trip lightly over to Warners to pair off with Jimmy Cagney in "On Your Toes." Next, Charles Boyer will co-star with Ginger in "Perfect Honeymoon," on the RKO lot. Followed by another Fred Astaire partnership, in a still-to-be-titled musical. "Trailer Romance" winds up this two year plan of Ginger.

◆

Jackie Cooper, who did so well in Republic's "Boy of the Streets," will be seen next in Warners "White Banner."

◆

Wallace Beery, Mrs. Beery, and daughter little Carol Ann are looking over European scenery. Frank Morgan is also in the party. The two stars are particularly interested in looking over the city of Marseilles, which is the locale of their latest film, "Life on the Water Front."

◆

Pete Smith, M-G-M's commentator star, has been looking for the "perfect 36," for his picture entitled, "Modeling for Money." It's a story of professional dress models; gives the details of how they are schooled, and how defects, such as wrong carriage and physical handicaps are overcome. Pete doesn't know whether she's tall, short, thin or plump, but it's a typical dress model he must have.

◆

Important Warner releases during March will be "Love, Honor and Behave," with Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane, and John Litel; "Jezebel," with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Margaret Lindsay; "A Slight Case of Murder," with Edward G. Robinson, Jane Bryan, Allen Jenkins and Ruth Donnelly.

◆

Joe Penner will be starred as a gridiron hero by RKO in "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off." First, however, Penner will appear in "Rolling Stones." Joe's role in the football picture will be a typically comic one.

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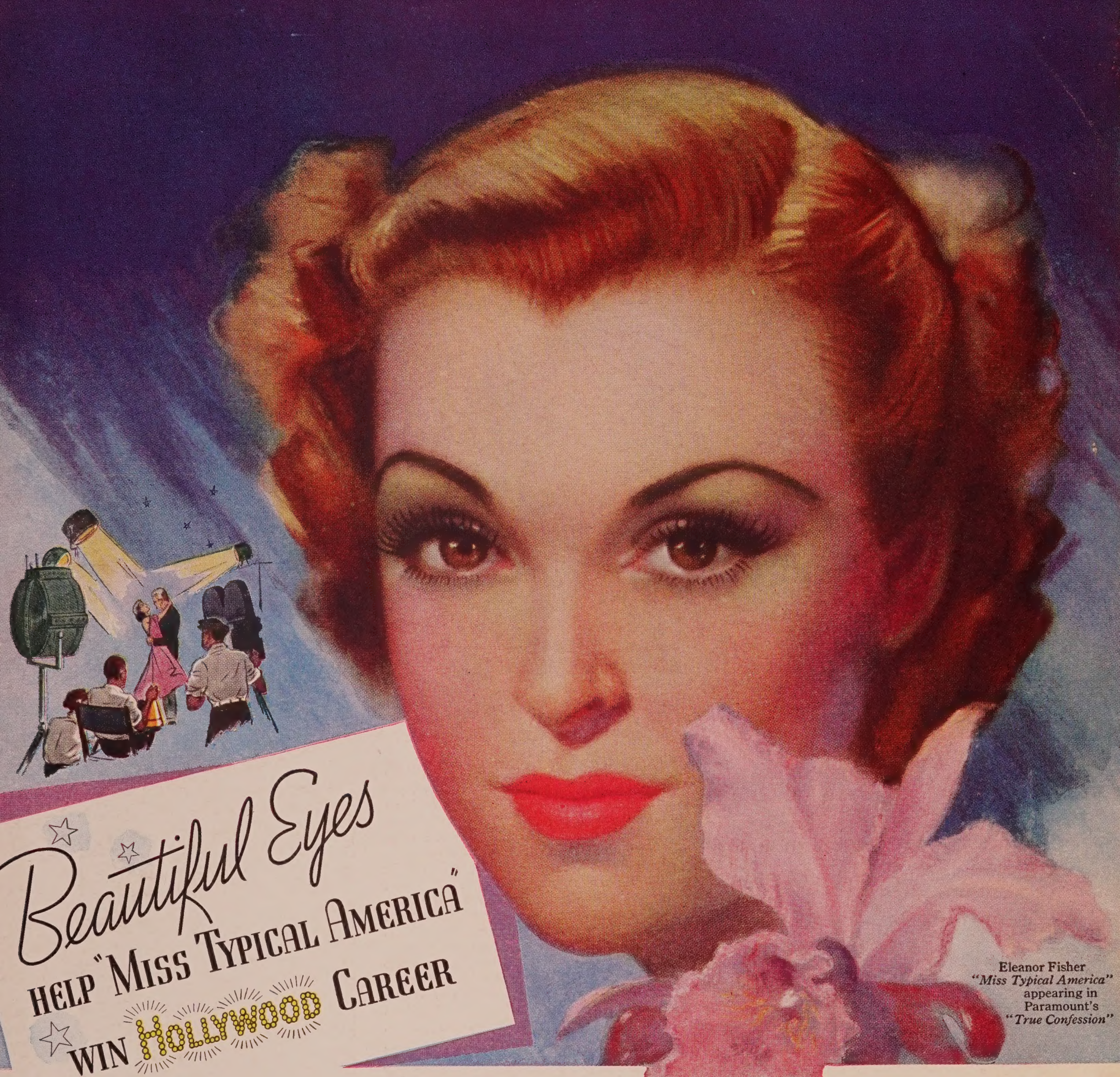

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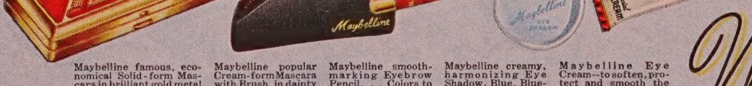

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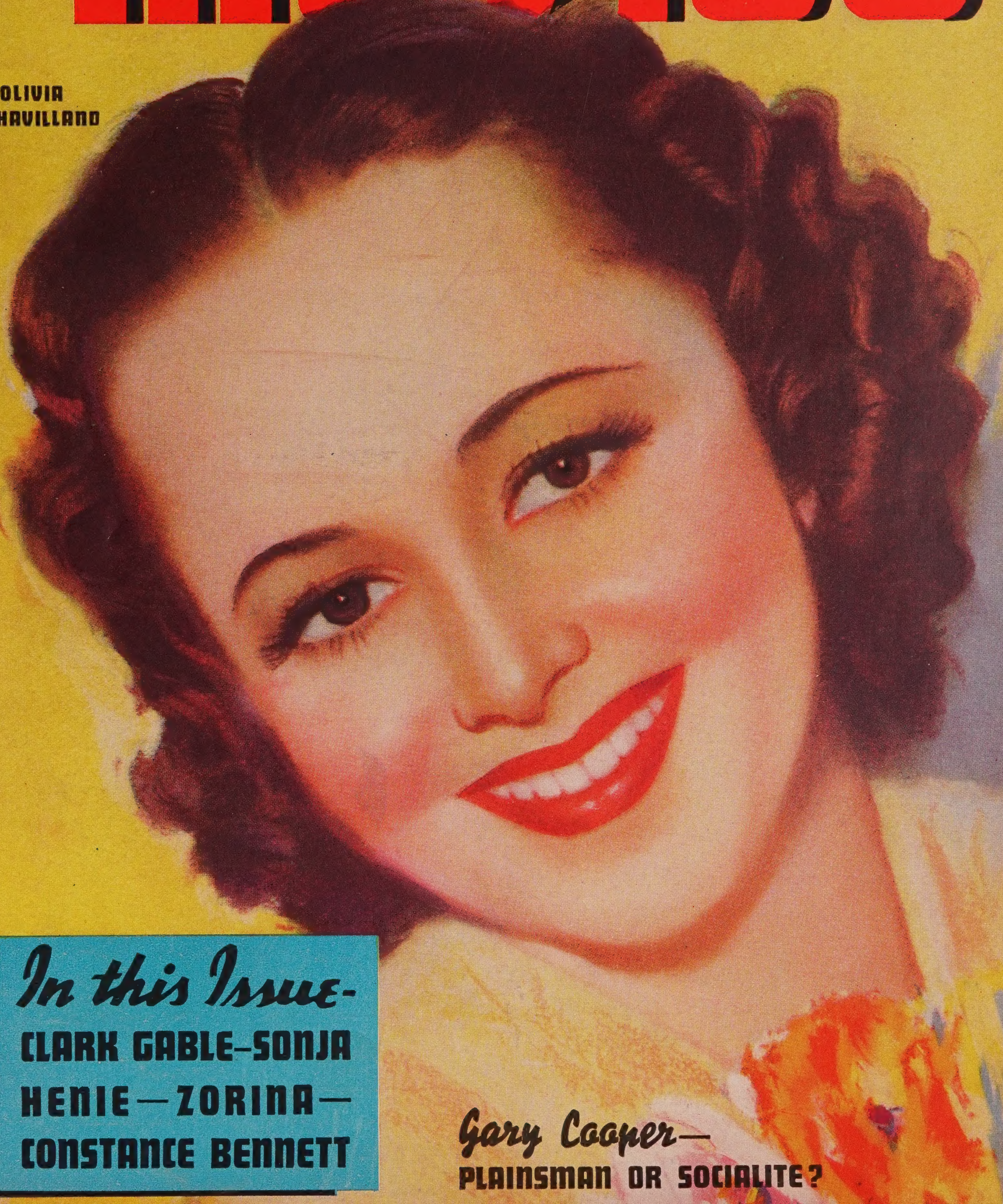

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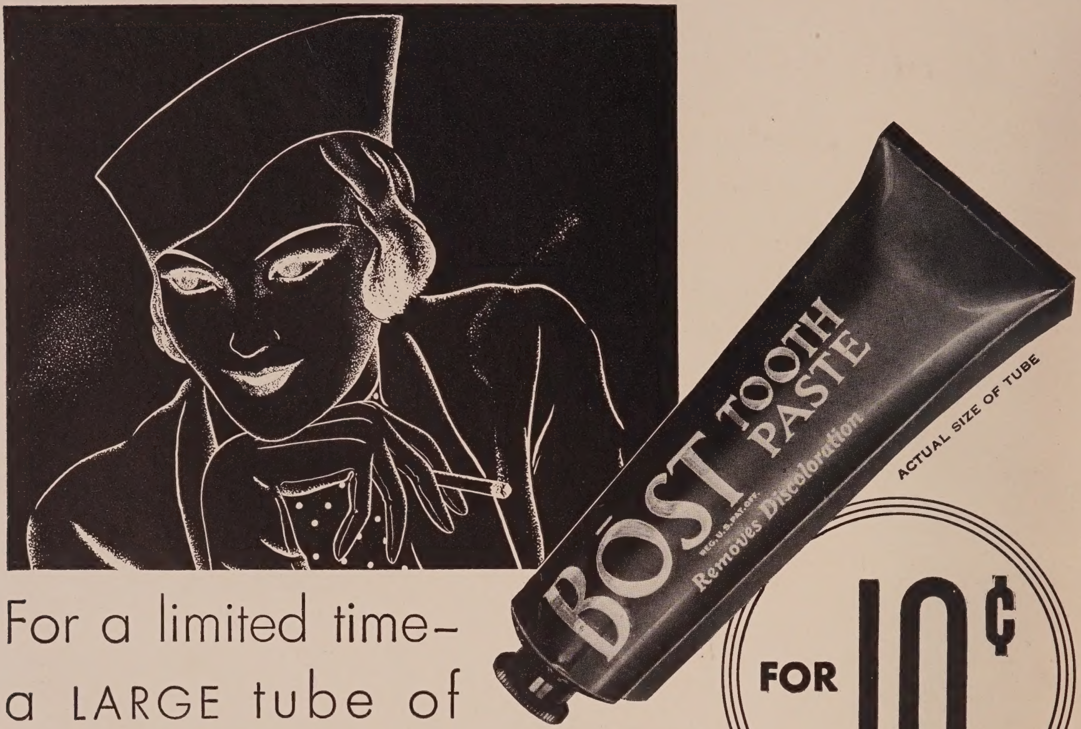

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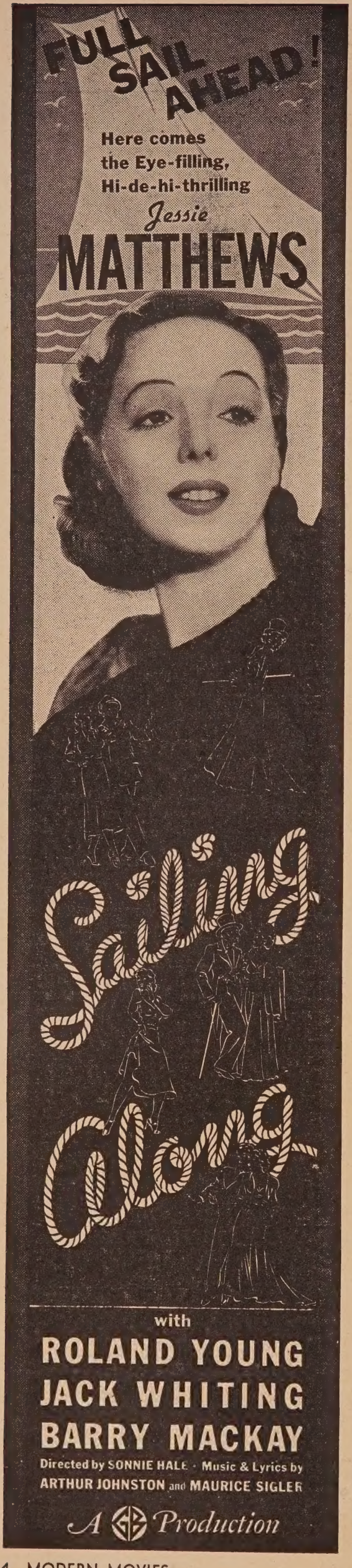
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Here comes
the Eye-filling,
Hi-de-hi-thrilling
Jessie
MATTHEWS

Sailing Along

with
ROLAND YOUNG
JACK WHITING
BARRY MACKAY
Directed by SONNIE HALE · Music & Lyrics by
ARTHUR JOHNSTON and MAURICE SIGLER
A GB *Production*

may, 1938 volume 1, no. 11

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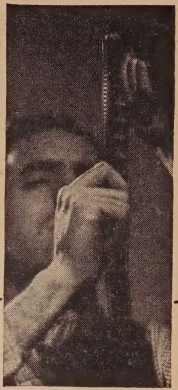

MAY C. KELLEY
EDITOR

dorris denbo
hollywood editor

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■ MARIE ANTOINETTE

All the pomp and circumstance of Marie Antoinette's time is brought to life by MGM with Norma Shearer in the title role and Tyrone Power as the man hopelessly in love with the Queen of France.

A DOORWAY TO FAME

Next month, when you open the pages of *Modern Movies*, you may be opening the doorway to a new world! In the June issue of *Modern Movies* we are offering an opportunity of a glamorous career to some young woman. There are four ways in which an ambitious girl may achieve fame and fortune. These four careers are: Stage, radio, movies and photographic modelling.

Photographic modelling is the favorite means by which many of our screen stars of today have achieved their success. Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Fredric March, Norma Shearer, and many others too numerous to mention, have at the start of their careers acted as professional models. These stars marched right on to Hollywood through the reputation and training they received as models. Modelling gives one poise and a fine facade in the face of many obstacles.

Believing that modelling is fundamentally the right road to success, *Modern Movies* is making a decidedly interesting announcement in its next number. Be sure to read complete details in the June issue of *Modern Movies*.

Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland do some fine dramatic and highly emotional scenes in their latest Paramount Picture, "Her Jungle Love."

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

WHAT a gay affair when the new night spot in Hollywood, La Congo, had its opening. Cary Grant, and Phyllis Brooks, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, Ginger Rogers and Lew Brown, Leo Spitz and Bobby Crawford, Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin, the Jack Bennys, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Anita Louise and Alexander D'Arcy, Frances Langford and Ken Dolan, all were there dancing to the weird rhythmic melodies of Edwardi Durando's Mexican band. It was an informal and delightful evening and everyone had fun. Tyrone Power certainly concentrates on his women when he finds one he likes! It looks very serious when you see him and Janet together—but it looked just as serious when he and Sonja Henie were twosomeing it. If Sonja had not had to go away—we wonder? ? ?

• • •

Beatrice Lillie was at the receiving end of one of Bing Crosby's famous fast ones the other day. They were discussing dogs between scenes for "Doctor Rhythm," and Beatrice could not remember the name of a breed of a dog in England about which she is very much enthused. So she tried to describe the dog.

"It is about so long and so tall," gestured Beatrice. "It is a kind of greyhound—only it isn't, because its tail is shorter and its head is bigger. The body is thin and the legs are unusually short. Surely you raise these dogs in America?"

Bing shook his head sadly, "No Bee, we don't. Over here we drown 'em!"

• • •

A big hearted fan has offered marriage to any one of the three Lane sisters. He isn't at all particular whether Lola, Rosemary or Priscilla accept him. Now that is what we call being big!

And speaking of these three smart sisters reminds us that Rudy Vallee and Rosemary Lane were sipping a soda from the same glass but with two straws at the Warners' lunch room. Now that Gloria Youngblood and Rudy seem to have turned off the steam, Rudy's in the romance market again with

Busby Berkeley and Priscilla Lane get together on a scene from "Men Are Such Fools." Warners' former dance maestro now directs.

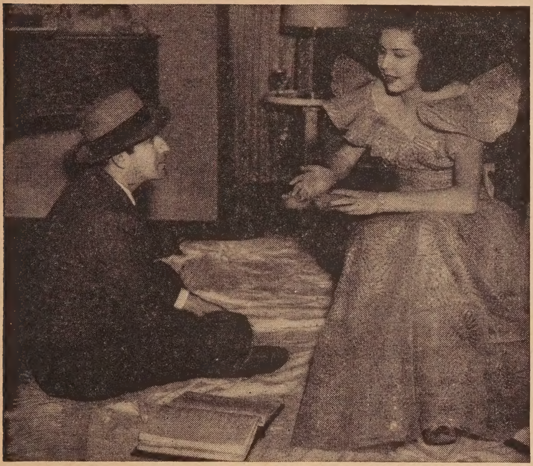
Easy on the eyes are these two queens of pulchritude, Marjorie Deane and Lynne Berkeley. Remember them in "The Goldwyn Follies"?

Joan Crawford turns sponsor and coach. Protegee Frances McInerney, via Joan's influence corralled the lead in MGM's "Modelling For Money."

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

Judy Garland shouts hy'a between personal appearances while Jane Bryan and Willard Parker are that way about "horses"?

Ann Miller's nimble feet brought her the ingenue lead in RKO's "Radio City Revels." She brushes up on dialogue with Hal Kusell.



Oliver Hardy, rotund comedian and Duke, a St. Bernard have formed a fast friendship since appearing together in "Swiss Miss."

plenty of beauteous bidders. I'm afraid Rudy likes variety with his affairs of the heart, rather a universal masculine weakness—or should we say that? ? ?

• • •

Betty Furness is having a sound proof room built into her home so her new husband, Johnny Green, will not disturb the neighbors while composing his music if he wishes to work far into the night. That would be a splendid idea for aspiring saxophone players to copy.

• • •

The Irish are just naturally superstitious, bless them! Maureen O'Sullivan receives a four leaf clover twice a week from an Irish lad who is one of her favorite fans. She declares it keeps her in luck and she hopes he never stops. And Margaret Sullavan was perfectly delighted when it poured rain on the day she started "Three Comrades," her first starring picture for M.G.M. "To start anything in the rain is splendid luck," declares Maggie. For other superstitions of the stars, turn to page forty-four.

• • •

Tyrone Power always wears a dilapidated dressing robe when at the studio, and he refuses to wear any other. He has a sentimental attachment for it because it belonged to his late father, who was a great actor, and almost an idol to Tyrone.

• • •

David Niven shouts lustily that he isn't going to marry anybody: that he has no past, present, or future matrimonial intentions! 'Guess that's plain enough. It's bad, though, to make such emphatic statements. I never made one like that in my life that I didn't have to take it back—and *how!*

• • •

On the marquee of a theater in Palms, California, appeared the following: "Madame X—Captured By G-Men—Community Sing."

• • •

Edgar Bergen's surprise party certainly caught him unawares. Ken Murray and Bob Hope planned the party and had premiere lights out in front of the house and a picket marching up and down in front carrying a sign, "Bergen Finally Gives a Party." Charlie McCarthy was very much in evidence and had a lot of fun over the gag presents presented to Edgar. A new dummy, Peggy, was introduced to the guests and received much, much too much attention to please Charlie. Groucho Marx had a yen for the piano and scarcely left it all evening to the delight of every music lover. Jon Hall brought Frances Langford, and W. C. Fields was there, looking very well and feeling fine, so he said. In fact, almost everyone in radio and screen, who means anything, was there sometime during the evening.

• • •

Phyllis Kennedy, comedy slavey in *Stage Door*, has just bought her first automobile. She calls it "Vivacious Lady," and she does hope it will live up to its name. Ginger Rogers was so nice to her while she was working on "Stage Door," and Phyllis is so grateful to her that she thought it would be nice to name her shiny new automobile after Ginger's latest picture. "I got my first real break through Ginger, you know," she says, "and because of that break I have my automobile—sooooo!"

• • •

Paulette Goddard, since signing her Selznick contract has become a glamour girl for fair. She attended a party the other evening all in silver from head to toe, a startlingly beautiful vision for all to behold. Her entrance caused a mild sensation, for Paulette has never gone in for the glamour and glitter so seriously before. I think there is something brewing between Charlie Chaplin, the Selznick studio, and Paulette Goddard we shall soon hear about. In the meantime everyone is buzzing excitedly about Paulette getting that much discussed (and cussed) role of Scarlet O'Hara. It's certainly a break for the gal—and she'd better make good in it!

• • •

Martha Raye's mink coat is ever with us. Someone suggested that she even slept in it. Martha says she always had the feeling that if she owned a mink coat, she would be sure she had arrived. "Well, I've got it," she grins, "And man and boy, I'm wearin' it!" We're afraid Martha is going beautiful on us. Her latest portrait sitting puts la Dietrich to shame, and she is being called by style experts one of Hollywood's best dressed women, and deserving that title, too. Nice work—if you can get it!

(Continued on page 72)

NOW SHOOTING

Folks on the MGM lot are rejoicing over Norma Shearer's return after a year's absence.

John Barrymore adds a majestic touch to his Louis XV make-up for this elaborate MGM period production. Very regal, John!

Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power are co-starred as the tragic lovers. Marie happily reminisces with Count Axel de Fersen.

On the *"Marie Antoinette"* set, lovely Anita Louise and Tyrone Power go candid-camera-conscious. 152 players are in the cast. 98 authentic settings were designed.

Sh-Sh-h-h-! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE FERNAND

LOMBARD *and* GRAVET

ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is
scandalicious,
scandalovely,
scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by
Warner Bros.

JAMES STEWART

Good friends and pals off screen, Jimmy has not been on the screen with Ginger Rogers. So in *Vivacious Lady* you'll see this engaging team for the first time.

■ IRENE DUNNE

Hilarity is all very well in its place, which these days seems to be in Irene's films, but we also like her as herself—an ardent golfer and a devoted mother!

JOHN BOLES

In the lineup of new picture personalities none can compare with the Southern gallantry of John Boles, whose latest is *Romance In The Dark;* now busy in *Sinners in Paradise.*

■ **DANIELLE DARRIEUX**

Stardom is not new to Danielle. Over in France she is the favorite of cinema fans. From the rushes of her first Universal film it looks like she'll be the rage here. too.

Plainsman OR SOCIALITE?

DESTINY'S child—that's what Gary Cooper claims to be.

It is really difficult to think of this tall, quiet, self-contained man as being a fatalist. Nevertheless, he sincerely believes that is the reason for his success in Hollywood *now*. He got into the movies as an extra because he needed work. It wasn't an accident, he'll tell you, but merely destiny selecting him to play an appointed role.

In the light of this belief, or in reviewing his life, it becomes quite clear that even the parts he has played on the screen have been chosen as definite milestones in the evolution of Cooper.

Gary was born in Helena, Montana, and the love of the West and all its traditions are bred in his bones. His early life and many of his adventures read like a movie scenario.

In May, 1905, the great Hauser Dam burst, loosing an avalanche of water into the Missouri valley. On that particular night Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were camping on the banks of the Missouri River, not far from their ranch. Baby Gary was sound asleep in his cradle, but the onrushing water roused the dogs who began to bark furiously. The noise awakened the Coopers. Terror-stricken, they grabbed their infant son, and fled to higher ground shortly before the water swept the tent away.

In the years that followed, he joined a posse of ranch hands in tracking down rustlers who were raiding the Cooper cattle. He learned to ride a horse like an Indian. A feat he also attributes to destiny, since some of his best roles required him to ride a horse.

Long before he ever thought of a film career, he had a hankering to draw. At Grinnell College in Iowa he majored in art, ambitious to become a cartoonist. He worked for a time on newspapers in Iowa and Montana. Then he got the idea that there might be more opportunity in California. So he migrated westward.

"Looking back, I know I was no great shakes as an illustrator; I did much better on the back of a horse," he recalled. "But the desire to draw was strong in me. Actually, it was the desire to find a medium of expression, but I did not recognize it at the time. The ambition urged me on to Los Angeles to find a greater field. I went the round of the papers, day after day, without being able to get a job. I turned to other things and finally, when my shoes were worn thin and a single dime remained in my pocket, I got my first bit in a motion picture. A stunt rider in a cavalry charge.

"Why wasn't my first job as an extra in a ball room scene where I'd have had to wear formal evening clothes? Or in a mob scene wearing ordinary daytime clothes? No, fate decreed I was to make my entrance into pictures on a horse."

As he talks, you are inclined to agree with Gary. Somehow, he doesn't seem quite himself in his well-tailored business suit. Instinctively you see him in a cowboy outfit. A shirt open at the neck, belted and spurred—high boots and chaps—wind blowing the loose brim of his big, dusty hat.

From bit player, Cooper soon developed into a leading man. His part of the shy cowpuncher in *The Winning of Barbara Worth* was perfect casting. Various feminine stars saw him, liked him, and asked for him as leading man. Then came stardom.

The amazing thing about Gary is the way he has succeeded in putting across two diametrically opposite character types of role. In the years I have been watching his career, I have seen a remarkable change come over him as an actor. He has appeared in such outdoor spectacles as *Souls at Sea* opposite Frances Dee, *The Plainsman* with Jean Arthur, and *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Against these, chalk up such comedy-romances as *Desire* with Marlene Dietrich and

Gary Cooper's tall, virile masculinity was perfectly suited to the role of that rugged pioneer, Wild Bill Hickok, in "The Plainsman." Gary loved the part.

Shades of the cloak and sword era! Gary goes adventuring as the swashbuckling Marco Polo—A perfect foil for Sigrid Gurie, as this suave, fearless hero.

Gary of the plains—or a suave gentleman—which is it to be?

BY RUTH ARELL

Design for Living with Miriam Hopkins. Shy, bashful, even awkward at the start, he is today a contradiction of the theory that actors are born, rather than developed through application and study. With each succeeding role he improves constantly, adding depth and feeling to his characterizations.

If further proof is needed, his last two pictures reveal his versatility very clearly. In *The Adventures of Marco Polo,* Gary is a sportsman and adventurer while in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* he is very much the gay boulevardier which he plays up to the hilt opposite Claudette Colbert, in this sophisticated continental farce.

When I first interviewed this young man from Montana several years ago—before he married the lovely brunette, Sandra Shaw—I found that at heart he was the simple hard-riding man of the plains. "I can't say that I altogether disapprove of holding a lovely lady in my arms," he confessed then with a wide grin. "Embracing Marlene Dietrich and Ann Harding is the nicest sort of work a man can get. Kissing Miriam

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From buckskin and chaps of frontier fame to striped trousers and tails in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

A raging blizzard heralded the birth of pretty Sonja Henie.

Her early childhood in peaceful Oslo, Norway, was quiet and happy.

A BLIZZARD raged on the April night that Sonja Henie was born and the picturesque little Norway town of Oslo was half buried in cotton-white. The wind was a lusty knave battering at the lighted windows of the rambling fire-warmed house, but for all its shrieking, it could not drown out that first thin baby wail.

Big, burly Wilhelm Henie looked down on the tiny, squirming girl-child and felt that the Gods had indeed been kind. Already, there was a son, and now his prayer for a daughter had been answered.

"We shall call her Sonja," he whispered happily. "Little Sonja. . . ."

Curious that he should have chosen that name among all others, a name that in his language meant—*Applause*. Or could he, perhaps, have known subconsciously, what Destiny had in store for this little blonde child of the snow country?

The Henies were wealthy, Wilhelm being a fur merchant, and Sonja's early years were much the same as any beloved child of well-to-do parents. Oslo is a peaceful town lounging under the mighty mountains along the Christiana Fjord and while the rest of the world shot itself to pieces during the World War, the stolid Norwegian folk pursued a quiet life, attending to business, building their fires against the long, bitter winters.

Sonja's first memories are of big, open rooms with cavernous fireplaces and a lingering fragrance of burning pine. She remembers the shining, polished staircases and the groaning tables heaped with steaming food and her father's rumbling laughter. And there were the high-backed sleighs, their cutters crunching against hard-packed snow as the horses trotted briskly along breathing spirals of frost.

Until she was seven, Sonja's childhood was completely sheltered and not very exciting. She was spoiled within an inch of her life by friends and relatives who could not refrain from exclaiming over her fresh, baby beauty. It was only natural that she should become used to adulation. In fact, she literally basked in it like a sleek, rounded little blonde kitten. The basic secret of her personality today is built on the knowledge that when she appears anywhere, at any time, people will stare and people will applaud.

They always have. From the time she could first understand what the grown-up world was saying, she knew she was lovelier than other little girls. Visitors to Oslo, seeing her in the park with her governess would beg to snap her picture. In time she learned to stand very still, to smile, oh so engagingly and to thank the people prettily for wanting her photograph. The insidious need for applause seeped

At the early age of seven, she already showed prowess on ice-skates.

Brother Lief, an excellent skater himself, acted as her instructor.

One year later she entered a junior ice-skating contest—and won.

THAT GIRL FROM NORWAY—SONJA HENIE

Sonja Henie's first pair of ice skates were silver! From that day to the present she has soared to success on silver wings via the route of perseverance and charm.

BY SUZANNE KINGMAN

into her young mind early, was nurtured there by applause until it became a living, splendid force which has driven her ceaselessly from achievement to achievement.

When she was just four years old she was sent to dancing school. There, she discovered rhythm and a new way to be enchanting. It wasn't long before she would voluntarily entertain her mother's and father's guests with dances of her own creation and the praise she would receive was like heady wine. But with all her talent, Sonja was a normal child too. She liked to play with dolls and she had a real playhouse with a stove in it big enough to cook things. She also had a best-girl-friend named Lellei Neilson.

She and Lellei used to concoct all kinds of revolting recipes which Sonja would insist upon eating. She'd make Lellei eat them too and since Lellei hadn't Sonja's invincible constitution, she was often a victim of a good old-fashioned stomach ache.

Nothing was ever the matter with Sonja. She was like a sturdy young puppy, rolling and tumbling out-of-doors, her cheeks scarlet from the sun and wind, her eyes as clear and bright as the sky. It was her brother Lief, two years older than she and prone to taunt her with it, who taught her to ski. High in the mountains behind Oslo was the white-logged hunting lodge that had belonged to the Henie family for many years. It was there, on clear days, that the children raced in the snow and it was there that Sonja learned to skim like a bird across the crisp white surface of the hills.

She was an apt pupil and it wasn't six months before she had learned everything her brother knew. Then, she began making up tricks of her own and became so adept that neighbors began to wander over to the Henie lodge when they knew she'd be there, just to watch her. It was music to her ears to hear them remark that already, she could ski better than anyone else in the community.

She met triumph face to face when she was five. Her family had taken her to Grenen, in Denmark, for the swimming season and she'd entered a foot-race sponsored by the resort hotel. She won it easily and to her had been awarded a little copper medal.

But it wasn't the medal itself that had impressed Sonja. It had been the handful of guests shouting her name as she'd strained toward victory. It had been the judges, patting her golden head in approbation. The limelight had been all hers that afternoon and the glory of it had dazzled her.

This was the beginning. From that moment forth, she knew, with a conviction utterly unchildlike, that she must constantly have acclaim, that to her it would always be as necessary as food and drink.

Curiously enough, until this time, she'd never worn a pair of skates. This galled her, since Lief began spending most of his time on the frozen pond near the house, but her mother was afraid she might get hurt. The Christmas she was seven, however, Sonja felt certain the ban would be lifted. Surely, there would be skates for her among her many brightly wrapped gifts.

Feverishly, she opened each package, thrust it aside impatiently until at last, her presents all lay revealed—and no skates! With a howl of disappointment, little Miss Henie lay on the floor and screamed, her small heels beating out a tattoo of fury. Wilhelm, alarmed, rushed to the home of a neighbor who owned a sporting goods shop, dragged him down to his store and returned post haste with a pair of silvered skates. He could not have known, as he did so, that he and Destiny, for the moment, were one.

Clutching her new treasure, Sonja dried her tears and trotted happily down to the pond. Lief showed her

Sonja's preference for snowy white was highlighted in her smart skating togs in "Thin Ice."

Brother Lief happily greets his mother and Sonja in New York, on a recent visit from Norway shores.

"Happy Landing," the third starring vehicle for Sonja, grossed millions for her producer 20th-Century-Fox.

how to adjust the straps, led her onto the ice and there he left her, tottering alone. But she was in her element at last. Each time she fell, she picked herself up and began again, until, in a surprisingly short period, she'd mastered the secret of timing. Each morning, after that, she followed her brother to the ice, listened attentively to his instructions, practised knee bending exercises and balance-control. And she skated. Hours she spent there on the ice, going over and over the routines she'd learned.

One day, about a year after she'd first put on her skates, she learned of a competition open to any junior girl in Oslo. Without consulting her parents, she entered the contest, thereby exhibiting the superb self-confidence, the amazing enterprise which has carried her to the pinnacle of success today. And she was only eight years old.

She won the contest hands down. The prize was a sterling silver paper knife with a mother-of-pearl handle and she got her picture in the local paper. Even more gratifying to her, however, was the prideful pleasure in the eyes of Wilhelm and Selma Henie. After that, the course of her young life was inevitably associated with the work of winning one contest after another. Nothing was too difficult as long as it could be done on skates and as long as the public would be there to applaud. She had not been named Sonja in vain.

Aside from her obsession for public favor, the days passed with normal but heightening tempo. She went to a private school, attended parties given by a variety of girl friends, studied, ate, slept, much as any girl her age, but behind it all, there was the knowledge within herself, that only the far reaches were for her.

When she was nine years old, she entered the senior girls' figure-skating contest in Oslo. She won it, of course. At ten, she won the national Norwegian fancy-skating contest and the applause grew louder. The next winter the Henies moved to another house they owned beside the blue Christiana Fjord so that Sonja might practice on wider fields.

It was that winter that she learned they were to hold the world's championship skating meet in Oslo. Shaking with excitement, she approached her father, the man she adored above all men, not because he had always indulged her, but because he seemed so strong, so fine.

"Everyone will come," she told him breathlessly. "The King and Queen and all the Royal Family will be there. Can—can we go?"

Fondly, Wilhelm regarded his vivid little daughter, so eager, so vibrantly alive.

"If it will please you, little one," he told her then, "enter, by all means."

The days which followed scarcely registered in Sonja's mind. She practiced for hours on end, perfecting old routines and inventing new ones. At night, she would lie wide-eyed with worry in the darkness of her pleasant room. She must win! She must!

She and her mother worked furiously on a costume, trying out pattern after pattern, all different color combinations. Finally, one afternoon, Sonja discarded everything they'd thought of. She'd wear white! Unrelieved white, with a wide circular skirt that would swirl as she pirouetted. She didn't know it then, but that decision was her first display of showmanship.

The day of the contest, she discovered that she was the youngest entry ever to compete for the world's championship and the knowledge suddenly frightened her. But the costume helped. No one else had dared such stark simplicity and no one else managed to combine such effortless grace and skill. She was beauty incarnate flashing across the ice on her silver skates and those who watched her were breathless with the wonder of her.

At the end, as she balanced herself on the tips of her skates and heard the vast arena echoing with sound, saw the onlookers arise as one person in homage to her artistry, she knew the honors were hers. But even in this supreme moment, a curious restlessness consumed her. She wanted other worlds to conquer. And yet, she was just eleven. King Haakon himself addressed her.

"Norway is proud of you, my child," he said. And Sonja smiled and curtsied. "Thank you, your Majesty," she replied primly, "your presence inspired me."

For a little while, the glory of having won the world's championship was enough. But slowly, she began to want more than past glory. She wanted the excitement of ever winning new laurels. It wasn't enough to stay at home and study theorems with a tutor or skate on her own ice pond with only the neighbors to admire her skill. And then summer would come and there would be no ice. She pointed this out to her father.

"But I cannot make a rink for you," he protested.

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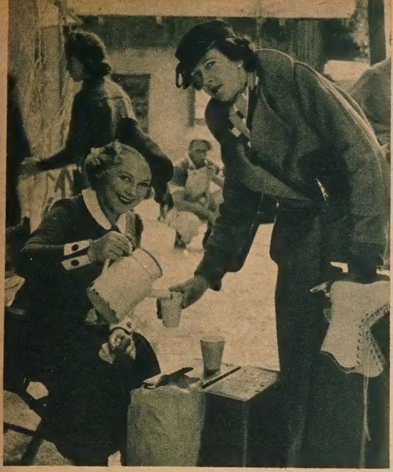

Since coming to this country Sonja's mother has been her constant companion and adviser.

Learning ballet when only four gave her the rhythmic ease necessary for her skating routines.

Director Sid Lanfield tells Sonja where she should halt her breath-taking pirouette.

Sonja and handsome Tyrone Power in a tender love scene before their real-life romance suddenly took flight.

Fate GUIDES GEORGE SANDERS

The gods lavishly bestowed their gifts on handsome George Sanders. Scientist—singer—actor . . . he's excelled in them all. What next, Sir? Do the fates decree love?

BY CHARLOTTE BUCHWALD

GEORGE SANDERS was discussing with his Russian nurse the theory that life was in the hands of the gods, when the front door of the Sanders home in St. Petersburg burst open unceremoniously and Sanders pére rushed breathlessly into the room. Excitedly, he said to his eleven year old son:

"George, get together a few of your things. Sasha will help you. We must flee the country," he gasped.

"What is the matter, papa?" young George queried.

"The Revolution! We must go quickly. The anarchists are after me because I am a capitalist. Hurry or it will be too late," his father warned.

Sasha scooped George up from the floor where he had been sitting, and hurriedly made him ready for flight. Fa-

George takes time out to revel in the loveliness flaunted by Dolores Del Rio in "Lancer Spy."

Behind George's dazzling smile lurks a keen, scientific mind.

ther and son waited for night to fall. Then with the kindly Sasha's aid they were hustled out of war-torn Russia, which had been George's home since his birth, in spite of the fact that he had been born under the protection of the British Embassy.

For two days and two nights the Sanders' were in constant terror of their lives. There was always the feeling that they were being pursued by the anarchists who would definitely lop off any capitalist's head and certainly Mr. Sanders', for he had already been threatened. In his moment of deepest fright, when he was crossing an ice-covered river, George remembered the parting words of his beloved nurse: "Many things will happen to you on this journey back to England. Do not be afraid, for all things are in the hands of the gods. If they wish you to live, you will live. If not, all will be over for you."

Shivers ran up and down his spine but George shook off his fear and straightened his shoulders. He accepted the philosophy of his nurse. "What will be, will be," he said to himself. "If fate decrees that I should arrive in England safely and be reunited with my mother, I will be; and if not, then I will die."

Once safely established in England, George became a confirmed fatalist. His family decided that this young child, who had been through so many harrowing experiences, must be sent to school where he might lead an average boy's existence. At school he had long discussions with the other students, explaining his views on life, but he didn't seem to do much in the way of his studies. Vaguely in the back of his head, he had the idea that he might one day become a famous scientist.

To this end he started to dabble around with various kinds of machinery that came his way. And one day he got a very bright idea. He attached an automotive device to a small toy. That night he took the gadget along with him to the bathtub, where to his great delight he saw it jog along the water without any help from him. Soon after this incident, he invented two more swimming novelties which he immediately had patented. He decided that an ordinary school was no place for him and he asked his father to have him transferred to a technical school. His family agreed, and, soon after his graduation, he drifted into something called "technical textile research." He became quite interested in his work and thought his career was completely mapped out for the rest of his life. But here fate intervened in the guise of his best friend, Graeme Ogden.

George and Graeme were sitting around over a friendly drink one night, when Graeme suddenly conceived the wild idea of growing tobacco in South America. It seems a chap he knew had just returned from Brazil with his pockets filled with gold. Graeme became imbued with a similar thought. Pretty soon George gave up his work in textiles and he and Ogden went off to the Southlands. They found living in the Argentine quite delightful but not the slightest bit profitable, since neither of them knew anything at all about the tobacco business. They were lolling about wondering what to do with their tobacco crop when along came the depression and cleaned them out with one fell swoop. George believed absolutely that fate was sending them back home to England for a very definite reason. He could almost hear his nurse saying: "Sasha knows that the gods didn't want you to be successful in this business. It just wasn't to be. That's all."

Back home, George found that the depression was even worse than it had been in South America. He realized he was in need of a job and he looked around for one in a haphazard fashion. In addition to

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Competition surrounds George in "Four Men and a Prayer" with Loretta Young as the lady.

A deep sonorous voice was George's passport to the stage. Dolores seems to like it too.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT—BATHING BEAUTY

Claudette Colbert did not graduate from the bathing beauty class, but her slim, alluring figure might well have graced this role with flying colors. Free from the molded sophistication of her flowing gowns, she basks in the light of Gary Cooper's manly admiration. She costars with Gary in Paramount's gay, rollicking farce "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

The stage claimed Claudette through a wager made at a tea party. She made her first appearance in "The Wild Westcotts" as a parlor-maid. Six months later she was a Broadway star. "The Lady Lies" was her first talking picture.

Claudette has demonstrated her aptitude for highly dramatic roles as well as light comedy. She proved the latter by capturing the Academy award in "It Happened One Night." Although Paramount is her home lot, she is borrowed regularly by other film companies, for important parts.

A NEW COAT FOR BOB

Bob Taylor's reel life is a personification of American youth at its best . . . his real life is devoted to ranching . . . An ardent devotee of outdoor life, Bob goes in for old tweeds. He startled all by setting a style in racy plaids.

JAMES STEWART, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable organized the ASTOOSC—Association for the Suppression of Taylor's Old and Obsolete Sport Coat Club. Robert Taylor's favorite garb was the same old rumpled brown sport coat that he wore before he reached stardom. Clark, Spencer, and James unanimously decided that the old coat would not do any more; that it was an unfit casing for the idol of the feminine hearts of the world.

So the ASTOOSC Club was formed and it was decided that: Robert Taylor should be brutally snubbed whenever any member met him; that each and every member would flatly refuse to eat at the same table with him. This ultimatum was told to Robert, but as he was soon to leave for London to play in "A Yank at Oxford," he flatly refused to do anything about it.

However, when he returned from England he began to sport glaringly new coats of loud and screaming checks, and what's more he turned a deaf ear to all the ribald shouts of ridicule and protest. Now the members of the ASTOOSC Club wish they had never encouraged him to buy a new coat, and they are begging him with tears in their eyes, to go back to the good old conservative brown coat that he once loved so dearly.

But Robert just grins impishly and says, "Oh, no! You asked for it! Besides, I like these new coats and I intend to wear them all the time."

Now everyone on the MGM lot is threatening to boycott Spencer, Clark and Jimmie, because they started it all!

Vera Zorina, beautiful Norwegian ballerina, unassumingly greets America, with European acclaim still ringing in her receptive ears.

ZORINA STEPS

NO photographers steamed out on the tug to meet Vera Zorina on that gray, mist-hung morning when the Normandie puffed breathlessly into the New York harbor. There were no interviews with the gentlemen of the press or pictures of her, swathed in sables, revealing her "million dollar shafts." There was no fuss or commotion among the passengers when they learned that the prima ballerina of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe had been on board during the entire crossing.

None of them suspected that the beautiful girl taking her daily walks around the decks, playing shuffle-board with the other passengers or sitting quietly in a secluded corner of the ship's library was a ballerina.

Of course, they never suspected that anyone could be a ballerina at the age of twenty, let alone the leading ballerina of the world's most glamorous organization. But they were all wrong. And if the men on board the Normandie on that crossing had only deserted the bar for a few minutes, they would have lost their hearts instead of their equilibrium. For right on the same boat with them was Zorina. The same Zorina who enraptured the hearts of all Europe—who left a trail of ardent admirers from Oslo to Venice, from one end of the Continent to the other—not only because of the divine quality of her dancing but because of her fascinating charm and strange beauty.

Unlike the many aspirants for Garbo's crown, who come to these shores in a blaze of glory and publicity and a show of beautiful legs, only to be forgotten in the vast anonymity of Hollywood, Vera Zorina makes no challenge for Garbo's throne. But there is much predicting in film circles by people who can recognize the real thing when they see it.

With only a single picture to her credit, she has already given enough proof of her ability. At the age of twenty, she has already reached the peak of one career and is well on her way to success in another. *The Goldwyn Follies* is the first picture Zorina ever made, but critical observers say it's proof enough that Goldwyn still knows how to pick winners.

Gifted with a fresh, vital charm and the grace of a dryad, she only needed one chance to convince the moguls of the movies she's got what it takes—and more!

To the swanky audiences of Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna, she is known by the single name—Zorina—an honor bestowed by Europeans upon outstanding artists and highly prized by those worthy of the distinction. Karsavina, Pavlova and Nijinsky were among those similarly honored in the ballet. In the theatre Duse, Bernhardt and Coquelin earned

TO Stardom

Zorina arrives on the steed of success . . . Will she soar on a comet to Filmdom's shining top? Will she topple Garbo's inviolable throne?

BY GENE SCHROTT

the same esteem but in motion pictures, Garbo alone enjoys this mark of recognition. But now with Zorina's presence in this country, she may be obliged to share the honors.

Ever since the age of thirteen when she first danced her way into the hearts of all Europe, Zorina has steadily been strengthening the bond of affection between her audiences and herself. European critics confess she is one of the few entertainers who can make their stony hearts melt as they watch her inspired dancing and graceful rhythms on the stage. Dignified audiences forget themselves and cheer as lustily as the poor folk in the gallery at the mere sight of her.

At first glance you immediately become aware of the striking resemblance she bears to both Garbo and Dietrich but with an additional allure that is younger and fresher. There is a mystifying languor about her every movement and a careless grace that unconsciously clings to her. She makes you think of poetry, especially the famous line from Keats—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Possessed of woman's two great weapons, sex appeal and beauty, she takes advantage of them only when the script calls for it. Otherwise, she is a calm, placid creature who makes no pretenses at trying to impress people with her importance.

You find yourself intrigued by her disarming *realness,* her refreshing youthfulness, her sincere enthusiasm and complete lack of affectation.

In the privacy of her home, her simplicity and naturalness strongly attest this, but seeing her on the screen, you are confronted with the other side of her dual personality. In flowing gowns and luxurious settings, she displays the same dramatic gifts as Garbo and the same intelligent understanding so essential for a great actress.

But during the course of a conversation, she sits quietly listening with a schoolgirl interest, her hands primly folded, trying to retain all the information her active mind will absorb. Her greenish-blue eyes are opened wide and almost make you doubt their unusual color. Her hair, which she wears down to her shoulders in a straight, simple bob, is dark, blonde and curls up at the ends. She talks freely on any subject you mention but before you finish you suddenly discover she's the one who's asking all the questions.

When Samuel Goldwyn saw her during a performance in London several years ago, he became even more enthusiastic than the excited Englishmen sitting all around him. He lost no time hurrying backstage during intermission and as he was threading his way through the maze of fantastic backdrops and shifting scenery, he was already envisaging a star who would outshine any that America had ever seen.

So great was his fervor to induce Zorina to come to the United States, he almost forgot to knock on her dressing-room door. But even when he entered and announced the name that causes many of the idols of the stage and screen to suddenly go limp, this young, blonde Norwegian girl didn't bat a single one of her long, sweeping eyelashes.

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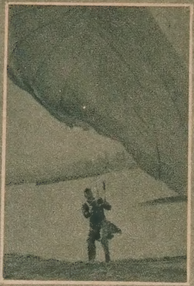
Goldwyn's tireless efforts scored a "yes" after two years. Her perfect ballet technique, exotic grace and dramatic talent, now bear the Hollywood stamp of approval. This gal's beauty has a universal appeal.

Zorina was delighted over the water ballet in "The Goldwyn Follies." But it took an entire day to perfect this shot and when the scene was finished, she was glad to get back on terra-firma. If box-office receipts mean anything, her film career is "made."

Zorina's lovely golden tresses and aquamarine eyes are an inheritance from her mother, who accompanies her everywhere. She is fascinated by New York's skyline but returns to the coast for "The Great Music Festival" feauring Jascha Heifetz and Paul Draper.



PILOTING TEST PILOT

BY DORRIS DENBO

CLARK GABLE will tell you *Test Pilot* is one of the most important roles of his career, because it endeavors to draw a true picture of the life and the breathless daring of test pilots, the unsung heroes of aviation.

"What men they are," sighed Clark Gable, with a shake of his head and a look of abstraction upon his face. "They're a wonderful lot, I'll tell you!"

"Let me try to describe to you what I saw when I went out to March Field before I started the picture. I went to familiarize myself with the type of man I was to portray in *Test Pilot*—and I did!

"Someone said, 'There's a test pilot, and a good one. Watch him work if you want to know what they have to do!' He pointed to a man who was as alert and highstrung as a taut wire. He was coming out of a hangar, and he walked around a squat, snub-nosed combat plane. He looked it over with a keen critical eye. He studied the wires first, with infinite care. I was told the ship had been taken through its preliminary tests, so he knew it would fly all right. But he had to find out if it would dive and stand the test of every emergency and unexpected demand made by weather and fighting.

"Finally, after a careful examination of the entire ship, he jumped into the cockpit and took her up. For ten minutes he flew around, jerking her all over the sky to test for signs of wing-flutter, or aileron-flutter. He turned over in a short dive to test for wire vibration and wrinkling fabric on the wings. It was evidently okay so far. He climbed sharply and dived again; two thousand feet this time. The ship flattened off with no hint of abnormal stress. So far so good. Clear sailing seemed ahead.

"Then he really went upstairs! Eighteen thousand feet, so he told me later. He turned over in a half roll and stuck her nose straight down. It sounds easy to say, but boy, I'll tell you it takes a real flyer to do it! Later, when I asked him about this dive, he told me the air speed needle was racing around, registering three hundred and eighty-five miles an hour. When it got to three hundred and ninety-five, it stopped. In that way he found out the plane's top speed. And all that time, understand, that guy was watching his altimeter winding up—down to eleven thousand, ten and a half—nine. . . . If she wouldn't come out just when he wanted her to—parachute—or curtains for him!

"We could hear the motor reach its peak-whine right from the ground. The wires howled like demons and

Clark Gable, an ardent air-enthusiast, is flying his way to a pilot's license.

Test-piloting is an adventure when you can take-off with kisses from Myrna Loy.

the motor was roaring like a crazy thing.

"When he landed, the altimeter check showed he had dived eleven thousand feet. If you have ever power-dived in a plane, you may have some idea what a strain that man was under! If you never have, you simply cannot imagine it. It might help to realize that in power-dives like this one, the pilot's body is pushed back in his seat with such pressure that sometimes the man's eyes, mouth, and nose bleed, and he is often semi-conscious by the time he takes it out.

"After this he landed. He walked about for a few minutes, stretching and flexing his muscles. No one went near him, or spoke to him. Then he climbed in and took her up again for what they call a pull-out. When a plane is pulled out of a dive at high speed, the centrifugal force forces the pilot down hard in his seat. The faster he pulls out, the harder he takes it. The accelerometer registers this push-down. In level flights it registers one. That is one G, or one gravity. In nine G pull-outs, such as they require for a test, the pilot is shoved down in his seat with a force equal to nine times his own weight. For instance, this bird weighed thirteen hundred and fifty pounds, exactly, while we watched him doing the pull-outs. He had to get nine G's or the pull-out was no good. If he got more than that, probably *he* wouldn't be any good from then on. . . . And that's how he made his living!

"The minute he touched land and came to a stop he leaped out, like a boy getting out of school for recess. The man with me called to him and he came over laughing, as though he'd had the time of his life and couldn't wait until he could do a repeat performance."

Clark was still profoundly impressed—and I think a little dazed, in remembering this experience.

"Another thing I learned about these men," he went on, "They don't fly for the money involved, or because they can't get any other job . . . they do it because they love it. They gamble their lives against the airworthiness of a newly designed airplane—and revel in it. They know that nothing lies between them and eternity but the ship, and that ship untried and apt to fail them at any given moment. But that's the chance they take, and they consider it a good way to die.

"You know, after watching those men and working among them as I have the past month, I believe they have something there. I'll be darned if I don't think it would be a good way to die—and a good way to live, too; dangerously, excitingly, fully!"

Yes, Clark Gable liked doing *Test Pilot*, and I'll be willing to bet he puts more true feeling into the characterization of Jim Lane, reckless, headstrong, heedless flying fool, than he has ever put into any other role in his life!

The story is *(Continued on page 75)*

Clark and Myrna hop aboard the matrimonial ship for better or worse. Happy landing!

PAUL MANTZ AIR
INSTRU
NC 101

Spencer Tracy trains for some spine-tingling maneuvers as a stunt flyer in "Test Pilot."

The Adventures of
TOM
SAWYER
by MARK TWAIN

NO TIME FOR FUN

Hittin' home-runs on the diamond and swimmin' with the gang is tops with Tommy Kelly.

• • •

Girls, Sure Tommy likes 'em. But pretty ones. His theory seemed to work in Tom Sawyer opposite Ann Gillis.

YOU think it's fun to be a movie star, don't you? You think the winner of a nation-wide search for a new child star is the luckiest fellow in the world, don't you? Well, Tommy Kelly doesn't think so.

Sometimes Tommy thinks he'd rather be back in the Bronx playing One-old-cat, than photographed and interviewed as the star of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* Sometimes Tommy wishes the talent scout who found him in St. Raymond's School had selected someone else instead of him. Sometimes twelve-year-old Tommy feels a little rebellious.

And no wonder. What fun has he had since he came to Hollywood! What fun? Tommy's little lip trembles as he answers, "No fun at all."

"But, Tommy," his father expostulates, "don't you remember the time you rode on the fire engine in Culver City?"

Tommy is silent.

"Did you ride on a fire engine, Tommy?"

He nods his head.

"Well, wasn't that fun?"

His blue eyes look steadily ahead. "No," he answers slowly, "that wasn't fun. That was just for a picture. Besides that old fire engine wasn't going more than fifteen miles an hour."

"But you'd like to ride on a real fire engine—the kind they have back home in New York?"

His eyes light up for an instant. Then gravely he replies, "Oh, they wouldn't let me ride on a real fire engine. Fifty or sixty miles an hour—gosh!"

"But you'd like to?"

"Like to!" His earnest little face shines. "Would I!"

Real fun for a real boy, that's what Tommy wants. But that isn't what he found in Hollywood. Not during the eleven months he was working on "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

There wasn't much provision for fun in the program laid out for little Tommy. From 8:30 until 5:30 each day Tommy was at the studio. Three hours of tutoring were required by law, then came four hours before the cameras, one hour for lunch and an hour for recreation. Recreation? Tommy almost snorts when you mention recreation. He couldn't ride on his new bicycle, he couldn't skate, he couldn't even run around for fear he'd fall and get hurt. Ordinary kids don't have to worry about bruises and sprains, and losing a tooth or two, maybe. But little movie stars have to be careful. A black eye can cost the studio thousands of dollars if production is held up. They have

(Continued on page 73)

Judy Garland was a stage hit at the early age of two. Today she's gotta swing to sing.

This warblin' darkie may fool the public but Allan Jones is on to Judy in "Everybody Sing."

VETERAN AT FOURTEEN

A Southern lass who follows the code . . . knock 'em in the aisles . . . Judy's vibrant personality hits a new high for '38 stardom. Watch this Garland gal!

TWELVE years ago, on the stage of her father's theatre in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, a plump little two-year-old made her first debut singing *Jingle Bells*. She finished the first chorus, blinked at the footlights, and launched on an encore. Minutes later, her father carried her off-stage still lustily shouting "Jingle bells, jingle bells. . . ."

Today that youngster has a firm foothold in Hollywood. Not yet mid-way through her teens, she has sung in such pictures as *Pigskin Parade, Broadway Melody of 1937, Throughbreds Don't Cry* and her latest *Everybody Sing*. Her name is, have you guessed it, Judy Garland.

Does Judy like being in pictures? Does she! There isn't anything in the world she'd rather do. Not anything. For Judy isn't happy unless she's acting. At fourteen she's a veteran trouper with two years of Hollywood experience and eight years of vaudeville. Eight years of playing to audiences in every state in the union. Eight years of one night stands and living in cheap hotels. But would Judy trade her greasepaint for the normal well-ordered existence most youngsters lead? Not on your life!

Says Judy with an enthusiasm that's infectious, "Why I've had more fun and excitement than most kids ever dream of."

No, Judy isn't trading her lot for anyone's.

Judy loves acting. She loves interviews. And, because audiences hold no dread for her, she even loves going on tour. It reminds her of her past (up to the age of twelve) except that these days she's a headliner.

"Besides, when I arrived in New York," adds Judy, her brown eyes dancing, "Mr. Mayer told me I could buy a complete new wardrobe—anything I wanted—and charge it to the studio. Can you imagine that!"

For Louis B. Mayer has reason to be pleased with his young star. Hasn't Judy toppled a few box office records? And when a performer cleans up at the box office, there's nothing in the world too good for her. Nothing at all. Not even a brand new wardrobe!

But Judy's life hasn't always been one triumph after another. No siree. There was one crisis in her life when she thought her career was over. One unhappy period when she was convinced she was a has-been at the ripe old age of twelve.

It happened this way. For eight years Judy was the youngest member of the vaudeville act known as "The Gumm Sisters" (this is a secret and keep it dark—Judy's real name is Frances Gumm). Judy was cute and she could sing appealingly, but her two older sisters, Suzanne and Virginia were the real mainstays of the act. And then, without warning, Suzanne got married and quit the act, and Virginia decided to retire, leaving twelve year old Judy the sole survivor of a sister act—without sisters!

The booking agents wouldn't gamble on a twelve year old doing a single act, and Judy was at the end of her rope.

"I just wanted to die," is the way she describes it.

But when her father bought a movie theatre in Lancaster, a suburb of Los Angeles, Judy began to pin her hopes on a movie career. She just had to make a come-back (sic!) or die! So she tried every trick she could think of to win the attention of the movie moguls, and, just when she was beginning to lose all hope, MGM sent for her. So excited was she at the prospect of a screen test,

(Continued on page 80)

■ TONY AND MARGIE

In the 20th Century-Fox film, *Kentucky Moonshine*, Tony Martin and Marjorie Weaver impart a certain feeling and warmth to scenes they share together.

■ FLORENCE AND DENNIS

Love Bites Man is the title of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in which Florence Rice and a new leading man, Dennis O'Keefe, play newlyweds.

Hollywood's No. 1 business woman is all set to join Roland Young for another fun-fest in "Topper Takes A Trip," sequel to "Topper."

While Connie is equally adept at comedy or drama, she takes her script seriously. Director McLeod and Writer Moran help out.

Constance Bennett

BUSINESS WOMAN!

A Marquise socially—an actress professionally—A cosmetician in business . . . What is the next role, Connie?

"HOLLYWOOD has learned," a film colony correspondent wrote several years ago, "that Connie Bennett is the only iceberg which erupts like a volcano."

Hollywood has since learned that Constance Bennett is the most unpredictable member of an unpredictable family.

No one ever suggested that she was the greatest actress on the screen, yet she is the only one ever to win a contract giving her $30,000 a week.

Since her debut in the screen version of Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," she has worked in every type of picture from the collegiate *The Goose Hangs High* to such problem plays as *The Common Law* and the spy film, *Three Faces East*. Yet not one ever thought of casting her as a comedienne until Hal Roach last Summer put her into *Topper,* in which she gave a hilarious performance as Marian Kirby.

Hollywood learned then—and with no little amazement—that Connie's comedy surpassed any role she ever had played, except one: Her real life role as a business woman.

Whatever Connie Bennett does, you may be sure that it will be good business. Some screen stars pride themselves on the fact that they are ranked among the ten best dressed women in the world. Some will sacrifice almost anything to stay in the *glamour girl* class. Others, like Garbo, Hepburn, Alice Brady and Billie Burke, know their claims to fame are based solely on their acting ability, and they are proud of it.

Constance Bennett glories in her reputation as the cagiest business woman ever to sign the dotted line on a Hollywood contract. She established that reputation soon after she went into pictures, and she has kept it ever since. In fact, she enhanced it not long ago when full page advertisements in the magazines announced the appearance on the market of a full line of Constance Bennett Cosmetics.

There is nothing phoney about that. Be skeptical if you like, but this is not just another case where a movie star has lent her name to a cosmetics company. This is Connie Bennett's own firm, and the firm's products are the results of her own needs.

Years ago, a physician told Connie that her skin was allergic to the lanolin base used in most cosmetics, and it was necessary for her to find a new type, with some other base. Connie engaged a chemist to work out the problem, and she studied with him so that she can tell you in full, right down to the last technical detail, just how and why her cosmetics are made as they are.

She has been using these cosmetics for the past eight years, and last year she began to wonder if perhaps

When titles meet! Connie rubs shoulders with her good friend, Lady Ashley, now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., between shots.

Raised in the lap of luxury and reaching the hall of fame, have left Connie singularly untouched. Contrary to rumors her charm and good sportsmanship are by-words in the film colony.

BY JOHN F. DEVINE

there weren't thousands of other women whose skin was similar to hers; if perhaps it wouldn't be good business to market the creams and lotions, lipstick and rouge which had been designed specifically for her. She talked it over with Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, and the two of them, deciding that it would be good business, determined to organize a company to manufacture the products. If that doesn't prove that Connie is a potential financial genius, nothing does. She is even turning a profit from the peculiarities of her own complexion.

Two friends were discussing Connie's business ability and her shrewd management of her household, as they left her charming Holmby Hills home, after tea one afternoon.

"You know," said one, "I believe if Constance were making $25 a week, she would save $12.50 out of every pay check."

"Don't be silly!" scoffed the other, who knew Connie better. "She'd save $15, or not one cent."

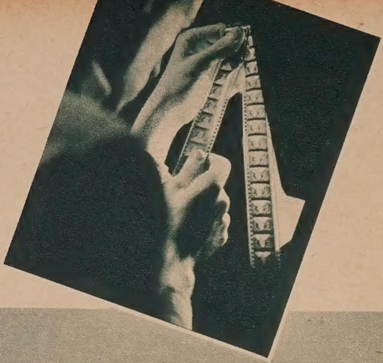
Just why Constance Bennett is so efficient in money matters is one of the great enigmas of Hollywood. Educated in the lap of luxury, and groomed only for a social life, she never knew what it meant to need money. Her father, Richard Bennett, was insulting theater audiences from coast to coast, and drawing what even today is considered fabulous salaries on the dramatic stage, when Constance was being educated at Miss Shandor's Park Avenue School, in New York; Mrs. Merrill's fashionable school in Mamaroneck, and Mme. Balsan's finishing school in Versailles.

At that time, Constance showed not the slightest desire to follow her father into the theater. And her sisters, Barbara and Joan, were too absorbed in school girl games to think of careers. It was Mrs. Bennett's fondest wish that all her daughters would escape the bite of the stage bug, but Constance, just back from Paris, attended an Equity ball with her father, and Samuel Goldwyn saw her. A screen test followed, almost immediately, and Constance was assigned to the role of the flapper in *Cytherea*, which was made in the East.

Impressed by her performance, Hollywood beckoned, and Connie went to the coast, where she made eight pictures as a free-lance, and then was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to star in *Sally, Irene and Mary*. Featured in this latter picture, incidentally, were Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neill.

Young Philip Plant came along shortly after Connie signed her contract, and along with his declarations of love he announced that he didn't want Constance to be an actress any more. When Miss Bennett became Mrs. Plant, her contract was broken

(Continued on page 76)



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

☐ MODERN MOVIES PRESENTS THE LATEST FILMS AS REVIEWED BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

☐ Bluebeard's Eighth Wife

A Franco-American farce, about a marriage which isn't a marriage until after the divorce, starts with promise when Gary Cooper buys the top of a pair of pajamas, and Claudette Colbert takes the pants. But Lubitsch, the master, fails to sustain the sly bubbling comedy of other days. The laughs are hilarious when they come, so perhaps it's perverse to quibble over the intervals between, which do pall. Claudette, daughter of a penniless French Marquis, is about to marry a wilful American millionaire when she discovers she will be his eighth bride. Appalled, she demands in the marriage contract a huge settlement to be paid her in case of a divorce—then fiendishly proceeds to drive her husband to that action. This gives Claudette a chance to be very nasty, Gary to be very Deedsy, and Edward Everett Horton, David Niven and others to be very funny. Dependable amusement. *Paramount.*

☐ There's Always a Woman

Goofy enough to qualify in the present craze for harebrained comedy, this tale of a lady sleuth and her suffering mate doesn't go to quite such extremes of wackiness as its contemporaries. A fine, thumping, robust married pair are Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas. Melvyn as a detective who gives up his private—and practically non-existent—practice to return to his old job in the District Attorney's office. And Joan as the ambitious little woman who decides to carry on in his place; stumbles onto a murder; and in her own maddening muddle-headed feminine fashion solves the crime—but not until she has reduced the District Attorney and the entire police force to hysteria. Gags and dialogue have considerable originality, and Joan performs with delightful verve and dash—such dash, in fact, that she must have been black and blue all over. It's lots of fun. Frances Drake is attractive in a minor role. *Columbia.*

☐ Condemned Women

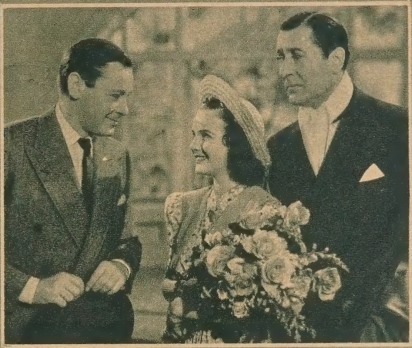
Grim in theme and unrelieved in its handling, this is not recommended for those who expect movies to be sprightly entertainment. Just how much value it has as an authentic document of life in a woman's prison, and whether a visiting young psychiatrist really would have a chance to kiss one of the incorrigible young ladies behind the furnace, are questions someone else must answer. But there is a certain fascination in the spectacle of women in those brutal surroundings; in the unfolding of the plot to escape. And a certain beauty in the murky photography of riot and panic in the prison. Sally Eilers, as the prisoner unjustly accused of engineering the escape, because the Warden wishes to kill the young doctor's love for her, stalks through the picture with a sullen expression which ill becomes her. Anne Shirley and Lee Patrick are effective contrasts as her cell-mates. Louis Hayward is more smooth than convincing as the doctor.

☐ OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Billie Burke in Merrily We Live.
Alan Mowbray in Merrily We Live.
Constance Bennett in Merrily We Live.
Brian Ahearne in Merrily We Live.
Deanna Durbin in Mad About Music.
Herbert Marshall in Mad About Music.
Helen Parrish in Mad About Music.
Priscilla Lane in Love, Honor, and Behave.

☐ Mad About Music

Though not as rich musically as *One Hundred Men And A Girl*, Deanna Durbin's latest is far better in every other respect. Fresh and exuberant as the girls' school in which it is laid, cockeyed but credible in plot, it is deliciously funny, poignantly sad, suspenseful, tuneful, and acted with spirit by everyone concerned. Kept hidden in a Swiss boarding-school by her movie-star mother, Deanna's yearning to boast of her parent leads her to regale her schoolmates with letters from a non-existent father. Caught in her own fabrication, forced to produce the mythical papa, she seizes on the first man who comes to hand. Herbert Marshall gives a perfectly balanced performance as the father-by-force, humorously understanding but never sentimental. Deanna, much improved in looks, sings delightfully, and shares acting honors with Helen Parrish, her meanie schoolmate. This must be seen. *Universal.*

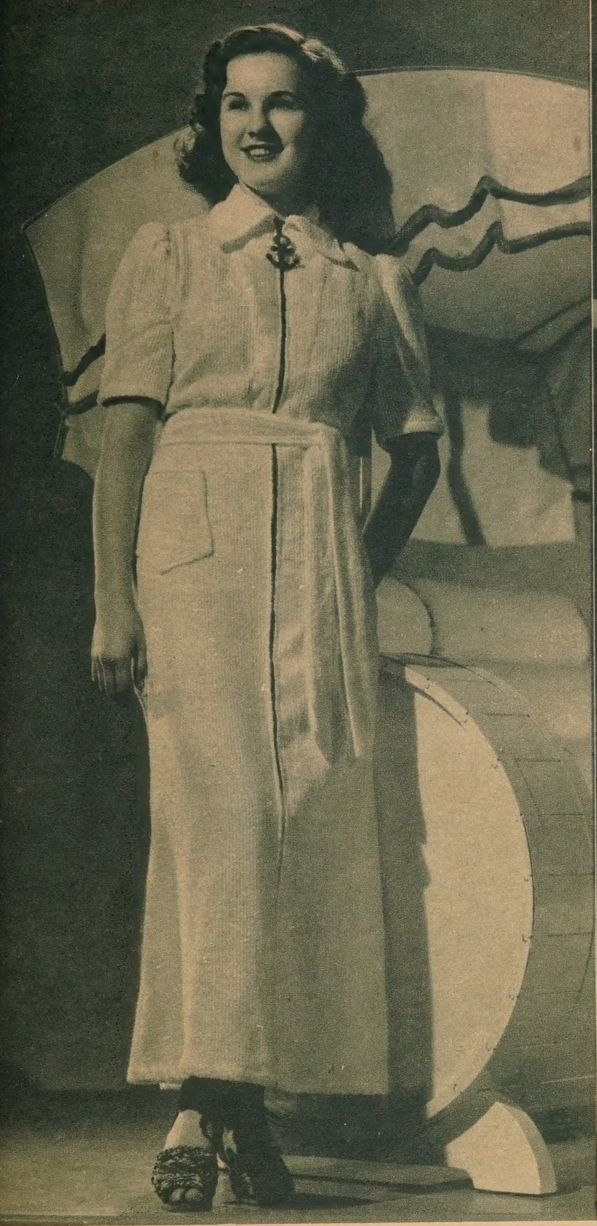


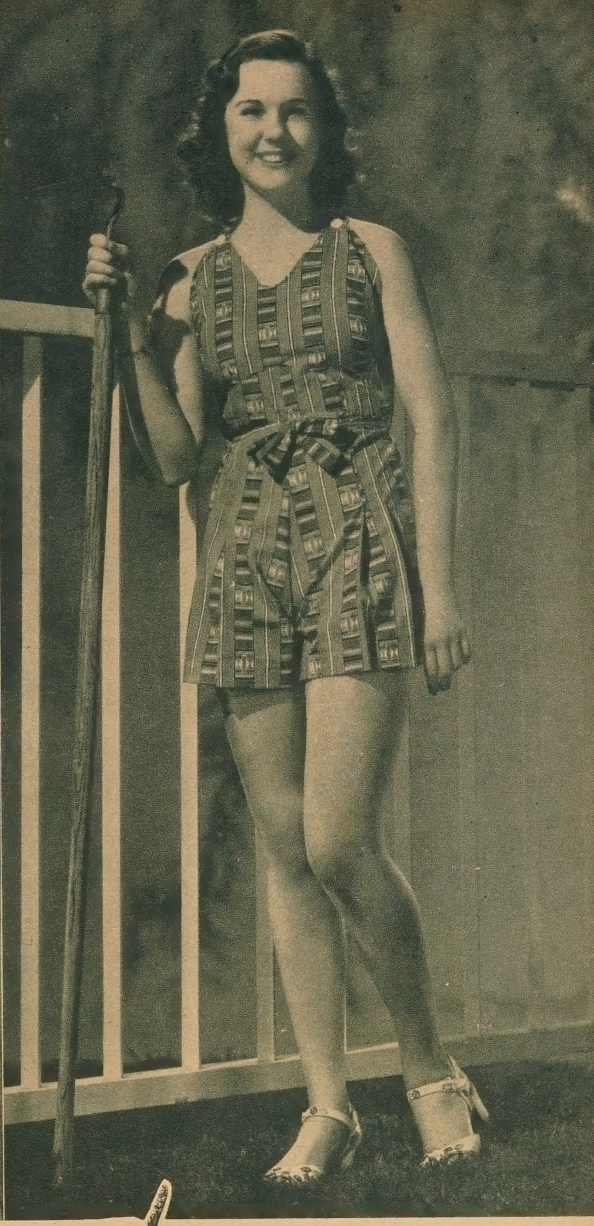
☐ Merrily We Live

Worthy successor to *Topper*, this gets off to a strained start, then builds steadily into one of the funniest comedies of this or any season. Mad, absurd, brightly written and perfectly timed, it reaches the heights. That old reliable, the crazy family, proves again that you can't find a better frame to hang comedy on. Billie Burke, prettier, vaguer, and much funnier than ever before, is the soul of the family, as the mother who insists on taking stray tramps into her home to make men of them, and gets Brian Ahearne by mistake. Her playing—or is it her lines—rises practically to genius. The rest of the household which has to cope with the intruder are Constance Bennett and Bonita Granville as the daughters, Alan Mowbray as the indignant butler, Patsy Kelly as the lovesick cook, and Clarence Kolb as the harassed father—all brilliant in their varied fields. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

☐ Love, Honor, and Behave

This story takes you back unto the first generation to explain the influences which shaped its hero—even though Wayne Morris gives a crystal-clear characterization as the sappy young man. Wayne's father believes in winning at any cost. His mother's policy is virtually to insist on losing, and then be too, too sporting about it. She loses her husband in this manner, and is thus free to bring up her son in her own mold. When he does escape from her apron strings long enough to marry the rowdy daughter of his father's ex-Big Moment, he nearly ruins everything by his spineless tactics. Confused and lumbering, the picture seems to prove only one thing—that everybody loves a good fight. Things brighten up when Wayne and Priscilla Lane start pasting shiners on each other's eyes. The film is enlivened by Priscilla's saucy performance. Its other rather dubious claim to distinction is the song, *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen.* Remember?





Play togs for Deanna

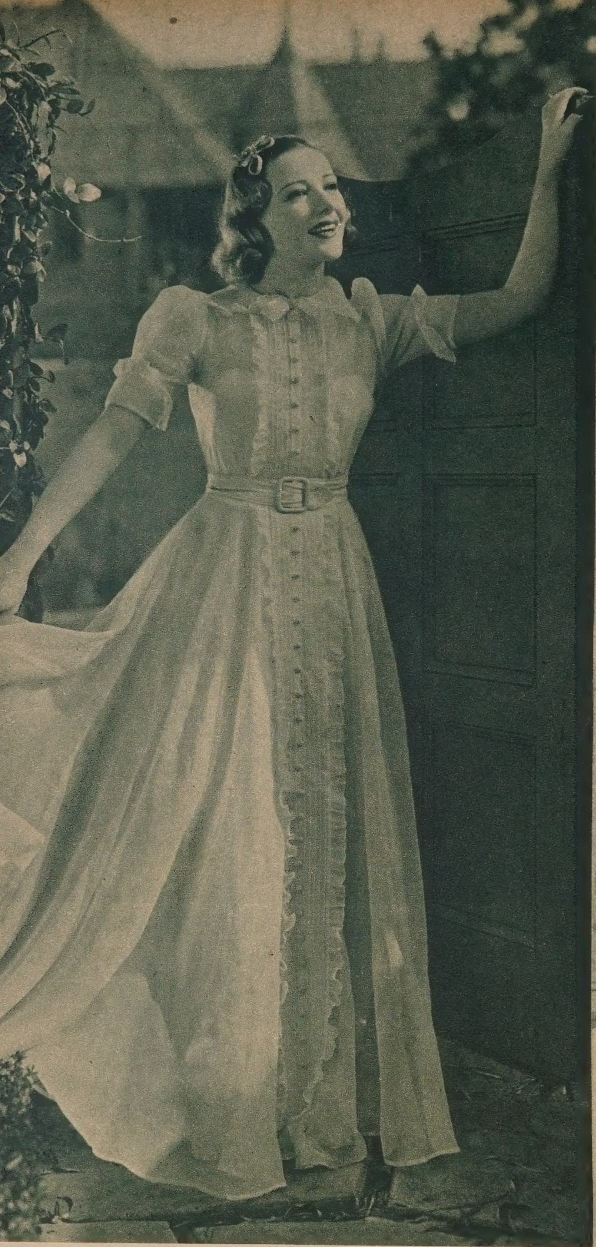
Deanna Durbin, singing star of Universal's "Mad About Music," has a positive passion for play togs. Here's a colorful print on a sky-blue background. A halter top, Boy Blue coat and short shorts with pleats, are new features which make this different.

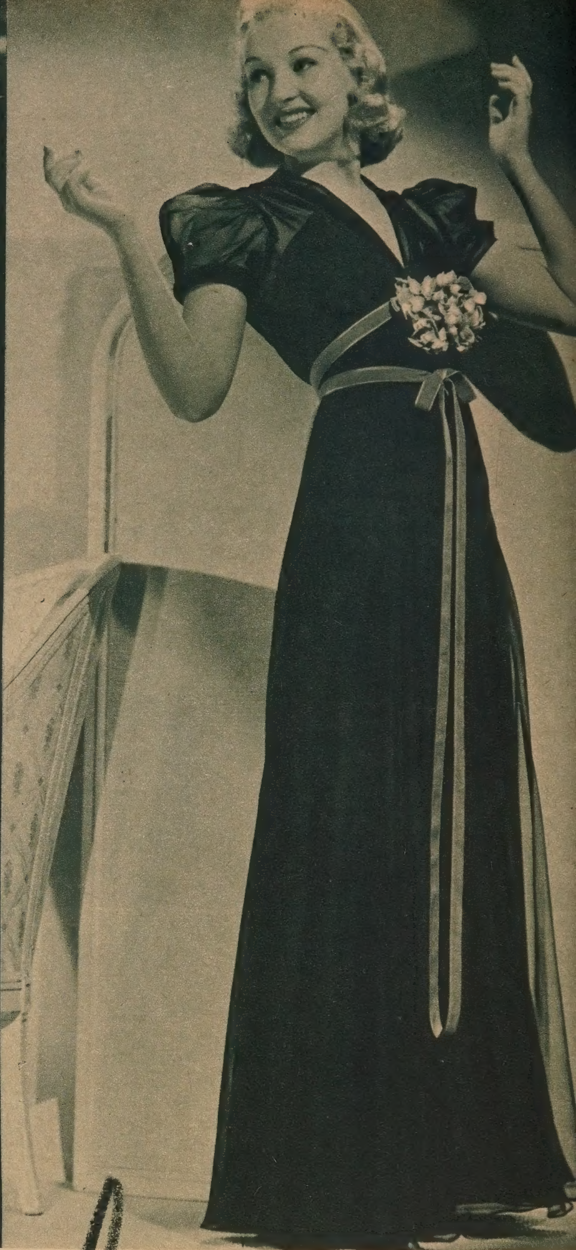
Here's a housecoat that Deanna wears for indoors and out. White waffle pique with flowers and leaves of rust and brown, fashions this fetching little garment. Deanna favors the swing skirt.

Anchors aweigh! Deanna is all set for a dip in the surf with not a worry about her wet bathing suit. She solves the problem by donning this long white coat of terry cloth with a patch pocket for convenience. The zipper fastening is red.

Deanna chooses vari-colored stripes in this onepiece playsuit.

If you are interested in play togs, drop us a note with self-addressed stamped envelope for full details.

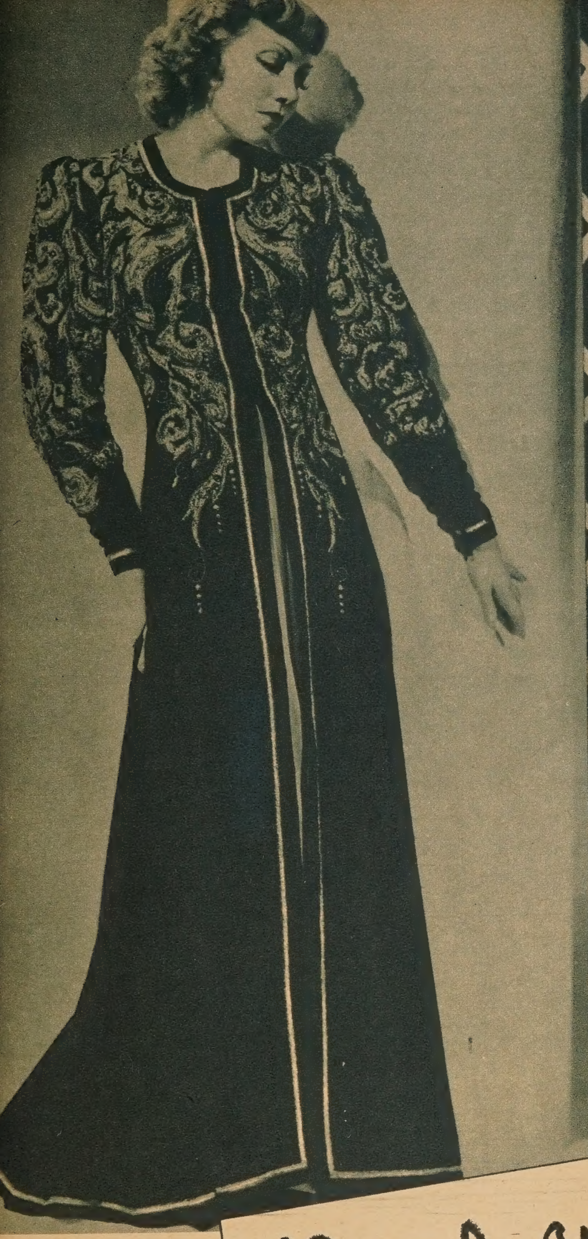


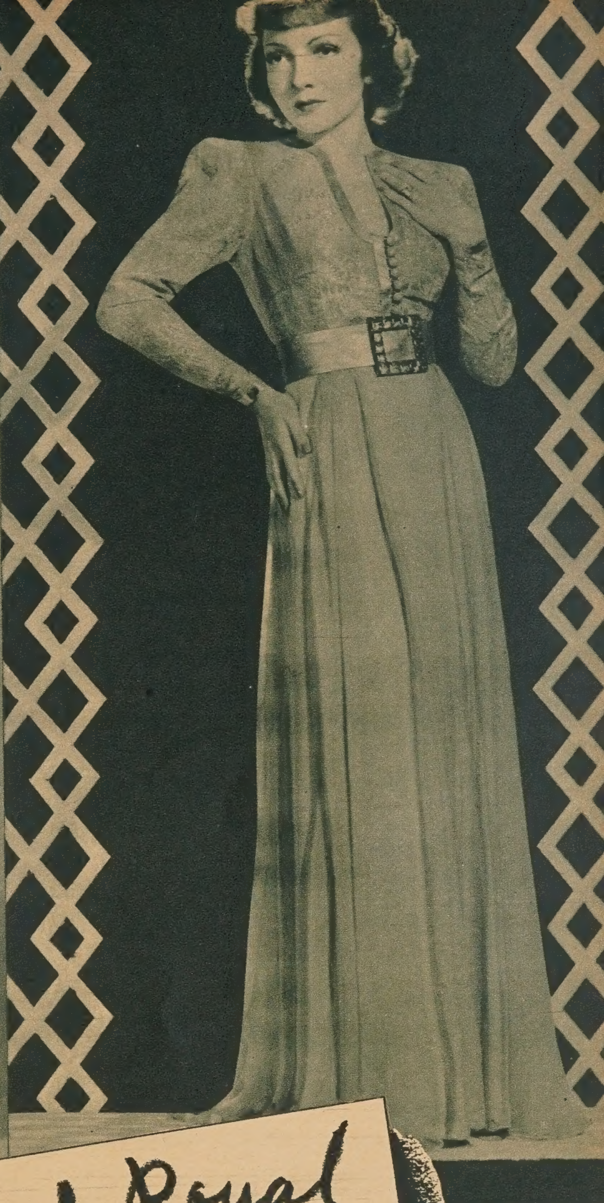


black and white

Franciska Gaal, currently appearing in "The Buccaneer" reflects the loveliness of spring in a sheer white organdie shirtwaist frock. Its simplicity is relieved by ruffling on the collar, cuffs, and center tucked panel. Ball buttons top the tucking. Cecil B. DeMille was impressed by Miss Gaal's acting while over in Europe.

Betty Grable, Paramount player, dines and dances in fluffy black chiffon over a slip of stiff taffeta. Yards of turquoise blue velvet ribbon encircle the bodice with a violet corsage of the same hue. The puffed sleeves are held in place with invisible stiffening. "College Swing" is her newest.

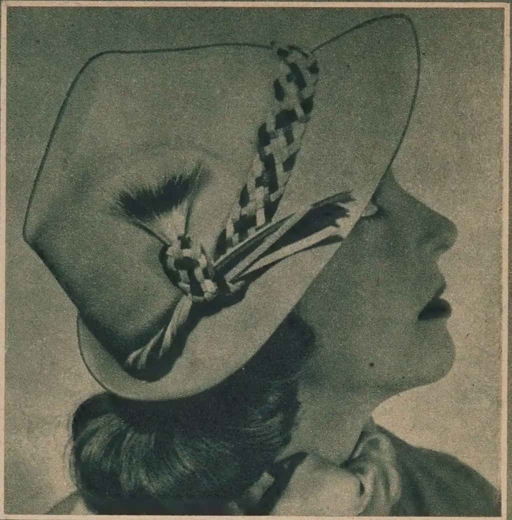


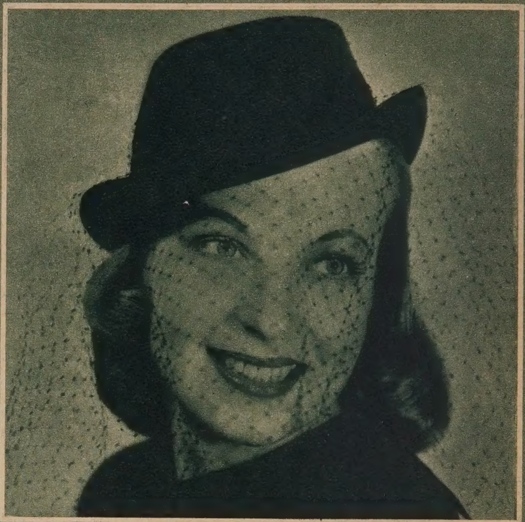


Regal and Royal

Claudette Colbert, starring in Paramount's "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," brings glamor to the screen in a lavishly embroidered housecoat of black velvet with gold beads and braid. The flare skirt discloses greenish satin pajamas and open-toe sandals to match The princess lines mold her svelte figure.

Claudette Colbert makes any dinner a festive occasion in this ultra-feminine gown of pale blue chiffon elaborately stitched in silver. The novel decolletage is bound in silver kid as are the long tight sleeves. A jeweled buckle holds the wide silver kid belt in place. T-strap sandals complete the ensemble. Travis Banton is the designer.

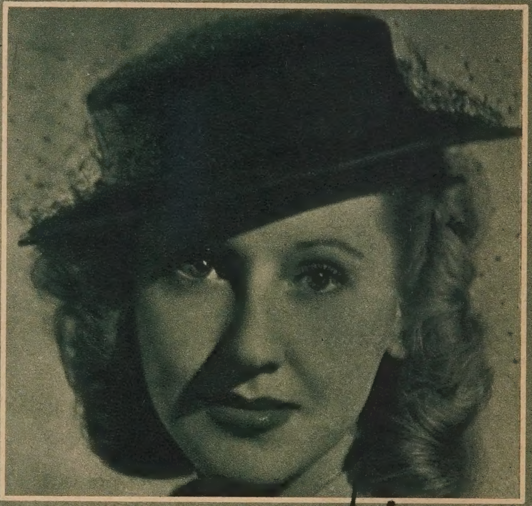




1 Here's the perfect "trotteur" for sports or tailored wear. Hillery Brooke, Universal player, chooses this brimmed model of soft French felt with a raised crown encased by a braided band of rainbow hue. A jolly little chamois brush adds a smart finishing touch. It might well be yours!

2 This hat is another of Hillery's favorites. A 1938 streamlined version of the Homburg, with a curled-up brim reinforced by a silk grosgrain binding. A soft veil is worn for feminine effect. It's tops for suits. How would you like this for your new outfit?

3 Jane Hamilton, Hollywood player, goes for the flat-crowned sailor, always a universal favorite. Here's a stunning model in felt with a swirl of fascinating veiling which circles the crown. This hat is equally effective with suit, coat or printed frock. Try your luck—if you can wear it!

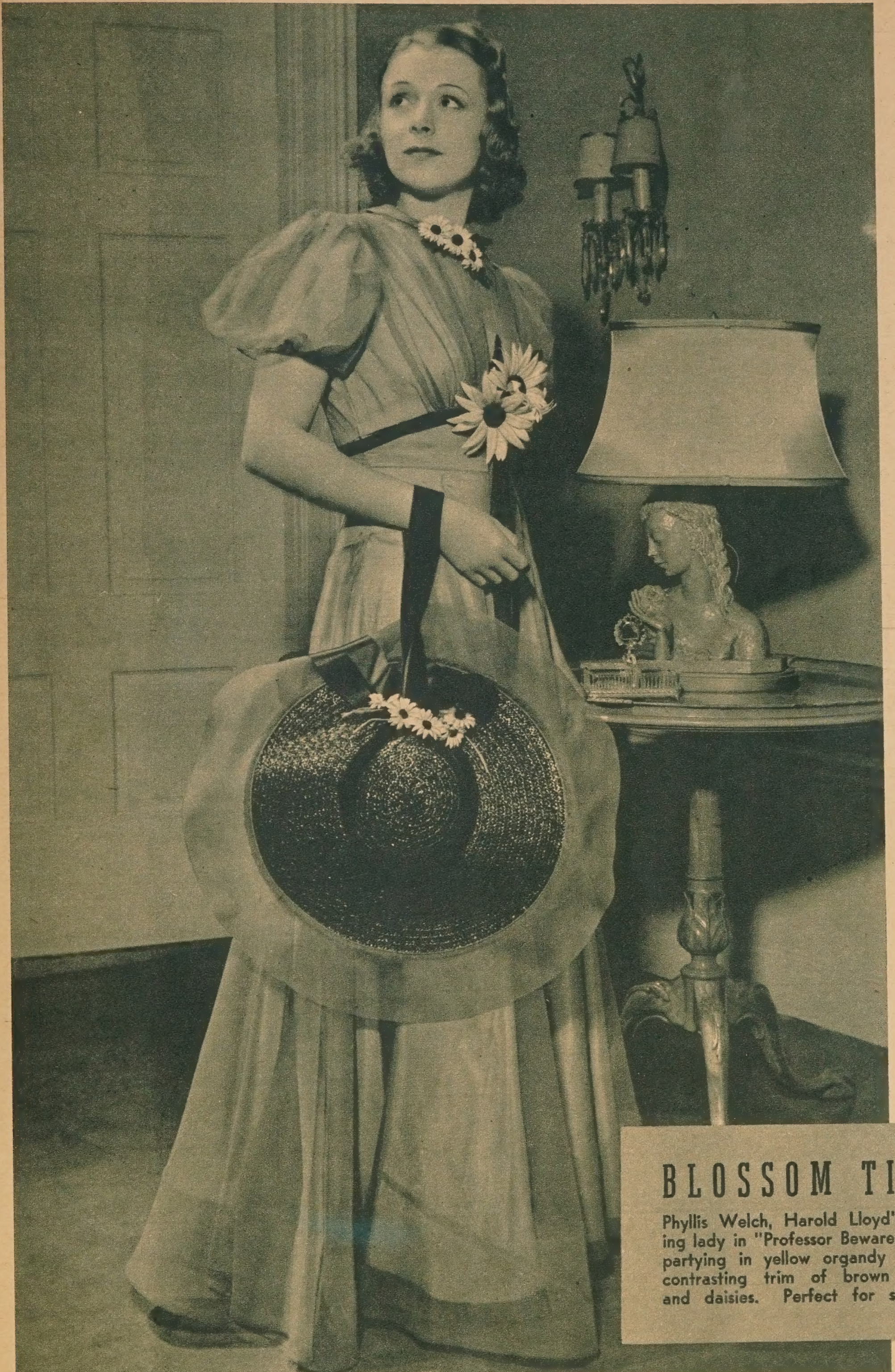


WIN A PRE-VUE HOLLYWOOD Hat

You'll need a hat for your new spring ensemble! Here's a chance to save money by winning any one of the three lovely models pictured. Twelve hats to twelve winners!

It's quite simple to get one free—just write a winning reply to the question: *"Which hat do you like best and why?"* Give your reason in not more than ten words. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count, and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The coupon at right is for your convenience. Paste it on a penny postcard and mail to *Modern Movies*, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y. The judges will be the Editor and the Staff of *Modern Movies*, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes May 15th, 1938. Page 70 gives a complete list of the stores where Pre-Vue Hats can be purchased, but you may be one of the twelve winners! Mail your reply immediately!

modern movies,
18 East 48th Street,
New York, N. Y.
I like Hat Number......................................
because ....
....
name ....
address ....
hat size ....



BLOSSOM TIME

Phyllis Welch, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in "Professor Beware," goes partying in yellow organdy with a contrasting trim of brown velvet and daisies. Perfect for summer.

HOLLYWOOD

Martha Raye refuses to enter a stage door opened by a fellow actor. She lends her oral antics to "The Big Broadcast."

David Niven, debonnair English lad, gravely taboos cemeteries for dark nights. He joins the fun in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

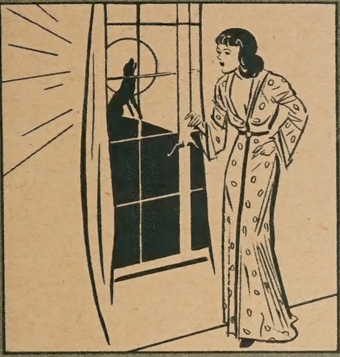
Jane Withers is an advocate of rubbin' a rabbit's foot. She is cooking up additional mischief and mirth for "Gypsy."

Boots are a luxury with George Raft. He never wears the same pair in two consecutive pictures. "You And Me" is his next.

SUPERSTITIONS

BY DICK HYMAN

Superstitions, old and new, dog the footsteps of man, woman, and child . . . Star gazing in Hollywood reveals a similar picture. Shall we peer into the crystal for a look at the stars?



Dixie Dunbar develops a case of jitters at the sound of howling dogs in the dead of night. She feels it portends an evil omen.

ON THE WING

Boris Karloff of Universal, sees good luck in parrots . . . United Artists' Merle Oberon contends that it is unlucky to own a piebald mare . . . Jack Oakie of RKO, puts his faith in old photos . . . Universal's Doris Nolan bets on flowers.

UP THE LADDER

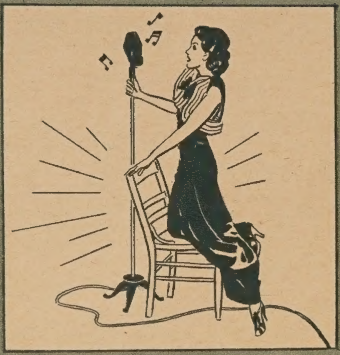
Here's a trio of stars who stand in awe of the ladder: Phil Baker won't go under . . . Preston Foster, herculean he-man says ditto . . . Wini Shaw, torch-singin' lassie from the hot spots, joins in the chorus of nays . . .

WOODWORK

Our portrait gallery of wooden statuary: Don Ameche of Fox Films goes to bat for knocking on wood . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke heartily concurs . . . United Artists' Charles Boyer is another wood addict. Black cats are his nemesis . . .

TOUGH AS NAILS

Barbara Read of Universal will only emote before the camera's eye *sans* nail polish. It's an unlucky symbol, she contends.



Joy Hodges, of the musical satire "I'd Rather Be Right," sings over the radio, while kneeling on a kitchen chair. 'Tis lucky.

IT'S THE NUTS

Frances Robinson, Universal player, doesn't wait for a ball game to munch peanuts. She eats 'em regularly. Three kernels in one shell, are luck spelled with capital L.

TWOS 'N SEVENS

Irene Dunne, beautiful RKO star, goes on record as avoiding ill-luck by: Never being late for work—Refusing to wear the same dress two days in succession—Handling mirrors with care 'cause breaking *one* means a seven year sentence behind the eight-ball.

DAZED OVER DAYS

Pick your lucky day and things will go your way—they say: Warners' Olivia De Havilland salutes Wednesday . . . Lew Ayres, of Paramount insists on Tuesday . . . Joan Blondell of Warner Brothers, says thumbs down on Tuesday. It's no dice on Friday for Jean Hersholt . . . Jimmy Durante says to lay off Friday if you wanna be hotcha!

MASCOT MAMMY

Anne Shirley, RKO performer, has her mother stay on the set while first scenes are shot.

A BIT OF IRISH

Warner Brothers' Jane Bryan has superstitions but they are strictly Irish and cover the black feline. If kitty crosses the road from right to left—turn back. If she slinks across from left to right—it's tops!

SHADES OF SHAKESPEARE

Basil Rathbone, Warner Bros. suave disciple of villainy, feels Shakespeare is his open sesame. The Bard saw Basil brave the cheers and jeers of his first audience: "Romeo and Juliet" added new laurels to Basil's triumphs. He avers that repeating it before shooting a scene insures almost certain success.

CHARMING THE JINX

Voodoo magic calls for good-luck charms: Frances Drake favors a crushed rose . . . Humphrey Bogart of Warners' goes in for scarabs . . . MGM's Josephine Hutchinson swears by a small golden compass from Duse. Ann Sheridan places her bet on a fiery opal ring . . . Comedian Frank McHugh of Warners' goes to town with a horned toad of solid gold, ornately carved.

PRESTO—CHANGO

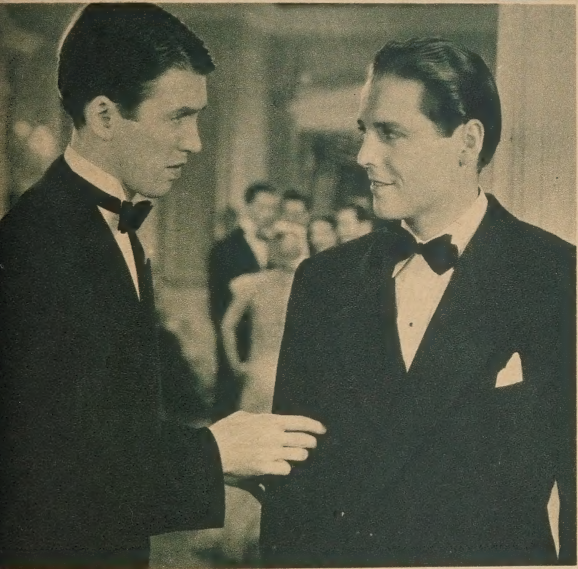
Handsome Gene Raymond wears his dressing gown inside out. *Stolen Heaven* is his next.

VIVACIOUS LADY

At a small college in upstate New York, Peter Morgan (James Stewart) is a professor of English and his stern and strait-laced father is the President. Peter ventures to New York City to bring back his playboy cousin Keith who is making whoopee in the big city. He finds Keith in a nightclub trying to make some headway with the club's chief attraction, Francie (Ginger Rogers), a singer, who is not in the least interested. But when she meets Peter, it is love at first sight. To Keith's chagrin, Peter walks off with Francie. Before the train leaves for Old Sharon the next evening, they are married. Keith, returning on the same train, worries about the reception Francie will get in the prudish college community, and as they near home Peter grows nervous about springing a bride on his family. At the station he is relieved when Francie suggests going with Keith until Peter has had time to break the news gently. She watches her husband drive away with Helen, a childhood playmate who considers herself engaged to him.

Peter finds it difficult to tell his family about Francie and weakly lets things drift. Keith finds an apartment for Francie, buys her a wedding cake, and enrolls her as a student in the college to give her something to do. He takes her to a fraternity dance, where she has a hair-pulling battle with Helen, which is stopped by Peter and his outraged father. Peter is upset by Francie's presence in the college, and makes love to her between classes. They are caught by Helen, forcing Peter to admit everything to his father, who considers that they have been disgraced. Peter's mother befriends Francie, and when her husband orders the bride to give Peter up, Mrs. Morgan returns with her to New York. Peter and his repentant father follow, and find their wives hitting it off beautifully in the nightclub.

An RKO-RADIO Picture directed by George Stevens.



Pictured at home, this golden-haired young actress is getting her iced tea glasses all ready for her Sunday afternoon callers. Note the attractive glass straws!

Now that she has assumed the life-role as the wife of John Howard Payne, Anne Shirley, lovely RKO Radio star, has learned all the tricks for making tasty tid-bits.

AFTERNOON TEA WITH Anne Shirley

Informal, afternoon tea parties, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Payne are quite the rage in Hollywood

BY JUDY DRAKE

IT didn't seem likely that Anne Shirley, who recently became the bride of John Howard Payne, could even boil water without burning it but, apparently, this young RKO actress, who has devoted a great part of her life to entertaining on the screen, had been keeping her culinary talents a secret, until John came along. Then, "the way to a man's heart" was foremost in Anne's mind and she donned a dainty little apron and went to work in the kitchen. It led her right to the altar! And now, Sunday afternoon is Tea Time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, when all the young couples in Hollywood gather at the Payne homestead, to enjoy something cool trickling past their palates.

In spite of all beliefs about Hollywood parties, you'll find, at the home of these newlyweds, a happy group of young people enjoying delicious Iced Tea, with a sprig of fresh mint perhaps, tempting canapes and hors d'oeuvres and one of Anne's favorite cakes!

There is nothing about these informal gatherings at Anne's that would remind you of the glamour usually thought of in connection with Hollywood. You might even find the guests sneaking out into the kitchen to help Anne prepare another tray of appetizers or, all in the spirit of fun, clowning around with some simple parlor tricks. Whatever they do, everyone has a grand time!

These parties, that are rapidly becoming the rage in Sunny Cinemaland, can be held in your own home, with little preparation and for very little money!

Here is what Anne serves in the way of refreshments. And her ideas have pierced the hearts of many men! Better try them, girls!

A tray of appetizers that are worth writing home about! These, Anne prepares at the last minute to prevent any loss of the crispness of the crackers or flavor of the spreads.

She uses the grand little cocktail crackers that come in all shapes and sizes, to make an attractive spread on the tray. She blends anchovy, lobster, shrimp or sardine paste with an equal amount of softened butter and spreads on the crackers then garnishes them with a slice of stuffed olive, a slice of hard boiled egg, riced egg yolks, a slice of pickled beet, pimiento strips, small pickled onions, anchovy filets or capers.

One of Anne's favorite spreads is made with horseradish, minced parsley, minced onion, chutney or mustard and an equal amount of butter. Another one that is very delicious is made with cottage cheese, an equal amount of roquefort cheese spread, minced onion and—here is the secret of that delicious flavor that keeps them all guessing—a dash of worcestershire sauce!

Any of these spreads may be prepared ahead of time and packed in small jars or glasses, covered and placed in the ice box. Then, at a mo-

(Continued on page 77)

■ Arleen Whelan, former manicurist who was coached for stardom, makes her debut in "Kidnapped" starring Warner Baxter.

Studio CLOSE-UPS!

BOB MONTGOMERY was in a near state of collapse when I visited the "First Hundred Years" set recently. They were ready to shoot a scene of Bob singing a duet with Virginia Bruce.

"I've never sung in pictures before," moaned Bob. "How do I know I won't sound like Donald Duck, or Mickey Mouse!"

Virginia Bruce grinned sympathetically. "Play you're in the shower," she whispered, and then seeing that Bob still looked like a scared rabbit, she said, "I'll sing loudly to give you courage."

"M-my voice is chapped. I think I shouldn't strain it," murmured Bob in a panic as the first soft strains of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" played by the studio orchestra, became audible.

"Alright, let's shoot it," said the director.

Bob went white under his makeup and then shivered through the song very successfully with Virginia making it as easy as she could for him.

When it was over Bob mopped his perspiring brow and sat down quickly, "Was it awful?" he murmured weakly. "Whew, that was tough!"

"No, it was splendid," said Virginia.

Robert Taylor is telling the world he can take it. Out of one picture, filmed in England, where he was whacked on the chin, tumbled off bicycles, tossed downstairs and driven almost to exhaustion around Oxford's cinder path, he has stepped into another role to be thoroughly mussed up.

In his new role Taylor is a hardened young veteran of the World War who, with his two comrades, resolve to battle together for security in the unstable world of the post-war days.

Through the first days of his new

Franchot Tone, Bob Taylor and Bob Young are an interesting threesome for Margaret Sullivan's charm in "Three Comrades."

Loretta Young, always lovely, brings a wardrobe that will delight feminine hearts—male too —in "Four Men And A Prayer."

picture, adapted from Erich Maria Remarque's notable novel, *Three Comrades,* Taylor took it on the chin from three hundred "rioters" armed with canes and clubs, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Earlier, Franchot Tone and Robert Young had fought the rabid mob to rescue a patriot, Henry Hull, and drag him into a nearby warehouse. Taylor's scenes depicted the following day, the warehouse still besieged by the mob, and Young and Hull were still within.

In the square of the village, the street was wet and puddled after the night's rain. Taylor and Tone, in a twenty-year-old Avions Viosin automobile, drove slowly and cautiously through the milling tide of political partisans. Sporadic rifle and pistol fire were heard off-scene.

The car could make no progress through the angry crowd. Taylor and Tone stepped from it and pushed their way afoot toward the warehouse. Ahead of them, Karl Freund's cameras "panning" with them, a disturbing tumult was taking place. The crowds were charging at the warehouse, while more courageous hoodlums battered the huge door with a wagon-tongue.

(Continued on page 64)

I WANT TO KNOW

Ann T. and Sylvia C., Danbury, Conn.—Nelson Eddy is scheduled to make a new picture called *Sweetheart* with Jeanette MacDonald. Eleanor Powell has just returned to the coast after a long vacation in New York and announced to her directors that she wants to play light comedy roles because drama is not her forte. Whether or not Nelson and Eleanor will co-star again, we do not know at this writing. It is quite possible that Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones will be starred in a picture together again, as they are under contract to the same studio. No plans have been announced, however.

W. J. H., St. Joseph, Mo.—Julie Haydon is now appearing in *Shadow and Substance* with Sir Cedric Hardwicke at the Golden Theatre, West 45th Street, New York City. You can write to her at that address.

Martha P., Webster Springs, W. Va.—Lucille Ball is the girl who played with the white cat in *Stage Door*. You can write to her in care of Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Miss G. K., Chicago, Ill.—John Beal and Warren William played with Gladys George in *Madame X*. These three stars portrayed the more important characters in the picture.

Andy S. Bayard, Nebr.—Eleanor Powell can do 140 taps per minute. A machine gun can fire shots at the rate of 1500 per minute. However, there is no magazine large enough to hold that many bullets. The largest made will hold only 100. Your answer? Better get your mathematical brain and pencil working and figure out the comparison. Eleanor's taps include both feet!

Mary T., Phoenix, Ariz.—There is a Tyrone Power Fan Club. You can write to the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif., for information about joining the club. If you will send ten cents to the Still Department of 20th Century-Fox Studios, 444 West 56th Street, New York City, they will gladly send you a photograph of Loretta Young. The fee is to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

Caryl B., Wareham, Mass.—George Ernest was born in Pittsfield, Mass., 13 years ago. He is 4 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 86 pounds, has blue eyes, light brown hair and fair complexion. George, who has been famous with the *Jones family*, will soon be seen in *A Trip to Paris* with the Jones family.

P. S. E., Hamilton, Bermuda—Grace Moore, who was born in Jellico, Tenn., on December 5th, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blue eyes and golden hair. Born of American-Irish parents, she is married to Valentin Parera, a Spanish actor. Her girlhood ambition was to become a missionary in China. Closely associated with church work, she taught a Sunday School class, sang at morning and evening services, led a children's choir, and presided at meetings of the Baptists' Young People's Union. Later, famous as a Metropolitan opera soprano, she toured United States and Europe before going to Hollywood for her motion picture career.

Estelle K., Redwood Falls, Minn.—Errol Flynn, who was born in the north of Ireland on June 20th, 1909, is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. *(Continued on page 79)*

■ Through this department, *Modern Movies* will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., *Modern Movies,* Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th Street, New York City.

■ A romantic team that is rapidly going places! Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart, who will be seen soon in "Island In The Sky," their latest starring production for 20th Century-Fox

■ Kay Francis, who started on her life's career as a secretary, is co-starred with Pat O'Brien, one of Hollywood's best, in "Women Are Like That," new Warners' pic.

■ From taxi driver in Chicago to the arms of Joan Crawford in "Mannequin," a MGM picture, is the interesting success story of Alan Curtis, handsome young Hollywood actor.

MODERN MOVIES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE

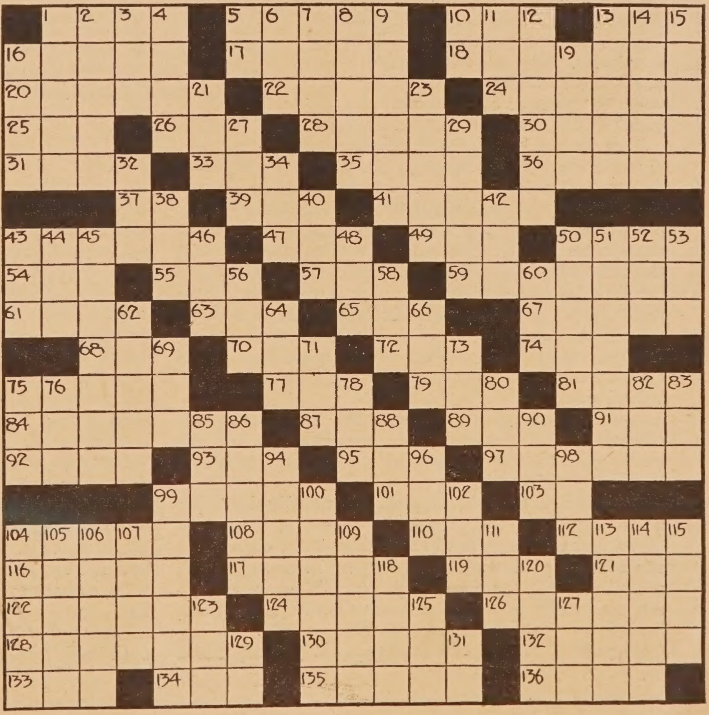
solution to puzzle
please turn to page 73

VERTICAL

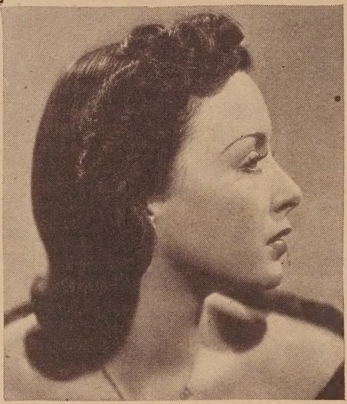
1. A number
2. Ingenuously piquant
3. Egg-shaped ornaments
4. —— In The Legion Now
5. Shall —— Dance?
6. ——s Off
7. News note
8. —— Trail
9. Dinner course
10. A Yank —— Oxford
11. You're In The Army ——
13. Commonplace
14. Sonja ——
15. Rims
16. Listen
19. —— Since Eve
21. Still
23. A remnant
27. She starred in "After the Thin Man"
29. Long-legged bird
32. —— Willie Winkie
34. Propellor
38. —— Are Not Gods
40. ——Francis
42. Card game
43. College yell
44. Wheel track
45. The —— of Lady X
46. The —— Who Found Himself
48. ——th Man
50. California Straight ——
51. Native of a far eastern country
52. Adventure's ——
53. Era
56. ——s of Pecos
58. The Girl —— Young
60. Attempt
62. Make into law
64. Small vat
66. —— Of The Town
69. Scan
71. —— Sparks
73. Short sleep
75. Silly person
76. Same as 44 V.
78. Sailor
80. Existed
82. Precocious
83. —— Wray
85. —— Tide
86. Ventures
88. An affirmative
90. Uncooked
94. Shall we ——
96. —— Ameche
98. Nourished
99. Items of property owned
100. Acted as if dazed
102. Stinging insect
104. City in Vermont
105. Foreign
106. Parts of the body
107. Tibetian priest
109. Part of a barrel
111. Old times
113. Wierd
114. Asserts
115. —— Journey
118. Anna ——
120. High, flat table-land
123. Frances ——
125. The bitter vetch
127. Amount (abb.)
129. Musical note
131. Ancient pronoun

HORIZONTAL

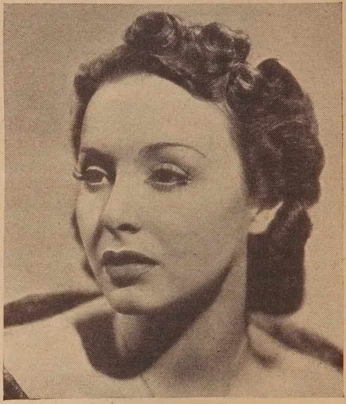
1. (H), 5 (H), 10 (H), 13 (H), 1 (V), and 12 (V) First full length cartoon
16. Throw
17. Consumed
18. Loomed upward
20. An inclosure for birds
22. Themes
24. Billowing
25. Ministerial title (abb.)
26. Elongated fish
28. Fredric —— Star in ——
30. Bind again
31. Was positive
33. —— many wives
35. Parched
36. Sets at liberty
37. Hold '—— Navy
39. Asiatic bovine ruminant
41. English title (pl.)
43. Recover
47. Rodent
49. Sticky mass
50. At sea
54. —— Baba Goes To Town
55. Scold
57. Evergreen tree
59. —— Sacred
61. You Can't —— Everything
63. Fruit of some trees
65. —— Pendleton
67. An English dramatist
68. —— Mile From Heaven
70. A variety of bird
72. Male descendant
74. Sweet potato
75. Display
77. Wager
79. Animal foot
81. Unable to hear
84. Win
87. A —— At The Races
89. Equality
91. Mineral spring
92. Let it stand
93. —— Guy
95. Under The —— Robe
97. Security
99. Man's name
101. Cry
103. —— Have Our Moments
104. Dances
108. Man's name
110. Formerly
112. (H) and 52 (V)?
116. Otherwise
117. Natives of Scotland
119. Shade tree
121. Girl's name
122. Edged
124. Growing out
126. More expensive
128. Discounter
130. —— body Sing
132. Sickly smile
133. Type units
134. —— Uncle Sol
135. Thick
136. Roscoe ——



A NEW HIGH IN Coiffures



Joan Perry, charming Columbia star, is ultra-ultra feminine with this new coiffure, which was inspired by Watteau, the famous 18th-Century artist . . .



Three high curls, placed high off the forehead and two soft rolls, one above, the other below the eartip, complete this simple hair-do worn by Joan . . .

"CHOOSE the coiffure which flatters your face and figure," is the timely advice of Joan Perry, lovely Columbia star, currently appearing in *Start Cheering,* with Jimmy Durante.

"To choose the correct coiffure, you must have a thorough knowledge of your good and bad features. This sounds just as obvious as my first statement," declares Joan, "but the average girl's knowledge of herself is usually a hit-or-miss affair. So first of all, sit down and face your mirror. Don't be discouraged at the long nose, low forehead, wide face or dominant jaw that might be reflected. Accept your fate philosophically. There are tricks in every trade and *something* can always be done for each individual case."

Miss Perry has decided ideas about that *something* that can be done! "Coronet braids or curls piled high on the head add height," she explains. "An off-the-face hair-do, with a crown of braids across the top of the head, gives poise and a more sophisticated look. The reverse is true, of course, for the girl who is too tall. A flat coiffure is best for her.

"Never select a heavy, thick style if you have a large head. Have your hair thinned and comb it close to your head. As a rule, the severe, parted-in-the-center, drawn-straight-back coiffure is becoming only to the classic beauty. If you're not this type you may look 'school marmish.'"

Miss Perry suggests that the side part is most becoming to the average woman and believes that the center part should be avoided if your face is broad, jaw heavy or forehead low.

"Bangs are a problem and are usually best left alone. However, they are often becoming to the piquant girl with a pointed chin. If you are clever you can achieve quaint period styling by means of bangs, reminiscent of page boys or Dutch children. The modern manner is to make an asset of a high forehead, though, so if you have one, don't try to hide it!

"If your shoulders are sloping, what you need is a squaring off of the hair effect to make your neck seem shorter. Dress your hair flat on top of your head and arrange it low on your neck, but don't have any hair lines which run parallel to your sloping shoulders unless you would have the general appearance of a snowman gently melting in the sun.

"Curls which turn backward are best and most flattering for saucy, turned up noses. Hooked noses can be made to appear more Grecian when the curls are turned upward, while a receding chin will look more prominent if your hair is combed upward, with your ears showing. On the other hand, a protruding chin can be minimized by styling your hair toward your chin.

"Above all, remember that seeing's believing. If you wear curls arranged low to cover half of your long and thin neck, who will believe that the lovely effect is a camouflage? Horizontal waves across the back of your head will increase the illusion of width and detract from the length. So, just do the opposite if your neck is short and fat. Don't wear curls clustered on the nape of your neck, or horizontal waves to accentuate the blocky appearance.

"Remember," Miss Perry advises, "that every girl has both bad and good features, and keep in mind that

SOMETHING CAN BE DONE! READ JOAN PERRY'S HINTS ON THESE PAGES FOR THE NEW HIGH IN COIFFURES!

by helen stewart

Do you have a hair problem? Do you often wish you could wear one of the attractive, new coiffures? Don't wish! Write to Miss Helen Stewart, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48 Street, New York City, for expert advice on your hair problems. Simply enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her personal reply. Ask any other beauty questions you wish, in the same letter. Our beauty editor will gladly help you! Write in today!

■ Joan Perry always selects a coiffure which flatters her face and figure. Her hair is healthy and lustrous, too, as a result of weekly shampoos and daily brushing. Follow her advice if your desire is lovely hair . . .

coiffures are of first importance in concealing what you do not like and turning the spotlight on the features you want the world to observe."

An exquisite exhibit of new coiffures—coiffures which found their inspiration in the charming works of the fashionable French artist of the early 18th century, Watteau—were brought to this country recently by Guillaume of Paris.

Watteau, in his paintings and portraits, crystallized a feminine type of great charm and great distinction. His women were aristocrats, their features were small and well-modelled. Everything about them suggested delicacy of line, and they achieved a simplicity in grooming which still denotes the height of good taste and true elegance. He emphasized the distinction that beautifully arranged hair contributes to a woman's whole appearance. He always combined simplicity and a delightful fanciful quality, the hair being drawn away from the face and curling in soft tendrils high on the head, on the back or on the sides, so that the head always presented a lovely picture from every angle.

Guillaume, who is an artist and a creator, and a person of keen analytical tendency, studied the Paris exposition in relation to the modern woman's appearance. He viewed the extremely slim, elongated figures displayed in the Pavillon D'Elegance, noted the exquisite draperies of the clothes, the stress on the slim but rounded figure, the emphasis placed on the small waist, the firm, high bosom and the trend toward greater elegance in dress—and he visualized in his mind a new modern woman, who had recaptured all the soft and delightful feminine qualities portrayed by Watteau.

After the war, the feminine mood in fashion experienced a sharp decline, but the 1930's became a turning point. Each subsequent season has seen a greater trend toward clothes, hats and coiffures of decidedly feminine inspiration. *This season* climaxes the highest degree of femininity we have experienced in 20 years. But Guillaume, with great foresight, realizes that no radical change can be made overnight and, while he has created a series of coiffures that are extreme with hair swept high, he is aware of the fact that until the eye has become accustomed to this newness, a world-wide vogue cannot be established. Therefore, he has created coiffures for the woman who dares to bridge the gap of the transitional stage.

With faithful portraiture he has even named his new coiffures after the famous paintings that were his inspiration. For the evening: Concert . . . LeBal . . . LeDanse . . . Theatre . . . Surprise and Columbine.

Guillaume's coiffures for daytime are named: Chasse . . . Iris . . . L'Accord Parfait . . . Harlequin . . . Cythere . . . Finette . . . Transition and Antiope.

In the same imaginative spirit of charm which characterizes these lovely new coiffures, Guillaume has created hair ornaments of every description to place in the charming upswept curls. There are feathered butterflies (sprays of glass orchids,

(Continued on page 79)

ROSES AND RAZZES

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Roses and Razzes is your department for expressing frank opinions on motion pictures and players. Beginning with the next issue we offer $5 for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. Lengths should be limited to 200 words... Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

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PRO AND CON

How about seeing more of Joan Blondell and John Trent?

I've seen *Thrill Of A Lifetime* and *Hurricane* . . . and I think Betty Grable and Eleanor Whitney have what it takes. Wotta man, Jon Hall! He's got me in the palm of his hand.

I'm not rooting for Dorothy Lamour—Isn't she the gal who played in a picture called *Last Train from Madrid?* Her facial expression doesn't hit me just right.—*L. M. B.*

THINGS LOOK ROSY FOR RONALD

A large bunch of Roses for Ronald Reagan!

There is not a more likeable personality on the screen today. He has everything that the public wants in a movie idol. He will outshine the starlets and yet keep his course on an even keel.

Roses to *Modern Movies* for a really good magazine.—*Hugh Conley, Hagerstown, Ind.*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CRAIG?

How about a newcomer to the screen by the name of Craig Reynolds? Why doesn't some intelligent producer give this fellow a break? He is every bit as good as some of our top-notch stars but nobody seems to realize it. He is handsome, has talent, a marvelous speaking voice, and a charming personality. In short, he is "tops." I suppose most readers are unaware of a person by the name of Craig Reynolds. If so, be on the look-out for *Making The Headlines* in which Craig had the lead opposite Beverly Roberts, and then see if you don't agree with me that he is a great screen find!—*Bill Paddock, Sterling, Ill.*

ONE UP FOR MIKE

Here's my protest against Michael Whalen being the "King of the B's"! What's wrong with Darryl Zanuck?!!! Doesn't he realize that he has one of the finest actors right in his hands?

I have just seen *Change of Hearts* with Michael and think that he has done a wonderful piece of work. His delightful personality, spontaneous laughter and romantic baritone voice captivated me the first time I ever saw him.

I'd like to see Michael's Irish smile as a foil for Sonja Henie's Nordic loveliness. The combination would certainly knock 'em cold.—*Evelyn Kustra, Chicopee, Mass.*

ROSES FOR ALICE

Certainly Miss Alice Faye deserves all the roses available this month for her magnificent performance in *In Old Chicago.* Of course, she has always made every role that she has portrayed outstanding, but the depth and characterization that she put into the role of Belle Fawcett, came as a surprise, and a very, very pleasant one, too.

May I recommend to everyone the picture *In Old Chicago.* It is the most entertaining film that I have seen in a while, and the entire supporting cast is excellent. The spectacular fire scenes alone are worth the price of admission.—*David Powers, Bristol, Tenn.*

WHAT NOW—ERROL?

Thanks very much for a grand story and accompanying photos of Errol Flynn in the March issue.

He'll be a splendid *Robin Hood*—there's no doubt of that. But no matter what part he plays, he does it well. I think his statement to the effect that the story is the important thing and everything else incidental, explains how essentially different he is from nine out of ten stars. Most of them think the story should revolve around their personalities. How many top stars would have played a secondary role, as Errol did in *The Prince and the Pauper?*

Errol Flynn is an unusual person, even for Hollywood, where unusual people abound. The screen will lose a great artist if he ever decides to leave. Here's to bigger and better Flynn films.—*Ellen W. Barkdull, Philadelphia, Pa.*

SHADES OF POE

Ninety-nine years ago the immortal Edgar Allan Poe wrote a very amusing short story entitled *The Man That Was Used Up.* It was an impossible tale concerning a soldier who had lost most of his body including shoulders, chest, teeth, and hair through fighting Indians. However, he had been artifically reconstructed so excellently as to outwardly appear normal in all respects. It was an impossible story, yet I am convinced that truth is stranger than fiction because a number of screen heroes are more or less counterparts of Poe's mythical character.

The old saying that "time will tell" certainly applies to Methuselahs of the screen who refuse to act their age. Make way for youth!—*J. C. Allen, Oakland, Calif.*

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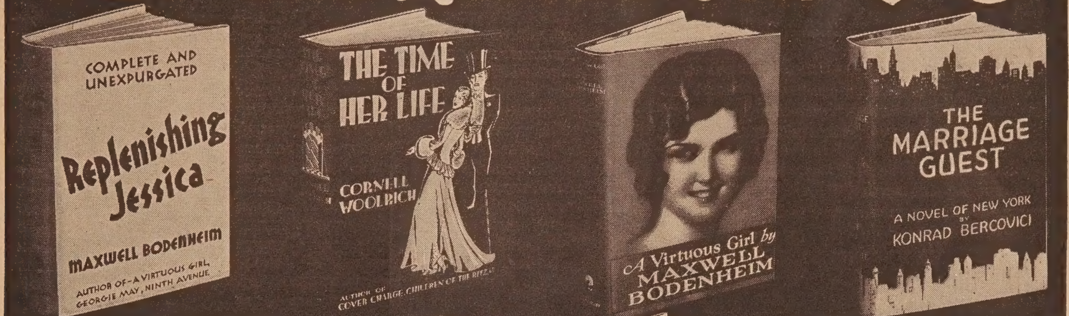
$12.00 Worth of Thrills and Romance for 98¢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A Virtuous Girl by MAXWELL BODENHEIM
THE MARRIAGE GUEST
A NOVEL OF NEW YORK BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

Playthings of Desire
J. Wesley Putnam
Photoplay Edition
with Estelle Taylor Mahlon Hamilton
A JANS production
BROADWAY RACKETEERS
BY JOHN O'CONNOR

REPLENISHING JESSICA Maxwell Bodenheim

CONFLICT of LOVE and DESIRE ■ The story of a young woman, full of passion and the love of life. The conflict between lust and the spirit makes sensational reading that holds you spell-bound until the last page is finished. Charging it with being an immoral book, reformers tried in vain to prohibit its publication. Seventeen complete editions were sold at the original price of $2.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE Cornell Woolrich

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PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE J. Wesley Putnam

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Ann Rutherford, young MGM player, currently appearing in *Of Human Hearts,* goes a-sailin' on the blue Pacific. She cuts a very fine *figure!*

☐ STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from page 57)

Director Frank Borzage had demanded realism, no pulling of punches, so Taylor and Tone found difficulty in fighting through the mass. Elbows prodded them. Heavy boots kicked at them. Canes and clubs thumped on their heads and shoulders. Although made of light materials, the canes and clubs still were capable of raising bumps and administering slight pain.

Once Taylor, clothing torn, went down and was out of sight for a moment and in danger of being trampled. Tone laboriously lifted him to his feet. Shrieks and screams echoed through the village set, erected for the picture. Shots rang out.

"Where's Lentz (Young)?" Taylor shouted.

"He's in the warehouse! We've got to get him!"

Again they fought through the battling mob. . . . As Director Borzage commanded, "Cut!"

Breathing heavily, but grinning, Taylor and Tone staggered out of the scene. About twenty fallen extras scrambled out of the mud to their feet.

"Those fellows certainly didn't pull their punches," Taylor remarked, rubbing a couple of sore spots.

Borzage had wanted to substitute less risk for Taylor and Tone in the long-shots, but both declined.

"I'm giving nobody any more chances at danger than are served me," was Taylor's reason. "If those extras can take it, so can I."

But the rioting was not over. It was to be resumed on the following day—because Robert Young had to be shot.

And just as though he wasn't busy enough, Robert Taylor thought it would be fun to appear as an extra in one of the elaborate scenes for *Marie Antoinette.* Gladys George helped him get a suit of the period, and Bob sneaked on the set. He was very careful to keep out of W. S. Van Dyke's sight—he *thought.* The rehearsals went very well and Bob was having fun thinking about ribbing Van Dyke about it later. Suddenly Van Dyke's voice thundered through the loud speaker, "Now, if Mr. Taylor will leave the set we will shoot this scene." A very red faced and chagrined Bob moved back out of range of the camera. Later Bob asked Van Dyke, "How in heaven's name did you recognize me in all that mob?" "You forgot to take off your sport shoes, lummox," retorted Van Dyke with a grin. Nothing misses the eagle eye of Van Dyke.

■

Paramount had a fearful problem with the bull that was to "play" with Martha Raye for scenes in *Tropic Holiday.* Martha said she wanted a bull with a sense of humor so he would be sure to understand that her antics before him were "all in fun." "Mebbe I can keep him laughing and he'll forget to get mad," said Martha hopefully. But it seems bulls just don't come that way, and if it is one thing a fighting bull does not have it is a sense of humor. When they began to investigate the bull situation they also found that they would have to have several bulls for the same scene to make fighting with him at all safe, for as soon as a bull gets good and worked up over the red cape, he becomes wise to the fact that the person waving the cape is the thing he wants and he will charge the human every time. So in order to make the bull fighting scenes safe for Martha there will have to be many changes in bulls. Martha isn't so crazy about that either! Such is life in the movies!

■

They were taking a scene for *You and Me.* George Raft was saying goodbye to Sylvia Sidney, his sweetheart. He was leaving via the transcontinental bus. Just as the bus pulled out Sylvia called: "If you meant that about marriage, I'm willing." George's answer was just an ecstatic, "BABY!" Fritz Lang, the director, ran alongside the bus in order to hear the exact measure of enthusiasm in George's, "Baby!" Ten times he was dissatisfied with the take, and ten times George threw his suitcase out the window and gave the signal for the driver to stop and leaped to the ground: only to have to take it over. At the eleventh take a laconic "Okay, Toots," came out of the bus, and Fritz Lang dropped the ever present monocle for the first time in history. How many different ways can one say, "Baby!" anyway?

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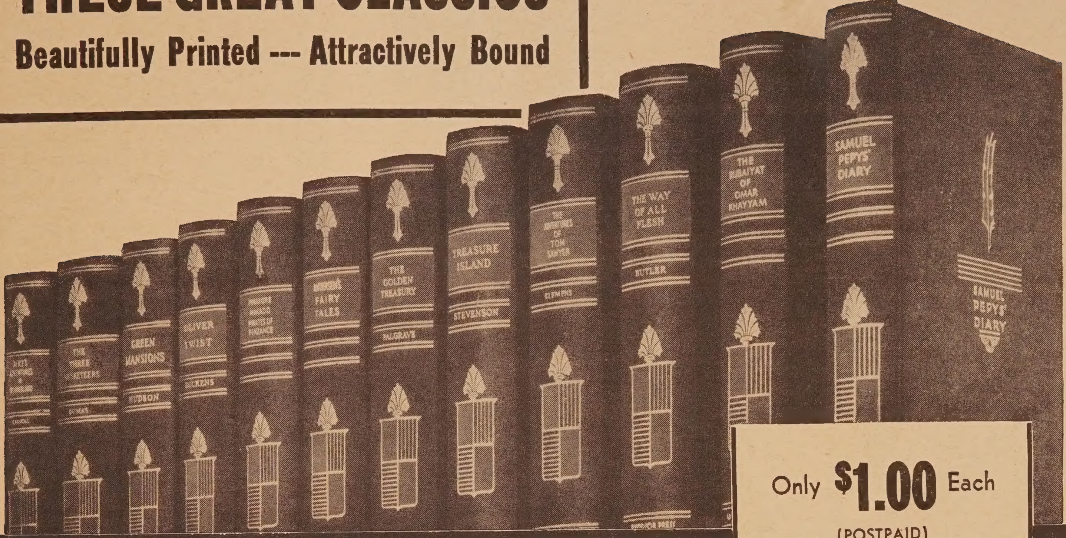

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Allan Lane and Joan Woodbury are teamed to head the cast of *Night Spot,* an RKO RADIO mystery. Here's a new romantic team going places!

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have been mooning at each other on the set of *White Banners* at RKO-Radio, but when director Edmund Goulding called their bluff for a scene in which they had to kiss, both kids broke down into a gibbering jitter. Both confessed they had never been kissed before, and though Bonita had watched the screen's most glamorous ladies do their kissing stuff, she couldn't seem to borrow that "just another kiss" attitude, and Jackie couldn't seem to get the nerve to do the thing in a masterful loverlike way. So Goulding finally solved the problem by telling Bonita to shut her eyes if she couldn't take it any other way, while Jackie brushed her forehead with his lips in a pure white gesture of affection. So it was done that way.

■

While making scenes for *Torchy Blane in Panama,* Lola Lane narrowly escaped death. The script calls for her to parachute from a plane and drop into the path of an ocean liner. She is thrown a life ring and hauled aboard. Lola entered the water dressed in tight fitting trousers, boots and leather jacket, and with the parachute harness around her shoulders. The life ring was tossed in but floated just out of her grasp. She swam toward it but simply drove it before her. Suddenly Lola stopped swimming and sank like a stone. Divers, standing by for just such an emergency, leaped in and brought her to the surface. She had fainted and was still unconscious when they brought her up. She was rushed to the studio hospital and then sent home.

■

When you see *This Marriage Business,* you will get a few glimpses of Barbara Stanwyck's ranch home, "Marwyck." RKO Radio Studio took Allan Lane, Vicki Lester and Victor Moore out to Barbara's ranch where she breeds her race horses and took several sequences of "This Marriage Business." This is the first time Barbara's ranch has ever made a screen appearance. She and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, her partner, have recently sold three fillies to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

Shirley Temple's pet pup Ching. Ching has his own ideas about how croquet is played. Shirley's newest is *Little Miss Broadway.*

☐ ZORINA STEPS TO STARDOM

(Continued from page 27)

She calmly listened to his tempting offer, to the unparalleled opportunity he was laying at her gifted feet. Her large eyes glowed with more than their usual luster; her cheeks, under their make-up, flushed more crimson. It was the chance she had been waiting for—the one moment that she had dreamed about ever since she could remember. She thanked him graciously and said, "What a splendid offer! Thank you, Mr. Goldwyn. You are most kind. I cannot accept." And she calmly continued readying herself for the second half of her program although the tears in her eyes blurred her reflection in the mirror.

Perhaps she had the right technique for breaking into pictures. Maybe she knew a little trick or two that most girls anxious to crash the gates of Hollywood have overlooked.

Meanwhile wherever Goldwyn traveled throughout the Continent, the name Zorina was constantly being repeated. He is known throughout the motion picture business as a man who always gets what he wants—who doesn't include the word, defeat, in his malaprop vocabulary and who lets nothing deter him from his goal.

During the two years she was on tour with the Monte Carlo Ballet, he bombarded her with transatlantic telephone calls; with cables and letters. He even sent his personal representative all the way from California to try to make her change her mind. After two years, he succeeded and the blonde Scandinavian finally broke down and yielded to the temptations of the screen.

On her arrival in Hollywood, she was puzzled by the continual reference to her perfect shafts. "Shafts!" she related in her beautifully modulated voice that carries a slight, intriguing accent. "Always, wherever I go, they talk about my shafts." Only when an extra told her they meant her legs did she finally realize what they were talking about. Although Zorina feels that her legs are going to carry her through her career, she is equally dependent upon her dramatic ability.

At the age of six she began studying for the ballet and was quickly promoted from one teacher to the next. At thirteen she had already studied under the leading masters of Europe who pronounced her technique and execution as perfect and finished as that of Pavlova and she was invited to join the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, which ranks second only to the erstwhile Russian Imperial Ballet. Within a short time she proved that she had

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the stuff stars are made of and became the youngest prima ballerina ever to succeed in that organization.

"The study of the ballet," she informed as she munched a tiny frosted cookie, "is very exacting. It makes great demands on one. You have to be content to listen to your friends tell about the good times they are having, about going to restaurants, nightclubs and parties, while you yourself have to go to bed every night at ten o'clock. You can't drink because it makes you fat—you can't smoke because it retards your breathing—you have to be careful of what you eat. The training is far more strenuous than in any of the other arts because not only do you study dancing, but dramatics, music and all the other allied arts as well."

To this training Zorina attributes her success in the London company of *On Your Toes,* the musical comedy that proved her to be another sensation. She still retains memories of her debut, when trembling with nervousness she stepped out to face the critical first-night audience, fearing they might not like her in musical comedy as well as they did in ballet. But her fears were soon quieted. The deafening applause was ample proof of her success.

Her decision to accept Goldwyn's offer was made via transatlantic telephone and a few weeks later she found herself, slightly bewildered, facing a barrage of cameras for the first time in her life.

"I was very fortunate," she modestly admits. "I did not have to go through the grim struggles and many hardships most actors and actresses endure before they receive recognition. But of course, everything was so pleasant and different from anything I ever did, I couldn't help enjoying every minute of it."

To Zorina, her role in *The Goldwyn Follies* is only a stepping stone to bigger and better things. Her heart is set on playing straight dramatic parts and it is upon this that her screen development will be chiefly concentrated.

"Ambition alone is not enough," she confided as she relaxed against the back of a deep wine-red couch that formed a perfect foil for her pale-gold hair and pallid skin. "Patience is even more important. I have learned its great value and whatever success I have enjoyed I owe partly to it."

When asked if she intended to shelve her ballet dancing while making pictures, Zorina issued an emphatic "No! Of course, not."

"It is because of the ballet I have accepted Mr. Goldwyn's offer in the first place. On the screen, ballets can be performed without any limitations. Everyone is able to see them. And because in Hollywood nothing is impossible, all the beautiful ballets of the world can be performed just as they should be. On the stage everything is restricted—the space, the settings and even the dancers themselves. But with a camera that moves about and carefully records all the intricacies of grace and movement, they can be performed as they were intended."

Contrary to type, Zorina does not look like a Degas dancer. She has a slender, well-rounded figure and legs that almost put those of Dietrich to shame. Her expression is alert and she has the air of a bird ready for flight. Her eyes flash with animated lustre and interest at everything about her. But standing out above her other characteristics are her vigorous freshness, her embodiment of youth and her natural charm.

Now that she is in New York, she has managed to get around to see every show in town, to go on sightseeing tours, to visit the top of the Empire State Building and even visit Chinatown. At the same time she has renewed the hasty friendships made while traveling and formed many new ones.

"New York enchants me. I love it as much as I do Hollywood. Central Park in the evening, just as dusk is falling, fascinates me. Nowhere is there anything to compare with it. It pulsates with life on one side and teems with motion and energy on the other. One minute its gray shadows cast an ethereal veil of unreality over it and the next it is lit up like a beautiful Christmas tree. There is no other city like it in all the world."

Although she is the owner of a black, thoroughbred saddle horse, and she is simply crazy about riding, Zorina is not allowed to get into the saddle while under contract to the studio. All because of an incident that happened one day in Hollywood. Riding along in his car, Goldwyn's attention was attracted by the sight of a trim, feminine rider having difficulty mastering a high-spirited, rebellious mount. He was horror stricken when he recognized the rider as being the Norwegian ballerina whom he brought over from Europe. It was a mere matter of seconds before he ordered his car stopped and before Zorina herself was off the horse. Early morning observers were amused at the sight of a bewildered chauffeur driving slowly along with an even more bewildered horse in tow. The animal was left at the academy where Zorina bought it and she dutifully promised to leave the riding to her beautiful mother thereafter.

In Hollywood, Zorina and her mother, Mrs. Billie Zorina, share a modest bungalow. The two are inseparable and always rely upon each other for advice and judgment. Before anything of importance is undertaken, they go into a serious conference and sensibly discuss the pros and cons before arriving at a decision.

"When we first came to Hollywood we were a bit afraid of the reception we would get. In a hostile and indifferent atmosphere it is extremely difficult to work. One needs friendliness and encouragement to inspire confidence and bring out the best talents. But now, I have learned that all the talk I have heard was wrong. I have found Hollywood the most friendly city I have ever visited. Every one has been kind and helpful and after only a few weeks, I felt at home, as though I were with friends I knew for years."

"Of course, the California weather is delightful, but it is less important than the atmosphere of hospitality. Sound stages can shut out rain, the studio lights can take the place of the sun, but nothing can take the place of real friends."

"No, not all Scandinavians seek solitude and seclusion," Zorina smilingly answered when asked whether she was like Garbo in that respect too.

An excellent linguist, she speaks English, Russian, French, Norwegian and German fluently. But the one accomplishment she is sure to boast of, is learning to "shag."

Even before the anticipated question could be asked, Zorina herself suggested it. "You are going to ask about my loves? Everyone asks me about it. They will not believe when I tell them I have been much too busy to fall in love. Always it was my dancing and traveling. No man would want a woman who never remains in one place long enough for him to tell her he loves her."

But her opinion of American men is an animated one. "How can you describe them . . . They are so alive, so vital. They are never, never tired. They rush here; they rush there. They always, always rush. You would expect them to be all worn out at the end of the day—but no! They are ready to go dining, to the theater and even dancing. It amazes me! But they are so charming. I cannot complain one bit about them. But me? Ha, I am much too busy now to think seriously of men . . . even about one man."

On her trip back to New York after finishing her work in *The Goldwyn Follies,* Zorina stopped off at The White House to attend the President's birthday party. "At first I was terribly frightened. My heart was thumping furiously and I was trembling like a leaf. But when I was presented to Mrs. Roosevelt . . . well . . . I was overcome by her simplicity and kindness. She is such a charming and gracious lady. She immediately makes

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you feel at ease. I can understand why she is so greatly loved by all the American people."

During the course of the entire conversation, Bubi, her silver-gray French poodle, kept bobbing up and down before his charming mistress (as if anyone could blame him) and kept bringing her balls, shoes and whatever else attracted his canine fancy. Zorina has had him ever since he was six weeks old and sometimes admits he is very mischievous.

In spite of current predictions that she is Garbo's most serious competitor, Zorina still ranks the Swedish star as her favorite actress. While in Hollywood, she was hoping she would meet her, but Mr. Goldwyn promised to see that she gets her wish when she returns to the coast again to do her next picture, *The Great Music Festival* with Jascha Heifitz and Paul Draper.

"Please," she begged in a voice that melts your heart, "don't say I am a threat to Garbo."

PLAINSMAN OR SOCIALITE?

(Continued from page 17)

Hopkins, Carole Lombard and Jean Arthur is pleasant, too.

"But the movie work I like best is tacking a sail into a stiff sea wind or riding a fractious horse down a mountain side. My favorite type of story concerns itself with the pioneer days of the old West, when the Indian and the white man were meeting in relentless conflict. I think this period of United States history is the most dramatic. I used to regret the fact that I had been born seventy-five years too late when I listened to the old-timers spinning yarns for me about Buffalo Bill Cody, General Custer and other Indian fighters.

"I believe I've read everything on this period that has ever been written. Before I went to college, my parents sent me to a private school in England, their birthplace. Much to my surprise, in the year I was there, I found that the English boys were as much fascinated as I by the story of the pioneer days.

"I love out-of-door life and adventure, and I'll have to confess my preference for playing these type of roles."

That, as I said, was Gary's firm conviction several years ago. Since then, his marriage to the vivacious and extremely social-minded Sandra has modified and mellowed his views. Probably under her influence, he has come to find that just because a man knows how to balance a teacup or kiss a fair lady's hand with the right touch of suavity, is no indication that he is a *sissy*. Perhaps, too, he realized that he could not entirely overlook the exceptional training he received in the exclusive school he attended as a lad at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, England.

He'll tell you that this thorough grooming was all part of the cosmic plan that lay dormant for a time, only to come to the fore when it was needed. Thus Gary's invasion of the drawing rooms is the result of two forces: the socializing influence of his wife and his own widening scope as an actor.

At last, he has come to be reconciled to drawing-room drama and actually welcomes such parts; whereas before they were thrust upon him. He recognizes the fact that if he gets typed for one kind of a role only, he limits his work on the screen and runs the risk of becoming monotonous.

When I talked to him recently, he

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The hats on page forty-two of this issue may be bought at the following stores, listed alphabetically by cities.

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declared: "I have come to appreciate and have a great deal of respect for the variety of parts I have been given. At one time I liked only stories dealing with the wide-open spaces. Today, however, I can see how all sorts of parts are necessary for the development of an actor. Believe it or not, I've come to enjoy doing sophisticated society dramas. I think it would be a good idea to alternate these between out-of-door pictures."

Imagine tall, gangling Gary actually being eager to play the part of an indoor gallant guy!

But if he has changed his mind about his type of roles, he hasn't changed a bit himself. His favorite topics of conversation remain the West, horses, guns and high-powered racing cars. He doesn't pal around with other players who insist upon talking Hollywood all the time. He doesn't gossip—he isn't inquisitive, and he cares less.

Ostentation of any kind is a Cooper pet aversion. He hates loud people—loud talkers and loud dressers. At his ranch, tucked away amid the Sierra Madre Mountains, north of Los Angeles, he throws many homey parties. You may be sure that these guests are all folks he really likes. He doesn't invite people for policy's sake. He's too real and idealistic for that sort of thing. He believes in being himself at all times. No going around incognito for him, even when he and Sandra are travelling.

"I'm no prince or exiled royalty," he explained. "My name is good on checks so I guess it's okay on passenger lists too. If people want to know who you are, they always manage to find out. As for a disguise—imagine me with dark glasses and a fake mustache!

"If people want my autograph, they are welcome to it. Will Rogers used to say that the time to worry was when they didn't want it. Anyway, I'm a long way off from getting writer's cramp."

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In order that we may know to what extent you share our enthusiasm for Gary, won't you write and let us know whether you like him best in morning coat and striped trousers or in buckskin pants with a bucking bronc between his knees? We'll be watching for the postman!

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☐ HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

(Continued from page 9)

Eastern tourists stepped from a transcontinental air liner at the Union Air Terminal in Burbank and stood transfixed with delight and astonishment. There in the flesh were Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore. And thus the most ambitious dream of every California tourist came true for them the first second they set foot in California: they stood and watched Hollywood stars at work before the camera for hours, and got all sorts of personal closeups of Clark, Myrna, Spencer, and Lionel. The folks at home will be hearing about it for daze and daze and daze.

• • •

James Ellison has the right idea. He is building a rock wall and garden in his new Westwood home. He found it was not such an easy job as he had at first thought. So he started giving parties at which all his guests were to wear old clothes, and when they arrived he put them to work helping him build his fence, and placing the rocks for his garden. Not bad, James. Not bad at all!

• • •

Mary Livingstone gave Jack Benny a four figured check made out on one of his blank checks. It had everything on it but his signature.

"How you like that?" queried Jack. "Generous of Mary. I can give myself anything I want to pay for. Ummmm!"

• • •

Luise Rainer has told one of her closest friends that she does not want any possessions in California that will hold her. She has sold her home and appears to be ready to fly at a moment's notice. It does seem too bad that Luise's magnificent talents should be wasted on such pictures as "Big City." In our humble opinion she is one of the *truly* great actresses the screen has ever fostered. If given the opportunity she would be a Duse, or a Bernhardt, an actress of the screen whose name would become immortal.

• • •

So Gloria Swanson's rather pathetic farewell party gesture was all in vain. She is returning almost at once to start a new contract with Republic Pictures. They hope with four particularly strong pictures to build La Swanson right back into first popularity. With the right mediums that should not be so difficult.

• • •

Bringing Up Baby has been the means of creating a new Katherine Hepburn, not only in the hearts of picture fans, but in the estimation of the puzzled picture executives who felt certain they had a great star on their hands but didn't know quite what to do with her. As a dizzy young modern, Katherine Hepburn romps right into the hearts of her audiences.

Whitney Bourne made good on Broadway before entering pictures. She's hailed as a comer. *Blind Alibi* is her next.

• • •

Husbands aren't the only ones who groan over hosiery bills. Martha Raye's rough and tumble number with the sailors in "The Big Broadcast" used up two dozen pairs of black chiffon opera hose that cost four dollars a pair. Alice Faye's tights in *In Old Chicago* cost $250. Of course they were hand embroidered and hand painted and very tight and sheer, but she wore out several of those during this picture, Sonja Henie wears out two pairs of tights a day when she is doing her exhibition skating numbers, and they cost $35 apiece.

• • •

When Eddie Ward wrote *Always and Always* for Joan Crawford, he told producer of *Mannequin* Joe Mankiewicz, that he didn't like it. "I think it's good," said Joe. "How much will you take for it?" "Two bucks," grinned Eddie. Mankiewicz paid him the two dollars at once and demanded a receipt in full. So far the song has sold more than 50,000 copies and everytime Joe Mankiewicz sees Eddie he asks him if he has another song to sell. Eddie maintains a stony silence and his eyes are glassy; but he doesn't say a word about the song he didn't like.

• • •

Kay Frances gives herself a facial twice a week. She mixes a cake of yeast with a teaspoonful of peroxide. She spreads this mixture upon her face and an hour later peels it off. It works best, she says, if you lie down and relax or sleep while it is on. Now what we want to know, Kay, it what happens if you turn over in your sleep?

☐ NO TIME FOR FUN

(Continued from page 30)

to take good care of little Tommy. They won't even let him play baseball. Tommy is properly derisive about that.

"What kind of a player do they think I am anyway, to get hurt playing baseball!"

At home Tommy played football with the kids on his block, and even ice hockey on skates. But in Hollywood they treat him like a sissy. "Be careful . . . be careful . . . be careful . . ."

But his work wasn't over at 5:30. Even after his supper Tommy had to go over his lines for the next day. He had to spend a half hour or more with his dad, learning his part so he wouldn't waste the studio's time in the morning. The next day the whole process was repeated. And the day after that, and the day after that too.

In time Tommy finished the picture. But did he have a chance to play, to try his new bike? Not much. Instead he found he was going on a long trip across the country, making personal appearances with the picture he had made.

These days there is a wistful expression in Tommy's great blue eyes. "I don't mind interviews," he mentions politely, "when I haven't anything else to do."

But don't get the idea that little Tommy Kelly is whining because Hollywood hasn't measured up to his expectations. He isn't the kind of youngster who whines—ever. Clear-eyed and freckle-faced, he faces his problems squarely. And if sometimes he wonders what his friends Andy and Edmund are doing back home, it isn't very likely that Tommy will turn his back on his movie career—not while he has his family to look after.

Even a twelve-year-old can see how much all this means to his dad and mom. Tommy's dad is a big shot these days, arranging the finances and appointments of his movie star son. And Mr. Michael Kelly hasn't been a big shot for a long time now. Not since he lost his job. For a long time the Kellys tried to struggle along on no income at all, like so many other families in the last few years. Then Mr. Kelly got a W.P.A. job, scarcely enough to provide a twenty-eight dollar a month flat in the Bronx for his five children. Mrs. Kelly had to stitch and patch to make the children's clothes last, and there weren't many new things for Tommy and the other younger ones. No wonder Mrs. Kelly had only seen three movies since her marriage some twenty-three years ago. But now it's different. Now that Tommy has been singled out for screen fame, the future of the Kellys looks much brighter.

Little tousle-headed Tommy Kelly can tell his old school friends he has shaken hands with Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, and Freddie Bartholomew. He has even met Eleanor Powell.

"She's my favorite," he admits shyly.

"Did you tell her that, Tommy?"

He shakes his head.

"But why not? I'm certain she would have been pleased."

"She didn't ask me."

There is nothing impertinent about that reply. It is the simple honest statement of a child whose father has told him never to offer any information unless he is asked for it. And what his dad says goes with Tommy Kelly.

So Tommy is going back to Hollywood because his dad and mom think maybe his second picture will permit him more freedom. Maybe he'll have some fun.

"Maybe I'll even get to know some kids," Tommy adds hopefully. Right now that's the biggest thing on his mind. He doesn't mind acting. Directors like Norman Taurog know how to make acting a game. But the one thing Tommy does miss is friends his own age, like those he had at home in the Bronx. And fellers his own age are what Tommy is going to look for when he gets back to Hollywood!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 59

■	S	N	O	W	■	W	H	I	T	E	■	A	N	D	■	T	H	E
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E	N	S	■	S	E	E	■	D	E	N	S	E	■	A	T	E	S	■

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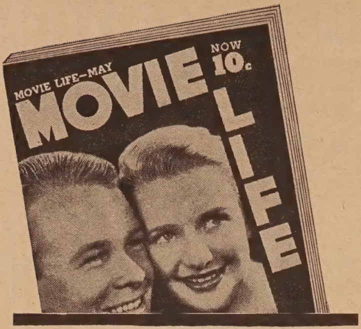

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FATE GUIDES GEORGE SANDERS

(Continued from page 23)

the fact that he had little experience in industry, there just weren't any jobs to be had. His uncle, a successful opera singer, urged George to study singing, in spite of the fact that his nephew's voice was very mediocre. But Sanders didn't like the idea particularly and only resorted to it when his uncle buttonholed him for a serious chat, which ran something like this:

"Young man, do you realize how long you've been out of work?"

"It's a long time," George admitted grudgingly, "but there aren't any jobs."

"There are lots of jobs to be had," the opera singer countered, "but you must be prepared to take them. What you should do is study singing."

"Oh, uncle, are we back at that again? I can't sing. I haven't any voice," George protested.

"A little voice training will go a long way. At least you will be fitted to do something. Your lessons will start tomorrow," his uncle announced as he terminated the interview.

For six months George worked tirelessly with his singing while his uncle stood over him constantly, not giving him a moment's respite. At the end of that time, he discovered, to his surprise, that he had actually developed a good baritone. He didn't quite know what he was going to do with it but he was sure that something would happen.

George doesn't like parties and he never has. He attends them on very rare occasions and then only stays a little while. Some friends asked him to a gathering one night and something told him that he should go. So, carefully attired in his top hat and tails he sauntered around to the party. One of his friends asked him to entertain their guests with a song. He must have done a good job, because at the conclusion of his number a theatrical producer sought him out. Attracted by his pleasant voice, and magnificent physique (George is six feet three inches tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds), the producer asked for an introduction. He eyed the handsome green-eyed giant interestedly as he asked: "How would you like a job in my new revue?"

"I'd like one very much," George replied.

"Can you do anything else besides sing?"

"Oh yes, I'm not a bad musician. You see, I used to have my own dance orchestra at school and I learned to play the piano, as well as the guitar and saxophone. What's the name of your new show?"

"*Ballyhoo.* Come around to the theater for rehearsal next Monday morning at eleven," the producer said, as he handed George a card and then went back to engaging in the usual social amenities.

George left the party in high spirits. He had played his hunch and attended the party. By this time he was convinced that he must always follow his hunches because they were signs of fate. He had intended to go right home and get to bed early when he experienced a feeling to walk along the bank of the Thames River. As he was strolling along his attention was attracted by a faint call which sounded like, "Help! Help!"

He peered into the black of the night and saw a head bobbing up and down in the water. He strained his ears and this time he was certain he heard a cry for help. He peeled off his coat and jumped into the river. With the use of some plain and fancy swimming, he rescued the drowning man. "It's fate," he explains. "I arrived at the right moment because my footsteps were being directed. The gods wanted the drowning man saved. It's all very simple." George Sanders neglected to say, however, that he was awarded a medal by the British Humane Society for this brave deed.

The following Monday, George turned up at the theatre and was given a role in *Ballyhoo.* From the moment the play opened he was a success. Strangely enough, his singing which first brought him to a producer's attention was soon put in the background for he became a dramatic actor. He appeared with Noel Coward in *Conversation Piece* and several other plays.

It was through his dramatic acting that George broke into the movies. He played a leading role in his first picture, *Strange Cargo,* and appeared in several other English films. In spite of the fact that he had special assignments to take care of in England, he felt secure in the belief that fate was impelling him towards Hollywood. He had a hunch that the moving picture center of the world was calling him. He played the hunch and packed his things, leaving Great Britain the following day. He landed in Hollywood and was immediately given his first role, that of Lord Stacy, Madeleine Carroll's villainous husband in *Lloyds of London.* He scored a huge success. From that role he went right into *Love is News.* It was then that Darryl Zanuck presented George with a long term contract.

George has played two character types since he's been in Hollywood.

He alternates between being a cad of the worst sort and the kind of hero you will see him portray in his next picture, *Four Men and A Prayer* with Loretta Young. He was a slave runner in *Slave Ship* but turned up as a hero again in both *Lancer Spy* and *International Settlement*. George doesn't have any preference as to roles, for he feels that even those things are in the hands of the gods and interference from him is totally unnecessary and will make no difference in the long run.

He hasn't as yet met the woman who is destined for him but he has very definite tastes in ladies. He particularly likes the demure, sweet girl with natural looking finger nails instead of those heavily tinted. His idea of a lovely bit of femininity is the Duchess of Windsor. He is certain that one day when he least expects it, he will come face-to-face with the future Mrs. Sanders. He refuses to believe that a man should seek a woman. "If you wait long enough you're bound to meet her," he says, "It's fate!"

☐ PILOTING TEST PILOT

(Continued from page 29)

simple, human, full of breath-taking thrills, chills, and spills. Gable, as Jim Lane, is trying to break a transcontinental air record. Spencer Tracy, as Gunner Sloan, a roughneck mechanic, is his only companion. Engine trouble forces them to land in the middle of a Kansas corn field. Here they meet Myrna Loy, as Ann Benson, an unsophisticated country girl. Gable falls for her, wins her, and takes her back to his boss as his bride. Lionel Barrymore, as Drake, Gable's boss and an aircraft manufacturer, fires Gable when he insists upon a honeymoon. Later Gable wins the Cleveland air races in a new unheralded plane, and thus gets back his old job. Myrna fights a courageous battle against Gable's fanatic love of dangerous flying, and not until Spencer Tracy is killed in a test flight is he persuaded that the risk he is taking is unfair to Myrna and to himself. Barrymore persuades him to go back into the army and use his talents for his country. Not much of a story, as you can see, but a great chance for dramatic, thrilling air scenes, and gripping, tender romance.

There were plenty of problems to be solved by the different departments before this picture could be completed and recorded on film. The sound department faced the most difficult, perhaps. Dialogue would have to be recorded above the sound of roaring motors. A great many of the scenes must be made in the air, a most difficult task for sound recording. A new, portable, lapel sound device was used, which recorded the voices in the plane clearly and separate from the sound of the engine's roar and howling of the wind. It was a tiny recording device that could be fastened under the lapel of the speaker's jacket and by talking down into it, the sound registered perfectly.

The camera department faced the problem of filming people in a plane going hundreds of miles per hour, without losing the plane altogether. They had to make pictures that showed airplanes in the air, yet make them so close to the principals that their faces could be easily distinguished. Intimacy was necessary in these shots. The audience must be taken along with the pilots in every air thrill, and that was not an easy job.

This problem was solved by carefully placing nine cameras at strategic spots over the landing field, nine others were in planes shooting pictures from the air. Thus, trick formations, power-dives, spins and loops were filmed by eighteen cameras from inside and outside. Later in the cutting room, the best of these shots were pieced together for the best effect.

As the picture was to be perfectly authentic in every detail, the United States Army flying fields had to be used. So there was the trying ordeal of trips to Washington, long-distance calls, red tape to be overcome, and finally reluctant government permission. In order to obtain this permission the company had to agree to stop all night takes while official planes were landing, for no commercial flyer will land in the face of lights on the landing field; it blinds them. They had to agree to obey the authorities on the fields at all times, and there were many necessary but very expensive interruptions during the photographing of scenes at official government airports.

Test Pilot will be the last and only picture of the actual new government planes. They are huge, powerful looking air beasts, carrying nine men, with a 150 foot wing-spread and four motors. Their cruising speed is 200 miles per hour.

There were plenty of unexpected thrills and chills during the shooting of *Test Pilot*. Tragedy stalked close by, during one spectacular scene. There were fifty planes in the air. Cameras everywhere were recording air thrills at every turn of the crank. Suddenly, a 50 ton ship swooped too low and the camera crew had to

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throw themseleves on the ground. The co-pilot screamed so loudly, it tore through the air and was heard above the engine's roar, like a spine-chilling, unearthly cry from the heavens. The pilot yanked the controls, turned on the power, and bumping like a crazy thing the plane lurched and bounced over the men, finally righting itself and lifting into the air above.

Joseph Novak, operating the camera for the group in the danger zone was either too terror-stricken to stop cranking his camera, or he was just a reckless, crazy fool for his art, as he risked his neck for that never-to-be-duplicated shot of an oncoming 50 ton aircraft out of control. Of course to everyone he was a hero, and will always remain one of the unsung lights of the lens, of whom there are so many in the motion picture business.

Test Pilot will be the first air picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made in two years, and it will be their best, biggest, and most spectacular. According to those who have seen it. Anyhow, it will be well worth seein', folks. Don't miss it! I shan't!

☐ CONSTANCE BENNETT—BUSINESS WOMAN

(Continued from page 35)

by mutual consent, and she went to France to live a life of ease.

After a few years at Biarritz, Juan les Pins, Nice, and sundry other Riviera resorts, Connie, free once more, suddenly turned up in Hollywood, announcing that she was ready to go back to work. Pathe signed her to a contract, but this time, the movie moguls learned she had brought her business acumen with her. She charged them $6,000 a week for her time, and she demanded unusually long vacations. It was during one of those vacations that she went to work for the Brothers Warner at the unprecedented salary of $30,000 a week.

That was at the height of the depression, in 1931, and New York bankers, as well as Hollywood stockholders, looked on in awe-stricken silence. Then Connie made another *coup*. She married the Marquis Henry de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Even her marriage proved good business, for Connie immediately became tops at the box office, and after four pictures she deemed it time for another European vacation.

She and "Hank" went abroad, but in 1935 they came back to America, and Connie built her present home, in which she acted as her own interior decorator. Gaumont-British offered her a contract for a series of pictures which was to start with *Everything Is Thunder*. Connie started working for GB, but then she returned to Hollywood and started a lawsuit which later led to the wisecrack, in a Hollywood gossip column, "Connie Bennett hasn't sued anybody this week, and here it is Monday already."

When she made her next American picture, *Ladies in Love*, with Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon, Connie won hordes of new admirers. Here was a quiet, sentimental picture, in which business played no obvious part. Connie calmly and conscientiously did her work in the film, and when day was done returned to her suburban home, to plan the next day's activities of her perfectly trained retinue of servants, and to romp with the eight-year-old apple of her eye, her adopted son, Peter.

Peter, literally, could get away with almost murder, as far as Connie Bennett is concerned. She has entered him in public school, but she watches his progress there as carefully as she watches her own day-to-day activities in the motion picture industry.

Everything, with Constance Bennett, is systematic and methodical. Her newly-gained popularity, as a result of her highly amusing performance in *Topper*, pleased her immensely, but she still contends:

"Every actor and actress should try to make all the money he or she possibly can, and then save at least fifty percent of it. Because the days of success in this business are destined to be numbered. Particularly if the players are stars.

"The fat bank roll of today is nothing more than the I.O.U. of tomorrow, after contracts have expired, or if contracts are not taken up . . . providing the actors or actresses haven't been wise enough to save."

Worldly-wise and sophisticated, yet surrounded by an aura of exquisite simplicity, Constance Bennett sits back comfortably in her recreation room of panelled knotty pine, taps the ash from her cigarette into a convenient ash tray, and continues:

"Let's take a feminine star as an example. Today she sits on top of the world, and enjoys a large income, a beautiful home, cars, clothes, all the habiliments that go with big money. All because she happens to have a flair for something the movie public likes at the moment.

"Suddenly, tomorrow comes, and she is out, on her ear, simply because she is outmoded, outstyled, the victim of a new technique of acting."

Others may be out "on their ears," but you can bet Connie Bennett won't be until she is plenty good and ready to be out. Constance, who has uttered

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Name these three Presidents of the United States, complete their pictures—and win a big Cash Prize! That's all you have to do. Here is a test of your memory for well-known faces and a chance to prove your ability in identifying three of the nation's leading chief executives!

And while you are having the fun of playing this Picture Game of the Presidents you will have a remarkable opportunity to win your share of the $300.00 in Cash Prizes that are waiting for the lucky winners! In addition, we will award a $25.00 check regularly each month for four consecutive months beginning with July first, *as a promptness prize.*

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And 22 Prizes of $5

Every reader of this magazine (except Canadian and foreign subscribers) is eligible to compete and every contestant has an equal chance to win. So get every member of the family to participate in the fun!

Complete and Name These Three Pictures

Look at the three pictures shown at the right. They are "scrambled" cut-outs of the likenesses of three American presidents. After studying the heads, faces and chins of the sectional pieces, cut them out and re-arrange the cut-outs so as to complete your three pictures. Then write in the name of the president under each picture. Next, and very important, fill out the coupon below and mail with your contest answer promptly.

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In addition to the regular Cash Prizes, we will pay the first prize winner a $25.00 check each month for four consecutive months beginning July 1, 1938, as an extra award for promptness. A little skill! A lot of fun! And a chance to win substantial cash awards.

The judges will award all prizes on the basis of correct solution and neatness of entry. The contest closes May 15, 1938. Decisions of judges will be final. In the event of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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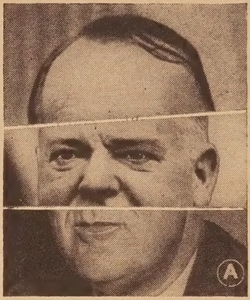

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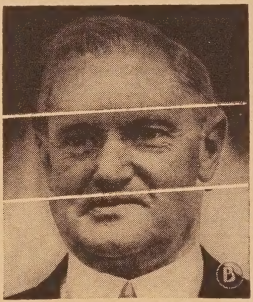

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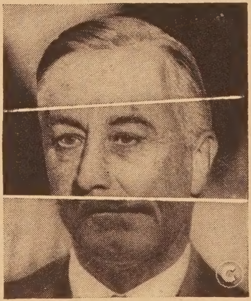

Name..............................

?

the tremolo lines of *Rock-a-Bye* and the sophistries of *Moulin Rouge,* and then changed her pace to the alcoholic whimsies of *Topper,* definitely will be the one to call it *quits.*

But the time hasn't arrived when quits-calling is necessary. As a matter of fact, the business index of her career took a sharp upward curve after *Topper,* and it's pretty likely to go higher after the American movie public sees her characterization of Jerry Kilbourne, in the rowdy scenes of *Merrily We Live.*

Constance Bennett was still playing "straight," as they say in the legitimate theater, when Claudette Colbert hitch-hiked a ride in *It Happened One Night,* and started the comedy handwagon a-rolling in Hollywood. Myrna Loy jumped on with *The Thin Man* and Carole Lombard wasn't far behind with *My Man Godfrey.*

By the time Irene Dunne joined the procession, with *Theodora Goes Wild,* and William Powell and Miss Loy went trout-fishing in *Libelled Lady,* it was obvious that some smart Hollywood producer would have to transfer to celluloid the almost psychopathic comedies of Thorne Smith. These included *Topper* and *Topper Takes a Trip,* in which Connie Bennett will be seen again with Roland Young, Cary Grant, Billie Burke and the ever-amazing Alan Mowbray.

AFTERNOON TEA WITH ANNE SHIRLEY

(Continued from page 55)

ment's notice, an attractive variety of canapes can be prepared.

Hors D'Oeuvres are bits of various appetizers served with crackers as an accompaniment. Choose five or six appetizers from the following list and serve them on the tray with the canapes or in a separate compartment dish. A plate of crisp crackers, plain or salted variety, should accompany them. Caviar, salmon, liverwurst, devilled ham, flaked crab meat, lobster or shrimp mixed with mayonnaise, baked beans with horseradish, pickled beets, devilled eggs, anchovy filets, sardines or cocktail sausages and frankfurters. They're all delicious!

Here are two recipes that will make even the most difficult to please compliment you on your cooking!

Cheese and Olive Canapes

12 slices white bread
1 cup grated American cheese
½ cup butter
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
Stuffed olives

Grate cheese. Mix with butter and mustard and whip until very light. Cut bread in circles. Spread carefully with the creamed cheese, covering the edges of the circles as well as the tops. Garnish with sliced olives, arranged evenly on top of the cheese. Chopped ripe olives may be used in place of the sliced green olives, if preferred.

Sardine Canapes

12 slices white bread
4 hard cooked egg yolks
2 teaspoons minced parsley
24 sardines
½ cup butter
16 finely minced stuffed olives
4 cooked egg whites—minced

Cut bread in circles or squares. Remove crusts. Spread with butter and brown in a hot oven. Remove skin and bone from sardines (the boneless and skinless sardines can be used—they come already prepared), and chop fine. Add butter and the hard cooked egg yolks which have been run through a ricer. Rub to a cream. Pipe around the edges of the bread, then twice across, to divide it into quarters. Fill spaces with chopped egg whites and sprinkle with the parsley and chopped olives.

And here, ladies and gentlemen, is Anne's favorite cake. And is it good!

Orange Cake

5 eggs
2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup orange juice
2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
Pinch salt

Separate the eggs and beat well, the whites until stiff and yolks until a light lemon color. Pour the sugar into the whites and beat again, until it is the consistency of marshmallow. Mix the orange juice with the yolks and pour into the first mixture. Beat until foamy. Cut and fold in the sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Pour into three well-greased layer tins. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) fifteen to twenty minutes, or until golden brown.

delicious cookies!

Anne always keeps a cookie jar filled. They're grand for a snack with a cup of tea when an unexpected guest drops in for an informal chat, or to serve at your tea party. The men in the family go for them in a big way, too! Write me for Anne's recipe. Address your letter to Judy Drake, Cooking Editor, Modern Movies, 18 East 48 Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Why not write me today?

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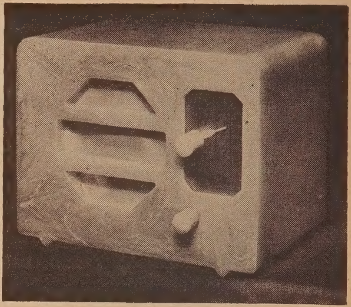

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Name ....
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City .... State..........

☐ I WANT TO KNOW

(Continued from page 58)

D. L. Y., Greensburg, Pa.—You can secure biographies of the three Barrymores by writing to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, 1540 Broadway, New York City, in care of the Publicity Department. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their reply.

F. H., Lynchburg, Va.—Nelson Eddy, a direct descendant of President Martin Van Buren, was born in Providence, R.I., the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy. He admires his mother's type of womanhood. At this writing we know of no girl whom he is particularly interested in. He does not object to requests for his autographed picture and deeply appreciates mail from his fans. You can write to him in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Jerome L., New York City—Yes, Alice Brady was in silent pictures. She is now free-lancing and her latest picture, in production, is *Good-Bye Broadway* with Charles Winninger, for Universal Studios. Scenes for this picture have been held up because she injured her ankle as she left her home for the studio one morning.

☐ A NEW HIGH IN COIFFURES

(Continued from page 61)

metal floral pieces with delicate little anemones suspended on wire stems, glazed and stiffened ribbons, and many other gay touches of sprightly fancy. No smart head will appear without them—these varied and amusing fantastic headpieces to adorn the new coiffures, inspired by Guillaume!

It is Hollywood, of course, that is leading the "coiffure parade." The screen stars know, however, that these new hair-dos will go for naught, unless their dull, drab, old-looking hair goes into the discard along with shiny noses and ill-kept skin.

The stars are paying as much attention to the sheen and shade of their hair as they do to the tint of their lips, cheeks and fingernails. They are tinting their tresses with cosmetics to give them sheen, lustre, life and brilliancy.

When Nature has failed to do a perfect job, or when time has taken its inevitable toll, women of today assist Nature with hair cosmetics which recondition and tint their tresses. Modern methods of beautifying hair restore color and sheen and do it so subtly and with a natural effect that the most conservative women use it without hesitation. It is the introduction of such naturalistic hair treatment that makes hair cosmetics as universally demanded as face powder, breaking down for all time the moral opposition of the last of the Mrs. Grundys.

Your first step, to achieve beautiful hair, is shampooing. Remember, too, that your selection of a shampoo is as important as the actual cleansing job itself. I'll gladly send you the name of one that is exceptionally good for the victims of "I've just washed my hair and can't do a thing with it" class. You'll be delighted with this new shampoo which provides an oil treatment, a thorough cleansing, and leaves your hair easily manageable, all in one swoop. It keeps your hair soft, lustrous and healthy, too! New beauty of tresses can be yours with one shampoo! Try it! You'll be thrilled with the results. And it's reasonable—only fifty cents and one dollar!

Brushing your hair should be part of your daily beauty routine. Give your hair and scalp a thorough workout—by brushing it in all directions, from the top of your head to the nape of your neck, from the nape of your neck to the crown of your head, from your left ear to your right ear and vice versa. Let it fly, wildly, with your brisk brushing strokes. Of course, the brush must be sturdy. It must be so constructed that it picks up each individual strand of hair and gives it a thorough brushing. And, it must be absolutely clean! You are assured of these qualities in the brush I have in mind. Want the trade name? It's only $1.50!

A new hair rinse—the choice of Hollywood stars—to be used in your final rinse water after your shampoo, is the talk of the town! There are twelve lovely shades—ranging from platinum to black. A shade just one tone lighter than your natural hair color is recommended to bring out the highlights. Accenting the highlights is the secret of beautiful hair and this can be achieved, quickly and easily with this new rinse. You can purchase two rinses in a package for only ten cents. A professional size of ten rinses is only fifty cents! Write me for the trade name.

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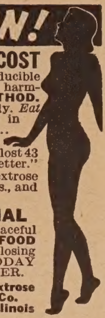

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ROSES and RAZZES is offering a $5 prize for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. If you want to see your favorite stars receive more publicity and better roles, just drop your comments in the mail to this department, care of MODERN MOVIES, and watch the fun! See page 62 for full details.

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☐ VETERAN AT FOURTEEN

(Continued from page 31)

that she ran out without changing her clothes, and arrived before the movie executives a flushed and panting twelve year old, in her every-day slacks!

But Judy wasn't abashed. This was her big opportunity and she knew she'd make good. Standing before the sound cameras, she lifted that flesh-tingling voice of hers in song. The executives exchanged glances. And so the wand was waved over another Cinderella. The next day there was a brand new contract for little Judy Garland.

Today Judy has everything she wants. She's living in style too. But there's one other little thing. It's Judy's own idea. She's planning a hospital for crippled children. Judy Garland is going to try to offer one little group of underprivileged mites some of the comforts life has denied them. You see, Judy has met a lot of sad-eyed little waifs. She's sung at benefits for them and gone to charity hospitals to perform for them. Seeing them, all huddled together, has made Judy long to do something, and out of that longing was born her plan for a hospital that will be as much like a real home as possible. Already Judy has bought some land in the Cheviot Hills, near Culver City. And far back in Judy's mind is the thought that maybe someday, if she ever gives up acting, she'll study nursing and devote the rest of her life to the children in the hospital.

So Judy is just going on her way, living every moment to the hilt. Right now she is at the age when most youngsters try to dress up and act older. But Judy has no such ideas. She's having too much fun to want to push the years away. Besides high heels only make her uncomfortable. She tried them once. She lengthened her dresses and put on silk stockings. It was the oddest feeling. She was grown-up all right, but suddenly she realized she couldn't ride a bicycle or do any of the other things she loved, so she went right back to her brogans and her bobby socks. And she's comfortable again. Comfortable and happy.

"Give it all up?"

"Not on your life," says Judy Garland.

☐ THAT GIRL FROM NORWAY—SONJA HENIE

(Continued from page 20)

"There are artificial rinks in London. I've read about them."

And so, summers became London. Selma and Sonja lived in a medium-priced hotel, refusing to be extravagant, and the tutor went along to keep up her schooling. It was a new life for Sonja. New sights, new sounds. She had to learn English and the different ways of a metropolis. She attended the theatre, concerts, art galleries and museums. She had tea with the King and Queen because Queen Maude of Norway was George the V's sister. She met the Prince of Wales long before he'd met an American woman by the name of Simpson.

She won the world's championship skating meets for three years consecutively and in 1928 when the Olympics beckoned, she was ready for them. She knew what would happen because it had happened so many times before. She was a showman by instinct. Her costume would be startlingly all-white and beautifully made. She would play to the judges, displaying her slim grace, her vivid Northern beauty and they would acknowledge her the best skater of them all. The sparkling diamonds pinned to her dress, the gifts of monarchs, would tell them so.

The winter games were held at St. Moritz and Sonja found it just that easy to win. During the four years that followed, until there could be another Olympics contest, she contented herself with winning the European women's skating championships and any other honors that could possibly be fought for on ice. She was nearly always busy and there were no hours given over to worry because there were no hours free. She did not miss the normal adolescent's carefree life. She gave command performances before the British Sovereigns. She skated in Italy and France and Switzerland and Germany. She received the personal congratulations of Hitler and Mussolini and a dozen lesser rulers. In 1932 she came to America and won the contest at Lake Placid, thus adding another nation to her list of the conquered.

In 1935 she met romance for the first time in her eventful, exciting life. His name doesn't matter. He was fantastically rich and he was gay and handsome and young. He had all of the glamor and worldly charm a person like Sonja would demand in a man. And he was in love with her. They met in Germany, while Sonja was preparing for the Olympics to be held there the following year. It was an exciting friendship, a new facet of living heretofore unexplored.

There were times when she felt that she loved him enough to place him before her skating. There were times, intimate times, when they lingered over a dimly lighted tea table, or danced to the rollicking strains of a Viennese waltz, when she felt that indeed he was the final answer to everything in her life.

And then—he asked her to give up the idea of entering the Olympics and become his wife instead.

"I want you, not a pair of silver skates," he told her simply.

It was too late for Sonja to withdraw, even if she had wanted to. And after the contest was over and she was once again a flushed and laughing victor, she knew in her heart that she could never give up the thrill of applause, the brilliance of the limelight for marriage—with anyone. Not yet.

And so, instead of marriage, she turned professional and sailed for New York.

"America cares little for skaters," Wilhelm warned her. "They want only Clark Gable and Myrna Loy over there."

"I will get into the moving pictures, then," was Sonja Henie's dauntless reply.

But it wasn't quite that easy. Her first morning in New York, she left her mother at the Hotel and went to see the manager of Madison Square Garden. She only allowed her father to go with her because he insisted it would look better, not because she felt she needed moral support.

Upon her arrival, she was told America wasn't skating-conscious. They wouldn't even rent her the Garden for an exhibition.

"Very well," she told them finally. "See how much I ask for when you come to me!"

In the end, they did come to her, for she went ahead and staged her own ice shows in a number of outlying cities. Scouts from the Garden saw one of those shows and that was all they needed. But, when she was finally signed in New York, she dictated her own price! In fact, her four exhibitions at the Garden brought her a small fortune, but not immediately, the thing she wanted most. Recognition from Hollywood.

True, a man from Paramount looked her up and offered her a skating bit in a picture. Sonja was insulted.

"I want to begin as a star in my own picture," she told him haughtily, and showed him out. Within a week, Paramount's casting director wired her to come to the coast immediately so that they could discuss terms. She took the first plane she could catch and was met—by exactly nobody. The great, the world famous Sonja Henie! Furious and humiliated, she went to a hotel and waited three days for a telephone call. Finally, she herself called the studio, only to be informed that the Casting Director was "out of town."

She realized then that she'd been too confident. And so, as carefully as a general plans a campaign of war, Sonja planned her siege on Hollywood. She rented a magnificent white house on top of a hill and bought herself a dazzling, streamlined car, also white, and proceeded to give the town a show. Her clothes were little short of stupendous and her funds, to the casual onlooker, apparently inexhaustible. Showmanship again.

But it wasn't all show. She had her ability behind it all. She rented the only skating rink in town and got together a show that literally laid them in the aisles. The boxes at the arena were all occupied by the biggest stars and producers of the picture industry —because Sonja had seen to it that they all received complimentary tickets.

The rest, you all know. How Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox signed her to a two year contract, guaranteeing her a million dollars for five pictures a year. *One In A Million* was the first of those pictures and Sonja Henie blazed like a comet across the film firmament. *Thin Ice,* was the beginning of a second romance in Sonja's life. Tyrone Power, with his sleek dark head and his ingratiating charm. But it wasn't destined to last. Perhaps if Sonja's father hadn't died just at this point, and if his death hadn't brought her face to face with a grimmer aspect of life than she had ever yet known, there might have been some chance for an enduring love to flower between the lovely blonde girl from the land of snow and ice, and the dark, vibrant young actor who himself is comparatively new to fame.

However, Sonja sailed away, back to her own land, bearing with her the ashes of her beloved father, and when she said goodbye to Tyrone at the boat, he knew that it was really that. Goodbye.

Today she is back in Hollywood, still the same gold-and-white Sonja, still blazing comet-like in the patch of sky that is her own choosing, still a slave to the most potent draught of them all—Applause. And perhaps that is the way it should be, since, on a wild and storm-tossed April night, her father looked down upon her and whispered:

"We shall call her Sonja. . . ."

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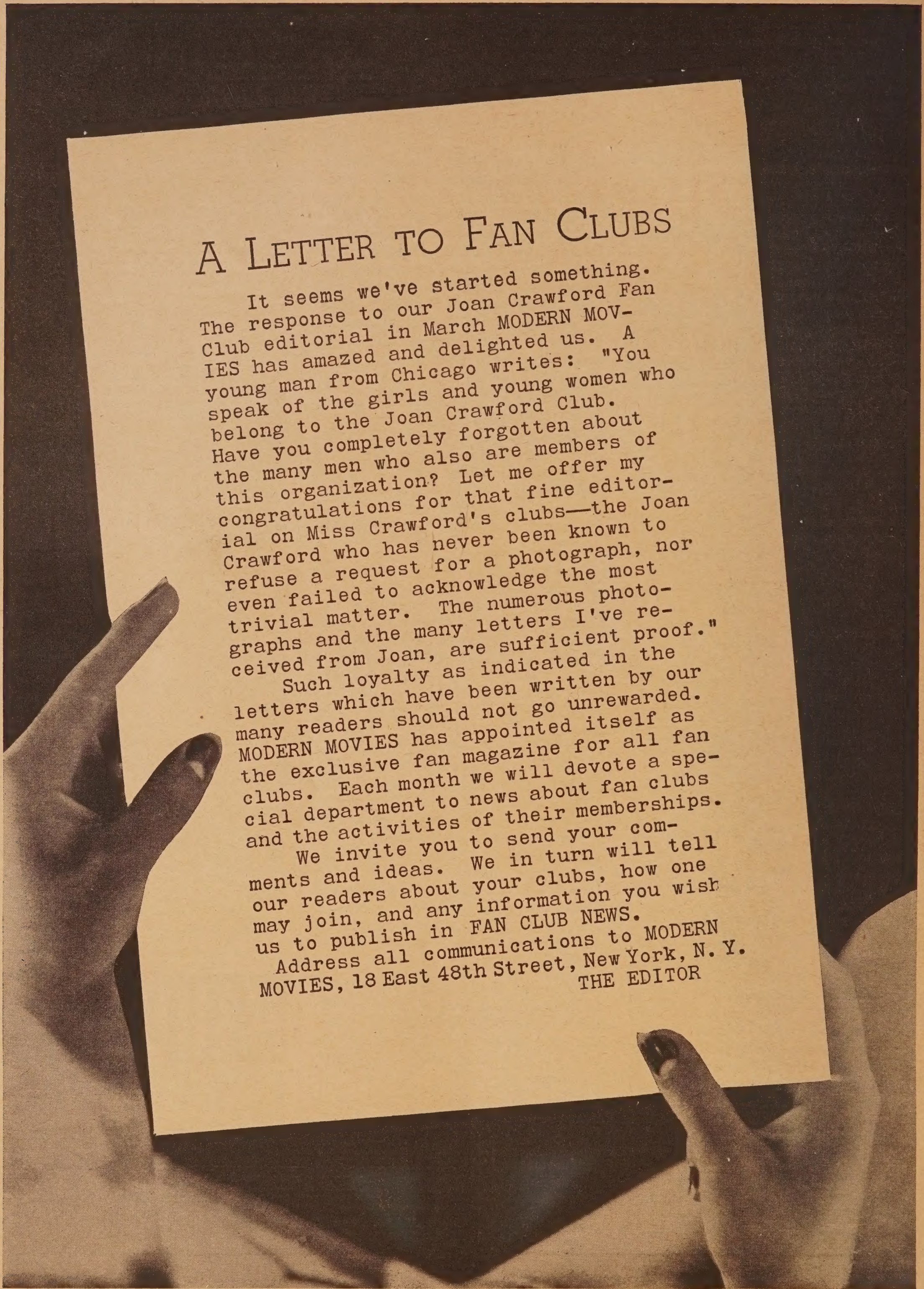

A Letter to Fan Clubs

It seems we've started something. The response to our Joan Crawford Fan Club editorial in March MODERN MOVIES has amazed and delighted us. A young man from Chicago writes: "You speak of the girls and young women who belong to the Joan Crawford Club. Have you completely forgotten about the many men who also are members of this organization? Let me offer my congratulations for that fine editorial on Miss Crawford's clubs—the Joan Crawford who has never been known to refuse a request for a photograph, nor even failed to acknowledge the most trivial matter. The numerous photographs and the many letters I've received from Joan, are sufficient proof."

Such loyalty as indicated in the letters which have been written by our many readers should not go unrewarded. MODERN MOVIES has appointed itself as the exclusive fan magazine for all fan clubs. Each month we will devote a special department to news about fan clubs and the activities of their memberships.

We invite you to send your comments and ideas. We in turn will tell our readers about your clubs, how one may join, and any information you wish us to publish in FAN CLUB NEWS.

Address all communications to MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE EDITOR

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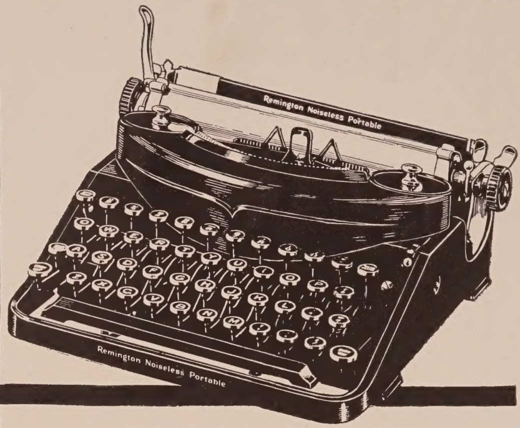

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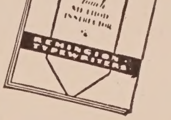

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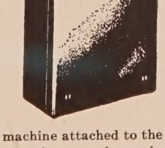

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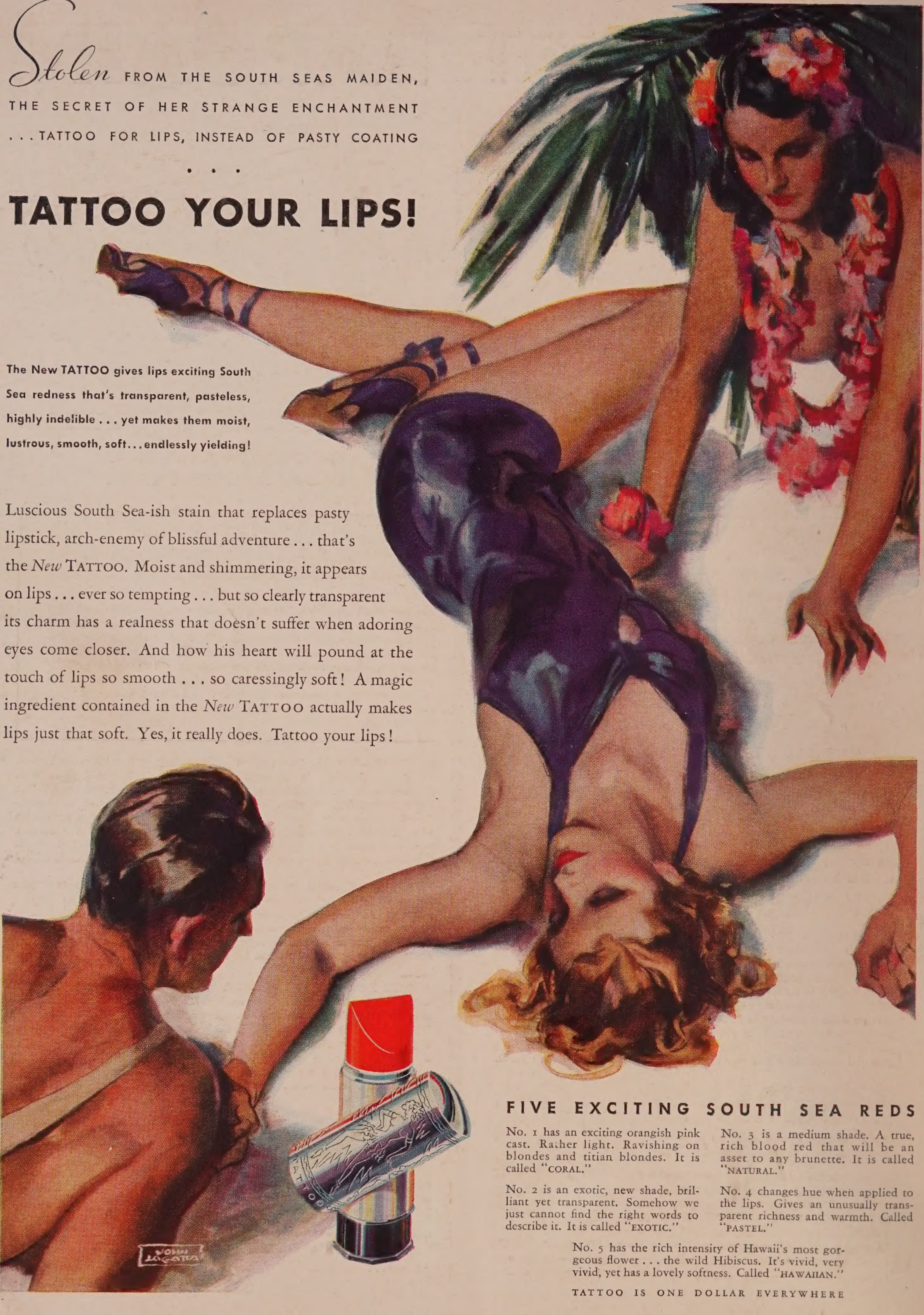

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modern movies

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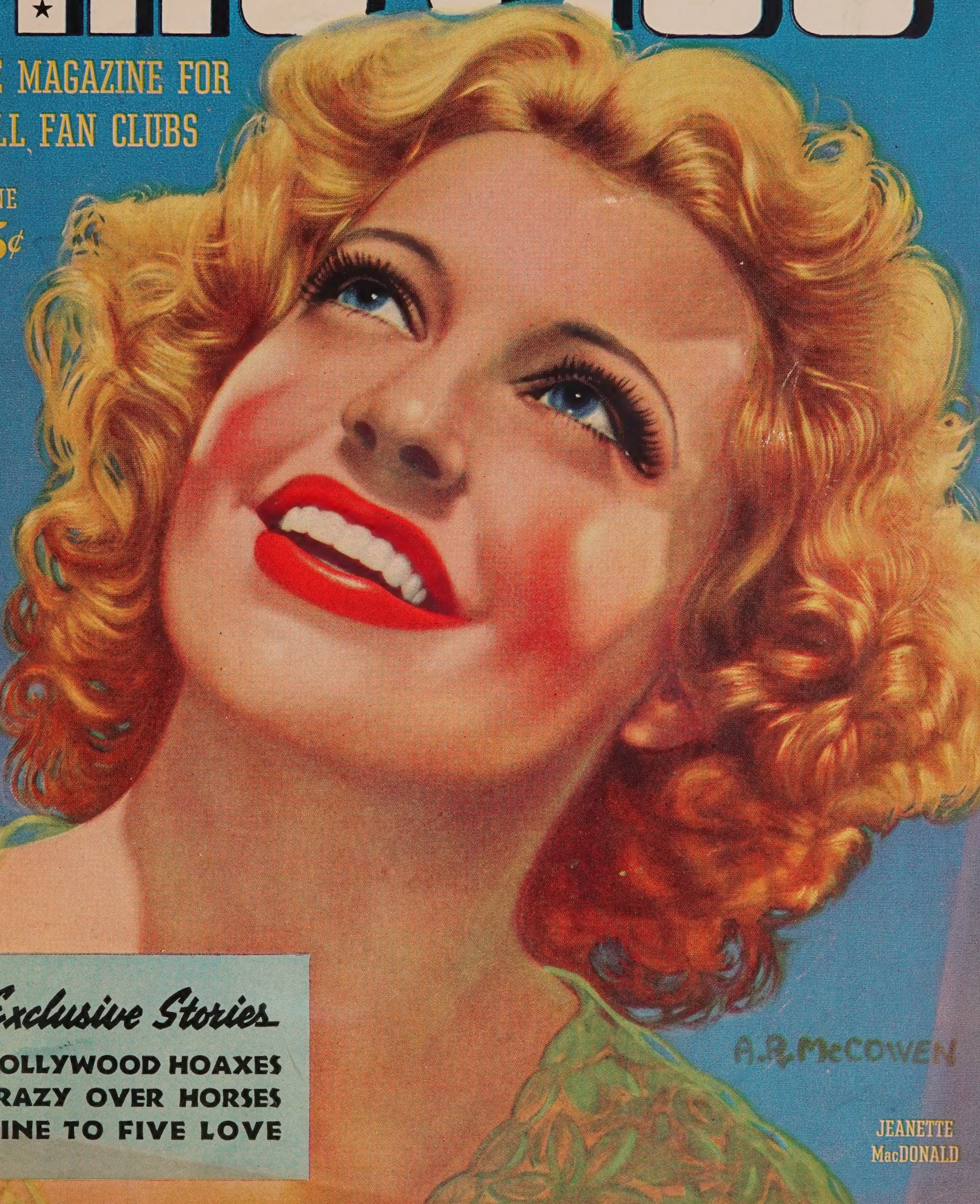


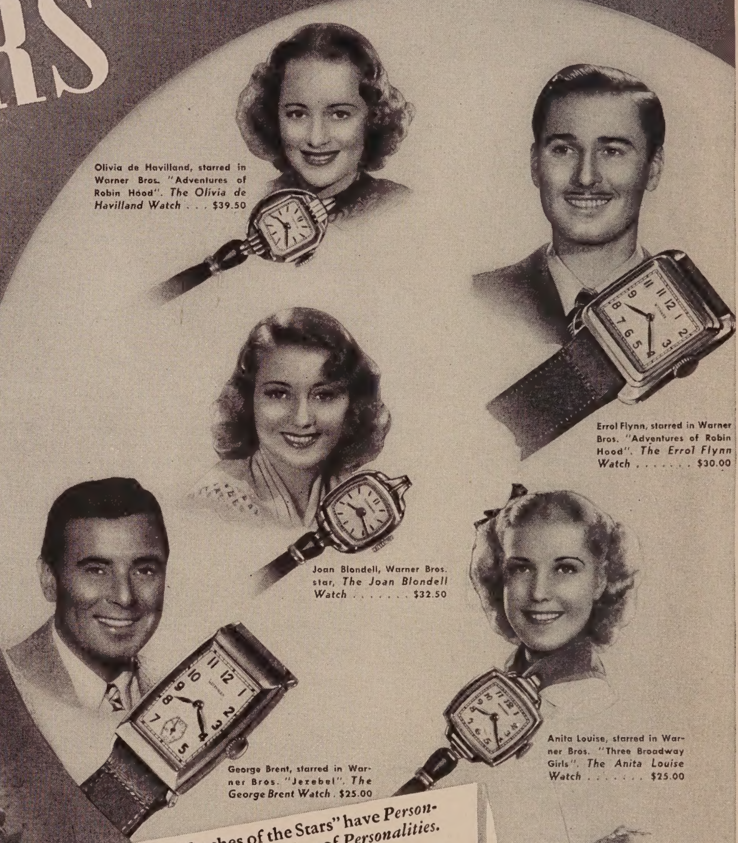
Exclusive Stories

HOLLYWOOD HOAXES
CRAZY OVER HORSES
NINE TO FIVE LOVE

JEANETTE MacDONALD

WITTNAUER *Watches* OF THE STARS

George Brent in a scene from Warner Bros. "Jezebel"



Olivia de Havilland, starred in Warner Bros. "Adventures of Robin Hood". *The Olivia de Havilland Watch* . . . $39.50

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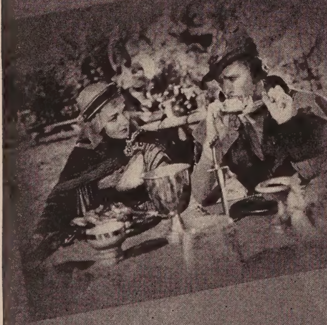
Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in scenes from Warner Bros.' "The Adventures of Robin Hood"



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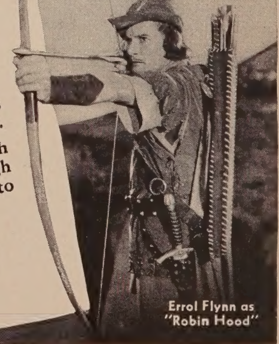

Errol Flynn as "Robin Hood"

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You start right in learning to play real little tunes almost from the very start. Gradually you master more difficult ones until—sooner than you ever expected—you find yourself entertaining your friends—playing at parties—and having the best times you ever had in your whole life.

Easy as A-B-C

The success of this U. S. School method of musical instruction is due to two things. One is the fact that it makes everything so simple—so crystal clear—so easy to understand. First it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler?

The second reason for the success of this system is that it is so fascinating. Learning music this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore, as it used to be with the old way.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

In order to show how easy—how simple—how pleasant this course is, the U. S. School of Music has prepared for you a Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. No matter what instrument you select to play, the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet will show you at once the amazingly simple principle around which this method is built. And how it can enable you to become a popular musician in a surprisingly short time—at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—if you want to enjoy musical good times galore—fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act at once. You'll not be obligated in any way. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 2646 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Fortieth Year (Est. 1898).

START NOW TO MUSICAL GOOD TIMES

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
2646 Brunswick Building, New York City, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.... Have you Instrument?..................

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

It's a treat to send fan letters to Warners' Olivia De Havilland as she revels in receiving 'em. A large collection awaits her return from old England.

FAN CLUB NEWS

HIGHLIGHTS ON FAN CLUBS, THEIR ORIGIN, PURPOSE AND ACTIVITIES

FOR the benefit of readers who are not acquainted with fan clubs, an explanation of how they function would not be amiss.

A fan club, like any other organization, has the usual officers of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. And like any other organization, it has a purpose. It is originally formed in honor of a favorite film star from whom permission for the club must be obtained. If permission is granted, the film star automatically becomes the "Honorary President." The active president proceeds to contact admirers of the star from all parts of the world and bands them together under her leadership. Upon joining each member receives a membership card; a list of associate members with whom correspondence may be entered if so desired; copies of the club magazine, usually a bi-monthly publication; and a photograph sent directly from the honored star. The purpose of such groups is to help further the career of their favorite through the medium of letters to the studio and to various motion picture magazines. There are hundreds of such groups not only throughout the United States but located in all parts of the world.

There are several major heads presiding over a large number of individual clubs. One of these is the FAN CLUB FEDERATION which is under the guidance of IRENE BRETTMANN, 1508 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California. Miss Brettmann tells us there are approximately one hundred clubs under the Federation's banner. The purpose of the Federation is to increase the value of fan clubs to the stars and studios, and to enforce the Federation's rules among the clubs. One rule for example is the fact that a club president is not supposed to seek financial aid or to obligate an honored star in any respect. If the star offers voluntary assistance that is quite another thing, but to deliberately request money or favors of any kind is definitely against the laws of the Federation.

Popular Ginger Rogers has a club conducted by MARION L. HESSE of 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey. During a recent visit to the coast, Miss Hesse spent an unforgettable afternoon with Miss Rogers at her studio dressing room, discussing new plans for the club.

A unique group is the ALICE WHITE Club conducted by LUCILE CARLSON of 206 East Main Street, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. You have to be a female to be admitted as a member! Miss Carlson edits a monthly club magazine and it's an interesting one too!

ESTELLE NOWAK of 3223 N. Central Park, Chicago, Illinois, has the GLORIA STUART Club. Miss Stuart's intimate and amusing letters published in *The Gloria-ous News* give her fans a delightful insight into the personality of the personable Gloria!

Dashing ERROL FLYNN has a keen admirer in MARTHA FERGUSON of 81 N. Eureka Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. Miss Ferguson is a bright young lady and proves it through the medium of a well-edited club magazine. Mr. Flynn expressed his appreciation for her efforts in *(Continued on page 80)*

june, 1938 volume 1, no. 12

MODERN MOVIES

MAY C. KELLEY
EDITOR

dorris denbo
hollywood editor

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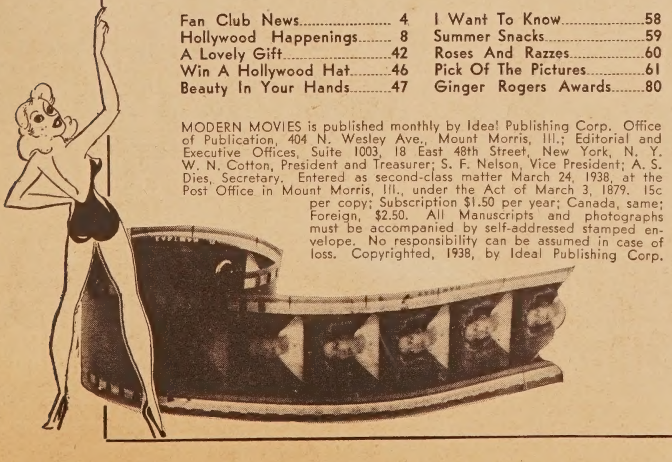
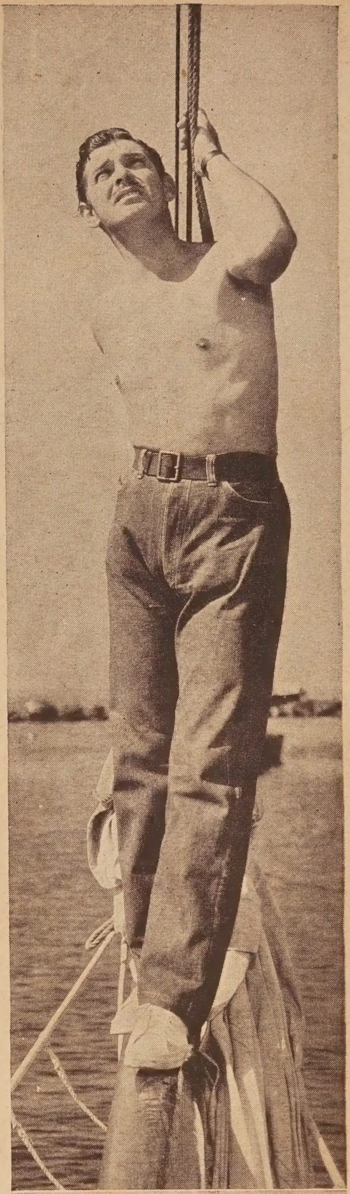




LOOKING AHEAD FOR JULY

Clark Gable is just one of the many stars who has heard that familiar phrase *I'll Be Suing You.* Read the amazing suits that follow in the wake of Hollywood stars. Bette Davis and Loretta Young give their answers to *What Lure Glamour?*

These stories head the exclusive features in the July issue of

MODERN MOVIES

Color

with

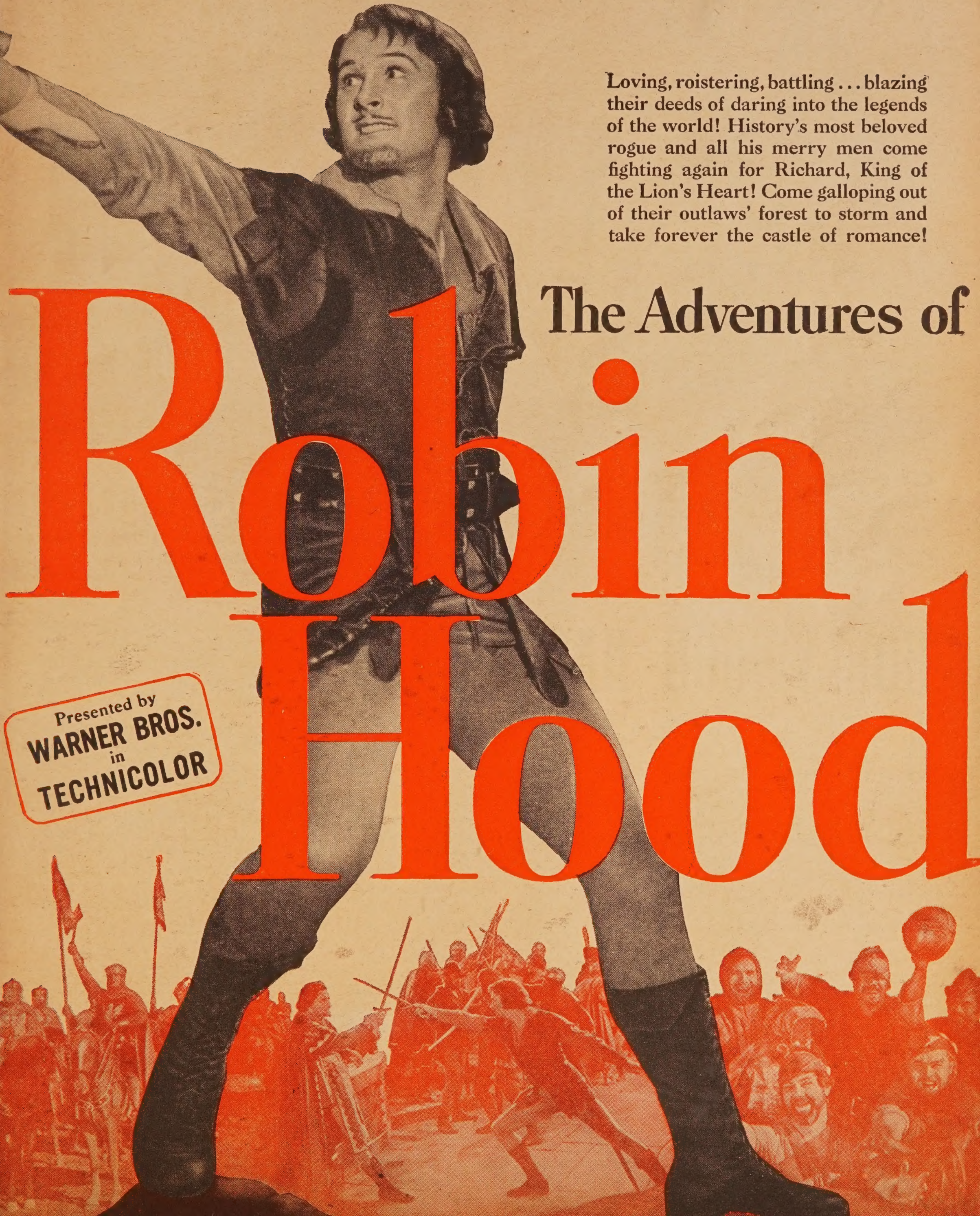
ERROL
FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · BASIL
RATHBONE · CLAUDE RAINS
PATRIC KNOWLES · EUGENE PALLETTE
ALAN HALE · MELVILLE COOPER
IAN HUNTER · UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller · Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends · Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold · A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

NOW PAINTS
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!



Loving, roistering, battling . . . blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR

Carol Landis and Veda Ann Borg, two pulchritudinous young misses from the Warner lot, drive fifty miles from Burbank to Malibu to enjoy the seaside. Accountants are reputed to know their figures. What about these?

Connecticut Yankee Rudy Vallee will bring his lilting music and soft lyric tenor to *Golddiggers In Paris* . . . The pretty young ballerina is Rosemary Lane. She gracefully dances her way into Maestro Rudy's heart and he likes it!

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

ALFRED LUNT recently expressed the sentiments of acting Hollywood, when he responded to a wire from a producer offering him one of the starring plums of the year. He wired back: "Sorry! I wouldn't mind competing with Gary Cooper or Charles Boyer, but I'll be darned if I can quack a better monologue than Donald Duck or pantomime a neater turn than Dopey the Dwarf. No thanks, I'll stay on the stage where I still have humans to out-act."

* * *

And Joan Davis wants to know where Baby Snooks goes after Fanny Brice takes off her ribbon; and what happens to Little Betty Lou when Tommy Riggs takes the floor; where is Charlie McCarthy when Edgar Bergen isn't around; and now with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer preparing to bring *The Wizard of Oz* characters to life on the screen, tin men will go around talking, hens will chatter, and scarecrows with pumpkin heads will emote—so what chance has a mere flesh and blood human who looks and acts very much like any other human being? Yes, screen favorites have weird competition today. No star can tell just when or where a new sensational favorite is going to pop up out of the throat, or from the pen, or imagination of some unknown person and steal the picture. Hollywood stars lament—"you can't compete with a splinter, a tonsil, a hair ribbon, and tin woodmen—an' things an' stuff like that!" And who can blame them?

* * *

Hollywood is now learning to dance "Doin' the Dopey." Inspired by *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* it is logical successor to the Big Apple. "Doin' the Dopey" has plenty of swing and pep and has quite as much originality and versatility as the Big Apple.

* * *

Gene Raymond has invented a new game for his Hollywood guests. He mounts a deck of cards face up on a target. He calls this game Bullseye Poker, because players deal their own poker hands by firing at the target with one of these kid rifles which shoot rubber suction-tipped projectiles. It's amazing what bad hands you can shoot for yourself!

* * *

Listen to this, girls! Robert Taylor dislikes women who make up their faces in his presence. Cecil B. DeMille hates red finger nails. Tyrone Power dislikes heavily rouged lips. Errol Flynn goes berserk when he sees women in slacks in public places. Ray Milland despises high, squeaky voices, and Ernst Lubitsch has a pet hate for "ice cream soda faces"—as he calls them; faces with no other expression than sweet sweetness.

* * *

Rumors have it that Fay Wray will not divorce John Monk Saunders after all. Everyone in Hollywood hopes there will be no divorce, for Hollywood likes them so much as a couple.

* * *

And Luise Rainer fans will be glad to know that the star has decided to dress her hair in a strictly conventional manner from now on. She watched the rushes of the Academy banquet showing her receiving her statuette for her work in *The Good Earth,* and

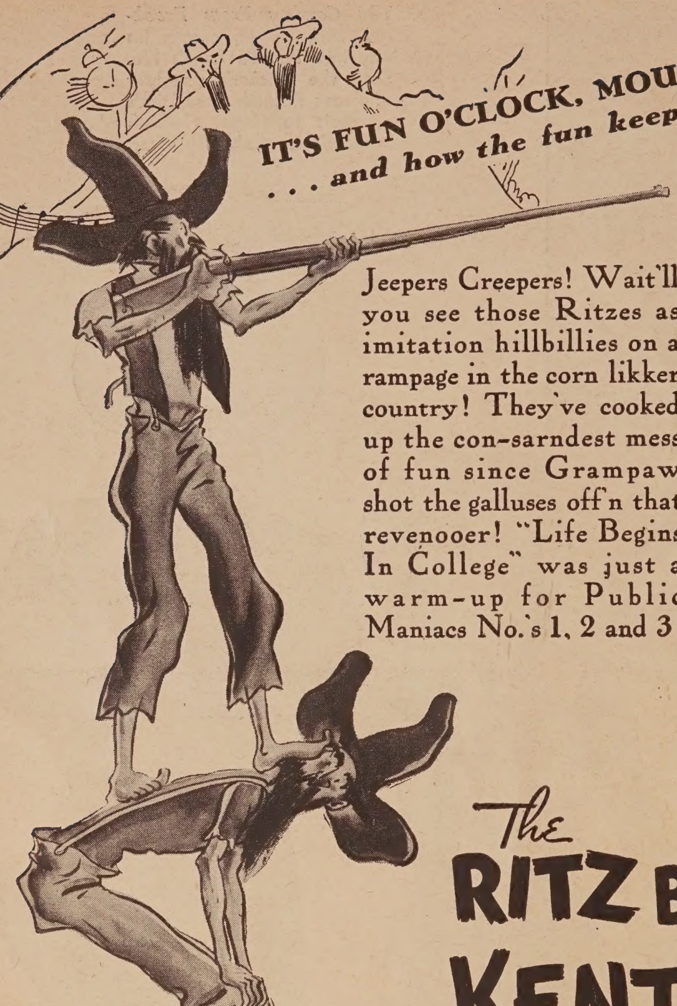
Wayne Morris, another Warnerite, says "hello" between takes on *Valley Of The Giants.* In this picture he'll be seen for the first time in tails . . . but not of the soup-and-fish variety. Right now it's a coonskin cap 'n tail.

was horrified at the appearance of her hair. "Oh, my hair!" she moaned. "It is terrible. I never knew it looked like that. I shall never wear it so carelessly about my face again."

* * *

Another famous party at the Hawaiian Paradise Cafe is over. This time it was a circus party. The cafe was turned into a tent, and standing here and there throughout the room were giant cut-outs of dwarfs, clowns, bareback riders and trapeze artists. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone arrived dressed as bareback rider and ringmaster. Joan soon got a run in her black silk tights but that didn't spoil her fun in the slightest. She was one of the gayest there. Most of the men came as clowns, but Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck came as western cow folk—with black shirts, yellow scarfs, and stunning white sombreros. Anita Louise was a gorgeous bareback rider in pink tarleton and spangles. The floor show was made up of circus performers and Edgar Kennedy and Dick Arlen put on a Big Apple late in the evening that brought down the house. The leading men all came as clowns but Edgar Kennedy, screen clown, came *(Continued on page 74)*

The Cowboy From Brooklyn, **Dick Powell, croons his way into Priscilla Lane's life. She's the rancher's daughter who sees through poor Dick's attempts to forget Flatbush in the virile, sagebrushy West.**



IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!

. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky.... and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The RITZ BROTHERS in KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Romantic rumors are rife concerning the fair Olivia who is now vacationing in England. *Sisters* is her next.

OLYMPE BRADNA

French and vivacious Olympe, pronounced O-lamp, is studying voice under the tutelage of Irish tenor, John McCormack.

RICHARD GREENE

Even before his first American film is released, British-born Richard has been chosen as leading man for Sonja Henie.

JAMES CAGNEY

Everything is hotsy-totsy again between Jimmy and Warner Brothers. After *Boy Meets Girl* he has a very busy schedule.

BARBARA STANWYCK

When Barbara isn't working at the RKO-Radio Studios, she can be found at Fox where she is now making *Always Goodbye.*

Errol Flynn brings a *real* touch to this thrilling clinch. The gal is Joan Blondell.

LOVE IN Hollywood FROM 9 TO 5

WHEN Greta Garbo vacationed recently in far-off Italy, she set a thousand tongues wagging. For this time she was not alone. This once, the most glamorous lady of the screen shared her solitude with another—the brilliant, white-haired, recently divorced Leopold Stokowsky.

But there were those who drew from her choice of a middle-aged companion, a startling hypothesis.

The fact that Garbo once allowed herself to be led to the altar by the late John Gilbert, only to run away in school girl panic—The fact that for a while she seemed to enjoy the presence of George Brent, only to close her heart later to his impetuous courtship—The fact that she prefers the companionship of an older man to the hot-blooded attentions of her Hollywood admirers . . . All these things contribute to the theory that Greta Garbo, in real life, is afraid of the love she so convincingly portrays on the screen.

However near the truth this conjecture may be, one incontrovertible fact remains: Before the cameras, during working hours, the Garbo of real life vanishes, and in her place there emerges a strange new personality, sensuous, lovely, and infinitely desirable. A personality with no counterpart off-screen. After she leaves the studio Garbo appears a recluse, shy and beset by doubts, but from nine to five, while the cameras turn, she is the radiant embodiment of fullblooded womanhood. She can portray the conduct and manner of women who hold the world well lost for love—Margaret Gautier (Camille), Marie Walewska (Napoleon's inamorata) and Anna Karenina—with a passion and understanding unsurpassed by any other actress on the screen.

Yet, what strange magic is this? How can a woman whose personal love life has been hapless, be able to bring to her screen kisses an allure irresistible to her leading men George Brent and John Gilbert? In how many other cases have the love scenes portrayed on the screen affected the private lives of the stars who played them?

Long ago the exquisite daughter of Maurice Costello, Dolores, played in *The Sea Beast*. Heedless of warnings from all sides, she fell recklessly, overwhelmingly in love with her co-star, John Barrymore. They were married. A brief period of happiness followed for them, then—another Hollywood divorce.

Similarly, a lanky lad from Montana was featured in *Wolf Song* with a tempestuous little Mexican star. At the contact of their lips, camera, director, electricians, and the myriad other studio distractions were forgotten, and Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez put their whole heart into their screen kisses. Today that romance

Dick Powell's technique is both tender and firm. He's about ready for a close-up with Rosemary Lane.

This is truly the McCoy! Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane are that way about each other on and off screen.

HOW DO THE STARS FEEL ABOUT THEIR REEL LIVES AND LOVES?

By Edith Bersin

is half-forgotten, for Lupe is Mrs. Johnny Weismuller and Gary is married to Sandra Shaw. But once Lupe and Gary carried the torch for each other, and they didn't care who knew it.

More recent is the case of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power who played together in *One In a Million.* They too romanced off screen as well as on, until Tyrone began dating Loretta Young, his co-star in *Cafe Metropole* and *Second Honeymoon.* And later still, Janet Gaynor entered his life. Observers say this for Tyrone, he certainly is loyal to Twentieth-Century-Fox!

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee fell in love with each other while playing together in *The Silver Cord.* Today Frances Dee is Mrs. McCrea and theirs is one of the happiest Hollywood marriages.

No wonder then that screen teams like these put as much genuine emotion into their kisses before the camera as any pair kissing in a darkened parlor. But it does not follow that the wives of screen stars have to worry every time their spouses film a love scene.

Says Errol Flynn, "Making love to a beautiful girl, even for screen purposes,

(Continued on page 70)

Talking of kisses! How is this shot of Henry Fonda and Bette Davis for smooth smacking?

FAIR PLAY FOR FAIRBANKS

As Rupert of Hentzau, Doug swaps a couple of yarns with Ronald Colman.

Critics labelled him pro-British. But his Hollywood comeback disproves this.

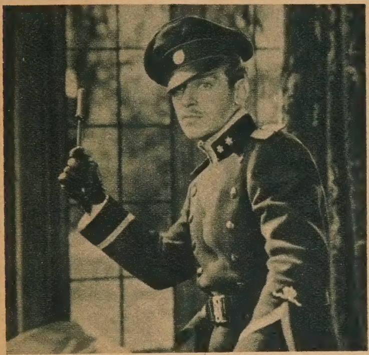
Let's go! Doug and Irene Dunne bring plenty of laughs in *The Joy of Living*.

Doug at fourteen was groomed for leading roles, but he refused to reflect in the glory of his illustrious dad

FIGHT TO THE FINISH FAIRBANKS GOES REMINISCENT!

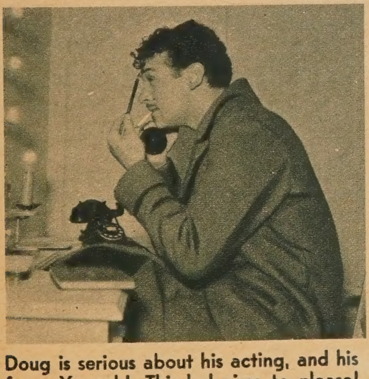
HE ANSWERS THE CHALLENGE OF CRITICS AND ADMIRERS.

By Ruth Arell



Doug has made his mark as artist, writer, actor, and producer in England.

The sophistication so typically a Fairbanks trait, goes over with Mary Astor



Doug is serious about his acting, and his fans. Yowsah! This lad aims to please! After playing the male lead with Danielle Darrieux in Universal's *The Rage of Paris,* he goes over to Selznick to act in Janet Gaynor's picture *The Young in Heart.*

ACCORDING to the old saying, he who laughs last, laughs longest. Well, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now has the last laugh, and the ha-ha is on Hollywood—the Hollywood that until recently refused to take him seriously.

Young Fairbanks took it all without a whimper. He simply went his way and did what he thought was to be done. But he did it so well that skeptical Hollywood was forced to sit up and take notice . . . which took form in an avalanche of contracts. He played the part of the unscrupulous Rupert in *The Prisoner of Zenda;* RKO gave him the male lead opposite Ginger Rogers in *Having a Wonderful Time;* Universal gave him Danielle Darrieux as a leading lady; and Selznick-International co-starred him with Janet Gaynor in *The Young in Heart.* He can literally find a contract at any studio in Hollywood if he is interested in one.

Pretty good, don't you think, for a young man who was practically laughed out of Hollywood several years ago? About that last laugh—"I'm too busy to laugh," he told me. "Just set me right with the fans. After all, they are the final judges. When they understand what I tried to do, and what I was up against, I'm sure I'll get fair play."

After you have heard what Doug told me, you'll agree that today he doesn't have to ask for a break. He's taken advantage of his own breaks, right from the very beginning.

"When I was a kid," he began, "I hated and adored my father. I adored him, as other boys did, for his gallantry and athletic ability. But I hated him because I could never get close to him as a father. I was much too young to know how to make the first advances, and of course, he was rather young for paternity. I used to think he resented me because I sort of hated him.

"As I grew older, he seemed a very definite liability to me. He didn't want me to be an actor. He disinherited me two or three times. Playing Fairbanks Junior to his Senior didn't appeal to me, because all my efforts were a pale reflection in contrast to his hearty personality, and virile antics."

Then to make things worse, Doug's mother, Beth, divorced his father. To the boy, the immediate result was the end of his brief association with his father. Of course he visited him occasionally, but the occasions grew less frequent. The slight bond of intimacy was definitely severed. He went to school, in England and Paris, and although he studied art and did numerous creditable paintings, he wanted to act.

"When I came back from Europe I met my dad and told him I wanted to get into pictures. He objected in the typical Fairbanks' manner. But I was stubborn too; besides, then, he was just the 'Old Man' to me, so what he said was so much spinach! I was denied affiliation with his company, and the coddling protection of the parental wing. Through a friend, I got a contract at Paramount. I was fourteen at the time but I swore I was eighteen."

In a blaze of fanfare and publicity, he was launched in his first picture, *Stephen Steps Out,* the outcome of which would have put a less hardy soul out of the business permanently. The picture was pretty awful.

"The echo of that flop still resounds," he says, "for it was impossible for an untrained fourteen-year-old boy to live up to all the ballyhoo." The lad was unsure of himself but cocksure with his associates. Working on equal terms with grown men and women who had been making pictures for years, he didn't know how to cope with situations that came up. He took a terrific beating from the press on that picture and, being a sensitive kid, it hurt.

Unceremoniously dropped by the studio, he went back to Paris where he renewed his art studies and tried his hand at writing. It was there that he again ran into his father. His mother, who bore no hard feelings because of the divorce, effected a reconciliation between father and son.

"We might never have found one another in Hollywood for Pete is extremely shy. He is one of the most un-social men I have ever known, amazing as it may sound. I am amused when I read some of the highly fictionized

(Continued on page 62)

TWA
U.S.MAIL
A.M.2.

You may be one of the lucky winners to hop aboard this huge silver plane to New York. Read the full details!

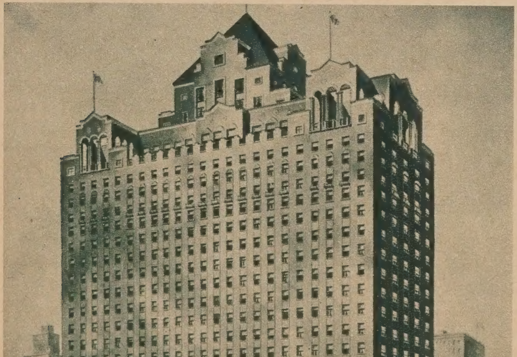
Here's YOUR TICKET TO FAME

WIN A TRIP TO NEW YORK AS THE IDEAL BEAUTY! . . .

GIRLS! Get out your snapshots for here's a marvelous opportunity to spend your vacation in New York as the guest of MODERN MOVIES.

We want to see pictures of yourself in a close-up, i.e., head-and-shoulders, and a long shot showing your full figure to advantage. Fill in the coupon on the opposite page and attach it to the snaps. Then send them to us and you'll be entered in our search for The Ideal Beauty. Here is what three winning girls will receive: A trip to New York and return; five days in New York without any expenses; each one will receive a wardrobe consisting of a daytime dress, an evening frock, shoes and hat; a special portrait sitting by Ira L. Hill; and a talent interview with John Powers, the man who has placed many Hollywood stars on the road to film fame by using them as photographic models.

Your trip to New York will be made via TWA



Do you like to stay at hotels that are well known for their comfort, convenience, and service? The George Washington of New York comes under that category. Aren't you excited?

Warners' Joan Blondell climbed to stardom as a photographic model. She was a member of the famous John Powers' staff. How would you like to follow Joan's example? Read the contest below!

Talking of modelling, Susan Hayward, Warners' player, has just recently graduated from a promising photographer's model to a screen career. Are you lovely to look at? Do you rate this chance?

plane or by train, at our discretion. You will stay at the George Washington Hotel and your five days' visit will be crammed with such exciting happenings as: Special facial and makeup treatment at a famous beauty salon, an all-over massage at Zena Joann's; and if you wish, a permanent by Zotos. Sightseeing will include Radio City and watching movies made at the Warner Vitaphone Studios. In fact, every day will be a holiday and every night will find you dining and dancing at a different spot.

Now for the rules! From the snapshots submitted in our contest we will select three girls we consider perfect for photographic modelling. The three winners will receive all the prizes outlined and be given a chance at a photographic modelling career in New York. The judges will be Jules Cannert, famous cover artist, Ira L. Hill, nationally known photographer, and S. F. Nelson, vice-president of the Ideal Publishing Corp., publishers of MODERN MOVIES. When the three winners arrive in New York, one will be chosen as Miss Ideal Beauty and she will pose for the cover of PERSONAL ROMANCES. Their decisions will be final and in case of ties, duplicate awards will be made. The contest will be closed July fifth, 1938. The winners will leave for New York, August eighth. Entertainment begins August ninth and they will return home by August fourteenth. All will be chaperoned by Mrs. May C. Kelley, editor of MODERN MOVIES. Come on, girls, send in your snapshots and fill out the coupon. Don't delay—Do it today!

The Ideal Beauty Contest, MODERN MOVIES
18 East 48th Street, New York, New York

Herewith are my snapshots. My age is..........

Height..... Weight.... Married or Single....

Bust...... Waist......Blonde or Brunette......

Hips......... Thighs......... Ankles.........

NAME.......................................

ADDRESS...................................

TOWN.......................................

Miriam Hopkins who divides her talents between RKO and United Artists wears glasses for readin', writin' and sewin'.

and now—
SPECS APPEAL!
HOLLYWOOD HEROES GO FOR THE LASSES WHO WORK AND PLAY IN PROPER GLASSES

by florence ross

FAIR, astigmatic fans, take heart! If you are reading this issue of *Modern Movies* through big, tortoise-shell frames that sit primly on your nose, and secretly hoping that the good-looking collegiate facing you in the train won't be frightened away by them—list to this tale of "specs appeal" as Hollywood knows it, and grin defiantly!

A few years ago Dorothy Parker, First Lady Wit of our land, contributed a little couplet on the subject that was immediately installed in the national philosophy. Remember those immortal and heartbreaking lines:

"Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses."

Of course you remember. At the time this tiny gem of poetry had enough truth in it to cause plenty of squirming in the best optical circles, to say nothing of creating circles beneath the best optics. Thousands of myopic victims between the ages of sixteen and sixty promptly dropped their telltale goggles down the mail chute and resigned themselves to missing the Empire State Building on a clear day. Better not to know what was on the dinner menu, they reasoned, than to risk alienating the affections of the boy friend and maybe never get another dinner date!

But that was a long time ago. It was, in fact, B. C. C.—before candid cameras—and before the glamour girls of the studios allowed themselves to be photographed at practically no notice at all. Today, Mrs. Parker's theory has been relegated to the rag-bag along with a lot of other bugaboos. Prove it, you say? All right, take a squint at the list of screen stars who wear, or have worn spectacles, for one

Smartly clad, all set for sports . . . who is this sleek young lady hiding behind the owlish lens? Joan Crawford of MGM!

United Artists' Merle Oberon sighs over the story's happy ending. Flesh-tinted oval glasses rest her soulful brown orbs.

purpose or another, quite openly—nay publicly—and find one among them who hasn't achieved fame or romance.

Find one among them who would claim that defective vision closed the door to success or love! Is it true of John Crawford? Or Marlene Dietrich? Merle Oberon? Claudette Colbert? Is it true of such spellbinders as Sylvia Sidney, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Barbara Stanwyck, Simone Simon, Gladys Swarthout, Mary Carlisle, Myrna Loy, Miriam Hopkins, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jessie Mathews, Joan Bennett, Kay Francis, Joy Hodges?

The case for specs appeal couldn't be in fairer hands. Hollywood's most pulchritudinous pulse-raisers are represented in this clique of celluloid luminaries who give the lie to Dorothy Parker's neatly-turned phrase. Consider them individually:

Joan Crawford, whose spectacular career has catapulted her from the status of night club chorine to top-notch ranking in the cinematic line-up, wears tortoise-shell glasses for reading and study, to save wear and tear on her eyes. Has it made any difference to her fans, of either sex? Has Husband Franchot Tone been snared by some lorelei of the studios who looks at the world through naked eyes? *You* tell *us*.

Marlene Dietrich and Merle Oberon, both sunworshippers, rely on smoked glasses to deflect the blinding rays of the sun on the beach, at tennis tournaments, the race track or polo matches. Merle created quite a sensation a couple of summers ago by appearing in green-rimmed goggles to match her billiard

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MGM'S Virginia Bruce has lovely aquamarine eyes. But she greets the sun's rays unafraid through smoky-tinted specs.

Golden haired Ginger Rogers of RKO, cuts a fine figure at the beach. Come-hither chrome rims perch atop her saucy nose.

Arleen Whelan demure little manicurist, hit the top in one exciting stride.

Director Humberstone of Fox saw possibilities in her wistful appeal and lack of sophistication.

THE NEW COLLEEN

"I NEVER dreamt," Arleen Whelan said breathlessly, "that my picture would ever be on the cover of a magazine."

There is, as has been said, a Gaynoresque quality about her but it is something the camera intensifies, not particularly evident to the casual eye. For one thing, Arleen is nearly a head taller than the tiny Janet. Of course her hair is red and there is a wistful appeal in her youth, but she is naturally pert and vivacious, with quick gestures and a nervous energy beneath her shyness. There is an eagerness too to be up and doing, to be savoring to the full the rich and varied excitements of her new life.

She acknowledged our introduction with a warm handclasp and a moment later was saying: "I can't imagine ever being unwilling to talk to interviewers. They tell me I'll get tired of it, bored with it, but I honestly don't think I will. I don't know how to express myself, but I am so thrilled and so grateful about it all!"

It is that depth of feeling, that responsiveness, that makes Arleen so appealing and insures her a secure place in the hearts of all those who come in contact with her—and these points, I prophesy, will similarly affect the fans who see her on the screen.

The past year has been packed with so many surprising thrills that she is still breathless, still unable to believe that it is little red-headed, freckle-faced Arleen Whelan, to whom all these wonderful things have happened. Just a year ago this May, she was

Preparation for the lead role opposite Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped,* meant long hours of work.

She has adopted Warner Baxter as friend and adviser for his understanding and help in *Kidnapped.*

ARLEEN

A NEW KIND OF GLAMOUR QUEEN IS SELECTED FOR THE SILVER SCREEN

by miriam rogers

an unknown little manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop. Today she is completing the leading feminine role in *Kidnapped* with Warner Baxter and Freddie Bartholomew. . . .

Outwardly, there isn't so very much difference between the Arleen "then and now." It was because of her gorgeous copper-red hair, her unsophisticated charm, her native grace, that H. Bruce Humberstone, Twentieth-Century-Fox director, plucked her out of her placid, uneventful existence and thrust her, willy-nilly, into the Hollywood maelstrom.

Still in the formative period, the next year will be a decisive one in the shaping of her character and career.

She hasn't kept a diary, but her young brother Bobby has clipped and pasted into a scrapbook the printed events that have starred her magical year. But Arleen needs no such reminder to remember how it all began, on that amazing day when Mr. Humberstone, whose nails she had just manicured, offered her a screen test.

The next day she took a bus to the studio, and in an ecstatic daze submitted to the ministrations of the make-up artists and the wardrobe department, and found herself bewildered and not a little frightened in the center of the test stage, a battery of technicians and cameramen focussing attention in her direction. In all the confusion it was the number of people that terrified her, rather than the camera's relentless eye. In the exhausting hours that followed, Arleen was photographed from every conceivable angle, in every kind of costume, from elaborate evening gowns to scanty swimming suits and twenty-three close-ups were made of her oval, piquant face.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the ordeal was over, its glamour heightened by the presence and assistance of Warner Baxter. Warner, himself a shy and gentle person with the gift of understanding, had strolled onto the set and noticing how frightened and nervous she was, offered to help.

Today Arleen speaks casually but gratefully of "Warner," opposite whom she plays in *Kidnapped.* It was he who first gave her confidence in herself and inevitably she still leans on him, well aware of the value of his advice and assurance.

She went to bed that night, her dreams merging at last into confused sleep, afraid lest she awaken and find it all a dream.

The next morning, she signed her contract.

Looking back, Arleen lingers over her biggest thrills. Her first was the moment when Mr. Zanuck introduced her to a convention of TCF salesmen, and her subsequent appearance at a ball in their honor. A veritable cinderella ball for Arleen, but there was to be no clock striking, no end to the rapture and the fun.

The next great thrill was hearing her name spoken over the radio—spoken by no less a personage than Walter Winchell—who described Hollywood's newest cinderella in words that brought grateful tears to her eyes.

Less than a year later, Arleen

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CRAZY OVER horses

HOLLYWOOD IS REARIN' HORSES, RACIN', AND RIDING 'EM HIGH.

by clarke robinson

Warner's George Brent goes over the hurdles on his famous Kentucky hunter Golden Eagle. Some stallion, eh?

ONE thrill in ten thousand! A score of thoroughbreds have rounded the clubhouse turn and are pounding up the back-stretch in the greatest handicap race in the world.

And, boy, it is a horse race! The best horses in training are battling for the $100,000 stake. Cinema stars as well as the owners of tremendously wealthy stables have paid the $1,000 entry fee to see their colors bobbing in this Santa Hippodrome. Jean Chatburn's Townsman, carrying her green, gold and red polka dots, is pocketed in eighth position. Bing Crosby's Ligaroti, with cerise and white, is in there somewhere. Raoul Walsh's French speedster, Frexo, bobs in and out with maroon and gold bars.

Etched into this thrilling panorama are stars of the stage, screen and world of art, packed among the 60,000 spectators on the ramps, the turf, in the grand stand and the clubhouse of the world's most picturesque race course.

Jockeying for the final turn, a long shot carries too wide and there are sounds of a muffled groan. They cut out of the backstretch and Aneroid fades. Suddenly a great shout goes up and echoes over the flatlands. The mighty Seabiscuit, with his peppermint jacket, breaks from the waving fan of pastel. Another horse chases him. One more gets through on the rail, and now a well proportioned little colt with a miniature rider in black and white, comes pounding up on the outside. The horses take shape and grow solid before your eyes.

Seabiscuit's headed a moment by the youngster. But the candy stick comes on again. He has wings on him. He's at the quarter . . . the flank . . . the neck of the colt. They lock . . . they hang. The shout of the crowd merges into one huge echoing road. They flash under the wire.

It's far and away the most breathtaking finish in the history of Santa Anita.

"Stagehand gets it!" George Raft cries.

"You're crazy!" echoes a celebrated director.

"Georgie Woolf threw him over on the last jump," shouts Barbara Stanwyck, in her rich, husky voice, her dark blue eyes flashing.

Bing Crosby, old and well-seasoned in the world of horses, turns away and smiles.

"Who got it?" a young race player asks him.

The neon sign on the result board flashes the word "photo" in red.

Crosby stops a minute. As well as being one of the most talented radio stars on the screen, he knows his horses.

"I bet on Seabiscuit, but it looked to me like Sande would bring home the bacon. Y'see, when the colt's legs are in stride, that brings his head down and I think that's a winning combination." He illustrates the point with his hands. "Sande's horse was in that position and Seabiscuit wasn't."

A tense stillness settles over the race track and ten thousand eyes are glued on the result board, while the photo is developed and sent over to the stewards. All of a sudden the loudest cheer ever heard at the track shakes the grandstand.

Stagehand's number goes up.

Earle Sande has won. America's outstanding jockey—three times winning rider of the Kentucky Derby—and now excellent young trainer for Colonel Maxwell Howard, has saddled a winner twice in as many weeks to take down the most valuable double ever brought off in American racing and netting his owner $136,700.

But to the romantic and imaginative world of Hollywood the result was only tradition. Youth had triumphed again. A young horse had won, a young jockey had ridden him, and a young man who had done more to make the State of Idaho famous than its potatoes, had conditioned the young colt.

Skyrocketed in one bewildering flux, the same as so many youthful screen celebrities, the bay son of Sickle-Stagecraft becomes the finest race horse in training and Earle Sande the greatest trainer. His odds have already shortened in the Kentucky Derby, and it appears that he has Preakness and Belmont at his mercy.

But East is East and West is West and these big traditional stakes are being matched on the West Coast now. California has an exclusive horse set of its own these days. Yes, and its mighty roots are entrenched right in the heart of the motion picture colony, as deeply as those that have sprung from Colonial traditions in Maryland, Virginia, and Long Island.

This past winter California attracted the finest stables in America, while Florida was a complete bust. With the possible exception of War Admiral, every good horse in training was racing at Santa Anita.

A few years back the height of the picture colony's interest in horse racing was relegated to sequences made on the Kentucky Derby in some screen classic. Today, stroll through the studios and you'll

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Jean Chatburn of MGM raced a string of long-shots at Santa Anita. Everyone is now bidding for her trainer.

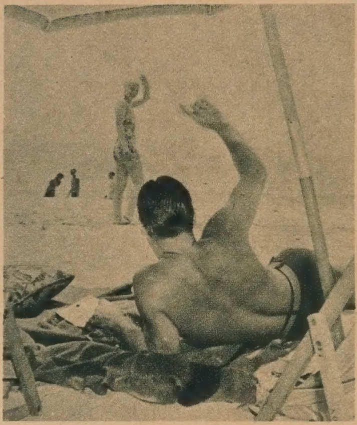
RKO's Diana Gibson places her money on Bing Crosby's Aunt Kitty. Diana is a familiar figure at Santa Anita.

Paramount's Bing Crosby is Hollywood's top horseman. He's done more for racing on the Coast than any other man.

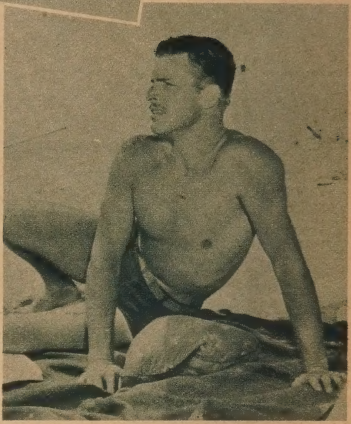
Clark Gable of MGM is a ranchin' buckaroo with racin' stock of quality. Mr. Gable knows how to ride the roans too!

A DAY AT THE BEACH

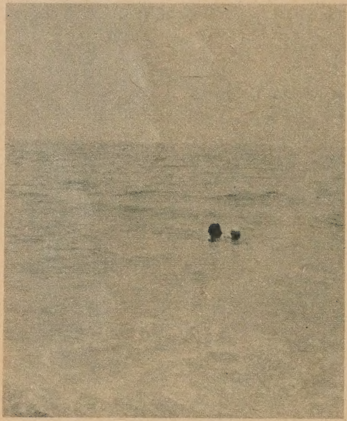
Larry Crabbe and Terry Walker are feelin' sunny.



Old Neptune beckons to Terry. So long sand hog!



Larry looks worried. Mm, no sign of the gal. Well!



Boy! Terry's in the grip of an undertow. Hurry up!

Sit tight, Beautiful, the man in possession is here!

Villain! What's the idea of using caveman tactics?

Tarzan Larry victoriously heads for terra firma.

A' pumping we will go. He's got her in a barrel hold!

Such equilibrium! Paramount can be proud of 'em.

WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG

This dimpled one-year-old is none other than the versatile little Fox Film star, Shirley Temple.

Three guesses! Columbus, O. gave us Mr. Warner Baxter.

Recognize Hollywood's No. 1 heart throb—Tyrone Power?

Golden hair? Sweet? Sonja Henie and her brother Leif.

He first saw the light in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Yes, Twentieth-Century-Fox proudly presents Don Ameche.

You can't miss this one! Even at six months her brown eyes sparkle with mischief. Jane Withers!

HOLLYWOOD HOAXES

HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW FAMOUS STARS CRASHED HOLLYWOOD!

by john f. devine

IF Samuel Goldwyn were to trip over a rug and break his small toe while getting out of bed some morning, he would turn that rather ordinary accident into a news story that would hit the front pages of the nation's newspapers. And the story would contain, whether or not readers immediately discerned the connection, some tie-up with a Goldwyn picture scheduled for release shortly thereafter. The man has a flair for publicity that positively amounts to genius.

Take the case of Sigrid Gurie, for example. The story that Sigrid was a product of the fjords of Flatbush, and not Norway as the public had been led to believe, was splashed all over Page One from Coast to Coast.

It really was a swell yarn, and no one realized that more than Mr. Goldwyn. The story was built up in such a way that new angles kept it in the newspapers for several days, and one almost got the idea that Sigrid's little bluff was the first important hoax ever pulled in Hollywood. It wasn't.

Screen-struck thespians and would-be thespians have been pulling the wool over producers' eyes ever since Theda Bara was the Dietrich of her day. Theda, in fact, was the first to do it in a big way, and even now there are a half dozen "name" actors and actresses in Hollywood who got their first acting jobs through hoaxes.

The list includes Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Margaret Lindsay, Gina Malo, Sari Maritza, Fifi Dorsay, Robert Cummings, and Vyola Vonn, known to radio, screen and night club addicts as Fifi.

The point is that they weren't as familiar with the ways and means of getting publicity as Mr. Goldwyn. By the time the public got all the details about Sam's Sigrid, it developed that Miss Gurie actually is of Norwegian parentage and that she lived in Norway most of her life, even though she was born in one of the less romantic sections of Brooklyn. Her real name is Sigrid Gurie Haukelid.

It just happens that the Flatbush Flame (Oh, why wasn't she born a few miles away so we could call her the Greenpoint Garbo?) is a shrewd gal who knows what she wants and has a pretty good idea of how to get it. Twenty-four years old now, she has wanted to be a movie actress ever since she saw Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan, in *The Kid*. That was quite a spell ago, but the idea probably was nurtured through the long, cold winters in Norway whenever Sigrid read a line about the famous Hollywood sunshine.

She didn't remember much about America because she was only three when her parents took her to Norway, but the movies in Oslo convinced her that Hollywood was where she wanted to be. When she told her mother about her ambition, Mrs. Haukelid simply said Sigrid was *toisete*. That, in case your Norwegian-English dictionary is out of reach, is Scandinavian for slightly screwy.

Four years ago, however, she coaxed her parents into sending her to a London art school. While there she met Thomas Stewart, the American luggage manufacturer, to whom she was married a few months before she got her job with Mr. Goldwyn. But she wasn't interested in marriage in those London days. Only Hollywood. She lived in a small room and skimped on food and everything else, so she could save money out of her allowance. When she had saved all she needed for her purpose, she wrote her parents a letter, and hopped a boat for New York. Without even stopping for a look-see at her native Flatbush, she scurried to Newark airport, and flew to Hollywood.

Samuel Goldwyn was the only name that interested her in the film colony, she says. Advised that the only way to get a movie job was to get an agent, Miss Gurie hired one for herself.

"I walked into the agent's office," she said, "and demanded to be taken to Mr. Goldwyn at once. The agent thought I was completely *toisete*."

Although all her early movie publicity said she had been a star of the National Theater in Oslo, Sigrid actually was as innocent of acting experience as a herring. She took the agent's advice, and began to study with a dramatic coach. This went on for eight months, but every other week she demanded that her agent take her to see Goldwyn at once.

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A studied British accent was Claudette Colbert's entree to the theatre.

Clark Gable's bogus "horsey" talk put him over in his first film, a Western.

Margaret Lindsay's Iowan twang didn't click. But her "King's English" did.

Sigrid Gurie, the "Flatbush Flame" had Sam Goldwyn completely sold on her Norwegian accent and background.

Today, Carole is one of Screenland's most outstanding actresses of rollicking comedy.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S LIFE STORY

GAY, GIFTED, AND GLAMOROUS IS THAT GOLDEN GIRL—LA LOMBARD

by suzanne kingman

Shoulder appeal? Carole established the vogue when only 3.

She was born Jane Peters on a blustery October day in Indiana.

She played Monte Blue's repentant daughter in *The Perfect Crime.*

A proud addition to the coterie of Mack Sennett bathing beauties.

LIFE began at seven for Carole Lombard, for that was when she came to Hollywood. Heartbreak Town for some, but not for a spindly-legged little girl named Jane Peters. The day she arrived in Hollywood the gods were smiling and the hand of Destiny, so cruel at times, rested gently upon an unsuspecting little blonde head. And so another comet's course was marked.

She was born on October 6, 1909, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and those first seven years of her life could probably be matched with the first years of any small girl, greatly beloved. There was money enough to give her all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of living and the fact that she was the only girl, with two big brothers, Stuart and Frederick, added to her importance in the family.

And it was quite a family. Her great grandfather was one of the original stockholders of the National City Bank and was on the directorate that financed the laying of the first transatlantic cable. Pioneer stuff, that—and something of the same far-sightedness was inborn in the little fair-haired Jane, for always, she has had the courage of her convictions.

As a little child, she lived in a big rambling brick house with high-ceilinged, square rooms and a garden to romp in and trees that cast great splotches of shade on hot summer days. But she was never one to linger in the shade, playing with dolls or looking at picture books. She much preferred tagging at the heels of her brothers, riding their bicycles, watching their marble games. She wasn't really beautiful—yet. But she was healthy and active—and mischievous. She laughed much more readily than she cried, a trait which has stood her in good stead during years which have brought their share of disillusionment and heartbreak.

Giving handsome Chester Morris the "eye" in *Sinners In The Sun.*

Smiling with Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper in *Now And Forever.*

A scene from *White Woman* with Kent Taylor and Chas. Laughton.

Carole during the early days of wedded bliss with William Powell.

She might well have grown up and spent her life in Fort Wayne, much as her mother had, but Fate willed otherwise. When she was seven, Mrs. Peters decided that a temporary separation from her husband was necessary. The Peters of Fort Wayne didn't believe in divorce. So, with her little daughter and her two strapping boys, she went on a visit to Los Angeles, intending actually, to stay but six months. Somehow, those months slipped into years and they never returned to Fort Wayne.

Carole went to school for the first time at the Cahuenga Grammar School in Hollywood.

"I'll never forget that first year," Carole reminisces today. "I fell desperately in love. He was eleven and his name was Ralph Pop. Can you imagine being romantic over anyone with a name like Pop? Well, I was and it was wonderful." She wrote him notes when she should have been studying—smudgy, but none-the-less ardent, and she lived in daily panic for fear some other girl would lure him away. Oh, it was a very real love, filled with anguish and torment and bliss and when it was over, Carole had grown up a little.

But don't get the idea that Carole was boy-crazy. She wasn't. In the first place, she was extremely athletic and took an active part in all school events. She still has two medals, one of gold for winning a hundred-yard dash and another of bronze for supremacy as a broad-jumper.

Like all youngsters, she loved nothing better than to dress up in her mother's clothes and go parading about the neighborhood. Rita Kaufman, famous designer, caught her in the act one day when Mrs. Peters wasn't looking and was so impressed that she sneaked Carole over to the California Studios and got her a small part in *The Perfect Crime.*

In *No Man Of Her Own*, boy friend Clark Gable okays Carole's ankles.

Thus, at twelve, she was actually "in the movies!" She played Monte Blue's daughter and she was terrible. But she got fifty dollars for five days' work and success went straight to her head.

She strutted about the house like a young peacock. Stuart and Frederick found her unbearable and "Bessie" as they called their mother, shouted to no avail about such homely details as arithmetic and spelling.

"I am an actress," Carole would announce in tragic tones. "Don't bother me."

To her complete surprise however, when *The Perfect Crime* was released, nobody paid the slightest attention to Monte Blue's daughter and so Carole disconsolately went back to her studies. Privately, she still thought of herself as a movie star. In high school, she was beginning to give promise of the beauty which is hers today. A young, untouched beauty, to be sure, in those days, but compelling. Boys began to notice her, seriously. She always had more dates than she could handle. She fell in love again, pretty hectically, with a young man named Clive. But not so deeply as to be deterred from the goal she'd set for herself. . . . To be a screen star.

While enjoying a summer vacation at Catalina, she bumped into Charlie Chaplin and brazenly suggested his giving her a screen test for the leading lady in *The Gold Rush*. Chaplin was amused at her nerve and thought her pretty enough to take up the suggestion. She had the test, but she didn't get the part. The break, when it did come, was wholly unexpected. Al Kemper, a Fox executive, saw her at a dinner party and noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett. He signed her to a contract for seventy-five dollars a week. The day she placed her signature on the dotted line, she was sixteen years old. And on that day, Jane Peters became Carol Lombard, a name that somehow suits her better today than it did when everything came so easy. Too easy to last. Later she

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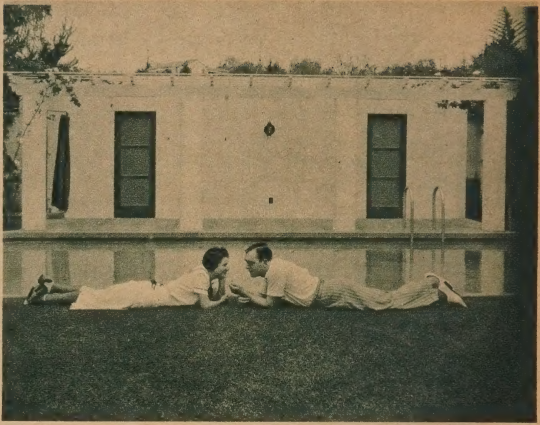
Mrs. O'Brien prepares for guests. Fancy having a barbecue "pit" in your own home!



Pat relaxes with the Missus between shooting scenes on his latest . . . *Boy Meets Girl.*

THE HOUSE THAT Pat BUILT

THE FOUR O'BRIENS AT HOME ARE A FINE EXAMPLE OF FAMILY LIFE!

by helen hargreaves

THIS is the house that Pat built . . . these are the rooms that grew in the hearts that lived in the house that Pat built . . .

With apologies to the nursery rhymes of our gosling days, we introduce the amazing, sprawling, rollicking house that is home to the Pat O'Briens.

It's a low, snug looking Mexican bungalow. From the street you'd wonder where Pat and Eloise and Mavourneen and Sean and three cats and three dogs and the nurse, cook and chauffeur keep themselves. That's your first idea.

After you're inside the house you wonder how they'd all find each other quickly in case of an earthquake or a rush call for dinner!

You see, originally there were seven placid rooms. A large, beamed living room, a dining room, a kitchen, three bedrooms and two baths. They were utterly satisfied rooms, pleased with themselves and their arrangement. So, when the O'Briens moved in, they were a trifle condescending about their new tenants. Closet shelves refused to make themselves any wider, bookcases took just so many books—and no more, and the corner of the living room where Pat put his huge desk, reached out and punched him every time he sat down.

Now at first the O'Briens didn't mind. They were happy with their little house with its big back yard and swimming pool, and they pretended not to notice the inconveniences the house presented. Then they began to mention casually (over the tops of home-making magazines) about how nice houses were when they had cute little dens with fireplaces and maybe a bar. Oh, the O'Briens were very casual about it. It took several weeks for them to get down to drawing on pieces of paper the kind of a den they'd build if they were going to build a den. But of course they weren't *thinking* of building a den. They were just talking about it!

Finally the spare bedroom (the one next to the kitchen) began to feel nervous. The New Tenants had been walking around it, with craftily reflective looks on their faces and the bedroom felt that Something was Up. It was. A contractor, with large blue pieces of paper was up on the roof, and up on the window sills, and before the room could even call in a squadron of Trained Termites to lend complications, the windows were knocked out, a huge fireplace was put in with window seats at each side, there was gray driftwood panelling on the walls, a bar, comfortable chairs and knicknacks, and the ex-bedroom became one honey of a den!

Of course, the walls might just as well have been plasterboard for all they show now. You see, Pat saves and frames everything. Any letter, telegram, theatre program or picture that can be reasonably imprisoned between four pieces of wood and a slab of glass takes its proud place on the den wall. Just to show you to what extent Pat's penchant for preservation goes—some of his friends sent him a telegram six feet long—5½ feet of signatures—friends all. They should have known what would happen. The framed wire forms a panel at the end of the room.

Well anyway, the O'Briens were very happy about the den. Utterly satisfied with the house they decided that their conferences with contractors were over and now their lives would go on with calm content. Of course it was a shame their lovely house had to be so close to that lot next door—all those weeds—and it was horrible the way the dust was coming in from there!

You're right. It wasn't long before the O'Briens rather sheepishly became the owners of the lot next door which they walled into their own place and proceeded to landscape.

While that was going on, and the house had settled into a sort of bulging placidity, Pat was badly bitten by an auction bug, brought craftily into the household by none other than Pat's good friend, Jimmie Cagney. It was Jimmie who assured Pat that there was nothing quite like a nice fresh auction for an evening's entertainment—just go there and watch the people, you know.

So Pat went to his first auction. When he got home that night Eloise noticed that he was strangely subdued, but she suspected nothing until the

The old skin game! Pat's library is filled with knicknacks collected at many auctions.

This extra wing was added to the O'Brien home to accommodate Pat's surplus books.

next afternoon when a van drove up in front of the house and three men began calmly depositing rows and rows of Encyclopædia Brittanica in the living room!

The bookshelves jostled against each other and refused to make any room for the interlopers. They simply would have none of them! So, into a back storeroom went Pat's beautiful books.

Next week there was another auction. Pat did better that time. He only sent home a huge desk (which had once belonged to Gene Stratton-Porter). The derelict books in the storeroom sighed as they were lifted from the floor and placed high atop their new and studious companion.

As the vicious virus of Auctionitus ran its course, chairs, rugs and a ponderous Grandfather's clock joined the storeroom assembly.

Then Mavourneen was born. The house began to creak and groan a little with the added inhabitant (with the storeroom joining in timid obligato). So again the O'Briens plunged into blue prints and contracting conferences (this time a little defiantly) and out of a bed of pink peonies rose a nursery, diet kitchen, extra bedroom and bathroom, and a dressing room. This addition was attached to the master bedroom so that Mavourneen could be close to her parents and so that Pat could take over the extra dressing room. Hmmmm.

It was about this time that strange noises were heard in the den. Sounds like pictures shaking themselves uncomfortably, with an occasional squeak

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Between pictures and blueprints, Pat plays with his youngsters Mavourneen and Sean.

Stepin Fetchit, ebony-skinned slow-moving comedian, has 103 pet superstitions. Outstanding are the rabbit's foot and coins.

Sonja Henie of Fox Films believes in the effectiveness of snowy white. From costume to auto, this is her symbol.

Lanny Ross puts his faith in a stamp collection. To lose or misplace 'em would portend an evil omen. Hope they stick!

HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTITIONS

DO YOU GO JITTERY OVER BLACK CATS? HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT LADDERS?.... SH! HERE'S FILMDOM'S OWN SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION FOR WOOING ELUSIVE LADY LUCK!

in the hat

Gary Cooper, Paramount's ace purveyor of suave comedy, has an old cowboy stetson that he wore when canvassing from door to door for a photographer. He vows never to part with this well-worn headgear for it has proven to be a good-luck piece.

over the teacup

Florence Rice, charming daughter of sportsman Grantland, has a few rules of her own. She'll not sing or drink tea the day before beginning work on a new picture. It is the height of folly and a come-on to hoaxes.

bed bugs

Hats on beds are taboo with Comedian Harold Lloyd; Villain Sidney Blackmer; the songbird of the South, Kate Smith and blonde Gladys George. Chapeaux abed is evil luck on your head.

palmistry

Paramount's Miriam Hopkins tells the world about the efficacy of a rabbit's left hind foot. She is a frequent habitue at astrologers' and fortune tellers; refuses to have her clothes sewn on her figure; and insists that all pictures be started on Monday.

a seedy story

MGM's Janet Beecher keeps good luck in the family. She plants a flower seed in preparation of every picture. The seeds are kept in order in a specially reserved row of her garden, each seed being named for the film she made.

bronc buster

John Wayne, hard ridin' ranny of the Western plains, insists upon coming to work in a street car for luck when dangerous scenes are to be shot. Any other mode of transportation is *out* for him.

number please!

Some of our favorite stars are that way about numbers! Gloria Stuart and John King play on eight. Joan Crawford and Walter Pidgeon both roll 'em on seven. Akim Tamiroff bets all on two. While Phyllis Brooks shoots her ball for thirteen. Who's ahead?

socks appeal

Carole Lombard says "thumbs down" on stockings unless her screen role requires 'em. A sapphire ring, a gift from Bill Powell, never leaves Carole's finger. An old cracked mirror dating back to childhood is on the set whenever she is working. "It's like an old friend," she softly avers.

hot dog

MGM'S Alice Brady swears by a lucky dog. Lavinia Mannon, her pet Pekinese pup, stands on the sidelines whenever Alice makes a picture. Things would go haywire without Peke.

Gladys Swarthout of Paramount, won't hit a high note without standing on her toes. And must clasp her hands while singing.

Errol Flynn wears a good luck charm around his neck on a thin gold chain given him by a dying missionary in India.

Handsome Tyrone Power parks his car in a different spot every day just for luck. His newest film is *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*

■BY DICK HYMAN

knit wit

Crooning Bing Crosby of Paramount has an aversion for jewelry and keepsakes . . . But an old, burnt-orange sweater, bought at the time when he was signed by Paul Whiteman, is still living.

accent on charm

Francis Lederer, Czechoslovakia's contribution to the screen, gives a party for members of the cast before and after each film. Each person is presented with a gold-chained tiny horseshoe or silver four-leaf clover. These charms are especially made by a Hollywood jeweler.

old clothes

Never part with a lucky garment, chorus a few of our masculine players: Lewis Stone of MGM holds on to an overcoat which is thirty years old. . . . Roscoe Karns of Paramount has an old red necktie preserved from an early success. He wears it in at least one "long-shot" of every picture. . . . Fred Stone keeps an ancient pair of shoes given to him by Rex Beach. . . .

CAL 1938
7E 77

MGM's Joan Crawford is fond of the number seven. She keeps it about her person; uses it constantly when betting; and as shown above it appears on her auto license.

A "MEANIE" MAKES GOOD!

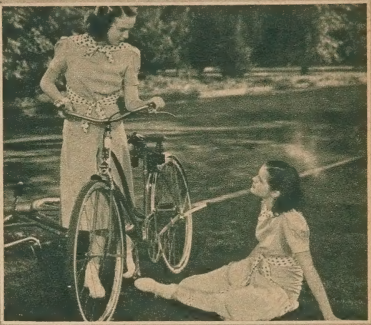
16 YEAR OLD HELEN IS UNIVERSAL'S VIXEN-EXTRAORDINARY, BUT SUCH A DELECTABLE ONE!

by edward eustace

Great things are predicted for this veteran of the flickers. Watch Helen!

She has journalistic tendencies, and is an ace reporter on location news.

Director Norman Taurog gives advance details on Helen's next featured role.



Helen skinned her knees many times before she could go cycling with Deanna.

A new screen "menace" has made good, and another interesting personality appears on the Hollywood horizon—a sixteen year old menace with blue-green eyes.

Helen Parrish, who played the role of Deanna Durbin's jealous schoolmate in *Mad About Music*, has been signed for a long term contract on the strength of her realistic acting as a hateful little vixen who completely won her audience long before she "reformed" in the last scenes.

Making good in an unsympathetic part is no small achievement, and Helen fully deserves the laurels she won when she proved her ability to make a mean role understandable.

Helen's sparkling eyes dance as she tells how much she enjoyed working on *Mad About Music*—the fun they had on the set while Deanna Durbin and Jackie Moran were doing their "romantic" scenes and were so susceptible to teasing—Deanna's birthday party which was held on the set with all the cast of the picture attending—and the outdoor scenes when the twenty-four schoolgirls rode bicycles along a country road and whistled the merry theme song, "I Love to Whistle."

"But the best experience of all," said Helen, "Was working with Deanna and getting to know her. I have been a fan of hers since I first saw her in *Three Smart Girls*, and was terribly thrilled when I heard we were to be in a picture together. Now that I have actually seen her work, and worked with her, I admire her more than ever. Getting acquainted with her between scenes was fun, too, because Deanna is so natural and unspoiled and gets such a kick out of things. The only thing I didn't like about making *Mad About Music* was that I had to be mean to Deanna. But we were good friends in spite of that."

Mad About Music is by no means Helen Parrish's first picture. Just sixteen years old on March 12th, Helen is a veteran actress and can look back on quite a picture career. When she was two years old, her family moved to Hollywood from Columbus, Georgia, where Helen was born. She was registered at the Central Casting Bureau, and almost immediately was cast in her first picture, *When Babe Comes Home*, with Babe Ruth. Her first picture contract was signed when she was five.

The coming of sound pictures the following year didn't hinder Helen's career. On the contrary, she played one of the first talking picture roles for children—Bill Boyd's pal in *His First Command*. In 1930 she was cast in the role of Honey Girl in *The Big Trail*. She played Richard Dix's daughter in *Cimarron*, John Boles' daughter in *Seed*, Frank Morgan's daughter in *There's Always Tomorrow*, and Jackie Cooper's girl friend in *When a Feller Needs a Friend*.

Helen has long, straight brown hair which is usually worn curled at the ends. Her blue eyes have a way of turning almost green when she wears colors with green tints, or when she becomes excited, which is likely to be frequent because of her bubbling energy.

Her chief athletic interests are horseback riding, swimming, tennis, dancing and skating, which she enjoys wholeheartedly, and which provide a natural outlet for her boundless vigor. Probably because of the tremendous energy Helen has expended on these sports, and also because of her natural grace and rhythm, she has developed considerable skill as an all-round athlete. Beside these active accomplishments, she plays the piano and sings, and may soon be using these talents in picture work.

In high school, Helen is a serious student of journalism, and she keeps in practice by interviewing famous people on the studio lot for her school paper.

Shooting wasn't a day old on the *Mad About Music* set, before Helen was on the hunt for copy among members of the cast and the directorial staff. She had met Deanna Durbin as a fellow classmate in the little wheeled schoolhouse that travels all over the lot in search of its students among the talented Hollywood small fry, so Deanna was naturally elected as her first victim. This choice was aided by the fact that the two kids are very fond of each other. Each considers the other "swell," the highest accolade in their group.

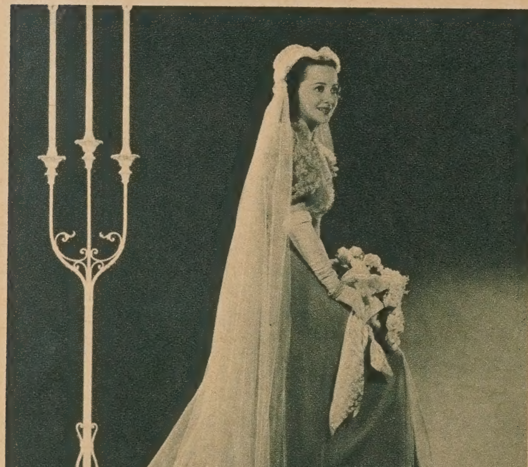
Helen is a born interviewer. She has been told in class that a pencil and paper have a congealing effect on some subjects. They seem to get the jitters at seeing their words put down in writing, and qualify and hedge on every statement. So Helen does most of her question and answer work without a pencil or copy paper in evidence. She jots down only such essentials as names, dates, heights, weights, titles of pictures and such. She is enabled to work without tools because of a photographic memory. Director Taurog was delighted at the speed with which she memorized her lines and the tenacity with which she retained them. The same faculty stands her in good stead on a writing assignment.

Reporter Parrish, when she *does* write down anything in longhand, scorns notebooks and pads. She is the real professional, using copy paper folded thrice for her hieroglyphics. Back at her desk, she violates newspaper tradition, by typing her story with ten fingers, according to the touch system, instead of jabbing away

(Continued on page 72)

Rochelle Hudson is delectable in white satin and rose-point lace. Note the fitted bodice and train.

A white net veil with inserts of sheer lace and a pleated ruffle is Eleanor Whitney's choice. Gorgeous!



Powder blue and a pale peach is Olivia De Havilland's favorite for the June bride. Mm, exquisitely youthful!

• A LOVELY GIFT

Here it is! A stunning bed jacket of tearose satin with lace.

Lovely Jeanette MacDonald, the donor of this beautiful bridal gift, is now busy making a new picture called *Sweethearts.*

FROM JEANETTE MacDONALD

Attention, June brides! How would you like to own the handsome bed jacket pictured on the opposite page? Imagine breakfasting in bed with this dainty little garment draped over your shoulders! Doesn't the idea intrigue you?

Yes, one lucky girl can win this attractive gift contributed by Jeanette MacDonald, with her personal card enclosed. And winning it is so simple and exciting.

Miss MacDonald has appeared in five operettas:

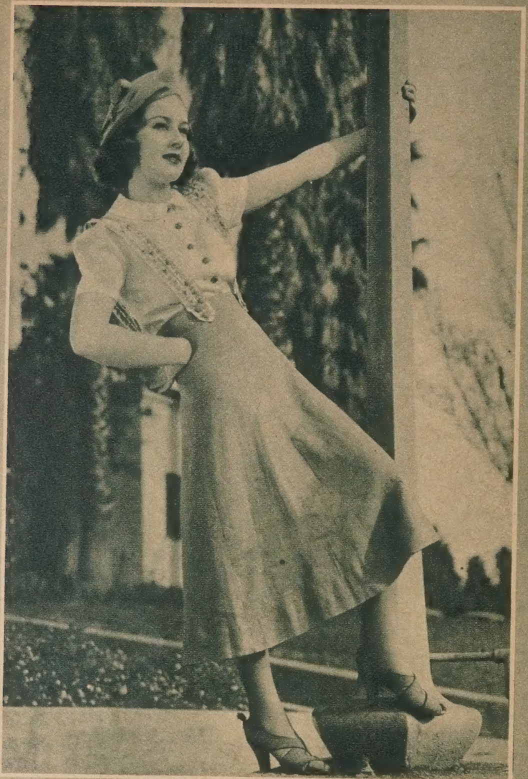
Naughty Marietta
Rose Marie
Maytime
The Firefly
Girl Of The Golden West

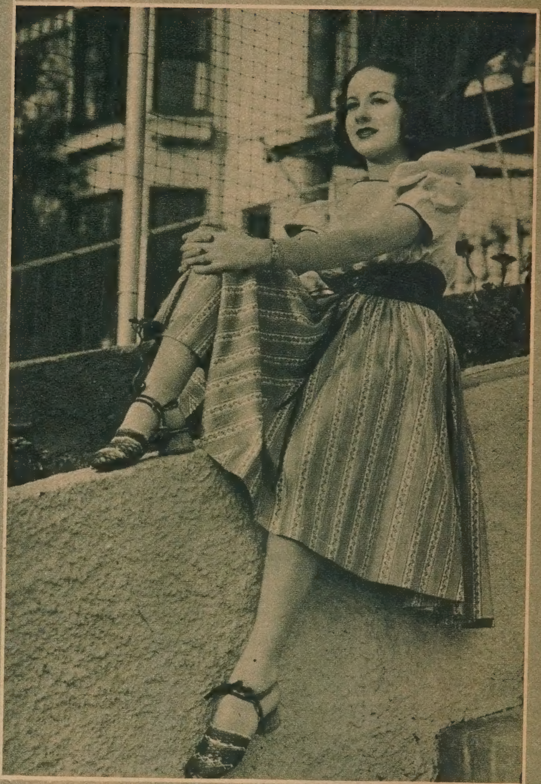
Here's your cue! Merely indicate on opposite coupon which one of these pictures you liked best and tell why in ten words or less. Then see what happens.

The judges of this contest will be the Editor and staff of *Modern Movies* and their decisions will be final. Closing date for all replies is June 8th. In case of ties, duplicate jackets will be awarded.

Don't hesitate—Mail your reply today! Perhaps you may be the lucky one to win Jeanette MacDonald's gift!

MODERN MOVIES, 18 E. 48 St.,
New York, N. Y.
I liked Jeanette MacDonald in......
....
Because ....
....
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....

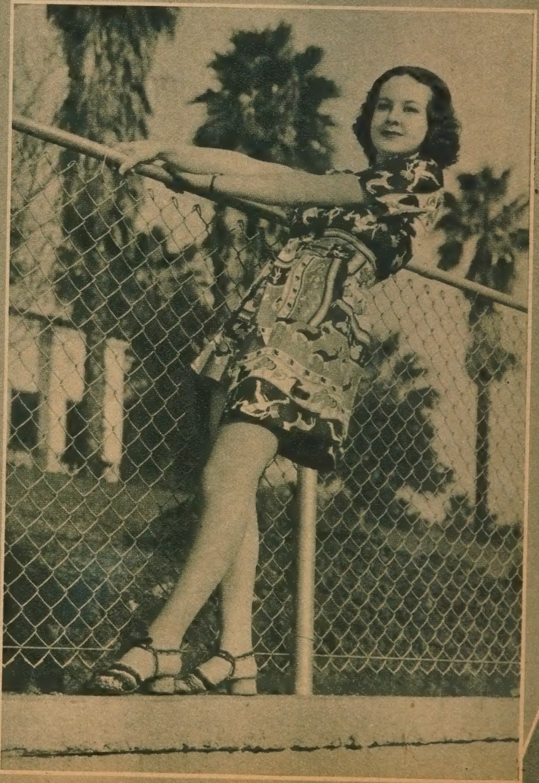




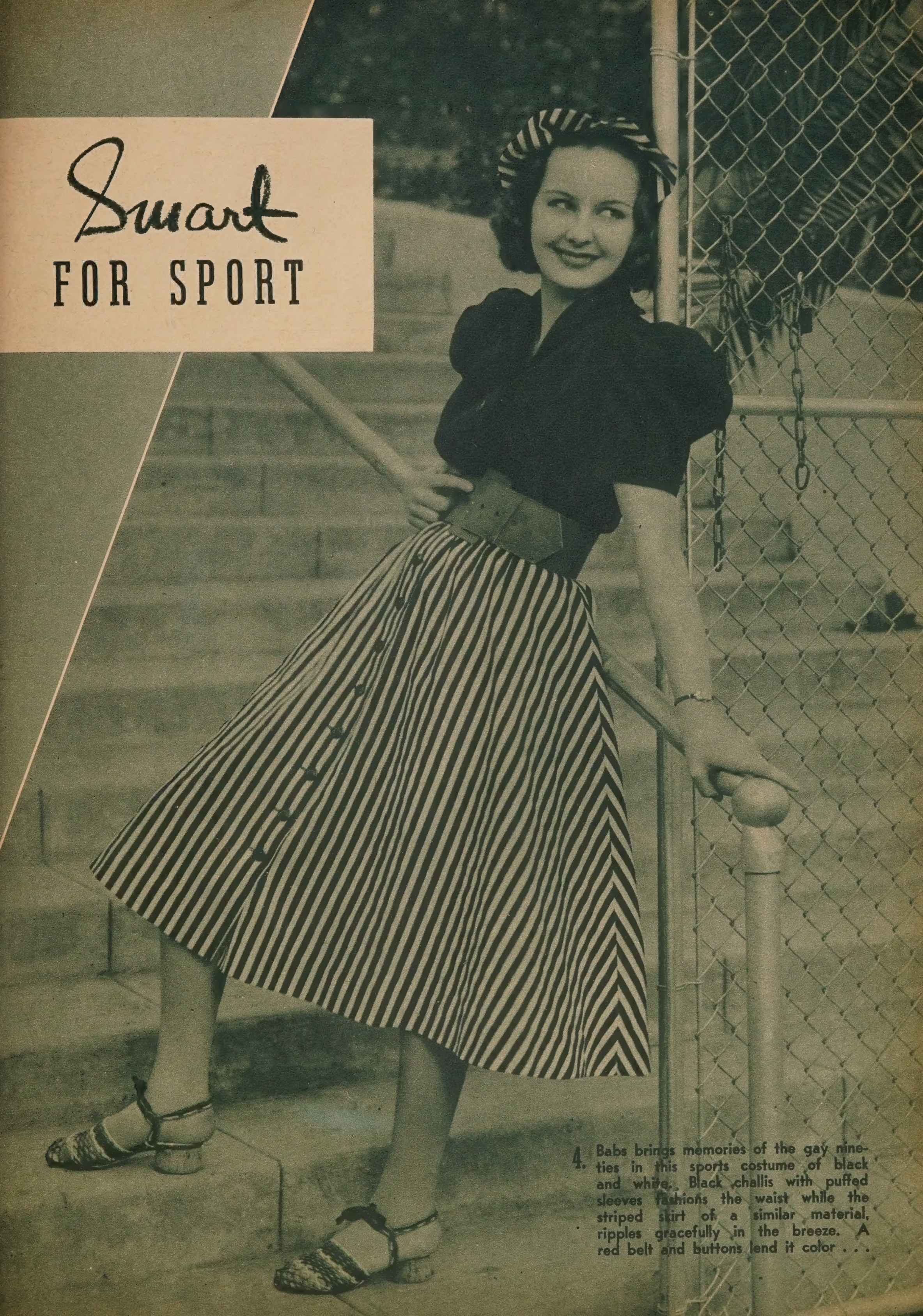
1. Universal's Barbara Read is set for summertime. Babs chooses a shirtwaist of white linen, a circular powder blue linen skirt, and suspenders of colorful peasant design to hold it in place. A matching beret of angora and linen shoes complete the effect.

2. The peasants get a break too. Babs relaxes in this charming frock for garden and beach wear. The decorative skirt is in a light shade of green striped with a flowery pattern. A white pique blouse and a wine girdle top its swirling width.

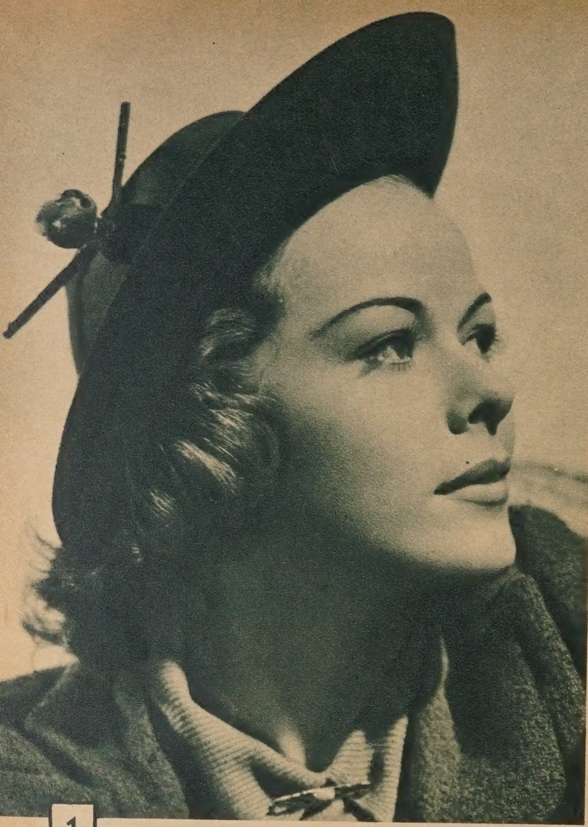
3. It's playtime for young Barbara. She selects this very smart playsuit ensemble in a deer-and-hunter print of rust, brown, white and green hand-blocked linen. A brassiere top and shorts are worn with a short-sleeved coat. Patch pockets add a neat finish.



Smart FOR SPORT

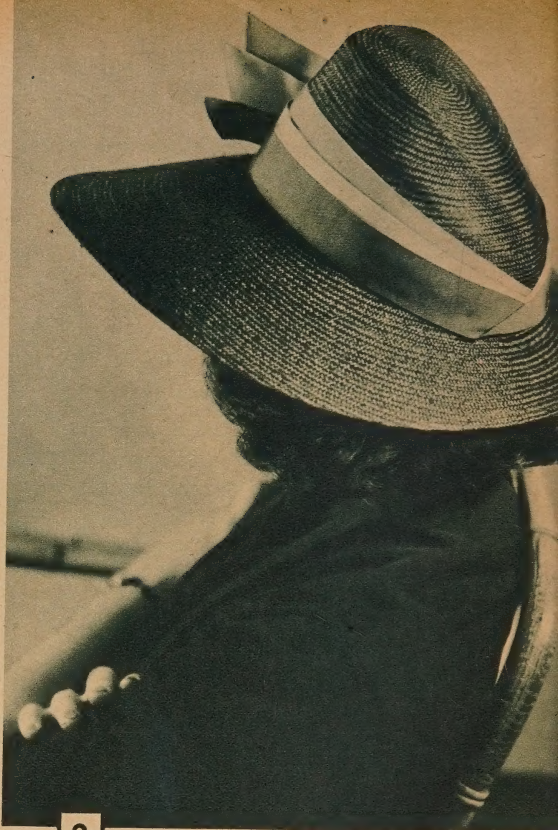


4. Babs brings memories of the gay nineties in this sports costume of black and white. Black challis with puffed sleeves fashions the waist while the striped skirt of a similar material, ripples gracefully in the breeze. A red belt and buttons lend it color . . .



1

Louise Platt, United Artists' player shows preference for a tailored topper in summer felt. The brim rolls smartly away from the face and on the square crown a brightly colored cuckoo bird is jauntily perched.



2

Leghorn has once again come into its own. Here's a large, drooping version with a high crown of the type that is now so new. A tri-color ribbon band with a cloche in front is the sole trimming. Like this one?

WIN A PRE-VUE HOLLYWOOD *Hat!*

Warm, balmy days are right on your doorstep and of course, you'll want to look your best.

Do you concentrate all of your efforts on dresses, shoes and accessories? What of your hats—are they in keeping with the occasion?

For example, do you wear a tailored hat with dressy clothes and vice versa? Your problem is solved—and at no cost to you! Aren't you interested?

Here's your chance to save money—look smart—and the formula is simple! Just imagine winning one of the hats pictured absolutely free! Twelve hats gratis to twelve winners!

All you have to do is—write a winning reply to the question: "which hat do you like best and why?" Give your reason in not more than ten words. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The coupon at the right is for your convenience. Paste it on a penny postcard and mail to *Modern Movies,* 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y. The judges will be the Editor and the Staff of *Modern Movies,* and their decisions will be final. Contest closes June 8th, 1938. Page 78 gives a complete list of the stores where Pre-Vue Hats can be purchased, but who can tell —you may be one of the twelve winners. Hurry! Mail your reply immediately!

modern movies,
18 East 48th Street,
New York, N. Y.
I like Hat Number..
because ....
....
name..
address..
hat size..

BEAUTY IN YOUR HANDS

"GRACEFUL" IS THE WORD FOR BEAUTIFULLY CARED-FOR HANDS

by helen stewart

"The loveliest in Hollywood," is what RKO players say about Ann Miller's beautiful hands and long, tapering fingernails!

"The most fascinating asset a girl can possess," is what Ann Miller, lovely RKO dancer, believes about beautiful hands!

ANN MILLER, the beautiful brunette dancing sensation of Hollywood, who soared to stardom with her role in *Radio City Revels*, an RKO production, believes that beautiful hands are one of the most fascinating assets a girl can possess!

There *is* charm in a graceful hand, power in firm, beautifully molded fingers, seduction in delicately tipped nails that enhance the beauty of ivory-satin skin.

Hands are generally conceded more expressive than your face. Because of this fact, I can't help wondering why it is that so many girls have obviously neglected hands and unkempt fingernails, when there's absolutely no excuse for them.

Girls, your hands will give you away quicker than your face. The first signs of age show up in your hands. They also reveal your personality, your occupation and numerous other truths about you!

How pleasing it is to one's sense of beauty to see a pretty girl with hands that are as smooth and lovely as her face. But I must confess that my sense of beauty is seldom pleased in that direction.

In caring for your hands, the first thing to avoid is the use of very hot water. Hot water relaxes the muscles and dries the skin. Cool or lukewarm water is best. I realize, of course, that there are many tasks in a woman's life that require hot water, but any woman makes a grave mistake if she doesn't don rubber gloves to cope with it. And if hot water must come in direct contact with your hands, be sure to rinse them in cold, immediately after.

A good hand lotion is really essential, after each washing, to keep your hands smooth and soft. I'll be glad to give you the name of an exquisite hand lotion that has valuable healing properties, and prevents chapping and coarsening of the skin. It is *not* sticky, and the skin absorbs its soothing oils instantly. It is delicately perfumed with dainty wisteria blossoms, making it a favorite among women who enjoy the finest perfumes.

At night, after washing your hands in lukewarm water and rinsing them in cold, apply a special hand cream, beginning at your fingertips and massaging down, well into the backs of your hands. Use somewhat the same motion you do when putting on a glove. Then pull on a pair of cotton or chamoisette gloves and leave them on overnight.

I have found a hand cream which is the last word as a bleach and softener. It disappears completely as you massage it into your hands. It leaves no sticky or oily residue. It gives you flattering hands—so flattering, in fact, that you'll wish you could dispense with gloves, even on the coldest days. It comes in a lovely jar and is very reasonable. Don't you want the trade name?

Do not stop at your wrists. Smooth, white arms and elbows are very important the year round. Never fail to apply your lotion and cream all the way up your arms and on your elbows. And remember that, while your arms and hands do not chap, as a rule, during the summer, a good cream and lotion will keep them white, as well as soft and smooth.

The weekly or bi-weekly manicure is most important! And to make it easier for you to have pretty fingertips, a famous beautician has created the *(Continued on page 68)*

FOUR'S A CROWD

behind the scenes with dorris denbo

FOUR'S A *Crowd* is a picture for the entire family. It is a picture to delight all would-be, might-have-been, and maybe papas; men who wait impatiently for the arrival of their first offspring so they may have an excuse to buy an electric train and all the what-nots that go with it. Walter Connolly plays the role of a millionaire whose hobby is electric trains with all their elaborate and intricate possibilities.

The studio spent more than $5,500 to surpass even the most elaborate and fantastic dreams of the miniature train rhapsodist. There are 700 feet of track, 10 trains, 26 switches, 16 signals, 8 houses, 4 stations, 1 powerhouse, 10 bridges, 9 freight sheds, 6 crossings, 10 flasher signals, 17 high tension towers, and control panels with 15 knife switches, 5 rheostats, 2 transformers---and oh dear, I can't remember all the other wonderful things that can be seen by all miniature enthusiasts who see this picture.

There is also a race between a streamlined engine and an old-fashioned snub-nosed variety. There is attempted dirty work at the cross roads before the race when Connolly butters the track so Errol's train won't do its stuff properly. But he is badly foiled by a lovely Persian cat who licks the track clean of the butter before the race.

During the time this outfit was set up and working, it was almost necessary to put in a riot call to the Los Angeles police to help keep order. Whenever any man was missing from any set there was no doubt as to where he could be found! He would be on stage 7 fighting for a front line view of the miniature.

So it is plain to see no man should miss this picture. As for mother and sister, there

(Continued on page 64)

THREE young friends, Koster (*Franchot Tone*), Lenz (*Robert Young*), and Erich (*Robert Taylor*), are finding a livelihood with difficulty in the disturbed, revolutionary post-war days. They are hard and cynical men, but bound together by their comradeship in the trenches and the hardships they have endured since the war ended. They believe in nothing but their own affection for each other. In the small automobile repair shop which they own Koster has built one prized possession—a powerful racing car, which looks like a broken down wreck. While racing all comers on the highway in this contraption, they encounter Patricia (*Margaret Sullavan*), a girl lovely in appearance and character. She is driving with Breuer, a wealthy profiteer (*Lionel Atwill*), but when she meets Erich and their friendship develops into love, she gives up Breuer.

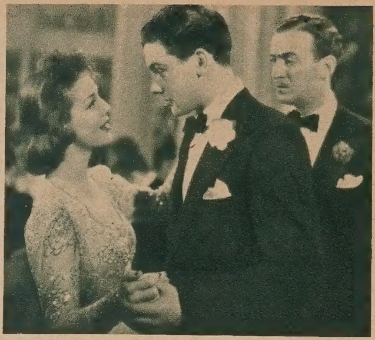
The three boys sell a car, buy a taxicab, and expand their business, and only one thing stands in the way of a greatly desired marriage between Erich and Patricia—Patricia suffers from tuberculosis, and refuses to marry Erich and endanger his health. They continue to be devoted companions. Lenz meanwhile has affiliated himself with a small patriotic group which is opposed to the revolutionary movements and anxious to restore the former greatness of the country. The political situation in the town goes from bad to worse, and the taxi-cab is demolished—due to Lenz's activities.

Finally Patricia agrees to marry Erich, much to the joy of the three comrades. But during their honeymoon at the seaside, Patricia's illness becomes acute, and her life is only saved by a doctor who is rushed to her side by Koster in his racing car. The doctor decrees that she must go to a sanitarium in the Fall. Before she leaves, Lenz rushes to the aid of an injured friend in a street riot, and is killed. At the sanitarium, Patricia learns she must have a serious operation. To pay for it, Koster sells his beloved car. When it is over, Patricia is warned she must not move for two weeks, but, realizing that death is the best solution, she gets out of bed to spend her last moments in the arms of Erich.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

You must be brave, Pat . . . Bob Taylor tells Margaret Sullavan in this tender farewell scene from this post-war film. Franchot Tone and Bob Young are also starred.

THREE COMRADES



FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

AT British staff headquarters in India, Colonel Loring Lee (*C. Aubrey Smith*) is court-martialed and found guilty of issuing a written order, in violation of instructions, which withdrew troops guarding a vital frontier pass, and permitted Indian tribesmen to sweep through the gateway. Their attack was repelled only with a shocking loss of British lives.

The order actually was forged while the Colonel was unconscious from a drug administered in his drink, but the testimony of his orderly and a certain Captain Loveland (*Reginald Denny*) is so damning that he is discharged from the army in disgrace. On learning what has happened, the Colonel's four sons immediately leave their various careers and gather at their English home, Leigh Hall. There their father is about to show them proof he has obtained that his discharge was the work of an international munitions ring, which sells arms to revolting tribesmen and then makes an opportunity for their use. But before he can prove his innocence, he is murdered and the evidence destroyed.

The four sons then pledge themselves to clear their father's name. Wyatt and Rodney leave for India to

investigate. Christopher (*David Niven*) goes to Buenos Aires, where Captain Loveland is now living. And Geoffrey (*Richard Greene*) remains in England. An American society girl (*Loretta Young*) who is in love with him and whom he left without a word when he abandoned his diplomatic post in Washington, D.C., pursues him to London. When he leaves abruptly to join Christopher in Buenos Aires, she again follows, and is helpful to the brothers in scraping acquaintance with Captain Loveland, Furnoy (*Alan Hale*), and General Torres, who are suspected of being the ringleaders. In India, Wyatt and Rodney have learned that the arms originated on an island off Buenos Aires. Armed with this information, the trio in South America go on Furnoy's yacht. After some harrowing adventures, Furnoy tells Lynn that her father is head of the arms company. The brothers and Lynn go to Alexandria to confront her father. He helps them capture Furnoy, and extract from him a confession which clears the name of the old Colonel.

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM

The RISING TIDE

A Walter Wanger Production Released Through United Artists. This Romantic Drama of War Torn Spain Is an Original Screenplay by John Howard Lawson and Directed by William Dieterle.

A STORY of war in Spain starts peacefully with Norma Basil (*Madeleine Carroll*) driving through the countryside to meet her father (*Vladimir Sokoloff*) at the little seaport town of Castelmare. Reckless driving lands her in a ditch, where she is reprimanded by two peasants, Marco (*Henry Fonda*) and Luis (*Leo Carillo*). Marco and Norma are greatly attracted to each other. He does not wish to lose sight of this glamorous creature, and offers to escort her to Castelmare. There she finds her father, of whose spying activities she is completely ignorant, with his associate André Gallinet (*John Halliday*). They are anxious to start for Granda the next day, but they are unable to get through, because by this time war has begun, and the peasants are mobilizing. Marco is made a lieutenant, with the job of trapping any spies operating in the vicinity. He captures, and accidentally kills, Norma's father, not knowing his identity. When Norma appears, he is forced to arrest her also, but she escapes during an air raid. André has the power to get her out of the country safely, but he is in love with her and insists that she stay and share his work and his adventures. Embittered by Marco's actions, she agrees. Her first task is to deliver a code message which will cause the destruction of a supply ship due in Castelmare the next morning. She does this knowing that as a result the whole countryside will starve, and will be defenseless without arms. Conscience-stricken, she confesses her act to Marco, and promises to right the wrong. She finds Pietro, the man to whom the code was delivered, and tells him the orders have been changed and the boat must not be sunk. But she is too late. From the hilltop she see the ship steam in and be blown to bits. However, Marco has saved the day, and it is only an empty hull which was destroyed. As André plots the sinking of the real ship, Norma overhears and kills him. She and Marco together pledge themselves to fight for peace.

STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

AROUND THE LOTS WITH
D. D. EDDY

Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland give us their version of Latin love in *Tropic Holiday*. Amour!

At Columbia Studio

KATHARINE HEPBURN stands at the foot of a tall stairway on the *Holiday* set at Columbia. She waves off scene and runs up the stairs like a sprinter. They rehearse the scene eight, nine, ten times, and she climbs 52 steps for each "take"—and then she suggests to Director George Cukor that perhaps they can do it better—and they start again. Cary Grant goes up too—but he takes an elevator! At the end of the final take satisfactory to all, Hepburn grinned wearily saying, "Me an' Garbo—I tank I go home now—an' maybe you better carry me out!" That's the new Hepburn who allows people on her set, jokes with everyone and who is just beginning to enjoy her work and the people working with her. She's great, this new Hepburn.

* * *

Gloria Blondell gets a real break at last. She was visiting sister Joan's set where she co-starred with Melvyn Douglas in *There's Always a Woman*, when Frank Capra happened to walk on the set. He watched Gloria as she watched her sister in scenes with Melvyn Douglas. Then he asked to meet her. He talked to her and arranged a screen test. He supervised the test himself, and it was a success. So Gloria is now the proud possessor of a Columbia contract and is a protege of one of the most brilliant and influential of directors, Frank Capra. And that's a real break for Gloria.

At M-G-M

Norma Shearer put up such a realistic and desperate fight in a scene for *Marie Antoinette* that the three French Revolutionary soldiers who were supposed to snatch her young son from her arms found their task almost more than they could manage. At the end of the scene, Director W. S. Van Dyke called for a special stunt check. He wrote one out for $35, the usual amount for stunt actors, signed it, and turned it over to Norma with a bow. "You've earned that, lady," he said.

* * *

Luise Ranier, looked lovely and fragile in her gowns of the old south, which she wears for her role in *The Toy Wife*. She clung to husband Clifford Odets' arm rather forlornly the other noon. He was leaving that night for New York and Luise looked as though she wished she were going along. He spent the afternoon with her on the set and they appeared very devoted, rumors to the contrary are being vigorously denied.

* * *

Met Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and Robert Young walking rather stiffly across the M-G-M lot. It seems they have erected a sky slide for a short subject Metro is making, entitled *Snow Gets In Your Eyes*. Bob, Clark and Robert were coming from there. They said this was their fourth day "having fun" on the ski slide. "The first time we put on the skis we became experts in landing in all directions and on all parts of our anatomy," said Robert Young, "But now! Now we are experts in the art of indoor skiing," bragged Bob Taylor. "You look like it," was all I said, and they all limpingly moved off, registering indignation—and hurt feelings in more ways than one.

* * *

When W. S. Van Dyke finishes the elaborate and sumptuous *Marie Antoinette* picture, he will start one quite as elaborate but not so sumptuous. To jump from the colorful and extravagant splendor *(Continued on page 81)*

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn cut some hilarious capers in *Holiday,* a new Columbia picture. Assisting them are pretty Doris Nolan and Lew Ayres.

Little Shirley Temple smiles her way into everyone's heart including George Murphy and Phyllis Brooks, in *Little Miss Broadway.* Some style, Shirley!

I WANT TO KNOW

Beautiful Palm Canyon, the heart of the desert, was the hilly location picked by Paramount for the filming of the all technicolor picture, *Her Jungle Love,* starring Dorothy Lamour

Oxford High Street was reproduced inside the Denham Studio for a sequence of *A Yank at Oxford.* Shopkeepers came to the studio to dress the reproductions of their own shop windows . . .

MISS JUNE M. S., NASHVILLE, TENN. . . .

Anthony Quinn can be reached at the Paramount-Publix Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. His next picture, for these studios, will be *Tropic Holiday.* Anthony is married to Katherine De Mille.

HELEN M., SHENANDOAH, PENNA. . . .

Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N.J., on February 27th, the daughter of Richard and Adriene Morrison. She was tutored privately in New York until she was eight, then attended St. Margaret's boarding school at Waterbury, Conn. Her schooling was concluded at a finishing school, L'Ermitage, at Versailles, France, and in London. She specialized in languages and music and also studied interior decorating. She was married at the age of sixteen, but the marriage was not a happy one and was dissolved in divorce. Finding herself in need of money, she accepted a role in a stage play. It wasn't long before she was on the road to success in Hollywood. You can write to United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif., for the photograph you wish.

LILIAN M. S., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA. . . .

Most of Gaumont-British Films are made at the Pinewood Studios, London, England. You can address Walt Disney Studios at Hollywood, California.

EDITH H., VICTORIA, TEXAS. . . .

David Manners is in Hollywood. He is free-lancing now, but at this writing is not scheduled for any picture. I doubt very much if the Howard Phillips you referred to is the one who sings over the radio. You might check with the broadcasting studio, however.

RALPH M. K., GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. . . .

Charlie McCarthy, who was patterned after an Irish newsboy who had a stand near the school that Edgar Bergen attended, helped Bergen pay his way through Northwestern University. Charlie, made by a wood carver, cost Edgar $35.00. Edgar and Charlie are making a picture for Universal Studios, titled *Letter of Introduction.* In it they will play two of the top-line supporting roles.

SALLY E., MACON, MISS. . . .

Jean Arthur was born in New York City on October 17th. While a student in high school, her striking beauty impressed an artist and she launched upon a career as a fashion model to earn money during her spare time while continuing her studies at school. Alert studio talent scouts, searching among the ranks of attractive models, selected her as a potential screen personality. Miss Arthur is happily married to Frank J. Ross, Jr., a builder, whose bride she became on June 11, 1932, at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

GEORGE T., JACKSONVILLE, ILL. . . .

Burgess Meredith was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on November 16th. He is five feet, eight and one-half inches tall, has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. His hobby is photography. His favorite eats are steaks and salads. Maroon is his favorite color. Burgess is married to Margaret Perry, a popular stage actress.

Through this department, MODERN MOVIES will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., MODERN MOVIES, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th Street, New York City.

SUMMER SNACKS

PLANNING A PICNIC? READ THESE NEW TASTY IDEAS FOR A PICNIC BASKET!

by judy drake

SUMMERTIME is picnic time! A time when new and different kinds of sandwiches, either ready to eat or ready to be prepared over an open picnic fire, are in order.

What to prepare for that divine day in the open country has been a problem that has confronted many of you. Well, here's your answer, straight from Ann Sheridan, that charming little hazel-eyed Hollywood siren, who can usually be found rollicking in the country when she isn't on the Warner Brothers' lot making a picture.

Ann suggests a typical picnic basket, which is easily prepared and certainly is appetizing! Here it is:

Cold Roast Chicken (Carved)
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Stuffed Olive and Cress Sandwiches
Dill Pickles
Fruit Salad in Individual containers
Lemonade in Thermos
Raisin Cake

Doesn't that make you want to pack your lunch box and start for the woods immediately? Well, don't be in too big a hurry, for here we have some more tempting little snacks that you might like to take along. Easily prepared and everlastingly delicious, they are excellent for a light snack at any time, any place—right in your own home or on your lawn—as well as in the country.

One of Ann's favorite tidbits for a picnic is made with pieces of American Cheese, about two inches long and half as thick. Wrap them with bacon, pinning the bacon in place with toothpicks. Place in individual sausage grills or on sticks and cook over coals until bacon is crisp and the cheese begins to melt. Serve in split, flat rolls.

Here's one that must be prepared in advance and takes a little more trouble than the other sandwiches, perhaps, but it's well worth the time and the trouble!

Take one loaf of unsliced bread, cut in half-inch slices the length of the loaf and remove the crusts. You will have about six or eight slices to work with, if an ordinary size loaf is used. Spread each slice, as though you were icing a layer cake, with a different ingredient. A good combination consists of creamed pimento cheese; cream cheese and chopped stuffed olives; cream cheese and chopped fresh tomatoes; cream cheese and chopped watercress; devilled ham with sweet pickle or pepper relish; sardines, mashed and mixed well with a little mayonnaise and salt and pepper. In fact, any of the cheese or minced meat spreads—they're all good for this sandwich loaf.

Build the layers until all slices are used. Cover tops and sides with cream cheese, which has been softened with a little cream or milk, and garnish with slices of stuffed olives. Let this loaf stand in the refrigerator for several hours. This is necessary to insure easy slicing. When ready to serve, slice in half-inch slices, the same as you would if slicing a loaf of bread. The result is an attractive six or eight layer slice with a flavor all its own! This is grand to serve at home or on a picnic. If using for your picnic basket, wrap each slice individually in waxed paper. It will be more convenient than carrying the whole loaf to be sliced when you get out in the woods!

(Continued on page 69)

Ann Sheridan loves a picnic! This charming Warner Brothers' star has some grand ideas for appetizing picnic baskets, too, which she has graciously submitted for you to enjoy! Her favorite menus and recipes are perfect for lazy day snacks, as well as a picnic basket!

ROSES AND RAZZES

Do you like to express frank opinions on motion pictures and players? With this issue we offer $5 for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. Lengths should be limited to 200 words . . Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

hear ye—he-men!

Believe me, if man's future place on the screen were only a foil for feminine stars, the producers would have lost their minds! We need not worry. They are too farsighted for that!

Stories in movies follow cycles as does fiction in print, and phases in human development. Once men were more dominant, grew too much so, and women began to acquire a measure of equality. The surprised male has been temporarily flabbergasted. He is recovering, witness his present fighting mood. When his intelligence gets on top again we'll have an improved strain of masculinity. Fiction will vision it; the screen picture it; and we will have Heroes again!

Or is my prophecy a bit twisted? Methinks I hear rumblings of melodrama on the screen already and men are men in these epics! Hollywood already has a plentiful supply of big fellows, some of whom the ladies can look up to in more ways than their physical inches.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Beulah Barker,
Chicago, Ill.

a fair charmer!

I wish hereby to salute the sweetest, sincerest, and definitely most talented young actress on the screen today.

A girl with a melodious speaking voice and a distinct charm all of her own. A girl who is not often mentioned in letter pages, nor is she talked about in gossip columns as having fiery romances.

She is never classed as one of the great beauties of the screen, nor does she pose endlessly for bathing-suit photos.

She needs none of these things for publicity because the public loves her for what she is—just herself—Olivia De Havilland!

Sincerely,
Irmgard M.

a bouquet for the buccaneer

One of the best pictures I have seen for a *very* long time was *The Buccaneer.* The picture was exciting and thrilling as well as a "good ole swashbuckler."

But one scene remains in my memory. It was at the very beginning of the picture. If you have seen it, you will probably remember Dolly Madison's dinner party. The warning was given that the British were coming. Everybody rushed out except Mrs. Madison, who ran upstairs to get something. We were kept in suspense as to what she went for. When her companion questioned her in the carriage about it, she answered simply and nonchalantly, "The Declaration of Independence."

I felt the tears come to my eyes and was *proud* that I was an American. And so I am offering a bouquet and orchids to *The Buccaneer!* Sincerely yours,
Dawn Bradford.

three rousing cheers!

Three rousing cheers for Warren Hull! A splendid actor and singer! He is not receiving the praise he deserves. I should think the producers would cast him in the proper roles. Why not a big musical hit opposite Alice Faye?

Mrs. Helen Talbott,
Pueblo, Colo.

rhett butler vs. clark gable

I have just finished *Gone With the Wind* and liked it very much, in fact all of the students in high school are reading it and everybody wants Clark Gable for Rhett Butler, including myself.

I just can't picture anyone else but Clark in the role. Please go to bat for Clark as Rhett Butler—I just couldn't see the picture if someone else was Rhett.

I also think Katharine Hepburn would be good as Scarlett O'Hara.

We want Gable! *D. E. N.*

roses for don ameche!

Well, I am just wondering whether or not Don Ameche *can* dance. It seems that he is a big success at radio work. He's a great actor and singer too. Now if he can dance, just show me an actor more perfect—an actor who has a better radio personality. Show me someone who can referee that Fields vs. McCarthy battle any better than Don Ameche.

Evonie Clark,
Abilene, Tex.

lamour—toujours—lamour!

I would truly like to know why Dorothy Lamour is getting so much publicity and such a big build-up. My friends and I are tired of seeing and hearing about this Lamour girl. The Charlie McCarthy radio broadcasts aren't improved by her singing and she smiles too frequently. Her acting ability could be improved upon. Please give us lots of Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard. *"We Four."*

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

MODERN MOVIES PRESENTS THE LATEST FILMS AS REVIEWED BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

joy of living

Irene Dunne plays a successful musical comedy star who earns $10,000 a week, but doesn't know how to enjoy it—that is, what's left of it after the government and her parasitical family finish their plundering. Into her life comes a young man who thinks he knows how to live fully and richly, and insists on teaching her. For weeks Irene resists him, according to the formula for snippy modern heroines, but the full life gets her in the end. The joy of living, as exemplified by Doug Fairbanks Jr., includes such dubious pleasures as subway-riding, drinking gallons of beer, and walking in the rain in your stockinged feet. With a fine production to back them up, the cast tries valiantly, and often succeeds in being very amusing. But we still think Irene Dunne's forte is the drama. *RKO-Radio.*

stolen heaven

This is a tender and nostalgic little story about the attachment between a famous old pianist and a girl whose youth and idealism inspire him to play again. Olympe Bradna wins stardom through her performance as the ardent little jewel thief who, with her accomplice (Gene Raymond), hides out in the house of the once brilliant, now broken musician, deceives him cruelly, and finally at the risk of her own freedom becomes the character he believes her to be. Olympe has an innocent sweetness and an emotional quality unusual on the screen, and Lewis Stone gives her fine support. Actually filled with hokum and some indifferent acting, the picture's lovely musical background gives it an importance and a poignance which it could not otherwise achieve. Anyone who is willing to relax and be sentimental and let the music do its work can hardly fail to be charmed. *Paramount.*

test pilot

One of those spell-binders of the air concerns a pilot who courts death daily testing new ships, new speeds, new altitudes—so aviation may progress with comparative safety to others. Like many flyers, Clark Gable is a little crazy—a necessary state of mind in that dangerous game. He swoops out of the skies and picks Myrna Loy off a Kansas farm to be one of those almost too perfect wives she has made famous. And from then on their life alternates between hectic gayety and suffering. There is a magnificent sense of the agonizing suspense, the harrowing expectation of death, which is the constant lot of flyers and their wives and all those close to them. Best entertainment is Spencer Tracy's acting and some exciting shots in the air. *MGM.*

FAIR PLAY FOR FAIRBANKS

(Continued from page 19)

accounts of his glittering social activities. Many times when I wanted to find him, he wouldn't be in the locker room or at the bar surrounded by a bunch of men, but usually out on the golf course—playing alone.

"I call him Pete at his request. We couldn't go around calling each other Douglas or Doug. Too much similarity. One day I asked him what he would like to be called if his name weren't Douglas. He said Pete, and I've called him that ever since. He calls me Jay-ar, which is short for Junior, and I use the signature on all letters addressed to him."

In Paris the elder Fairbanks told his son that if he really wanted to be an actor, it was quite all right with him, and he had better get back to Hollywood. Young Fairbanks went. During the next few years he was given a variety of roles. He acquired poise and personality. He began to be liked for himself and not because he was his father's son and bore an illustrious name in the industry.

At nineteen he married Joan Crawford. That marriage was as mad a love affair as any the film colony has seen in reel or real life. They were young and modern and soon found themselves living in a gold-fish bowl. Everything they did or thought appeared in print before they actually knew about it themselves.

Inevitably, something went wrong. Joan divorced him, and there is no denying that it hit him hard. For the first time in a long while he sat down and took stock of himself.

"I found that I was in a rut in Hollywood," he recalled. "I knew then that I could continue making five or six pictures a year, in trivial roles. And in a few years I would be completely obliterated. I realized I was stagnant, emotionally and professionally. It suddenly became important for me to do something different.

"I wanted to get behind the scenes, to dip my fingers in the production pie.

"Here in Hollywood, it would have taken me years to get anywhere as a producer because that end of the business was a closed corporation in the hands of a few, who didn't want to admit any outsiders. I stood a much better chance in England because over there movie-producing was still in its infancy. They were frankly drawing on Hollywood talent and any man who knew how pictures were made in Hollywood could try his luck in England."

Undoubtedly Doug was serious about becoming a producer, so he simply packed his bags and left. In his anxiety to get going, he gave no explanation for his departure. This was food for the gossips, and they let loose a lot of sob stuff about his going abroad to "forget." Then they all sat back to see what would happen.

It took Doug two years to get started in England. He wouldn't take any money from his father or friends but got his financial backing the same as any other business man. He could have gotten under way sooner, but he was determined that not a crank would turn until he had things lined up just the way he wanted them. When they were, Criterion Films, Ltd., was born.

"This wasn't a British concern; it was really Anglo-American. We released through United Artists. Dad was one of the founders of United Artists, but he had nothing to do with my transactions," he pointed out. "We have always deliberately avoided business contact with each other. I was in it alone with a contract that specified I was to produce four pictures a year, appearing in two.

"I made out a list of all the mistakes I *knew* had been made in Hollywood, and then I worked out a system that I *felt* would avoid them. The pictures in which I play, I am just an actor and subject to the same discipline as others. Although I am head man in my company, I have nothing to say about the pictures in which I act. I come in on the profits when the picture is finished, but I am just holding a job while it is being made.

"My contract also permits me to make pictures in America when I am not needed on the lot in England. That's why I am here now."

Just as things were beginning to break for Douglas in England, rumors began to drift back to America that he had gone pro-British. Hollywood began to laugh at him and some newspaper articles made fun of him as they told of his acquiring an English accent and Bond Street clothes.

At first he was too stunned to take it seriously. Then when he heard it from all directions, when friends began sending him letters asking for an explanation, he sensitively shut himself away from everyone. He would see no one and would neither deny nor affirm anything.

"Of course now I can see that that was the wrong thing to do," he admitted, "but at the time I was sick of being the patsy, always being kicked around. I simply minded my own business.

"Please tell your readers that I never once thought of renouncing my American citizenship and becoming a British subject. I am extremely fond of England because I lived there as a schoolboy and am now doing well there in my business. But that is as far as it goes. Also, this talk of my hobnobbing with royalty is ridiculous. Lords and ladies are so numerous in England that no one pays any particular attention to them. People over there are not rated by their titles or their occupations, but are accepted socially only for their worth as individuals.

When Douglas refused to *say* anything about those rumors, Hollywood waited to see what he would *do*. What he did was to release *Catherine the Great* and *The Amateur Gentleman* in which he played the leading male roles. Hollywood liked them, and did a right-about-face in its opinion of him. Immediately offers were cabled. But he was not ready for them. He came over after a while for a part in the Katherine Hepburn picture *Morning Glory* but he returned to England when it was finished.

Good leading men, however, are always at a premium in Hollywood and Doug had at last convinced the most skeptical that he was capable. At last he agreed to come over to make a number of pictures. But when he returned to his native land, he was a new Douglas, full of assurance and a sense of direction—a man who knows where he is going and has full knowledge of the way to get there. Hollywood admitted it was wrong about him.

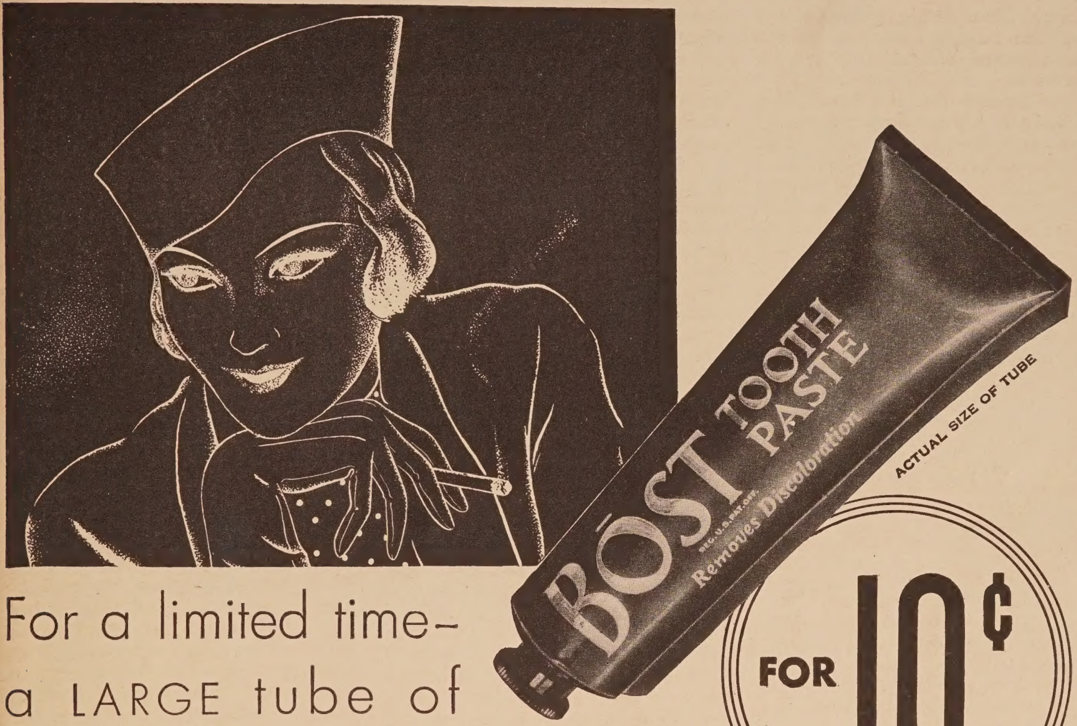
"One thing though, you can tell everybody to lay off saying I've got an English accent. Do you hear it?" I had to admit that I didn't. He spoke good old U.S.A. to my ears.

At twenty-nine, young Fairbanks is definitely on his way to becoming a power in the industry . . . on both sides of the Atlantic. He says he has no romantic attachments although he admits being fond of Gertrude Lawrence, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer, all of whom he has many times individually escorted to many affairs. Incidentally, they are all older than he. But he's not in love, he insists. He's given up his drawing, except on telephone pads. He wrote a novel while he was abroad, but he tore it up. A number of his articles, however, have appeared from time to time in various magazines.

"What I want now, is my work to speak for itself," he summed up. "I want it to be so good that it will wipe out the memory of my playboy years, because I want the fans to know that I take both my acting and producing seriously."

Well, if I know my fans, there can be only one verdict. If he is sincere in his statements and his work lives up to his expectations, young Fairbanks will get only the very fairest play.

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO SMILE



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FOUR'S A CROWD

(Continued from page 49)

is Errol Flynn at his most recklessly romantic best, making love to two women at once and getting into plenty of trouble.

For the kids, there is Errol being chased by 18 Great Dane dogs every time Walter Connolly gets mad at him. There is G.B., an adorable wire haired terrier, who should give Asta the little dog jitters when he sees how good he is in *Four's A Crowd.* And then there is Errol getting stuck under a bed upon which Olivia De Havilland is jumping up and down with all her might.

For everybody there is a crazy jumbled comedy of errors in which Errol gets himself and everybody else into all sorts of mixups. He works all ends against the middle and gets into an amazing tangle. Only the ladies finally unravel his affairs for him in typical lady-in-love fashion at the very end of the picture.

The entire casting of this picture is screwey, and Director Michael Curtiz is responsible. He had a brain storm and *Four's A Crowd* and its cast is the result.

Michael Curtiz is one of Warner Brother's ace directors, and practically Errol Flynn's own private director. He has been Errol's guiding force ever since he picked him out of the side lines when he was making a test of another man for the title role of *Captain Blood.* "How would you like to make a test for the part of Captain Blood?" he asked the stranger. "How—would—I like—?" gasped Errol, and then stuttering in his excitement—"Where's the make-up man?—Get your cameras loaded man, because I'm coming right back!" And he did—and that is how Errol Flynn *really* happened to be picked for the role of *Captain Blood.*

From that time on Mike—as Michael Curtiz is affectionately termed by everyone who knows him on the Warner lot—began to watch over Errol's career. He has directed Errol in five of the seven pictures he has made for Warners, and the two of them are considered a sure box office click. The only box office flops Errol has ever had have been directed by somebody else.

Mike understands the quick tempered, high strung Irishman, and there is a genuine affection between them that makes for a successful and harmonious combination.

So Mike decided that Errol Flynn had been in swashbuckling adventure roles long enough. The very few departures he made from such roles had not been good for him. And Mike began to worry about what *was* just the right thing to add variety and zest to the Errol Flynn screen personality.

And then, suddenly, Mike had the answer! The public loved to see their favorites, whom they had always thought of as divinely glamorous, or dramatic, or beautiful, or dignified and sophisticated, go berserk; expertly slapstick; or doing absolutely unreasonable and frankly insane things. So when top notch glamour and dramatic idols suddenly began to act like Martha Raye at her craziest, and Zasu Pitts at her most inadequate, and Bee Lillie at her goofiest, they went wild with delight. So why wouldn't they like to see Errol Flynn, the swashbuckling, dashing, romantic adventurer become a wise-cracking, slightly unscrupulous modern, getting himself into all kinds of mixups and then blundering himself out of them. Mike decided they would! So he sought such a story and found it in *Four's A Crowd.*

In this story Errol plays an unscrupulous, designing young man living by his wits. He is a fast thinker, a conniver, and a love pirate, and he juggles a millionaire's affairs with bewildering and startling results. Also there is a dizzy spoiled little heiress who knows what she wants and goes after it, and there is a smart-cracking, precocious newspaper woman with no cultural flourishes but plenty of hard-knock wisdom and zip.

Mike has directed Olivia De Havilland almost as much as he has Errol and if he thought it would be wise for Errol to change his screen type, why wouldn't it be even better for Olivia? So he cast Olivia as Walter Connolly's spoiled little brat granddaughter. She is a siren, a selfish and opinionated young woman, and a little demon when aroused. Quite a departure for Olivia, what? And when it came to the casting of the newspaper woman he tried to think of somebody who was typed on the screen as the exact opposite of the newspaper dame—and of course he thought of Rosalind Russell.

Olivia De Havilland was terrified when Mike told her the kind of a girl she was going to play. Errol protested vehemently saying he would just be "silly." But Rosalind Russell said that getting a chance to play a dynamic young business woman with a purpose in life was like falling heir to a million just when you were about to become a WPA worker—or something. In fact Rosalind was so pleased to get away from the high society grande dame, cold and haughty modern Mary of the social columns, that she chewed gum on and off the set, and in general "took down her hair" and had fun. In fact, she was so regular and genuine that everybody in the company fell in love with her, and Mike Curtiz will rave on for hours about what a wonderful person she is.

In fact talking to any member of the company it would appear they were all a lot of sissies about each other. Rosalind Russell cried when the picture was over and she had to leave the lot. And the company as a whole presented Rosalind with an antique inkwell she had admired one day. They gave a farewell party for her at the end of the picture. Speeches of appreciation were made on all sides, and everyone told everybody else how nice he or she thought he or she was. Oh, it was a loving crowd, and if off-stage atmosphere has anything to do with it the picture will be a wow.

For one scene in the picture, Olivia had to sock Patric Knowles. Unaccustomed as she was, Olivia suffered more than Patric and kept begging his pardon politely after each take.

Rosalind Russell, the lady of quality, the dignified society dame of many pictures, dislocated Errol Flynn's vertebra with her own dainty white hands, believe it or not.

It happened in this way. Errol complained of a headache that he could not seem to lose. "It's right at the base of my neck," he said. "Sit in this chair right here," said Rosalind, "and I'll massage that headache away."

She started to work on Errol's neck at once, massaging it vigorously. "Hey!" protested Errol, "I only wanted to get rid of the *ache* not the head." Rosalind laughed softly—but continued. Finally Errol said, "If breaking my neck is your cure for a headache—I'll take vanilla!"

Everyone laughed gaily, but when Mike Curtiz called for a "take," Errol found he could not move his head back into place.

Everyone became very much alarmed and Rosalind was really afraid that she *had* broken his neck. But Dr. Paul McWilliams, of the Warner Brother's medical staff, who was called at once, examined Errol and said that Miss Russell had "only misplaced a vertebra." And that was all!

So now you know all about the young Amazons you will be seeing in *Four's A Crowd*—gentle, demure Olivia De Havilland Sock-in-the-puss, and proud, haughty Rosalind Russell Twist-a-neck-off. And when you sit in the darkened theatre and watch the weird antics of the principals in *Four's A Crowd,* you will be seeing a new Olivia De Havilland, and a delightfully different Rosalind Russell, as well as a scheming young rascal, Errol Flynn in the mood moderne—and I am sure you will say when it is over—"Thank you, Mike Curtiz."

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Playthings of Desire
J. Wesley Putnam
Photoplay Edition
BROADWAY RACKETEERS
BY JOHN O'CONNOR

REPLENISHING JESSICA Maxwell Bodenheim

CONFLICT of LOVE and DESIRE ■ The story of a young woman, full of passion and the love of life. The conflict between lust and the spirit makes sensational reading that holds you spell-bound until the last page is finished. Charging it with being an immoral book, reformers tried in vain to prohibit its publication. Seventeen complete editions were sold at the original price of $2.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE Cornell Woolrich

TAMED by the ONE MAN ■ This $10,000 prize-winning author has written the amazing story of a very young, very alluring, very ruthless adventuress. Her mother had been the gay and reckless "Grass Widow" whose mad love of pleasure she had inherited. Her life became a veil of deceit concealing wild escapades with rich and pleasure-sated men-about-town until, in the final pages, she is tamed by *the* man. Even at $2 this was a "Best Seller."

PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE J. Wesley Putnam

A STORY of PASSION ■ The flaming fire of a great and overpowering love in a smashing story that swings the glittering lights of Broadway to the sanctity of the North Woods. A strong emotional heart-stirring novel of a rich roué and his wife and the rugged Big Woods guide who proves more sophisticated than was expected. The frank answer to the question "What does a faithful wife owe an unfaithful husband?" Many $2 editions of this "best seller" were sold out.

A VIRTUOUS GIRL Maxwell Bodenheim

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THE MARRIAGE GUEST Konrad Bercovici

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THE LIFE OF CAROLE LOMBARD

(Continued from page 35)

changed Carol to Carole because a numerologist told her it would bring her luck.

Her first picture for Fox was a small part opposite Edmund Lowe in an opus entitled *Married In Transit.* After that, she appeared in a series of western thrillers with Buck Jones and Tom Mix.

She was beginning to be pretty sick of the routine westerns, however, when Mack Sennett came to the rescue and offered her a contract. She was doubtful about taking it, at first, but her friends advised that it would be a good thing for her. After all, hadn't Gloria Swanson, Harold Lloyd, and Bebe Daniels begun with Sennett? Carole decided that she'd get some invaluable training in between volleys of custard pie.

It was while working for Sennett that she met Madalyne Fields, "Fieldsie" to Hollywood, a buxom, good natured blonde bathing beauty, who looked upon the screen merely as a meal ticket. In Carole, however, she sensed hidden fires of which greatness is made. She became her friend, her mentor—and, a year and a half later, when Carole went to Pathe to play a role in *Show Folks* with Eddie Quillan and Lina Basquette, Fieldsie went with her as secretary and companion. That association has continued to this day.

Carole values Fieldsie's opinions above anybody's in Hollywood whether it concerns her latest picture or what to have for dinner.

She played leads in half a dozen Pathe features, the most important of which were *Big News* and *The Racketeer,* in which she was cast with Robert Armstrong. A production lull following the filming of the latter made it possible for her to obtain a release from her contract with Pathe and she was then signed by Paramount.

It was then that tragedy almost darkened forever, the bright pattern of Carole's life. You've all read about the automobile accident she was in, how, when she was picked up, limp and inert from the wreckage, no one ever thought she'd open those lovely blue eyes again.

She did open them, however, and they met the glaring white of a hospital room.

For six months, she lay in that room while doctors battled for her life. During those six months, when it was doubtful whether she'd ever be more than an invalid again, Carole Lombard came face to face with her own soul. Everything that was sham and pretense in her nature fell away and she became the intensely real person she is today.

There was a lot of time for thinking during those six months. A lot of time for blank despair. And time, too, for hope. She *had* to get well, she told her doctors. She had a career that was waiting. A career, that up to now hadn't meant too much, but which now, seemed all-important.

Through sheer will-power and tenacity of spirit, she *did* get well, though today, there is still a faint scar on her lovely face—so faint that it is hardly discernible, but nevertheless there.

She began making pictures for Paramount when she resumed her career and the change in her was immediately apparent, even on the screen. There was more depth to her work and a different quality to her beauty that promised well for her career as an actress. In quick succession she made *It Pays To Advertise,* with Norman Foster and Skeets Gallagher, *Safety In Numbers,* with Buddy Rogers and *Up Pops The Devil,* all pictures which firmly implanted her in the public eye.

Then she met William Powell—and a love she'd never dreamed of ripened. She'd already experienced puppy love and the violent headiness of adolescent love. This, Carole told herself, was real. It was perfect and lasting. A sort of glow enveloped her in those days—a glow that touched her work too. Up to that time she'd been in danger of becoming typed in pictures. The cold, sophisticated type, they called her.

But falling in love with the screen's suavest actor, somehow softened her personality in a way, that coupled with her sophistication, produced a most enchanting woman. After appearing in two pictures with Bill Powell, she married him. But that marriage was never destined to last. They were very deeply and honestly in love, yet so temperamentally different that they couldn't find happiness under one roof.

The end of her marriage marked a period of hard work for Carole. She was unhappy for a time—because her perfect love hadn't jelled—so she tried to submerge that heartache in her career.

But Carole was made for men to love. It wasn't in the cards that she could go for long without romance seeking her out.

When she first knew Russ Columbo he was nothing more than a golden voice that could sing enchanting melodies. He was under contract at the same studio and he was new to pictures. Little by little, however, this handsome young Italian insinuated his personality into her consciousness. When she became aware of him as a man, it was as though she'd known him always. Rebound? Perhaps. But it was love. A mature kind of love that had tasted disillusionment. When Columbo was killed accidentally by a friend's gun, headlines blazed but no printer's ink could have pictured the anguish Carole suffered. From this sorrow, she became a woman, sobered and strengthened.

Today, Carole is a top-flight star, and a comedienne worthy of the laurels she's garnered for herself as a result of *True Confession, Nothing Sacred* and *Fools For Scandal.* She's thinner than she's ever been before—and not as beautiful. But there is character in the Lombard face and she's smart enough to realize that an ounce of character is worth bushels of saccharine beauty. There are planes and angles to her face now that weren't there a few years ago. There's a depth to her acting too that distinguishes her as an artist.

But away from the camera, she's still a goof for gags. Today, there are two things, aside from her career, that are important to Carole. One is laughter. The other is Clark Gable. Since the two go together, she is content. She is happy, after a lifetime of unhappiness in love. Gable is the antithesis of both Powell and the late Columbo and he is Carole's perfect foil. The gags that have high-lighted their romance are famous. The ham, with his picture pasted on it, that she sent him. The rattling white Ford painted with hearts that was her valentine to him.

They have fun together. They laugh a lot and there is never a moment of gloom between them. Perhaps someday, if and when Gable is legally free, they will marry. In the meantime they "go together" in the parlance of romance. And they're not worrying about the future.

Carole lives quietly and unpretentiously in a seven-room bungalow in Bel Air. With Fieldsie's practical help, everthing is run the way Carole likes, without swank or fuss.

In short, Miss Lombard is one glamour girl who has kept her money. She can afford to retire any day she chooses—but she entertains no such thoughts. She thinks constantly of her career, conserving her strength for since the accident, though well, she isn't exactly robust.

Gable understands all this and he tries to help her. An avid sportsman himself, he has made sports a fetish in her program for keeping fit.. They're taking care of each other, which is an unmistakable sign that it is serious!

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BEAUTY IN THE HANDS

(Continued from page 47)

basic manicure treatment. Her treatment is designed to keep your nails healthy and strong, and to make manicuring as easy for you as if you were a professional manicurist. Her preparations are all of the finest quality and each is formulated to prevent and overcome brittle, splitting nails, dried-out cuticle, and other unhealthy conditions. Her exciting new kit contains all the necessary implements, including two shades of nail polish, creams and lotions, and is so exquisitely packaged that I know you'll all want one. There are many different ones to choose from and the prices range from $2.00 to $25.00, the more expensive ones being made of gold! I'll be glad to send you the trade name!

The first step in a manicure is the filing. Start at the corners and file toward the center. Don't file the sides too short, and don't make your nail tips too pointed. They should be shaped to follow the contour of your fingertips.

When you have completed the filing, and washed your hands thoroughly, go over each nail with the smoothie, using the same motion you did with the file. Cover your nails with the cuticle cream, and massage your cuticle one finger at a time, to lubricate the dried-out tissues, loosen dead cuticle and make the live cuticle beautifully smooth.

Now, with the flat end of the crystalite manicure stick, which you have dipped in the cuticle cream, go around the cuticle rim of each nail with firm, downward strokes. Always work *toward* the cuticle, never crosswise!

Scrub your nails with a nail brush, using warm water. Dry your hands thoroughly, going around each finger tip separately, and wiping away loose, dead cuticle. Don't dig at your cuticle, and don't cut it. The use of cuticle cream will keep your cuticle in such perfect condition that cutting will not be necessary and hangnails will eventually disappear altogether. If you have stubborn hangnails, remove them with good cuticle scissors, using a deft touch, and sniping each hangnail as closely as possible without your feeling it.

You are now ready for your nail polish. Fashion dictates that nail polish should be worn as a style accessory, and at present fashion veers away from the recently popular vivid red nail. Granted, a few women continue to display such brilliance in the evening, to give a dramatic accent to some costume. However, I advise you and you to first consider carefully whether or not your hands are sufficiently beautiful to be advertised. Generally speaking, we have reverted to the ideal expressed by Laurence Hope in her famous classic, *Pale Hands I Love Beside the Shalimar*. Those *Pale Hands* were not painted like red, red strawberries. They were the essence of old-fashioned roses.

But whether or not you choose to follow the fashion, in the matter of vivid nail enamel, must remain a personal question. Shades of rose and coral are the tones which the smartest women in the smartest places, here and abroad, are choosing. Certainly they are correct for street and sports wear.

It's an amusing idea, and quite the thing, to select your nail polish as you do your facial make-up, to harmonize with your frock. And certainly it is a good lesson to those of us who are "too busy" to give our hands and nails proper care. It gets us into good habits!

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Remember, girls, well-cared-for nails are excellent for your social standing. So don't neglect them. It's one beauty treatment that requires such little time and pays big dividends!

SUMMER SNACKS

(Continued from page 59)

Sandwiches that are always good for a picnic basket are cold roast beef, lamb, meat loaf and swiss cheese. Side issues may be pickles, olives, celery—which is either plain or stuffed with rocquefort cheese spread and sprinkled with paprika—and stuffed eggs. Fruits may be whole tomatoes, oranges, plums, grapes, apples and unsalted nuts. Omit salted nuts or anything else which may make you thirsty, for you may not be near a fresh water spring where you can secure good drinking water!

Stuffed, red-ripe tomatoes are always a grand addition to a picnic basket. When Ann prepares these, she scoops out the center of solid, ripe tomatoes. She then mixes the pulp, which has been removed, with finely chopped green peppers, celery, hard-boiled eggs and onions, a little mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. She uses this mixture to fill the hollows of the tomatoes and caps them with a crisp lettuce leaf. If these are being carried on a picnic, the lettuce leaf will keep the juices intact. Wrap each tomato separately in waxed paper. If served at home they may be served on top of the lettuce leaf.

One of Ann's favorite recipes, that is grand for a lazy day snack, as well as the picnic basket, is weenies in blankets. Split frankfurters lengthwise. Spread the cut sides with prepared mustard. Press together and wrap each frankfurter in bacon, pinning the bacon in place with toothpicks. Broil them for ten to fifteen minutes.

A palate tickler, that is grand for a hurry-up luncheon or supper, is a luscious appetizer of ripe avocados enhanced by onions. On a plate garnished with parsley, watercress or the green ends of celery, place half a specially selected avocado whose center has been filled with finely chopped onions and french dressing. After eating this delicacy, you'll never like avocados prepared any other way!

chocolate brownies

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LOVE FROM NINE TO FIVE

(Continued from page 17)

is more pleasurable than many other things one is called upon to do." (He's telling us!) But loving for a film is no more real romance than a robbery in a picture a real crime."

So Mrs. Flynn (lovely Lili Damita) needn't lose any sleep even when Errol kisses delectable Olivia de Haviland in *Robin Hood.* And Joan Blondell who kissed Errol very thoroughly in *The Perfect Specimen* further reassures Mrs. Flynn and incidentally her own husband, when she comments:

"A love scene is a love scene. It's all in the day's work." Meaning, we presume, that love scenes leave her cold.

No less nonchalant is Joan's husband, Dick Powell who asserts:

"Nearly all screen players are self-conscious about love scenes and even bar visitors from the set. But I never could seem to feel that a love scene is different from any other."

Even Academy winner Bette Davis claims:

"Love scenes stand out in my mind, not because they are in any sense personal, but because they are an emotional strain. They demand very difficult acting. This fact alone keeps out the personal element. An actress is too busy thinking of technique, to think of anything else."

In any case there are skeptics in Hollywood, as elsewhere. Fred Astaire refuses to make love on the screen under any circumstances. Some say because he is afraid he'll appear silly in a clinch, others claim that Mrs. Astaire (the society-bred Phyllis Livingstone Potter) frowns on extra-marital kisses, even for art's sake.

But actors can't always be choosers. It is not for them to say "I will play this" or "I won't play that." Only a very few are the arbiters of their own roles. Sometimes screen stars have to do strange things. Strangest of all perhaps, was the vogue for ex-wives and ex-husbands as co-starring teams. A divorce, even an amicably-settled divorce, is a great emotional jar. Yet in Hollywood, Carole Lombard and William Powell, after their divorce, were cast opposite each other in *My Man Godfrey.* While Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda after calling the whole thing off, made love to each other again from nine to five in *The Moon's Our Home.*

What memories were stirred up on those sets?

For their own protection, therefore, most screen stars deny any personal reaction to their screen love scenes. Few kiss and tell. Says Olivia de Haviland, "To me it has always seemed a bit indelicate to ascribe anything personal to a love scene, or for that matter any other scene in which a player's emotions appear to be sincerely involved." And that goes for almost every star in Hollywood, with the refreshing exception of Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane, who cheerfully admit they get a great kick out of their love scenes. Off-screen these kids are inseparable, and on-screen, well, their pictures *Love, Honor and Behave* and *Men Are Such Fools* seem to prove, other authorities notwithstanding, that when two people are in love, any time (Nine to five, as well as under the moon) and any place (even before a camera) will do!

AND NOW—SPECS APPEAL

(Continued from page 23)

green bandanna, at an outdoor luncheon party given by Norma Shearer. Now brilliantly tinted sports frames are an accepted vogue in the film colony.

Sylvia Sidney, Bette Davis and Joan Bennett are notoriously near-sighted and use glasses for the theatre, movies, reading, knitting and sports events. For street wear, particularly in Hollywood, they prefer chromatic lenses made to their individual prescriptions.

When Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor play backgammon or rummy, Barbara slips on a pair of specs designed to soften the glare created by bright electric lights. And has it frightened Bob away? Not so you could notice!

For bridge and parlor-bingo Olivia de Havilland, Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers occasionally wear ordinary reading glasses, although their vision is actually normal. Simone Simon, whose forehand terrorizes even male opponents on the tennis court, adopts sun glasses even during strenuous play, and Carole Lombard wears them for motoring to keep the wind and dust out of her eyes. Miriam Hopkins, whose collection of paintings is the envy of her contemporaries, may often be found in the 57th Street galleries behind a pair of over-size blonde frames, gazing adoringly at the celebrated canvases of Matisse, Modigliani or Renoir. As the much-maligned school-mistress in *These Three* Miriam even wore glasses before the camera. . . .

Popular opinion to the contrary, there is no way of judging whether a person has defective eyesight, except through examination by an oculist. We have often heard people say, "He looks nearsighted," implying that the onlooker can tell, from the physical appearance of the eyes, that vision is faulty. Actually, there is no such thing as *looking* nearsighted or farsighted. We judge by the squint of frown on a person's face when he is trying to focus properly, that his eyes are subnormal. It's as simple as that.

Authority for this statement is Dr. Henry Templeton Smith, the well-known eye specialist (and incidentally, husband of Helen Menken, the stage star) who claims that many people needing glasses refuse to wear them and that just as many who wear them, don't need optical aid.

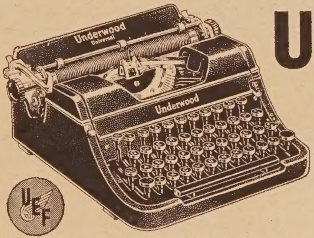
According to Dr. Smith, about eight percent of people in their twenties and early thirties suffer from myopia—nearsightedness—which, strangely enough, is an inherited trait. The theory that the pupils of a myop (nearsighted person) are abnormally large, is a common fallacy, says this oculist. Actually, the only time pupils dilate or contract is when they are subjected to varying degrees of light. Children, of course, have larger pupils than adults.

A reason for the spectacular success of many men and women with defective vision may be found in Dr. Smith's statement that the psychological effect of poor eyesight is far-reaching. "In most cases," he explains, "it induces a deep-rooted sense of inferiority—especially in children or adolescents. This might account for the intense will-to-succeed found in many of our screen stars, who may, in their childhood have suffered from inferiority neuroses."

Corrective glasses, incidentally, can be as attractive and modish as the best-looking sports types, provided you give a little time to their selection. If you are blonde, with small, unobtrusive features, it stands to reason you won't indulge in heavy, black frames that overpower your features. And if you are dark, with olive skin and generous nose and mouth, don't make the mistake of choosing shell-pink frames that will contrast unhappily with your coloring.

Above all, if you need glasses for any reason, don't be ashamed to wear them. Hollywood—and this means your favorite cinema star—has put the stamp of approval on "girls who wear glasses."

So follow the example of Joan and Marlene and Claudette, chief exponents of specs appeal.



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A "MEANIE" MAKES GOOD

(Continued from page 41)

with her forefinger exclusively as most newspaper folk do.

Playing in *Mad About Music* was almost like breaking into pictures again for this little veteran. Before she was signed for her vixen characterization in this film, she had been away from the screen for three years. Her absence was not due to any lack of roles. In fact, it took a lot of will power on the part of Helen and her folks to resist some of the many offers that were made to the aquamarine-eyed beauty. The parts were all right. The money was even better. The only thing wrong was Helen's age.

"I've been waiting to grow up," Helen explained when she was asked about her mysterious vacation from the studios. "I got too old to play real kid parts, and I was too young to play older parts. Now that I'm sixteen, all that is over."

Since she has read the reviews about her "meanie" role in *Mad About Music,* Helen is happy about the whole thing, but in the first days of production she was really ill at ease when being so spiteful. However, like a good trouper, she carried on until she got into the swing of the part and realized the acting opportunities which the unsympathetic part was giving her. The one thing she liked best of all about it was that it gave her a chance to learn how to ride a bicycle. She had always wanted to, but somehow in her numerous sports activities, she had never got around to it.

When she reported for the first day's shooting she knew nothing about the art of keeping aboard the two wheeled machines. So Director Taurog postponed the cycling scenes until the end. By the fourth week of shooting, Helen was an expert pedaller, although another week was needed for the scars and scratches on her shins gained from her numerous tumbles, to heal, so she could wear the low socks called for in the part.

Off the set the Parrish girl is definitely not a brat. She is known as a regular among her cronies and is one of the most popular of Hollywood's juvenile contingent. Like her pal, Deanna, she has many good friends among the boys in the film city, but there is no special boy friend as yet.

Helen hopes to play something along the lines of her real character in her next film assignment.

THE HOUSE PAT BUILT

(Continued from page 37)

from the crowded edges of a certain six foot telegram. Besides that, Pat had a whole trunkful of pictures and programs that had never been framed and they were worrying him. So, with no more ado than the furling of a blue print and the pealing of a contractor's phone bell, a glassed-in porch spread itself across the side of the patio, from the living room into the back hall. Before Eloise could even get the paint washed off the windows, Pat was proudly hanging framed souvenirs.

Two years (and endless bills from picture-framers) passed. Mavourneen was growing to be quite a young lady. In fact, Pat told Eloise, it wasn't fair that Mavourneen should grow up in a house that didn't have a real honest to goodness library. Why, if they only had a library the Encyclopædia Britannica, the desk, the rugs, chairs and grandfather's clock could emerge from their enforced hibernation. It was a shame to crowd all those things up together!

At first Eloise said that Mavourneen, the desk, the books, the clock, chairs and rugs didn't need a library half as much as the O'Briens needed that huge window at the side of the living room that was in peril of being knocked into a library entrance.

Pat admitted that the window was nice, but think of Mavourneen and the desk, books, clock, chairs and rugs! And besides, if Eloise would consent then he'd build her a handball court out by the swimming pool, at the same time! Eloise with a handball court?

It was too much for Eloise. Anyway, she had a kind of wistful hankering to cover some more scraps of paper with library plans, and she could move those curtains from the living room into the library, and get nice new ones!

The storeroom sighed with tired relief when it was cleared. Mavourneen adored the big new room where she could pull big heavy square things out of shelves. Pat and his cronies gamboled in the handball court, and Eloise got herself a meek little bricklayer and proceeded to tell him just how she wanted that new barbecue pit.

Everyone was satisfied. The O'Briens couldn't find any neglected corners or windows of their domicile where anything else might be added. (Unless Pat got another six foot wire!)

Now this brings us pretty well up to date. At least we're nigh upon the arrival of Sean O'Brien, who boasts sixteen months of healthy babyhood at this writing.

Sean shares the nursery with Mavourneen. But, as Eloise says, Mavourneen is almost a young lady. She's all of four, and what's she going to do when her dolls have to trip over Sean's larruping locomotives?

You see, the O'Briens have just made the glorious discovery (through their old contracting companion) that a bedroom, sitting room, two dressing rooms and a linen room can be bounced up over the master bedroom and nursery wing. And wouldn't that be elegant?

Of course the fact that they've just finished a beach house at Del Mar may have something to do with their studied reluctance about more additions. On the other hand, Pat and Eloise have such fun rattling blue prints and tearing down mental-pictured walls that they hate to spoil the fun by adding too quickly to their family masonry. They live in the horrid fear that some day there won't be any place to add anything more, and then what will they do?

Getting down to practical facts, the O'Briens feel that they've had much more fun, and been closer to their home since they've sort of grown up with it.

"This place taught us all the things we had to know when we decided to build the Del Mar house", says Pat. "You see, we've never had an architect. We plan what we want, and put it on paper, and the contractor takes the kinks out.

"We didn't leave out one floor plug, closet door or window, down at Del Mar, which is a remarkable record. We have some friends whose fancy architect left out every light connection in the house—provided no wall space for an ironing board in the linen room, and had the front door opening out, so that every time it was flung wide for guests, the visitors were all but catapulted down the steps!

"We cut our architectural eye teeth on just such hilarious mistakes. Our first room-child, the den, nearly had two doors opening onto the driveway and a window into the hall. But we always say it was because we didn't know how to distinguish between windows and doors on our original scribbles!

"And it was just a slip of the ruler that made our hasty specifications for the spare bathroom, ten feet longer than the nursery.

"We wouldn't trade our 'Topsy, she just grew' house in Brentwood for all the new town mansions you could give us. Topsy House O'Brien has earned a comfortable (if a bit long-suffering) place in the family."

JOHN procrastinated Here is what happened to MARY

JOHN, his good wife Mary and two lovely children, owned a $7,000.00 house with only a $2,000.00 mortgage, and had about $3,000.00 in the bank. He caught a cold; it developed into double pneumonia and within a week he was dead.

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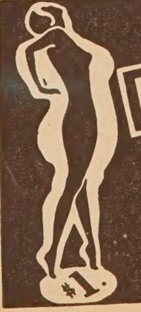

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

(Continued from page 9)

as a Sheik. Hollywood famous at play is really something to see, they have so much fun and most of them are naturally clever entertainers when they take their hair down.

* * *

Anthony Quinn, Katherine DeMille's husband, and quite a lad, too, folks, told us this one the other day on the *Tropic Holiday* set. Remember, he vouches for this one, not me! He was carrying a book on Egyptology the other day on one of the sets where they were shooting a musical picture. A chorus girl came up to him and asked, "What's that book about?"

"The Sphinx," Quinn says he replied.

"Gee," said the chorine, "I wonder if she's really going to marry that Stowkowski guy?"

You didn't ask for it—but you got it!

* * *

Hugh Herbert was half an hour late on the Warner lot one morning. He couldn't resist the balmy weather. He stopped to show some boys how to fly a kite, put it in a tree for them—and had to go buy them a new one!

* * *

If the old bromide, "Distance makes the heart grow fonder," is correct, Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye should be simmering for each other practically all the time. While Dorothy has been busy working in *Her Jungle Love,* and *Tropic Holiday,* Herbie's band has been playing in Chicago. And when at long last Herbie gets a California engagement to play in the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove, Dorothy is assigned to *Spawn of the North,* and has to go on location 45 miles down the coast from Los Angeles. That's married life in the movies!

* * *

Rudy Vallee never fails to have at least one gal in reserve. All the time Gloria Youngblood was being columned everywhere as the one and only girl in the world for Rudy, Judy Steward was wearing a lovely mink coat Vallee had just presented to her. And when Rudy had his party at the Troc upon the completion of his picture at Warners, Gloria and he were spatting, so he simply sent for Judy in Florida and she flew out to him at once. What a man, this Vallee! What a man!

* * *

Lucille Ball and Al Hall quarrelled while celebrating his final divorce decree so they could get married—and they haven't spoken since.

* * *

Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. are almost inseparable. They may be seen practically every lunch hour at whatever studio Doug Jr. happens to be working, in a state of complete bliss and in perfect companionship. They do make a stunning couple and are the cynosure of all eyes wherever they appear. They may often be seen dining at the Cafe LaMaze. June Lang was dining there the other eve in the company of Carl Laemmle Jr. Mary Rogers and Eddie Granger were twosomeing it at the same spot.

* * *

Glenda Farrell wouldn't reveal the sender of those gorgeous orchids she wore when she left for New York. Neither will Gale Page talk about the long distance call she receives from Chicago every night and the American Beauty roses by special messenger at the studio every morning!

* * *

Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, are about to take the fatal step. Rosemary Lane and Jerry Wald are putting on the romance look. Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris have made application to Lloyd's of London for a love insurance policy. They want $50,000 if their love cools after marriage. Rudy Vallee and Judy Stewart, are still concentrating. Jane Bryan and Phil Kellogg are copying their elders and mooning. Anita Louise and Robert Abbott are still roamin' around and romancin'. And there you have the latest from Cupid row.

* * *

Errol Flynn has sold a song he wrote to M. Witmark and Sons. It is called Tahiti Lullaby. He used the pen name of David Mallon, but don't let that fool you. The song will be used in *The Singing Cop,* and will also be published in sheet music form.

* * *

When the Basil Rathbones went shopping for a baby's play pen, snooping reporters became audibly excited. But Basil informed them stiffly that the pink and blue affair was to serve as a playground for a litter of baby puppies—so that's a dog's life in Hollywood!

* * *

Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas are complaining loudly to all who will listen. For their roles in *The Toy Wife,* laid in New Orleans in 1860, they must wear costumes worn by the dandies of that period. Much to their horror they discovered that the fops of that period had waspish waists. Melvyn and Bob are now eating green salad and skim milk, and will continue to do so until they acquire the proper waspishness in the middle—an' they don't like it!

CRAZY OVER HORSES

(Continued from page 26)

find out that Hollywood has gone horse crazy. Those who can't get out to the track are playing them while they're at work. Couched in a jargon, completely new, everyone thinks, dreams and talks horses.

"Joe Brown's filly will never carry the weight," a cameraman says.

"Whatta ya mean 'Sonny' Workman can't hand ride a horse? That's the reason they put 'im up on those big bulls 'cause he don't ever have to go to bat!"

"The best two-year-old rider on the coast is Johnny Gilbert. It's lucky Jock Whitney's mixed up in picture business or he'd never have brought him out here."

"And me out-photoed on four consecutive finishes just because I gotta go fer them nags of Dave Butler's."

"And if them colts Crosby's bringin' up from the Argentine don't do better than the clucks he's already got in his barn we'll . . . "

"Crosby's the best horseman in Hollywood and he's building for the future."

Grand! And there somebody said a mouthful.

Bing Crosby *is* the best horseman in Hollywood and he is doing more for racing on the California Coast than any other man. True, he hasn't had great success with his own stable. Double Trouble, Dash Thru, Stroll On, and Aunt Kitty have not been very useful, but he has four juveniles as good as Scapose, who performed well and Rocco who won at six furlongs on the day of the big Handicap. Crosby and Lin Howard, the polo playing son of C. S. Howard, who owns Seabiscuit, have imported three extremely well-bred horses from the Argentine, namely, Olympio, Sabueso and Ligaroti. The last two won at Bay Meadows recently on the same day, Ligaroti paying 8 to 1 in The Fashion Stakes.

These two fellows also own the Del Mar Race Track at San Diego, which together with the new Inglewood track at Venice, will carry racing right through the spring and summer on dates that have been assigned them by the California Horse Racing Board. All this is responsible for holding a great proportion of excellent horses in California which ordinarily would be racing at the eastern tracks.

Joe E. Brown, one of the funniest comics of the screen, is building up a powerful stable with Key Em Bee, Barnsley a frequent winner, and Battling Kate. He recently paid a round sum for Murph from the stables of Mrs. Ethel V. Mars, the Milky Way Chocolate Bar Queen. Bob Riskin, Columbia writer, also bought the useful Dogaway from the same lady as stablemates for Irksome and Thistle Air.

On the night of the Santa Anita Handicap, the Magnificent Turf Club Ball, outstanding social event of the picture world, is held at the Ambassador Hotel. At the height of this colorful affair, a beautiful gold trophy in the shape of a wine glass, is given the winner of the big race. This ball, with all the magnificence and glamour that follows in the wake of lovely femininity attended by hordes of attractive men, has carved its own notch in the social life of the screen colony.

The horse set is led by Barbara Stanwyck and Jean Chatburn of *No More Ladies, Bad Guy* and *The Great Ziegfeld.* Ethel Hill, the Columbia writer, is also prominent, as are the Mervin LeRoys and the H. M. Warners.

Jean has been the most successful of all the women owners and a small bet on all of the horses she sent to the post at the Santa Anita meeting, would have purchased your spring wardrobe. She has smashed through with winner after winner at long prices, as capably as if she were operating a crack professional stable. It's a treat to watch her as she drives her roadster into the entrance leading to the barns at Santa Anita.

With an extremely self-sufficient expression in her blue-gray eyes, she draws up in front of her stables. A groom in a green sweater with red Polka dots on a gold hoop, brings a sharp gray filly, with racing quality in every outline, from a stall and puts here behind a lead pony. Casey, her rather remarkable trainer, follows, rubbing his broad palm over the filly's right hock and examining each of her legs.

The owner of the stable throws open the door of her roadster and stands there in her five feet three inches and 112 pounds of loveliness.

"Will you hold it, Miss Chatburn?" a press photographer asks, coming out into the sun. "Please just stay as you are. That's it. Just getting out of the car."

She hesitates, this little bundle of charm who was born on a farm near Hanover, Michigan. The glowing health which she enjoys is the basis of her great beauty. She is vibrant, her grey eyes shine and her natural blonde hair has a lustrous sheen. She wears a stunning green sports outfit with a gold band on her rakish hat. A red polka dotted kerchief falls from her bracelet.

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"Will Townsman take the Handicap, Miss Chatburn?" a sports writer inquires.

"You still around, McGrath?" she half laughs, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, you're winning half the races," the turf scribe smiles back, "and we're all wondering."

She pulls a coat from the car and smiles again with a nod toward her trainer.

"Casey's the man you should ask. He makes 'em win."

In a stall rigged up as an office, and painted green with racing plates tacked on suspended gold colored boards, she throws her coat over a chair and sets about okaying bills for hay, feed and liniments.

"How many are going today?" she inquires from her Irish trainer as he comes through the door.

"Patriotic, Raby Rattler and Fleeting Moon," he replies.

She rises, bound for the clubhouse.

"Seems to me we're supporting this track, Casey," she calls out over her shoulder.

"We're doin' all right," he rejoins.

The Marwyck Ranch of Barbara Stanwyck and Zeppo Marx with their green-and-white silks have not done so well, but it is due to racing luck more than lack of enthusiasm or efficiency.

Barbara, star of such recent successes as *Banjo on my Knee, The Bride Walks Out* and many, many others, has gone for horses lock, stock and barrel. She has built a pretentious home in the center of the Marwyck Ranch, in the San Fernando valley, where her fifty thoroughbreds are quartered and lives there most of the time when she is not working. In another season her horses in training, coming up will do well.

Al Jolson has Totem Pole. William LeBaron, Paramount producer, owns Mickey's Man, Rich Daddy, Retake and the stake winner, Brown Jade. Myron Selznick, David's brother, and tops among Hollywood agents, has the swell little three-year-old, Can't Wait, and owned the great horse Pasha who recently broke down. He also has Who's There.

The Jobello Stable of Columbia's President, Harry Cohn, contains En-Masse,—winner at Bay Meadows and Santa Anita—Lysander, Invermark, Handle Cross, Highmost, Short Notice and the grand little filly Conselloress who has also reached the winning spot. Raoul Walsh, Director at Twentieth Century-Fox, has supplemented Grand Manitou and Sunset Trail II, with Frexo, Industry and Bachelor's Bower imported from Ireland. He has also acquired Barbary Coast II, Porlezzo and Acupulla.

David Butler, Paramount Director, was well represented at the recent Santa Anita meet by Manner's Man, Cloud O' Dust, Elseebee, Canny Scot, and Play Back. He has inaugurated the practice of naming horses for friends in filmdom's horsey set.

The first filly so honored was Alice Faye, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's current hit, *In Old Chicago*. And, boy, when that little gal skipped home the third time out at 18 to 1, bedlam broke loose. All members of the studio were at the track and they all bet on Alice. After she won they moved in and took possession of the track. The red wine flowed and the real Alice was boosted up on the bar while they toasted her.

Next year a number of the yearlings will be christened with the names of many stars. Won't they have fun racing against each other . . . around the track!

Extensive preparations are going on to establish breeding farms and from the way the movie folks are invading the East for stallions and mares from the best stud farms of Virginia and Kentucky, they mean business.

Gregory Ratoff, actor, writer, producer and director, was rated an owner as the Santa Anita meet progressed, and of course, Constance Bennett, now under contract to Hal Roach, was one of the *first* owners. Remember how she used to win with Rattlebrain? Clark Gable also keeps his colors registered with the Jockey Club in New York, but he doesn't send any entries up to the races.

Pantages and Considine supported the last several meetings royally. Even Walter Connolly, the Columbia actor, bought a horse. The Mervyn Leroys, (he's producer for MGM) operate the Dormerv Stable. William Goetz, Zanuck's right arm at Twentieth-Century-Fox, races horses; so does Pauline Fredrick who was one of the silent screen's most popular actresses. Alma Lloyd contributes and so does John Cromwell, the Radio Pictures Director. Mae West's brother, Jack, races stock and H. M. Warner and his wife promise to compete next year with a large barn.

This move is not a customary fad, such as the film folk frequently make. They are serious in becoming racing fans, since in this game their fortunes can dwindle away in no time. They are watching their stables develop with interest, and keeping a tight rein on expenditures.

Their colors come tumbling out of a cornucopia, in an iridescent mixture that only Hollywood could produce.

RACING COLORS

Marwyck Ranch — Green jacket, white sleeves. Green cap.

Joe E. Brown—Gold, brown B on back. Gold and brown cap.

Walter Connolly—Light blue, white

bars on sleeve. White cap.

Alma Lloyd—Royal blue, silver circle on back. Silver stars on light blue cap.

Constance Bennett—Gray, American beauty sash and cap.

Jean Chatburn—Green, red polka dots on gold hoop and gold sleeves. Gold cap, green button and ribbons.

Dave Butler—Red, white bars on blue sleeves. Blue cap.

Dormerv Stable (Le Roys)—Red and blue diagonal halves, white sash. Blue cap.

Gregory Ratoff—Red, white sleeves, blue collar and cuffs. Red, white and blue cap.

William LeBaron—Jade, brown diamonds. Brown and jade cap.

Pauline Frederick (Est. of E. W. Garvey)—Blue, silver scarab on back, silver bands on sleeve. Blue and silver cap.

H. M. Warner—Gold, purple H.M.W. in circle on back. Purple and gold cap.

Pantages and Considine—Turquois blue, gold sleeves. Blue and gold cap.

Raoul Walsh—Maroon, gold bars on sleeves. Gold cap.

Ethel Hill—White, red and blue sash, red and blue diamonds on sleeves. Red, white and blue cap.

Myron Selznick—Black, blue cross sashes, blue sleeves. Black cap.

Jobella Stable (Harry Cohn)—Blue, blue dots on gold sash and arm band. Blue and gold cap.

William Goetz—Turquoise, maroon stripes on sleeves and maroon shoulder straps. Maroon cap.

Bing Crosby—Blue and gold.

Binglin Stock Farm (Bing Crosby and Lin Howard)—Cerise dots on white. Same cap.

A NEW COLLEEN ARLEEN

(Continued from page 25)

was dressing for the Academy Award Dinner in the Biltmore Bowl, radiant in anticipation and delight over her first *Hattie Carnegie* gown, a tulle creation that matched the gold of her flaming hair.

But we are a little ahead of our story. In the meantime *Kidnapped* had been screened but before that, Arleen had gone through the process of being groomed for her movie debut. Mr. Zanuck's intention of launching her in a major part instead of building her up in small roles, necessitated intensive schooling for the little ex-manicurist. In the first place, her voice was high and thin—it had to be lowered and developed—her warm, low voice now seems as much a part of her as her hair or her freckles.

She is still Mrs. Whelan's little girl, in spite of the fact that she was made almost overnight and even offered the coveted role of Scarlet in *Gone With the Wind*—a part that would have been hers if Selznick and Zanuck could have come to terms.

As far as the make-up department was concerned, the problem was a simple one. As a beauty operator, Arleen had learned to make the most of her hair. Worn in a long bob, curling softly, it framed her small face, notable chiefly for a straight nose, a sensitive mouth, and a childish chin. The bangs she wore were brushed back and make-up and lighting accentuated the bony structure of her face, hiding its childish contours. Fortunately, Arleen had already gone through a tooth-straightening period and being blessed with small white teeth could smile radiantly and unafraid.

The main difficulty was a mid-western accent and a tendency to turn in her toes. But in addition to voice-placing and diction, Arleen was taught how to enter and leave a room, how to walk and sit, even how to strike matches and light a cigarette!

Adaptable and eager to please, she learned quickly and found that even the southern dialect came easy, during the period she was being groomed for the role of Scarlet.

Naturally her home life has changed too. She has bought a small house, not far from the studio, which has been furnished by her mother. Arleen's own room is decorated in turquoise and pink. There are lots of flowers inside and out, and a babygrand piano which is older than Arleen stands in a prominent corner of the living room.

And she has bought a car, chiefly driven by her brother Bobbie. There is a baby brother Tommy, aged four, whom Arleen adores, but Bobby is her pal, her mentor and friend. Adoring his sister, thrilled with her good fortune, he proudly escorts her to mass on Sundays and to occasional parties. Very handsome and with a fine voice, fifteen-year-old Bobby may find his way into pictures one of these days but for the present he is more than satisfied to be Arleen Whelan's kid brother.

Arleen, by the way, also has a voice, which is being trained and was recently tested for possible musicals. She is a fine pianist, too, and music is her one hobby, her one absorbing interest outside of her work.

Occasionally Mrs. Whelan complains because her daughter never seems to have an evening to spend quietly at home with her family—Sunday breakfast seems to be the only meal that

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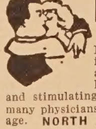

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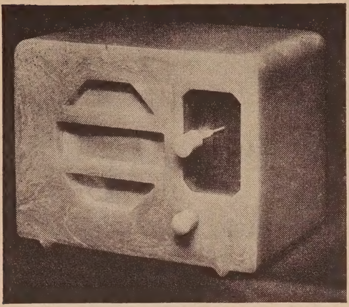

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finds them all together. Nevertheless, she is more than satisfied with the way her daughter has reacted to her introduction into the strange realm of moviedom.

Self-searching, Arleen's philosophy reduces itself simply to trying to put herself in the other person's place. Seeking to understand others, to respect their point of view, gives her balance and perspective.

Arleen still sees her former friends and schoolmates, urging them to call her just as they always did, but a movie career does set one apart and confines one to a limited circle.

Eventually the glamour will wear off a bit, the thrills become commonplace, but Arleen is fundamentally steady and sensible. She knows she has a hard road to climb, that it was luck that started her career and that only hard work and determination will continue it. "Lambie Pie" is her nickname on the set but she isn't as meek as that sounds. She hasn't red hair—and a firm chin—for nothing. Anxious to play all kinds of parts, she is studying French, music and dancing in addition to her daily routine on the set. She will keep on working until she knows her place is secure—and then she will keep on working to win a better place.

HOLLYWOOD HOAXES

(Continued from page 30)

"He suggested several other ways of getting into films," she said, "but I wouldn't listen. I told him it was Mr. Goldwyn or nothing for me. He asked me why. I said Mr. Goldwyn was the greatest producer in the world, and I wanted to work for him and nobody else."

She had to wait, however, until the agent thought her talents had been sufficiently developed. When the great day arrived, and she finally was ushered into Mr. Goldwyn's office, Sigrid read lines for him, and gave herself a nice build-up about her "vast experience" in Oslo.

Fiction being stronger than truth in this case, she got the job, Goldwyn cast her in the featured role of the Chinese Princess in *The Adventures of Marco Polo.*

Thereupon, the Goldwyn publicity mill started grinding out the saga of Sigrid Gurie. It was all about her famous roles in the Norwegian theater. Hollywood read and heard a lot about her, but it didn't see much of her. Under orders from Goldwyn, not to go to night clubs or any public events, Sigrid was being built up as a mysterious personality, who was supposed to be in a luxurious hideaway studying English with a staff of tutors. Actually, she was in a cozy bungalow at Cucamonga, Cal., cooking ham and eggs for Tom Stewart.

She might still be known as an ex-star of Oslo's National Theater if she hadn't decided to divorce Stewart. The minute she filed suit, her secret was out. Instead of being a glamourous star of the Norwegian stage, she was just another gorgeous gal from Flatbush.

Goldwyn wasn't burned up, though, when he learned she had lied to him, according to Miss Gurie.

"He thought I was very clever, and had shown good showmanship," she said. 'You stick with me,' he told me, 'and show me some more.' "

Sigrid's hoax is the most recent on Hollywood, but the one staged by a Cincinnati girl named Theodosia Goodman was the most successful. Back in 1915, when the movies really were in their infancy, a lithe, black-haired damsel known in every nickelodeon was Theda Bara.

First of the cinema sirens, she was

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The hats on page forty-six of this issue may be bought at the following stores, listed alphabetically by cities.

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press-agented as "the wickedest woman in the world." One story, for instance, said she was born on an Egyptian desert, the daughter of a French actress and an Italian artist.

She did a good job in all her roles as a vampire, however, and she became famous because American women loved to hate her.

A girl can stand just so much, though, and pretty soon Theda grew tired of being hated. So she summoned the reporters, and gave them a statement that burned the ears of her press agents.

"I'm not a vamp," she said, "and I don't want to be one. I've never been nearer the desert than smoking an Egyptian cigarette. I was born in Cincinnati, and I had a perfectly good Jewish father. My name is Goodman.

"A lot of people regard me as sort of an ogress, but really I'm just a nice Jewish girl."

Claudette Colbert staged two hoaxes to get her first theatrical jobs. The initial one was just an out and out bluff, in which she told Brock Pemberton, Broadway producer, that she had all kinds of experience. Actually, she had never set foot on a stage. Pemberton believed her, however, and cast her in the lead role of a play called *The Marionette Man.* She hadn't found it hard to fool the producer, but Claudette wasn't so fortunate with the critics. The play opened—and closed—in Washington, D.C., where the newspaper reviewers said the play was bad, but Miss Colbert was worse.

Undaunted, Miss Colbert persuaded Leslie Howard to give her a letter to Al Woods, who was about to produce a play by the English playwright, Frederick Lonsdale. Despite her obviously French name, Claudette faked an English accent, and convinced Mr. Woods that she was English. Lonsdale wasn't so easily convinced. Her accent was phoney, he said.

"But I've been in America for many years," Claudette explained. "And then, too, you must remember, Mr. Lonsdale, that I come from the Jersey Isles, and not England proper. It just happens that Lonsdale was born on one of the Jersey Islands. He was so glad to meet someone else from Jersey that he accepted Claudette's excuse, and didn't question her any further. This time she made good.

When Robert Cummings was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts six years ago, English accents were the vogue on Broadway. Bob's home is in the Midwest, and his voice proved it. The best place to get an English accent, he reasoned, is in England. So he bought a third class ticket to Britain and spent several months wandering around London, the English countryside, and provincial towns.

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Mrs. E. Henrichs, Troy, Mont.
Rhea Willard, Saginaw, Mich.
Jennie Roland, Columbus, Ohio
Dot Schofield, Quincy, Mass.
Audrey Wulff, San Diego, Calif.
Naomi Cox, Enid, Okla.
Mrs. J. A. Riddick, Terre Haute, Ind.
Helen McClendon, Albuquerque, N.M.
A. Crimm, Baltimore, Md.
Joyce Rolaine, Denver, Colo.
Bernice Clary, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mrs. I. Bergquist, Concord, N.H.
Agnes Ellingboe, Neenah, Wis.
Annette Bitterman, Jersey City, N.J.
Mrs. G. Allen, Lafayette, Colo.
Ruth Hutchins, Concord, N.H.
Mrs. L. McKee, Cleveland, Ohio
Mildred Meeker, Anderson, Ind.
Ruth E. Jones, Mayfield, Ky.
Irene Rice, Tucson, Ariz.
Mrs. R. Moorcroft, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Vernette Schmidt, Portsmouth, Ohio
Beatrice Hoyt, Bridgeport, Conn.
Ina Grange, New York, N.Y.
Third Prize:
Mrs. E. Gallager, Amherst, Ohio
Fourth Prize:
Teresa Jacobs, Cincinnati, Ohio
Fifth Prize:
Jessie Dugger, Garden City, Kans.
Sixth Prize:
Mrs. E. Sharp, Kansas City, Kans.
Seventh Prize:
Mildred Lemmons, Denver, Colo.
Eighth Prize:
Carsone Glass, Austin, Texas
Ninth Prize:
Irma Farnsworth, Milwaukee, Wis.
Tenth Prize:
Marjo Hollman, San Francisco, Calif.
Eleventh Prize:
Bertha Killian, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Twelfth Prize:
Eleanore Colville, Newark, Ohio
Thirteenth Prize:
Mrs. R. E. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Fourteenth Prize:
Louise Devon, Philadelphia, Pa.
Fifteenth Prize:
Flora Dreifuss, Detroit, Mich.
Sixteenth Prize:
Julia Beckman, Atlanta, Ga.

He wound up his tour by paying to have his name photographed in lights on the marquee of an English theater. The name he had chosen for the stage was Bryce Hutchens. To cap the climax, and make his hoax complete, he sent cablegrams to several New York agents, saying that Bryce Hutchens, a prominent English juvenile, was on his way to America.

Some of the agents were so impressed that they met him at the boat, and he was given a part almost immediately, in a Galsworthy play. After several other Broadway successes he was signed for pictures. He was pretty well fed up with spouting English accents by the time he reached Hollywood, so he announced that his real name was Robert Cummings, and that he was a Joplin, Mo., boy. His most recent picture was *College Swing.*

Clark Gable had played on the stage for some time before he tried pictures, but his experience didn't seem to help him in Hollywood. Hearing that Pathe was about to produce a horse opera called *The Painted Desert,* Gable applied for a part.

"Can you ride well?" he was asked.

Gable launched into a sales talk, and by the time he was finished the casting director was convinced that Clark had been born in the saddle. The studio shots were made, and Gable proved his ability as an actor. Then the company went on location where he was supposed to display his horsemanship, and Gable was forced to admit he had never ridden anything livelier than a wooden saw horse. But now Clark is a keen horseman as is shown on page 27 of this issue.

Margaret Lindsay was known by her right name, Margaret Kies, when she came East from Iowa, in search of a stage job. Because there seemed to be no jobs available, she unconsciously followed in the footsteps of Robert Cummings and went to England. English producers just couldn't see where it would be advisable to put an American girl in their plays, especially when that American girl never had any experience.

But Margaret did pick up an English accent and a knowledge of British ways, even though she couldn't garner any English pay checks. Her accent was so good, and her British mannerisms so natural that by the time she returned to the United States she walked into a good part in *Cavalcade.* She's done a lot of types since. Her latest as the Yankee girl in *Jezebel.*

By the time a Hollywood star has achieved great popularity, the public knows everything about him, from the color pajamas he or she wears to his or her favorite breakfast food. And, usually, if the star has worked some hoax to get his job that fact comes out sooner or later.

FAN CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 4)

his behalf by sending Martha a smartly bound copy of *Robin Hood* which had been autographed to her by each member of the cast.

Little MARIE WILSON will tell you that, thanks to the requests of her fans, she was given the coveted feminine lead in *Boy Meets Girl.* One group of Wilson admirers is headed by BETTE DELILLE of 2114 Cleveland Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

ANNA GLANCE of 7741 Bennett Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is the president of a club for JACKIE COOPER. Miss Glance visited Hollywood recently and spent a great deal of time with Jackie and his mother, running around seeing the sights, attending premieres and even going for daily swims in Jackie's own swimming pool.

NELSON EDDY'S fans are legion and his clubs amazing in number. LORETTO SCHULTZ of 637 Craig Street W., Montreal Canada, is president of one of Mr. Eddy's most popular organizations. Mr. Eddy's cross-country concerts find many club members among the audiences in various cities. There's always a friendly welcome awaiting them backstage with the "in person" greetings coming from none other than their favorite singing-actor star!

HELEN STEVENS of 359 Garden Street, Hartford, Connecticut, is planning a visit to Hollywood this summer. She wrote her Honorary Club President, PRESTON FOSTER, of her anticipated journey. Mr. Foster evidently thought it was a great idea, because he sent Helen a smartly fitted traveling bag, plus a note telling her how pleased he would be to meet her in person!

The DEANNA DURBIN Club members, headed by President, MARGUERITE SLANEY of 1661 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada, sent Deanna a camera recently, because they read she wanted one. Deanna immediately airmailed a note of appreciation, which was published in the latest issue of the club paper.

NOTE TO READERS: If you are interested in joining a fan club for your favorite star, or if you have any questions concerning fan clubs, won't you write to us? Our address is: Fan Club News, *Modern Movies,* 18 East 48th Street, New York City.

PERSONAL ROMANCES salutes its readers with a June issue that is bound to evoke comment and elicit "ohs" and ahs."

Here is a mixture of mystery, intrigue, realism and spice that will tickle the interest of the most exacting connoisseur.

One look is all you need to convince you why this magazine is the favorite in the confession field. How's this for a June sample?

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A new serial about an ugly duckling raised on a farm who reached the doorway to fame and love via a radio contest.

Mountain Cabin Madness

She was her husband's household drudge—His kisses were for another. So with a knapsack and a broken heart she wandered into the mountains.

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Hurry to your local newsstand and get your copy of PERSONAL ROMANCES for June. Or, if you prefer, why not take advantage of our special subscription offer? Twelve issues for only $1.00. A real bargain for a real magazine!

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STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from page 57)

of the French Court of the Revolutionary days, to the rugged, primitive stark realism of *Northwest Passage* pioneer days, is something, but Van Dyke's the director who can do it! Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor will be co-starred in this picture and it will be filmed all in technicolor. Van Dyke is looking forward to this picture with real enthusiasm. If you think back a few years it will be remembered that Van Dyke directed practically all of M-G-M's big outdoor spectacles in their natural locale.

At Paramount

Paramount executives promise a busy summer for many Hollywood players and Stars. *Zaza* will star Isa Miranda, the Italian star for whom Paramount officials predict a brilliant future in America. *Midnight* will co-star Carole Lombard and Georges Rigaud. Ronald Colman will be starred in *If I Were A King*, and Ray Milland will be starred in *The Light That Failed.* Howard Estabrook is busy scripting *Ruler of the Seas*, which will be made this summer. *The Gracie Allen Murder Case* by S. S. Van Dine is on the list, as are *French Without Tears, The Captain Needs A Mate, Fly By Night* and *Hudson's Bay Company* to be directed by C. B. De Mille. Bing Crosby will be starred in *Paris Honeymoon.* There are others listed but it would take too much space to list them, and this is enough to cheer the unemployed picture people.

* * *

Georges Rigaud refused to hit pretty Louise Platt in a scene for *Spawn of the North.* Georges does not believe that a gentleman should strike a lady at any time—in public. He believes as this is his first American picture it would not be a very good introduction anyhow, and I think he is right!

* * *

Mary Carlisle should be the envy of every Bing Crosby fan—and that's quite a few fans! He declares she is the perfect foil for his romantic urges on the screen. So, if you are a blonde five feet one inch tall, and weigh 110 pounds, and have blue eyes, wear a size 12 dress, and 3½ shoes, a 6 glove, and a 21 hat, you are just like the sort of girl Bing likes to croon to on the screen. Bing has selected Mary to play opposite him three times. No other actress has appeared in more than one film as Crosby's leading woman.

* * *

Harold Lloyd helps to cut his own pictures and when he is cutting he wears down everyone concerned. He never comes out of the cutting room, even for lunch, but has it sent in to

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him. Those who have seen some of *Professor, Beware,* say it will undeniably be Harold Lloyd's greatest talkie. Harold is wise, he makes only an occasional picture but he sees that that one is a super-production which will keep him in the hearts of his public until the next one.

* * *

Fred MacMurray was conducting an orchestra on the *Cocoanut Grove* set the other day. Ben Blue and Eve Arden slithered about the floor in an Apache dance number to the orchestra's accompaniment. Many repetitions of this scene were required. After Fred had conscientiously waved his baton aloft for several hours for scene after scene, he exclaimed, "Boy, my arm feels like a ton of iron! I've been waving it around until it feels like a tired windmill. But, Al, did you ever see such verve, such grace, such—." Al Santell, the director, glanced at him in surprise, "Why, I guess you've been doing all right, Fred, but I forgot to tell you we haven't been shooting the band, we've been concentrating on Ben and Eve's dance. You haven't been in any of the scenes, yet, so relax." Fred did relax; suddenly and thoroughly!

At RKO-Radio

After several weeks of quiet on this lot, things are humming again with the sound of taps coming from one stage. It's the stage where Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are in rehearsal for their dance routines in their new picture, *Carefree.* Joan Bennett and Anne Shirley are at work in *Mother Carey's Chickens;* Lucille Ball, who is getting quite a build-up is in *Menial Star;* and Richard Dix and Whitney Bourne are in *Blind Alibi,* the plot of which concerns itself with the Seeing Eye movement.

At 20th Century-Fox

While appearing before the cameras for her current picture, *Little Miss Broadway,* Shirley Temple is making plans for her first visit to the city whose main street has a place in the film's title. Accompanying her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, Shirley will leave Hollywood for New York early in June.

When reports of the planned trip first were circulated, 20th Century-Fox studios were deluged with requests for personal appearances by Shirley throughout the country. But her parents decided that, since it was impossible to appear in even the larger cities in the limited time available, Shirley would make personal appearances nowhere.

"It will be strictly a sight-seeing vacation for Shirley," Mrs. Temple announced. While New York will be the first stop, it is planned to take Shirley to as many other key cities along the eastern seaboard as time will allow, her mother added.

* * *

Loretta Young and Annabella have been assigned to share stellar honors with Tyrone Power in *Suez.* The picture is a romantic drama dealing with the construction of the Suez Canal. Tyrone will play the role of Ferdinand de Lesseps, French engineer under whose supervision the Canal was built.

Both Power and Miss Young are now at work on pictures. He is playing a stellar lead in *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* covering historic highlights of the period during which Irving Berlin has been America's leading popular composer. Miss Young is completing her work in *Four Men And A Prayer.*

Annabella recently made her first American picture, *The Baroness And The Butler,* co-starring with William Powell. She is to go to 20th Century-Fox studios in England to make two pictures under the supervision of Robert T. Kane, after she has completed *Suez.*

Suez is to be produced on the same grand scale as *In Old Chicago.*

At Warner's

Furs valued at $200,000 were brought to the Warner Brothers Studio daily in an armored car to be used in scenes for *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse,* Edward G. Robinson's new starring picture. One chinchilla wrap (the most luxurious looking thing you've ever seen, ladies) is valued at $50,000. All the furs are heavily insured of course, and they are constantly watched by armed guards. It makes the set look like a mystery story without any of the cast, to have all those ominous looking men standing around just watching for trouble! What a trouper is that Claire Trevor. She plays opposite Edward Robinson.

* * *

George Brent was telling Kay Frances and me on the *Secrets of An Actress* set between scenes, that he cherished a bullet which was fired at him and smacked a tree beside his head when he was a fugitive from an Irish Revolution. He saw the bullet hit the tree and actually felt the impact, it was that close. He got away but returned later to get the bullet—just for fun. Much more fun digging it out of a tree than having it dug out of him, I should say.

* * *

Saw Gloria Dickson in a gorgeous black sequin evening gown, leaving the lot with Perc Westmore, attired in a soiled pair of slacks and a flannel shirt. They were on their way to lunch. Gloria arises betimes to have breakfast at the studio with Perc when he has an early make-up call. And that's true devotion if you know your early mornings!

* * *

Claude Rains, Fay Bainter, Jackie Cooper and Kay Johnson were acting slightly balmy the other day on the *White Banners* set. They each had a double page from a newspaper and they were trying to wad it into a near-perfect ball so that it was entirely surrounded by the fingers. In two minutes they had us nuts—doing the same thing—or trying to. It's silly—but you can't do it.

* * *

Everyone in Warner's Green Room stood up and cheered when Jimmie Cagney came in to lunch the first day he worked on *Boy Meets Girl.* That's an unprecedented tribute of popularity to a star in Hollywood. But Jimmie deserves that popularity among his fellow workers because he is always thinking of the other fellow. Even now, when *Boy Meets Girl* is so important to him because it brings him back to the screen after two very uncertain and hectic years, everyone on the set is talking about how Cagney throws Marie Wilson, who is playing her very first big part, scene after scene and steps back himself to give her the play; how he helps her with her lines and "business." He knows how frightened Marie is and how anxious she is to make good in this long prayed-for opportunity. That's the sort of a guy Jimmie Cagney is—and one of the reasons everyone stood up and cheered when they welcomed him back on the lot.

* * *

As for Marie Wilson, cute, vivacious, dizzy little blonde comedienne, who is playing the girl in *Boy Meets Girl* —just ask her what she thinks of Jimmie Cagney! She wanted to play this role so much that she actually prayed for it every night, and when it was rumored that Joan Blondell would get the role, she cried until she made herself sick. But when she did get it, she was paralyzed with fright, and she will tell anyone who will listen that without Jimmie's generous, sympathetic help she thinks she would have fainted from sheer terror upon several occasions when the going was tough for a novice. There is something so refreshingly different about this girl, that, watching her work with Jimmie and Pat O'Brien, I think it is safe to predict this picture will introduce a new star to the cinema heavens.

Editor's Note: There's a new leading man in Hollywood. His name is Richard Greene. Read about his astonishing rise to fame in JULY MODERN MOVIES

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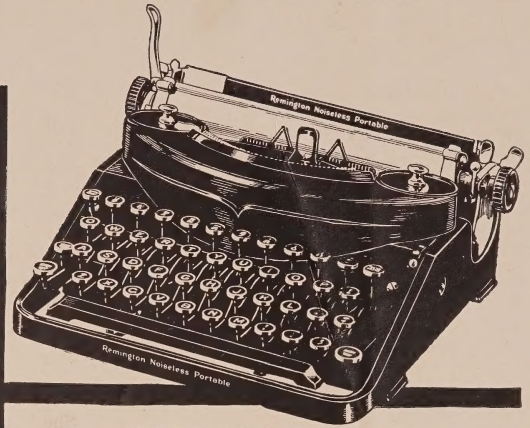

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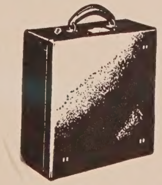

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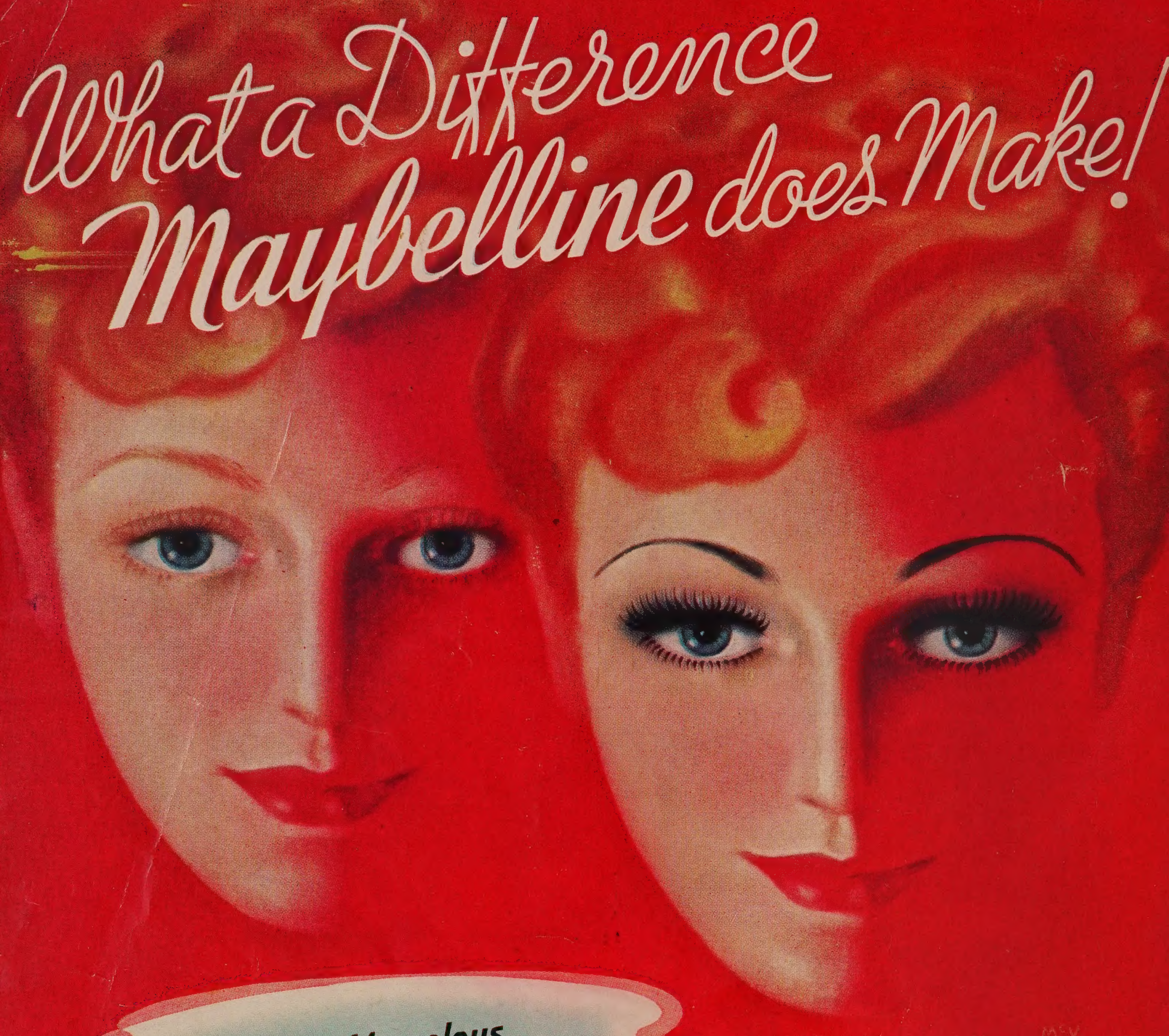

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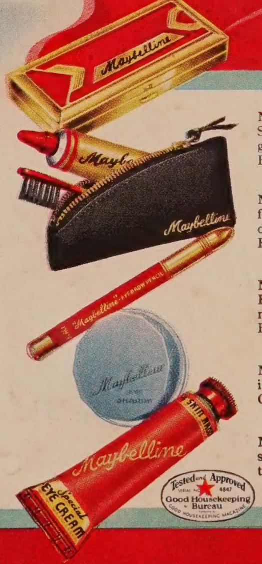

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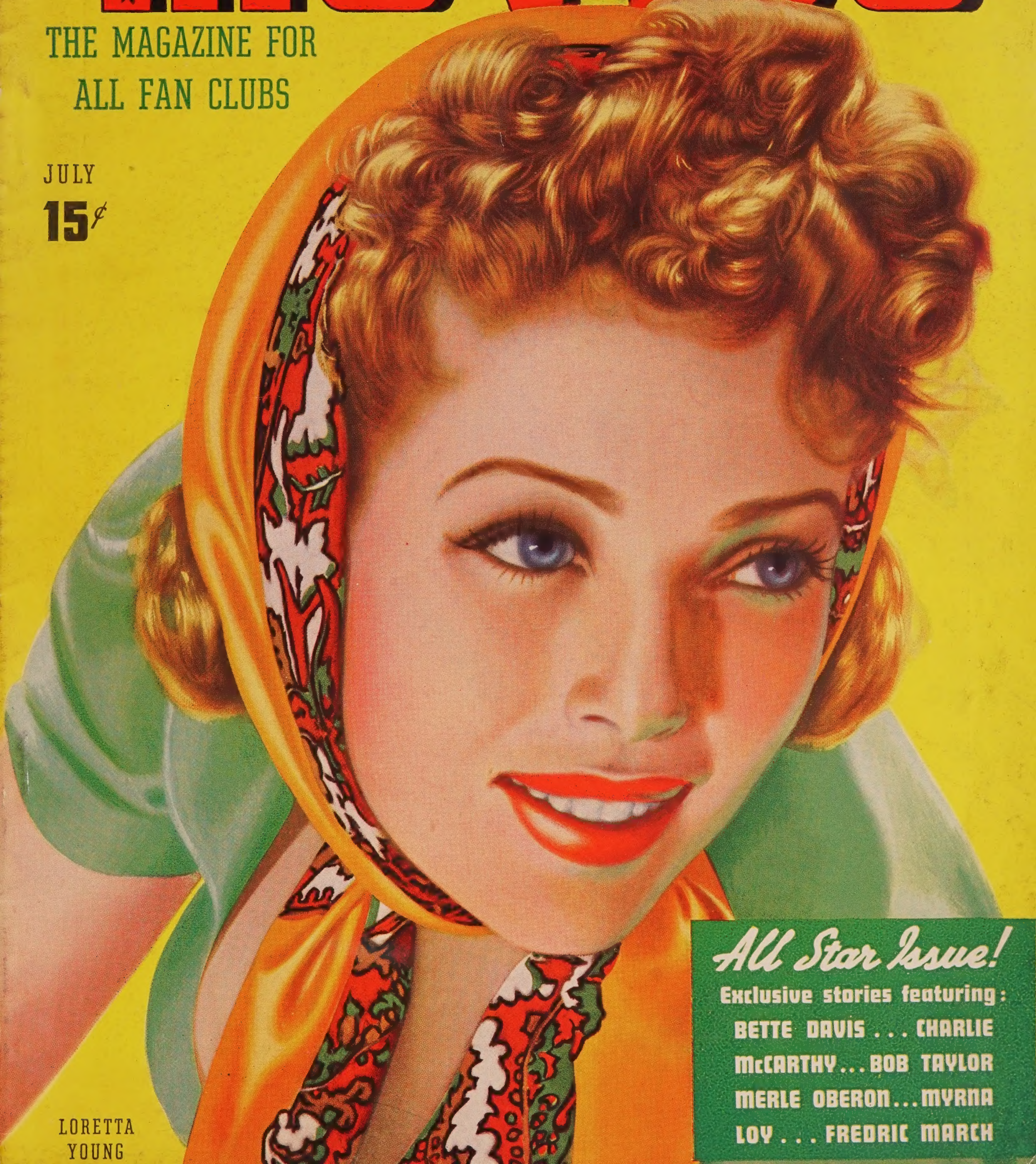

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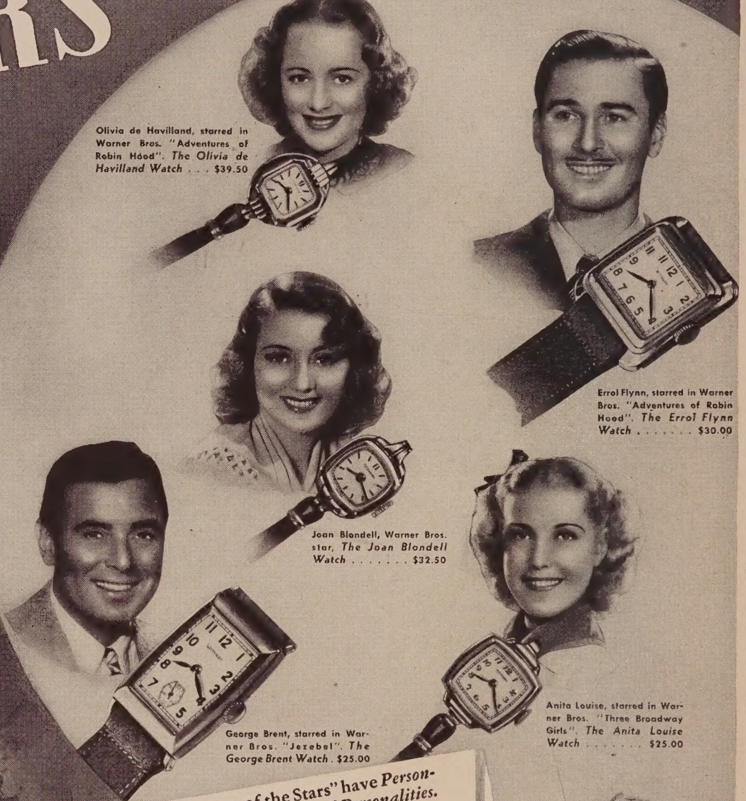
WITTNAUER *Watches* OF THE STARS

George Brent in a scene from Warner Bros. "Jezebel"



Olivia de Havilland, starred in Warner Bros. "Adventures of Robin Hood". *The Olivia de Havilland Watch* . . . $39.50

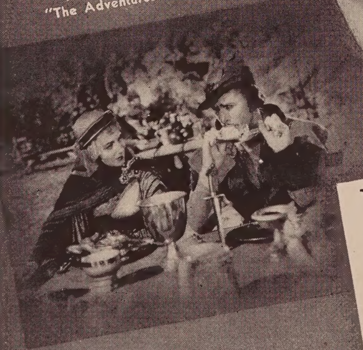
Errol Flynn, starred in Warner Bros. "Adventures of Robin Hood". *The Errol Flynn Watch* $30.00

Joan Blondell, Warner Bros. star, *The Joan Blondell Watch* $32.50

George Brent, starred in Warner Bros. "Jezebel". *The George Brent Watch* . $25.00

Anita Louise, starred in Warner Bros. "Three Broadway Girls". *The Anita Louise Watch* $25.00

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in scenes from Warner Bros.' "The Adventures of Robin Hood"



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Errol Flynn as "Robin Hood"

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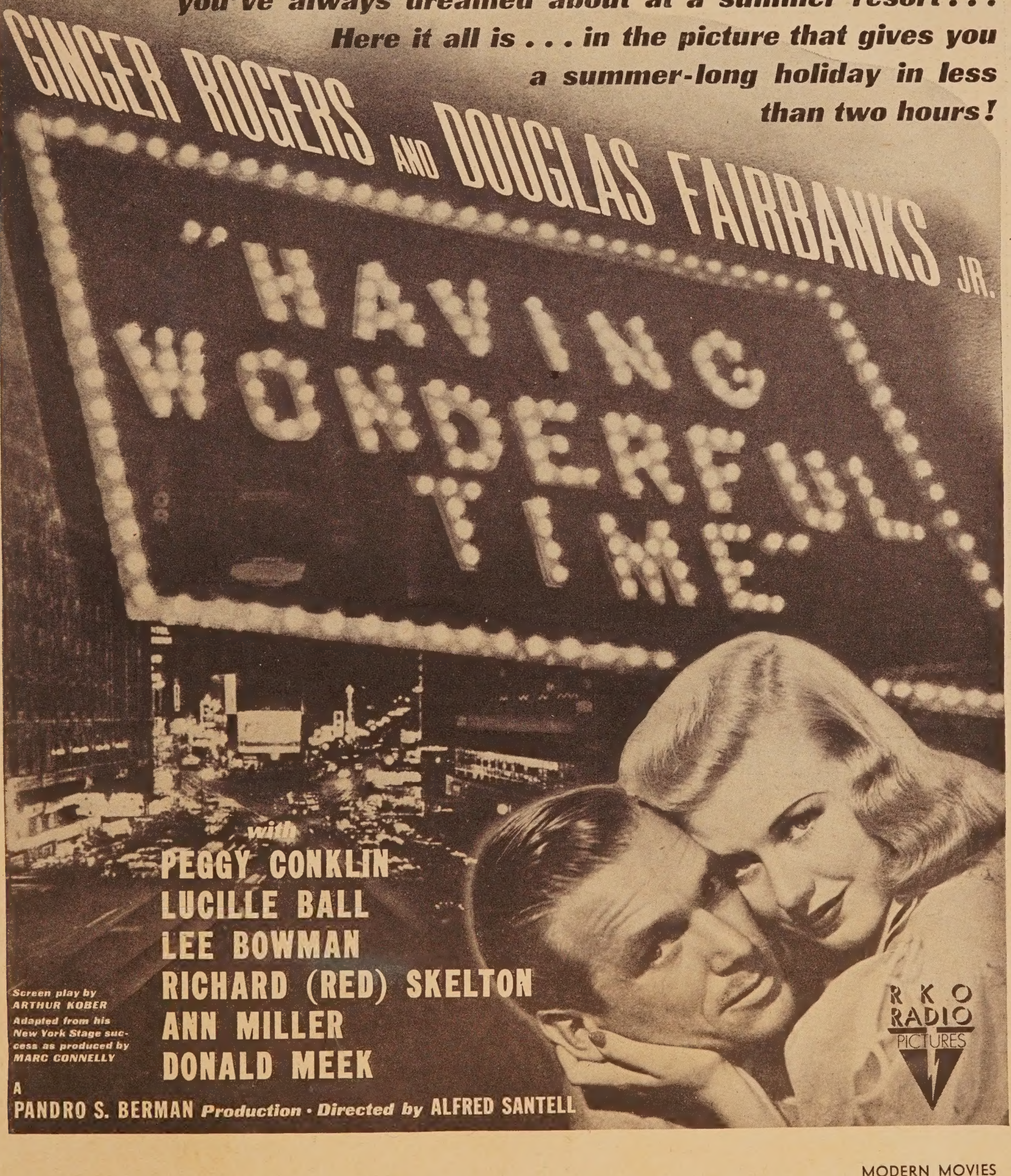
. . . . and it's your greatest show thrill this summer! . . . with your favorites in the roles that New York took to its heart and laughed and cried with month after crowded month! . . . Now YOU can go to Kamp Kare-Free for the most exciting entertainment vacation your ever had . . . You can live the thrills, the romance, the adventures you've always dreamed about at a summer resort . . . Here it all is . . . in the picture that gives you a summer-long holiday in less than two hours!


GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
"HAVING WONDERFUL TIME"

with

PEGGY CONKLIN
LUCILLE BALL
LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON
ANN MILLER
DONALD MEEK

Screen play by ARTHUR KOBER Adapted from his New York Stage success as produced by MARC CONNELLY

A
PANDRO S. BERMAN *Production* · *Directed by* **ALFRED SANTELL**

RKO RADIO PICTURES

JULY 1938 VOLUME 2, NO. 1

MODERN MOVIES

MAY C. KELLEY
EDITOR

dorris denbo
hollywood editor

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HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"

HEAR . . . for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT
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MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

FAN CLUB NEWS

INTERESTING HIGHLIGHTS ON FAN CLUBS AND THEIR ACTIVITIES!

MODERN MOVIES' invitation to all fan clubs for contributions to this department has kept the postman working overtime. Fan clubs from all over the country are sending in material that will make these columns hum with interesting fan club items for our readers' information and entertainment. Here are a few as a starter:

• eleanor powell club:

"The Eleanor Powell Club issues a club paper quarterly called *The Eleanor Powell Static*. The members receive personally autographed photos from Miss Powell and a letter of welcome upon joining the club."—*Eleanor Morgensen*

• movie fans friendship club:

"*The Lest We Forget* Chapter has issued a song in memory of Jean Harlow entitled *A New Star Shines in Heaven*. All new members joining the Chapter will get a free copy of the song. I belong to 125 fan clubs; have over 3,000 pen pals; and answer all fan mail personally."—*Chaw Mank*

• craig reynolds club:

"Our Club paper is called the *Reynolds Rumpus* and is issued four times a year. We have close to 400 members—all ardent admirers of Craig Reynolds and always clamoring for information about him."—*Alma Calligan*

• marie wilson fan club:

"My club will be two years old in July, at which time a special issue of *Treasurettes* will be published. Miss Wilson has ordered 100 stills from her first starring vehicle, *Boy Meets Girl*, which will be mailed to each member with the club bulletin. Miss Wilson has shown a genuine interest in this club, and thanks to her it is going along successfully."—*Georgia Sargent*

• michael whalen fan club:

"It was my good fortune to spend a vacation in Hollywood during 1937, and at that time I met Michael and his fine family. We spoke at length on club matters and really became acquainted. Michael, his mother and two sisters are a grand group of folks and the club is doing everything in its power to get Mike to the top where he belongs. Our club magazine *Camera* is issued every three months. Our membership is near the 500 mark."—*L. Allan Smith*

• lanny ross fan club:

"Our club was formed in February, 1935, and we've been progressing ever since. Lanny has been largely responsible for our success, as he is at all times ready to help and encourage our efforts. We publish a bi-monthly publication named *Chit-Chat*. Lanny has kindly arranged for me to see several broadcasting rehearsals and actual broadcasts."—*Mary Munger*

• ginger rogers club:

"Fan clubs need a magazine like 'Modern Movies' with a department devoted to their activities. I have met Ginger Rogers several times and she is a grand person. Her picture schedule has been very heavy of late and she hasn't had much rest. Our club recently celebrated its fourth anniversary."—*Marian Hesse*

• the herbert marshall club:

"Herbert Marshall is honorary president of our organization and a more cooperative and appreciative person I have yet to find. He gives all attention to his fans; answers letters; sends photographs, acknowledges greeting cards, et cetera. What more can a star do? Our club news is issued every three months. Membership is widespread touching such points as Trans-Jordan and Straits Settlements."—*Madalene Mayer*

• frances langford fan club:

"Our club was formed in honor of Radio's No. 1 popular singer, in the 1937-38 Radio Guide's poll vote. With each issue of our official publication, a Frances Langford poster is included with two informal snaps of Frances and one of the club president. We now have a membership of 165 and it is still growing. Members have the privilege of entering all contests held by the club and may also write articles for the club paper."—*Eddie Lally*

• paul kelly club:

"We have just concluded a most successful membership contest for which Mr. Kelly furnished beautiful prizes. He is greatly interested in his club, and writes frequently to tell us of his film activities, his home life, etc. Our membership totals 125, with many more prospective members on the list. Each person joining our club receives a personally autographed photo, as well as a year's subscription to *Stardust*, our club paper."—*Ruth Fiffer*

• betty grable fan club:

"Congratulations to 'Modern Movies' on its Fan Club News Department! Miss Grable, the members, and myself are with you 100%. Betty cooperates wonderfully. For the yuletide season Betty sent every member a lovely greeting. She thoughtfully has all club covers, membership blanks, etc., printed at her own expense. Truly a worthy honorary president!"—*Terry Lennard*

• gene autry club:

"Our club was just formed the first of March with Gene Autry's permission. He reads the club newsette *Diamond Dot Review* and writes often. We have 40 members from 10 different states and the nation's capital is well represented too."—*Dot Pinnick*

• • •

MODERN MOVIES invites all readers to send in requests for information regarding fan clubs through these columns. Address all inquiries with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to FAN CLUB NEWS, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th St., New York, N.Y.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

Sometimes stars slip incognito into a picture show to see themselves without being seen, and quite often they hear comments that are somewhat disconcerting. Sylvia Sidney said she went into a picture show to see one of her pictures. When they showed a close-up on the screen of her crying, a woman sitting next to her said, "Oh dear, there she goes—crying again!" "I wanted to ask her to go see *Merrily We Go To Hell, Accent On Youth,* or *Thirty Day Princess,* all of which were gay and light, and in which I didn't shed a tear," said Sylvia. Then she giggled as she added, "Wouldn't her face have been red if I had?"—Mine would, wouldn't yours?

Ann Southern and hubby Roger Pryor gave a circus dinner party the other evening at which everyone had a riotous time. The affair started with a Pryor family circus parade around the living room. Roger led playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on his trombone, accompanied by Ann on the piano. Little David, their adopted son, and the five Pryor dogs followed. The guests immediately lined up and in the final parade were Mal and Ray Milland, Richard Clayton, Jerry Asher and Una Merkel, Stanley Smith, Ann Nagle and Frank Milan. Getting off to such a start nothing could stop the fun from then on. It was really David's idea. He had seen his first circus the night before.

Claire Trevor's engagement ring, that had everyone buzzing, was just a prop gag. But both Claire and Clark Andrews admit they will be married soon. No elopement, as people have predicted, but a quiet little church wedding in Hollywood.

(Cont. on page 66)

Sam Hinds and Spring Byington contribute their talents to the Columbia pic *You Can't Take It With You.* Lionel Barrymore and others round out the cast.

Zoe Dell Lantis, one of Paramount's young hopefuls, formerly toured the country as Miss San Francisco for their World's Fair.

WHAT LURE

AS REPORTED BY

Bette Davis:

"It has passed its peak"

BETTE DAVIS CONTENDS THAT REALISM REPLACES GLAMOUR

DIFFERENCE of opinion makes fashions, as well as it does horse races. And while it is never a sure thing to bet on either, both are good sporting propositions.

So it proved, at any rate, one night when a roomful of people sat around and argued over fashions in actresses. It was significant that the whole controversy revolved about one point—glamour.

Everybody took a whack at it, pro and con. Nobody seemed able to define exactly what glamour is, but all were violently for or against it. One classical contender got a bit out of bounds by spaciously asserting it had been the all-important quality in charmers from Cleopatra to Mae West. But generally opinions were held strictly to Hollywood, with speculation as to the market value of that imponderable commodity which may serve as the furnishing of a movie queen's mind or that of her body. (Sooner or later in Hollywood everything gets down to money.)

Free from any sordid considerations, it was interesting to sit in that room and imagine similar discussions going on in other rooms throughout the country. For if those people were so vitally concerned with the presence or lack of glamour in Hollywood's fair stars, why not others like them of far-reaching extent?

It so happened that the febrile debaters on the home grounds could not be accepted as the last word on the lure of glamour, for the reason that although of Hollywood, they were not concerned with it professionally. To give it the meaning and value of experience, the fascinating subject called for the decision of experts. Two would be better

Charming Bette Davis prefers roles that depend on acting ability. As for personal appearance . . . No plush horse tactics for Bette . . . She'll take tailored togs sans fussy frills and still be popular!

GLAMOUR?

CHARLES DARNTON

Loretta Young:

"More necessary than ever"

LORETTA YOUNG CLINGS TO THE CODE FINE FEATHERS—FINE BIRDS

than one, and both should be young, attractive, intelligent actresses unafraid to speak their own minds.

None better, then, than Loretta Young and Bette Davis.

Quite unconsciously, Miss Young was caught right in the mood. Her alluring slenderness wrapped in a becoming lounging robe, she tripped downstairs into the living-room of her sunny Bel-Air home, saying:

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, but I've just had two fittings. This afternoon I'm to have five more at the studio. It's all part of the preliminary work done on a production. I go to bed at eleven o'clock, but don't go to sleep until four. I just lie there mentally designing my costumes. Although I've been in pictures for almost twelve years, it is only within the last two years that this glamour thing has started with me. Before that time, I played sweet little daughters of nice men, and they, of course, weren't supposed to be glamorous. Then I was switched into roles of wealthy, sophisticated women, and therefore had to be beautifully dressed. Although I like lovely things, I'm really not like that at all, but people who see me in two or three such parts think I am that kind of person. This reaction rather floored me, for I haven't been conscious of any change in myself. Clothes achieved it, for clothes of a certain style are inevitably associated with glamour."

Knifing a lamb chop, Miss Davis cut straight into the subject with:

"I don't give a damn how I look or what I do on the screen as long as it's real. I'm not interested in 'pretty' parts. If I'm wet I want to look wet. I'm

(Continued on page 72)

Lovely Loretta Young is well aware of the important part clothes play in putting a role across . . . Off-screen a star should never sacrifice the illusion she creates in pictures, she sagely remarks.

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

. . . and here is the story the author of "Treasure Island" always considered his best! . . . now on the screen for the first time! . . . spectacularly produced by 20th Century-Fox!

Strangely they met... gallantly they risked their lives for each other... a valiant three against a nation's vengeful might!

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Kidnapped

with

WARNER **BAXTER** · FREDDIE **BARTHOLOMEW**

in the role you always wanted him to play

in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH · REGINALD OWEN

JOHN CARRADINE · NIGEL BRUCE · MILES MANDER

RALPH FORBES · H. B. WARNER · ARTHUR HOHL

E. E. CLIVE · HALLIWELL HOBBES · MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN *BIG-PICTURE* ENTERTAINMENT!

GINGER ROGERS

Sailing along as one of the screen's most popular stars, Ginger Rogers deserves success because of her fine work in *Vivacious Lady* and *Having Wonderful Time.* She is now busy rehearsing with Fred Astaire for RKO's *Carefree.*

ANN MILLER

Lovely Ann Miller has captured the coveted role of the ballet dancer in Columbia's screen version of the stage hit, *You Can't Take It With You.* Ann is a Texas girl who came to Hollywood when she was only sweet sixteen.

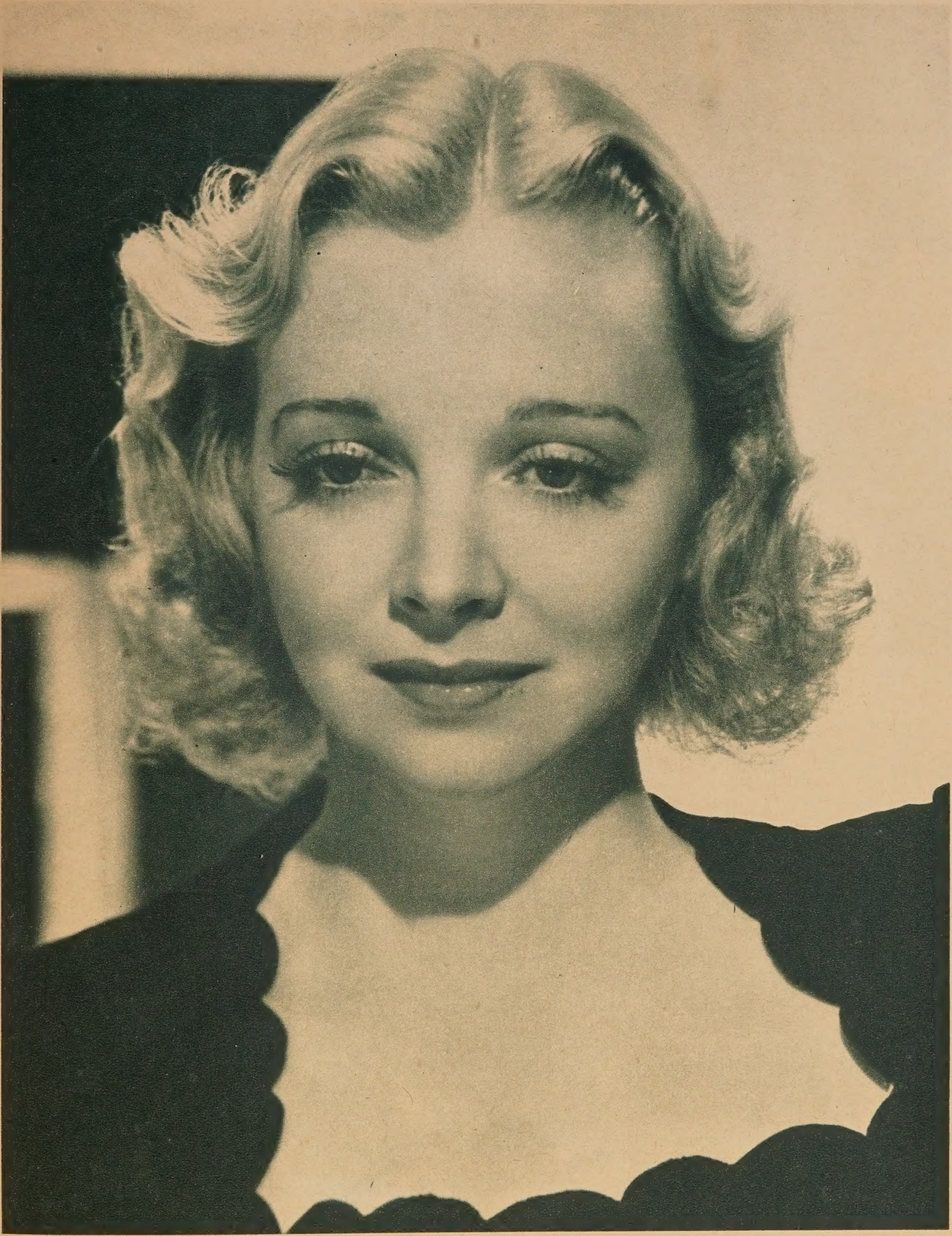
WARNER BAXTER

For quite some time now, Warner Baxter has been one of the mainstays on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. His recent release is *Kidnapped*. In his next film, *I'll Give A Million,* Marjorie Weaver is his winsome leading lady.

ERROL FLYNN

After completing *Four's A Crowd,* Errol Flynn travelled to Boston to buy himself a yacht. He's had one whale of a time cruising along the Eastern seaboard but Warner Bros. are running up signals for his early return to the studio.

VIRGINIA BRUCE



Sharing honors with Robert Montgomery in MGM's *Yellow Jack,* lovely Virginia Bruce had to forego feminine fripperies for severe uniforms in her role of an army nurse. Regardless of what Virginia may wear, it cannot dim her golden glamour.

CASANOVA

LOVERS MAY COME AND LOVERS MAY GO, BUT DEBONNAIR CHARLIE IS STILL SITTIN' PRETTY!

by godfrey holt

Pretty Andrea Leeds has fallen a victim to Charlie McCarthy's infallible charm. Some conquest!

WE found Charlie McCarthy, the greatest lover of the twentieth century, completely at ease on the set of Universal's *Letter Of Introduction,* in which he has one of the stellar roles.

Nonchalance, sangfroid, confidence, self-possession — that indescribable something that every great lover has possessed, radiated from his very presence. You felt at once that here, at last, was a man who could give you the answer to the eternal question of the ages.

We looked closely and saw first, a pair of deep, brown eyes, wide open, alert. Rakishly clamped in the right eye was a monocle, its black silken string falling in a graceful line to his chest. His hair, a flaming red, betrayed a combative disposition which, coupled with the immaculate full-dress suit of close-fitting, midnight blue, and the neat bow of his white tie, implied both force and finesse. Could that be his secret?

"Mr. McCarthy," we began, "what is the secret of your unfailing success with women?"

"You may call me Charlie, if you wish," he answered. "Yes, yes, indeed. Do call me Charlie. Makes it more homelike, doesn't it?" he inquired, as he gracefully threw his left leg over the arm of the brown canvas director's chair in which he was half-sitting, half-reclining.

Just a simple, thoughtful courtesy, this putting a stranger at ease in his presence, we thought. And then came the deeper significance. It was part of his personality, his practiced approach, the savoir faire of the man-of-the-world;—it was, in fact, the first betraying glimmer of the traits and practices which have made him the great lover of the air, the screen, and the stage; the only three-dimensional Don Juan of history!

"Ah, yes, women," he mused, as he took up the thought. "Yes, yes. Yes, indeed. And what was it you wanted to know?"

"What is the secret of your unfailing success with women?" we repeated.

"Secret?" he exclaimed. "Bergen," he called. "Bergen, have we any secrets of love?"

Edgar Bergen blushed. Bergen is quiet, retiring, modest. By no means a great lover. That is, in comparison with McCarthy, we thought.

"Charlie!" he exclaimed. "Aren't you a bit young to discuss those things?"

Casanova McCarthy drew himself up. One thinks of Casanova, Don Juan, Romeo, only as bungling amateurs when in the McCarthy presence. "I'm seventeen," Charlie asserted. "And the life I've lived! Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

"But do you think you should discuss it?" Bergen queried.

"Certainly," Charlie exclaimed. "The very idea! I've been asked a question, haven't I? And should I be rude? That's not the way a gentleman acts. And I'm a gentleman, Bergen, a gentleman!"

Charlie turned to us.

There was a whimsical, reminiscent smile on his face. "D'you know," he began, stealing an amused glance at Bergen. "D'you know, Bergen started me in my Don Juan career.

"It was something he taught me in my youth. 'Charlie,' he said, 'Charlie, always remember you're a gentleman!' And so I read Emily Post on manners. Dear old Emily. She was *such* a help!

"Emily says that a gentleman should always follow a lady. And I've been following them ever since. Or should I say, chasing them? Dear, dear, dear. It's been *such* fun!" *(Continued on page 79)*

CHARLIE McCARTHY CONFESSES

On the *Letter Of Introduction* set Charlie leads his rivals, Bergen and Murphy in a dash for the *cup*.

Charlie's allowance is jacked up to fifty cents a week. "No dice, Bergen, my women demand orchids."

Charlie's impenetrable heart calls for more of his favorite star, lovely Dorothy Lamour.

MARRIAGE MEANS MOTHERHOOD TO MERLE

ROMANCE DOGS THE FOOTSTEPS OF GLAMOROUS MERLE OBERON BUT MARCHING TO THE ALTAR MEANS MATING ON THE HIGH SEAS OF MATRIMONY . . .

by florence ross

If you were one of the most beautiful women on six continents—if your career was so spectacular that two Grade A producers could enjoy equal (and plump) shares in you—if you had houses, money, jewels, and admirers for every day in the week, to say nothing of a rack full of ermines and minks—WHAT else would you wish for? More jewels? A yacht? Another sable evening wrap?

Don't be silly. Those are the things you could acquire by simply signing your name to another check. Hold tight to your end of the wishbone and close your eyes again. Ah—you're stuck. Can't think of a thing. Well, maybe we can help you out by telling you the secret dream of one blessed damozel, a princess of the silversheet who has everything—except what she really wants.

Her name—if you haven't guessed it yet—is Merle Oberon, and we don't think anybody will sue us for libel if we insist that she is one of the few real beauties of the screen. Nor will we cause any major controversies when we go even further and claim that of all the faces confronting the cameras of Hollywood and Great Britain, hers is the most *arresting.*

Certainly there are more classic faces—faces designed for perfect symmetry, in which one contour leads into another with almost logical grace. Merle's beauty is of another kind. Her face seems to be constantly contradicting itself. If you take inventory of it you will notice that her eyes, while oriental in shape, are anything but oriental in color and expression.

Orientals don't have citron-green eyes. And her cheekbones, which have a Slavic fullness, belie her little-girl's mouth, just as that nun's brow, high and serene, looks down with cold detachment on the warmest, richest smile in filmdom.

This contradiction runs through Merle's entire nature and explains the one unfulfilled hope that she expressed to *Modern Movie's* interviewer during a recent heart-to-heart. For while Merle may look like a Benda mask come to life, there is nothing mask-like in her emotions. She is—this luminous Tasmanian with slumberous eyes and toy-sized features—a warm, pulsating, normal creature with the normal desires of women everywhere, the world over. And what she wants is not fame, not love alone, not security or great wealth or any of the tangible worldly possessions most of us yearn for, but something infinitely more satisfying—flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood. Merle wants children.

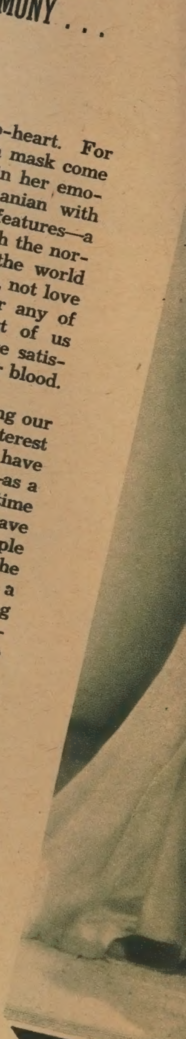
This she admitted frankly, simply, during our interview. "Marriage, per se, doesn't interest me," she said. "Yes, once or twice I have thought of it—the way many actresses do—as a kind of part-time job. But I'm not a part-time person. I like to do one thing at a time and leave the doubling up to those clever, versatile people who can manage four irons on the fire at the same time. Right now I'm devoting myself to a career and to the never-ending job of learning how to act. When I'm finished with picture-making, then, and not before, will I be free to take on another job."

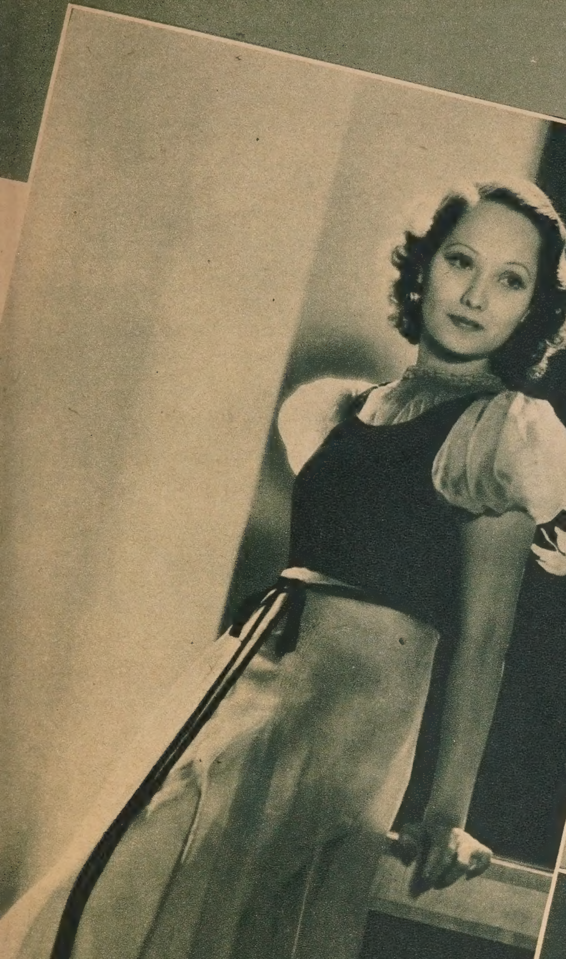
By "another job" Merle means marriage, and by marriage she implies a real home and children.

"The man I marry," she explained earnestly, "will be the kind of man who wants children, who will get the thrill out of fatherhood that I anticipate from motherhood. No, it doesn't matter who he is or what he is—whether English or American, in pictures or in politics—our mutual love of children will be the strongest bond. If he doesn't welcome the responsibilities of a family—and there are more men like that than you would imagine—my interest in him would soon fade."

When Merle talks of children, you can tell that she has given the subject a great deal of thought. A kind of humorous tenderness creeps into her voice, and she suddenly becomes quite dogmatic about little things,

(Continued on page 70)





Merle Oberon inveigled her way out of India by stowing away on a ship.

In *The Divorce Of Lady X*, Larry Olivier supplied the romance. Her next is *Graustark*.

Merle's leading man is Robert Douglas in *Over The Moon*, her latest English picture.

Mr. F. March goes gay in old New York.

Freddie and the Missus, Florence Eldridge, are cycling enthusiasts since their trip to Hamilton, Bermuda.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK BY FREDRIC MARCH

FREDRIC MARCH REGALES US WITH INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES FROM HIS TRAVELS

As Dictated to Radie Harris

DEAR Harlan—

Greetings from the eastern front, where everything is all *but* quiet!

Florence and I are just back from a ten day holiday in Bermuda, and are now "Exhibit A and B" for physical culture ads! Before we left, we went slightly beserk, listening to *everyone's* advice.

"Of course, you're staying at the Castle Harbor? No? Well, then you must go to the Princess, at Hamilton. Oh, you're not going there either? Well, of course, you know best where *you* want to stay, but . . . Be sure to take some heavy coats along, it's liable to be cool, and if you're subject to seasickness, you must drink plenty of champagne—and there's a wonderful new pill . . ."

Florence *was* seasick, and no champagne nor "new wonderful pills" exercised their magic! I had heard the fable about the woman who had gone down, nineteen years ago, and had such a rough trip, that she's still there! After seeing Florence, that's no fable!

Now that we're back, feeling like recharged batteries, we're deep in the throes of looking for a new play. The "never say die" Marches! Despite our flop in *Yr Obedient Husband*, you'd be surprised how many producers are fighting for our services—fighting to see which one of their plays we'll back with our Hollywood filthy lucre! It

The Marches, between reading scripts, are studying vocal lessons and French with gusto.

Paramount is anxious to get Freddie started on a new picture, so the Marches are home again.

seems to be the generally accepted opinion that because we sank $35,000 into Marwell Productions, that we're suckers for anything!

It's amazing the fantastic conception everyone outside of Hollywood has of film folks' "checks appeal." The fact that one has a swimming pool and a house that photographs well, automatically makes one a Croesus more philanthropic than Otto H. Kahn, Edgar Davis, Daddy Browning and Tommy Manville! Both Florence and I have a genuine love of the theatre, but our affection doesn't carry along with it an altruistic desire to be its financial prop. After all, we've worked hard for the gold in them thar Beverly Hills—and charity begins at home, with Penny and Tony!

Suppose you heard the rumor that I am now being hailed as a martyr for chucking my screen career for the "little woman," at a time when I'm technically known as "in demand." It *is* true that when I married Florence, she was the real acting member of the family, and in coming to Hollywood with me, she submerged her identity as Florence Eldridge, lovely star of *Six Characters in Search of an Author, Ambush, The Love Habit,* etc., etc., into that of Mrs. Fredric March, housewife and mother. Both these latter roles have matured her into a richer loveliness, and it seemed only fair that she be given the opportunity of emerging into the limelight again. But without any pretense of false modesty, please believe that this was no heroic gesture on my part. I, too, had a great yen to return to the stage. I had been in pictures for eight consecutive years, and it was becoming too easy. As Charles Bickford said in *Casey Jones,* "I feel so goddamned contented, I could milk a cow!"

I knew that my only escape from this stagnant aura of self-complacence was to find a new stimulus. Now that I was free lancing, and had no long term contracts to tie me down, this was my opportunity to head back to Broadway. Both Florence and I were fully aware that in returning to the stage, we were leading with our chins—I, of course, far more than Florence. We would not be considered in the light of legitimate actors, but a Hollywood couple, "in person, NOT a motion picture!" But even if they panned the daylights out of us, we would show that we could take it—at least we had tried our best.

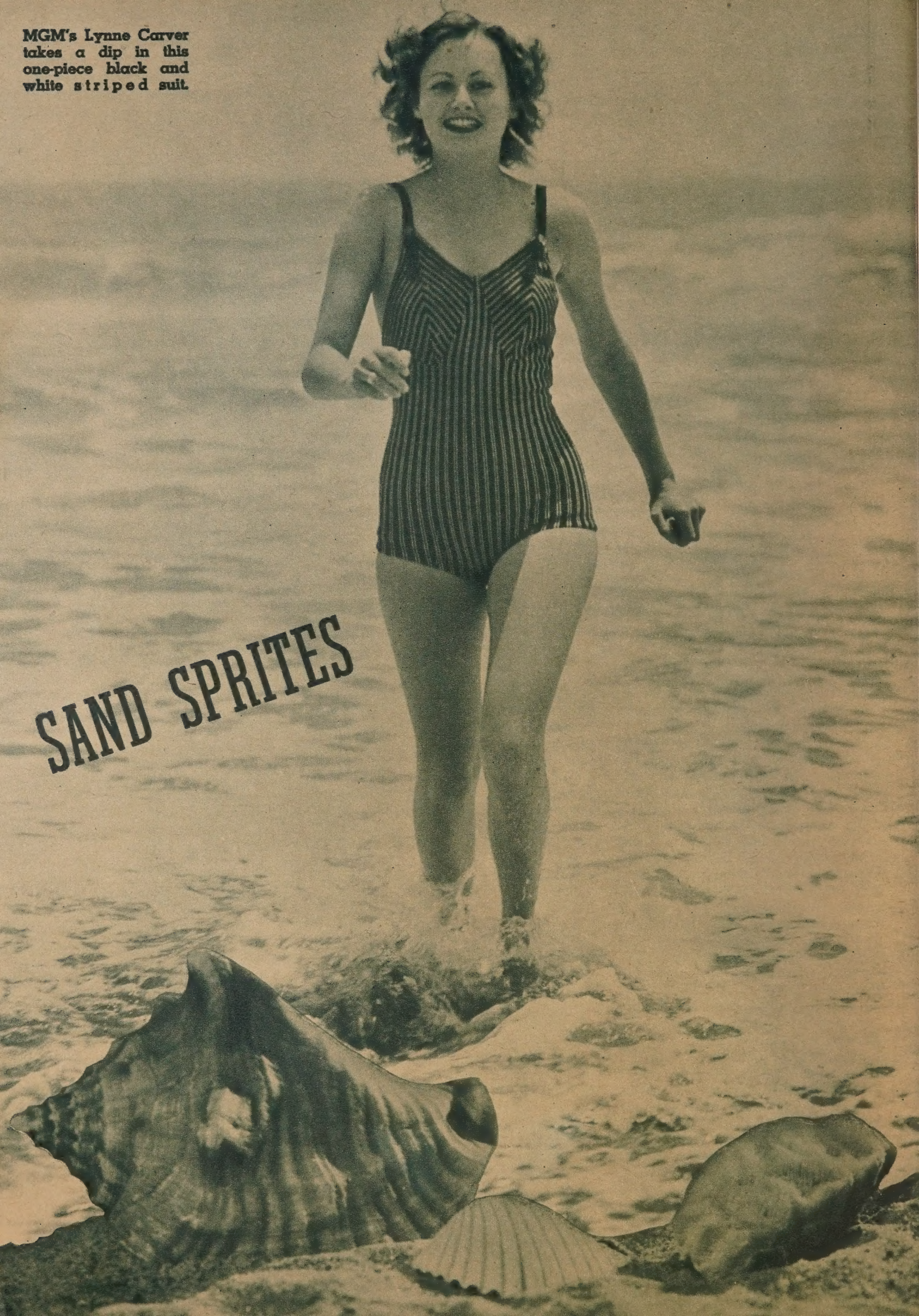
We "took it" all right! The out of town notices were more than kind, but the New York reviews didn't spare us their most biting invectives. They were brutal! About me, they were right—I gave a lousy performance opening night. My doting wife insists that it was because I was still suffering from the leg infection that had set in during our Pittsburgh engagement but, of course, critics and the audience are not supposed to know what is going on behind the scenes, and therefore, can only judge you by what they *actually* see. It is a false accusation against the New York drama critics, that they deliberately go out of their way to pan Hollywood personalities. When Frances Farmer in, *Golden Boy,* Julie Haydon in, *Shadow and Substance,* and Leif Erickson in, *All The Living,* turned in expert performances, they received a rave press.

I doubt now that we'll do another play until fall. A good play is even harder to find than a natural blonde in Hollywood, especially when it must serve as a co-starring vehicle. In the meantime, we are remaining east until June, as we don't want to interrupt the children's schooling until the term ends. We are most enthusiastic about the schools here. There seems to be a closer relationship between the parent, teacher and child, than in California.

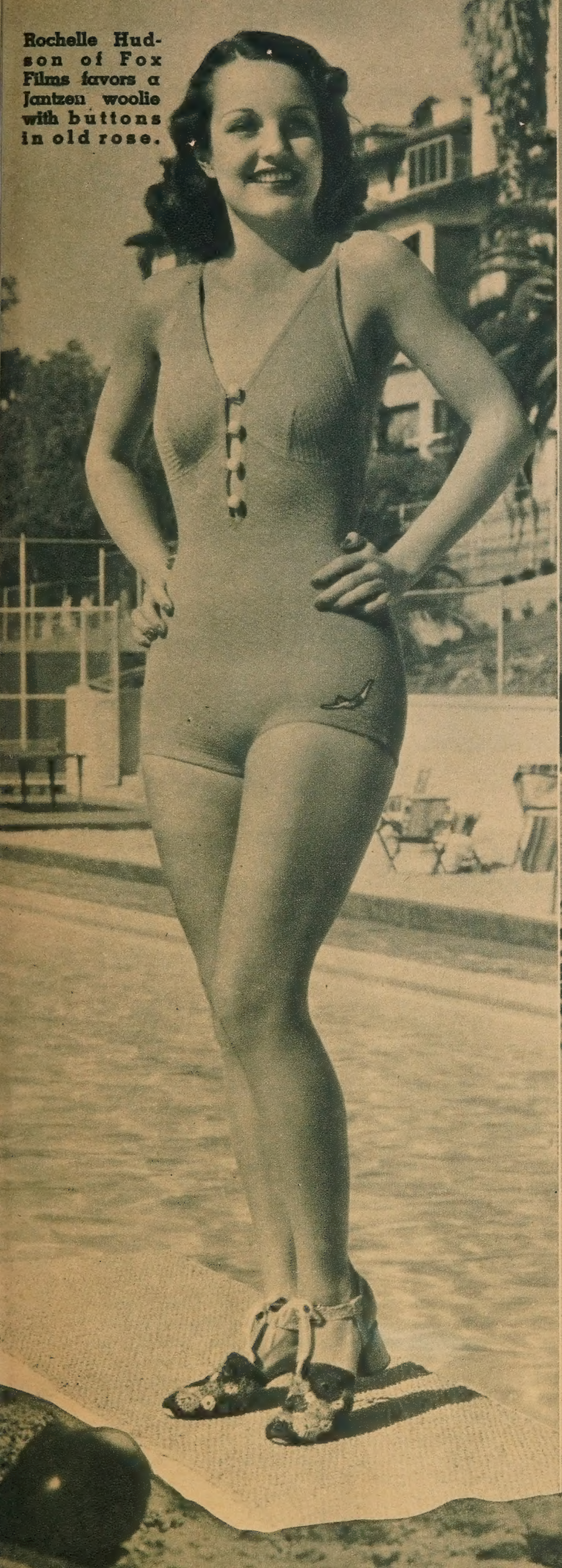
Both Penny and Tony have thrived beautifully all year, thereby debunking that other myth; that the New York climate is unhealthy. The change of seasons has been fine for them—it has helped to build up their resistance to all sorts of climatic conditions. They loved being bundled

(Continued on page 74)

SAND SPRITES



MGM's Lynne Carver takes a dip in this one-piece black and white striped suit.



Rochelle Hudson of Fox Films favors a Jantzen woolie with buttons in old rose.

Paramount's Franciska Gaal takes a sunning in a closely-woven black zephyr knit.

MGM's Jean Chatburn relaxes in this soft dressmaker suit of maroon satin with white.

Now that Ramon Novarro is free from family obligations, femininity wonders and waits to see what he will do about romance.

RAMON AND Romance

AMID THE NEW TRENDS IN SCREEN PERSONALITIES, RAMON NOVARRO STILL CONTINUES TO BE POPULAR

by frederick james smith

IN 1924 the telephone in Ramon Novarro's house rang furiously.

Ramon answered the 'phone. It was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios calling—and calling impatiently.

"Mr. Mayer wants to see you immediately," said the voice. "Please rush right over."

Half an hour later Novarro was in the luxurious offices of Louis B. Mayer, in the Culver City studios.

"Ramon," said Mayer, "We have wonderful news for you. You leave for Italy in the morning."

Novarro was a bit startled.

"Italy?" he asked. "Why?"

"You are to be the new Ben-Hur," said Mayer. "We are changing the cast. It's the big role of your career. Can you be ready to go into the part?"

"I'm ready now," said Novarro quietly.

P.S.—Novarro left for Rome the following day. Two weeks later he was emoting before the cameras.

Here's what happened:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had been working for many months in Italy, making the exteriors of *Ben-Hur*. The film, sent back to the studios, worried the executives. They felt they had made a mistake in casting the boy hero of General Lew Wallace's famous story of Judea and Rome in the days of Christ.

So Novarro, who had been revealing such promise in his films, was shifted into the part. And he achieved one of the triumphs of his career. Remember the chariot race in the Roman amphitheater? That was one of the great and spectacular moments of screen history.

Novarro's rise to stardom, of course, started long before *Ben-Hur*.

It began eighteen years ago, when Rex Ingram selected him for the role of Rupert of Henzau in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, recently refilmed with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., enacting this part.

Ingram didn't pick Novarro for the role. Novarro picked the part for himself. At first Ingram could not visualize the Mexican boy in the role. He seemed too inexperienced, too young. But Novarro had made up his mind that he would do Rupert. He kept haunting the Ingram studio and

(Continued on page 77)

CODE FOR *Compatibility*

Myrna Loy, current queen of the screen, expounds her views on marriage. She's in the throes of reading scripts for her next picture.

MYRNA LOY, REEL LIFE'S PERFECT WIFE, REVEALS HER SECRETS FOR MATRIMONIAL HARMONY IN REAL LIFE

by myrna loy

AFTER more than two years of being the "perfect wife," Myrna Loy is quite prepared to continue in the role indefinitely, both on and off the screen.

She looks and acts the part entirely effortlessly. An Oriental siren in her earliest roles, she has retained the glamour without the pretense that once accompanied it. It is a quiet, poised, self-assured beauty of which she believes in making the most. "For glamour doesn't end with marriage. A wife needs to exert herself to retain all the charm that won her husband before the ceremony, if she doesn't want him to compare her unfavorably with other women."

The flashy vivacity which characterizes many a younger, less experienced actress, has given way to what is almost repression in Miss Loy's case. "Over-anxiety to make an impression results in over-acting," she believes. "And a wife, while she shouldn't fade into the background beside her husband, can be very tiresome if she's continually calling attention to herself."

Furthermore, years of motion picture training taught Myrna to maintain a reserve of energy. That reserve, she says, is often mistaken for poise. Regardless of the explanation, it comes from being relaxed at all times, from keeping on an even keel. It was this ability to relax which won her screen recognition. When talkies arrived, Myrna Loy was given her chance in a speaking role. The fact that the microphone held no terrors for her, that she could be perfectly natural in front of it, eventually brought her stardom and those "perfect wife" parts. "Because the perfect wife can't get excited over trifles. If she does, she eventually becomes known as the perfect divorcee."

Named queen of the cinema in a recent popularity poll; among the first four actresses in an exhibitors' poll; mentioned as one of the ten outstanding women in America by leading authorities on femininity; Miss Loy, like Clark Gable, to whom she is currently married in *Test Pilot,* and like Spencer Tracy, who also appears in this picture, attained success the hard way. She started by playing extras and running a dancing school across the street from MGM, in order to take up a career as a sculptress. Rudolph Valentino and his wife became interested in her and managed to get her featured parts. Her own ability and hard work did the rest.

Wed in real life to Producer Arthur Hornblow, she believes that she has learned much from the screen wives she has portrayed. That Nora in *The Thin Man* gave her many a tip. As the screen wife of William Powell, Gable, Warner Baxter and other leading men, she has learned many psychological facts which have helped her own happiness. And if the wifely roles that are continually handed her prove helpful to feminine fans, then Myrna will consider that she has done a worth-while job on the screen.

"Because I believe that the screen does occasionally teach a lesson. That wives in the audience can learn the advantages of a sense of humor, of keeping themselves attractive, and can see that their husbands have no more faults than some of the screen husbands I marry."

"So learn to know your husband all over again. You may be surprised."

■ ■ ■

IF BOB

WILL "TWO-GUN" TAYLOR

COWBOY Robert Taylor! What a strange combination of words. It is a long jump from filling the shoes of America's No. 1 Matinee Idol to becoming a star of western films. But the man who makes the hearts of millions of women beat as one, has a long standing desire to be starred in a film of the west.

At last he is going to have his wish fulfilled, when he appears in *Northwest Passage* next Fall. And what are the histrionic requirements of a western star? What, in

Here's the Robert Taylor we all know . . . handsome, suave, America's No. 1 Matinee Idol . . . The Bob appearing in MGM's *Three Comrades*.

Bob's desire to do a Western will be gratified next fall when he appears in *Northwest Passage*. Watch Cowboy Taylor in the saddle!

Jack Randall, Monogram's "Singing Cowboy" follows the code of the rangers. Above with pert Eleanor Stewart in *Where The West Begins*.

TAYLOR TURNS BUCKAROO

RIDE THE RANGE SEARCHIN' FOR RENEGADE RUSTLERS?

by miriam gibson

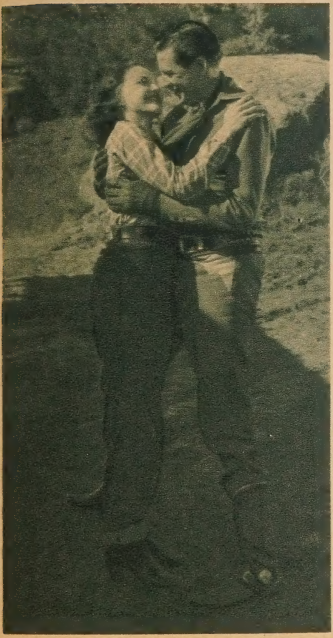
addition to the qualifications of a matinee idol, will be required of the romantic favorite of the screen?

Three of the outstanding western stars of moviedom are Colonel Tim McCoy, Tom Keene and Jack Randall. These he-men of the screen specialize in westerns. They have built their reputations and fortunes by "ridin' rough, shootin' and fightin' their way" across the silver screens of the world. Who better could exemplify the qualities needed for westerns?

Colonel Tim McCoy, whose legal name is Timothy John Fitzgerald McCoy, has been connected with the ranches of the West since an early age. Born in Saginaw, Michigan, it was not long before he inherited a ranch in Wyoming. From that day to this he can't abide cities. "They smother me," is the way he puts it.

The mountains, the rough life, gave McCoy the ability to fight his own way. It was on the ranch that he learned the first shot is the only one that saves your life. Today he is one of the best marksmen of the country. This ability to shoot straight and sure has stood him in good stead as a cowboy star. When screen audiences see him shooting his way out of a difficult situation with the villians they know he will win. Westerns allow nothing false. Everything portrayed on the screen must have an authentic feeling. There is no room for prop atmosphere. Backdrops, miniature sets, are "out" as far as western films are concerned. McCoy makes four westerns a year for Monogram. And these movies are made on location at the company ranch of a hundred and fifty acres in the hills in back of the film capital. An expert horseman, McCoy is a film actor only during the winter months. Through the summer he is a circus star. Last year he was the star of Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey. This summer he is touring throughout the country with his own circus, called "Tim McCoy and His Wild West Show."

The Western star entered motion pictures in an unusual manner. Some years ago a picture company went on location in Wyoming and parked near McCoy's ranch, which adjoined an Indian reservation. The film people wanted to use some of the Indians for atmosphere but no member of their company could make themselves understood to the Red Men. Tim was one of the few men in the United States who knew the Indian sign language so it was natural that the film folks called him to translate directions. As a result of his generous assistance, a part was written *(Continued on page 71)*



Jack, after plenty of hard ridin' and shootin' gets the gal Louise Stanley, in Monogram's thrilling epic of the plains *Gunsmoke Trail.*

Tom Keene of Monogram thoroughly enjoys a good, stiff fist fight in his Western films. Tom graduated from cowpunchin' to stardom.

Monogram's Tim McCoy learned all about broncs on his ranch in old Wyomin'. Tim with Suzanne Kaaren in the fast-moving *Phantom Ranger.*

Freddie Bartholomew's folks instituted a losing suit for his wages.

Martha Raye of Paramount was ill over a dual suit by her dad.

Lovely Mary Astor was charged with non-support by her parents.

Scandal vendors hav capitalized on Carol Lombard's fad for gags

Jackie Coogan, former top-notch child actor, is vigorously opposing the joint efforts of his mother and step-father to reap the profits of his lucrative earnings before the Kleig lights. His wife, Betty Grable, is staunchly standing by Jackie. They appeared together in *College Swing*, a musical.

Loretta Young, 20th Century-Fox star, was a victim of malicious gossip several years ago. A servant and a salesman were responsible for circulating the rumor.

I'LL BE SUING YOU

SENSATION SEEKERS SKULK ON THE SIDELINES SET TO STRIKE AT SUCCESSFUL HOLLYWOOD HEADLINERS

by ruth arell

"Jackie Coogan Sues Ma for $4,000,000."

"Father Sues Martha Raye for Support."

"Robert Taylor Mentioned in Frank Fay's Suit against Barbara Stanwyck."

"Loretta Young, Ill, Reported Broke."

Gossip! Lawsuits! Some of them based on good and sufficient cause; others entirely without foundation. But, right or wrong, newspaper headlines make the most of a big movie name that has been tossed their way. Later, when the star has been proven innocent and the papers try to make amends, it doesn't help much. For there's always someone who will believe the first story and who will think that the actor was able to buy his way clear.

That's part of stardom's price few stop to consider. To most of us stardom means being in the big money and able to buy ermine wraps and custom built automobiles without giving them a second thought. But those who twinkle up in the movie firmament will tell you these luxuries have to be paid for two-fold. As soon as they get into the class where they can afford these tidbits, they automatically step into the charmed circle that is ever the target of gossip and lawsuits.

For example, take the case of gossip. No one knows how many of these stories, most of which are vicious, untrue, and feed on human gullibility, get their start. All that is known is that they descend without warning and gather momentum as they roll along from tongue to tongue. Unless checked and corrected in time, they can ruthlessly tear down a career that has taken years of patient work to build up.

Or, take lawsuits. Movie stars, more than any other persons in the world, are the most involved in sue or be sued proceedings. Suits for damages, breach of contract, failure to provide—we'll skip divorce suits in this article—are constantly being slapped against them. Of course the lawsuit of the year that established an all-time high in world interest was the one Jackie Coogan filed against his mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bernstein, to recover his earnings made as a child star. They said he wasn't entitled to anything because the law decreed a child's wages belonged to his parents, but Jackie thought he was entitled to some of the money he earned by sweating under the Kliegs.

At the time the suit was filed, his mother said: "I'm not really bitter at Jackie. I'm just filled with regret to discover that he is really so stupid. I say 'stupid' advisedly because he is blindly following the advice of someone with a personal ax to grind."

Yet, despite her loudly proclaimed lack of bitterness toward her son, under oath on the witness stand she declared that Jackie had been a very, very bad boy once and had caused her and his late father a lot of mental anguish. And for that reason they didn't think him capable of handling his own financial affairs. When pressed to tell just what he had done to be called "a very, very bad boy," Mrs. Bernstein broke down and wept so much that she had to be excused from further testimony.

The accusation still stands that way. Hollywood, where everything is known, finds that the worst Jackie had done—before becoming so unfilial as to demand some of his money—was to flunk in college, and get several tickets for speeding, and once for driving while drunk. The latter affected him to the extent of taking a pledge and he has never touched liquor since. Surely these offenses aren't serious enough for a mother to brand her son with an unexplained accusation thus leaving speculation in the minds of fans just when Jackie is working so hard at a screen come-back, to say nothing of planting the seed of suspicion in the mind of his young wife, Betty Grable.

It is plain to see that even in a blood-tie as close as theirs, money is the root of all evil. While his mother pets Jackie with one hand, she pounds away at him with the other. How else can this statement of hers be explained: "I'd go through fire and water for him. I love him. There is nothing I wouldn't do. He was a terribly bad boy once. I tried to make a man of him but I guess I did not succeed. He is not entitled to any money and he will not get a cent."

In most of the cases, however, it is the movie star who gets sued and for no other reason than the fact that he or she is in the public eye and the person doing the

(Continued on page 68)

Richard Greene, handsome recruit from the English stage, has been signed up to a seven year contract by Darryl Zanuck of 20th-Century-Fox.

Four Men And A Prayer **heralds his appearance before American audiences. If the power of the press "talks", Richard will be a shining star.**

RICHARD STRIKES IT RICH

IF EVER there was a person having the time of his life out of an adventure, that person is Richard Greene, and the adventure is Hollywood.

Everything about him tells you so the minute you meet him. His smile, that flickers into attractive dimples and the hint of excitement in his voice.

It does a body good to talk to him. His enthusiasm casts a pleasant glow about everything it touches. His new blue roadster, with its fancy chromium gadgets. Sonja Henie's skating. Swimming in the Pacific. Sunset over the desert.

I'd heard rumors that living in the glare of studio publicity had confused and distressed the young Britisher. I wanted to ask him all sorts of solemn questions along this line.

He grinned at me, from the depths of a big chair in his sunny dressing-room.

"I was scared to death, at first," he admitted, and I had a suspicion that even being scared had been part of the fun. "Wouldn't it startle you," he asked, "if you went out to dance, of an evening, and woke up the next morning to find it in all the papers? And wouldn't the inferences frighten you still more—the things they imply between the lines? If you're seen with the same girl twice, they hint, it must be pretty serious. And then if you're out with somebody else the next evening—my goodness! Who threw which over, and why? And is the new one the real heart-throb?

"But I take it in my stride, now," he chuckled, pleasantly. "I play sort of a game with myself, trying to guess what they'll say. The only part that's any trouble is to remember the things you shouldn't do, if you're living in the spotlight. You can't, for instance, buy your girl a bag of peanuts and take her to a twenty-five-cent movies, even if you both happen to feel like it. You must get all dressed up and go to one of the brilliant night-spots. Luckily I like night-spots, in moderation. But I also like peanuts. . . ."

"Some day," he confided, irrelevantly, "I want to own a shack in the desert. I love it there. I was lost in it, not long ago. Down over the Mexican border."

If you know the desert, you wonder a little, hearing him speak. Not because he loves it . . . there is no place on earth more beautiful . . . but that anyone could be so thrilled over being lost in its bleak and terrible wastes. Only a person with Richard's zest for experience, could find it anything but terrifying.

"It was the kind of adventure I'd always dreamed of," he continued. "I drove over a rocky dirt track that climbed for nine miles up a mountain. Most of it wasn't a road at all; it was a dry stream-bed, a gravel-floored arroyo that led me up and up, jolting over boulders, and skidding through sand-heaps. It was my first trip to Mexico. I was all alone; I could see nothing but the steep, rough slope, the cacti, and, below, the endless miles of sand. The nearest town was a little huddle of Mexican shacks, ten miles away.

"I got to the top, crawling slowly in low gear. And—bingo! I hit a bed of rocks, and the car jolted over the cliff-edge.

"I was lucky. I wasn't hurt, and the car wasn't either. But I couldn't budge it. Couldn't get it back on the track. So I just sat there, while the lizards crawled out of the rocks and stared at me. There was nothing else to do but sit.

"I found out later what happens,

Dick's talents cover writing, sketching, and shooting. He's written some excellent verse. His ancestry dates back to the Bard of Avon.

MEET RICHARD GREENE, THE NEW SCREEN SENSATION OF THE NATION

by mary chadbourne

sometimes, to people who are lost. I was glad I didn't know at the time, because I had to wait four hours before anyone came along. In my innocence I spent it admiring the vast distances, and watching the changing light on the ridges, instead of worrying, as I should have, about dying of thirst, or being robbed and shot. That part of the country, so they tell me, is full of bandits.

"It was a long four hours. The sun was beginning to set; and the desert was turning purple, the way it does at twilight. Finally, an old Ford truck came jouncing along. It pulled me out, and I made my way back down the mountain, by moonlight.

"A disappointing day," he shook his head, sadly. "I didn't see a single bandit." He sighed, then brightened. "I did see bullet-holes in the signs,

(Continued on page 65)

Richard has a yen for a desert shack overlooking sandy wastes.

WHEN BACHELOR

Visiting With Hollywood's

OF COURSE, you don't exactly shop around to find the type of entertainment you like best, when it comes to accepting the hospitality of the bachelor girls of Hollywood. Nothing quite so crude as that! It's really all a matter of mood. And only *you* know your own particular mood of the moment. If you're feeling like a riotous evening, there's always Carole Lombard's. Music is sure to be on tap at Anita Louise's. And Andrea Leeds provides that good old down-to-earth hominess that lifts the weight of the world right off your shoulders.

Take Olivia de Havilland. (And who wouldn't!) The moment you step into the vine-covered English cottage that she occupies with her mother and sister, you no longer are a part of Hollywood. Hollywood and its artificiality instantly fades into the dim

MGM's Rosalind Russell shelves her dignity for a hilarious evening of games.

MAIDS MAKE MERRY

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Fair Charmers Offers A Tasty Variety In Dishes, Personalities And Fun!

and distant horizon, and you're sipping tea in an English household.

Olivia loves to serve tea, and generally on Sunday afternoons—weekdays, too, when she isn't working in a picture—she gathers a small group of intimates around her and plies them with all kinds of exciting tidbits, dainty sandwiches and English fruit cakes. If the weather is cold, you sit in deep, comfortable chairs around the roaring fireplace and drink your dish of tea to the tune of its crackling flames. Warmish days find you out in the "dingle-dangle"—the patio—which she named for one of the stories in Woollcott's "First Reader."

There's an atmosphere of warm informality and cordiality here that you encounter so very infrequently in Hollywood. Old world customs are adhered to—Olivia is of English parentage, you know—and the art of quiet conversation is practiced to a fine degree. But it is sparkling conversation, that keeps you on your toes, and you are loath to leave this friendly roost. One visitor was overheard to remark, as he was departing . . . "Now we have to go back to Hollywood" . . . and nothing has been more aptly described. Sister Joan Fontaine finds enjoyment in the same kind of divertissement.

Dropping by another pair of sisters—the Lane girls, Rosemary, Priscilla, and Pat—one finds an easy informality, too, but of quite a different order. The gals live in a rambling Spanish home overlooking the entire San Fernando Valley, but the furnishings are light and modern.

Casual entertainment prevails, but there's nothing casual about your welcome. You're greeted with wild enthusiasm, particularly by Pat, who's the tomboy type and whose hair is always flying. "Looks like I just got out of the shower," is the way she explains her blonde tresses. Rosemary is more reserved, but she's gay, too, and you know you're in for an evening of fun when you toss your hat up on the shelf in the closet and make for the piano.

Both girls, you know, were radio performers on Fred Waring's program, so naturally they're musical. Whether it's early or late, someone is almost constantly at the piano and it's ten to one that before the evening is over, you'll be harmonizing with a group. A good many radio people are usually on hand, and some of the studio crowd. Lola, too, makes it a point to be there if anything special *(Continued on page 76)*

Claire Trevor of Fox Films enjoys small dinner parties. Rumor says she'll soon wed.

Warners' Olivia De Havilland is partial to serving tea with English delicacies.

Anita Louise of Warners' goes in for elaborate suppers. She's *going with* a Mr. B. Abbott.

For a gay musical evening, it's the Lane girls and Mr. Wayne Morris, all of Warner Brothers.

Walter Pidgeon, who typifies the debonair romantic, descends from a family of sea-farers. He's sharing honors with Margaret Sullavan in MGM's picture, *Shopworn Angel.*

Walter studied financial investments in a bank, believing this a fast way to the top. But Fred Astaire felt differently after hearing him sing. A scene from *Man-Proof* with Loy.

Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD didn't invent motion pictures, but it has wet-nursed the celluloid phenomenon through so many stages of infancy that the Brass Hats of the industry sometimes get the idea that they know *all* the answers. Then, just about the time the boys with the swollen craniums think they are ready to take Einstein's mortar board away from him, along comes an incident that proves they'd better stay out of the field of relativity and study their own business a little more closely.

One of those incidents went to Hollywood a few years ago, all wrapped up in the six-foot three, 195-pound parcel of muscle and bone known as Walter Pidgeon. He had a splendid reputation as a dramatic actor, a voice that had pleased musical comedy audiences in Europe as well as America, a set of features that thrilled dowagers and debs, and an urbanity that made some of filmdom's supposedly polished gentlemen look as though they didn't know what to do with their hands.

And what's more, he had a contract. But so far as getting him into a role was concerned, that contract was as useful as a sprinkler system in a volcano. He was ready, willing, able, and in fact rarin' to go to work, but one of the executives on the Warner Bros. lot didn't think he was quite the type.

The result was that although Pidgeon has been in and out of films since the early nineteen thirties, movie fans have had to wait six or seven years to see him in the juicy romantic roles into which he so neatly fits. In the meantime, while ignoring Pidgeon, master minds all over Hollywood have tossed away bundles of cash trying to build up pretty boys who couldn't become popular if audiences were paid to see them.

The incident becomes more pointed when one realizes that Pidgeon was lured back into the acting business by another rather able citizen who was turned down on his first approach to Hollywood. His name is Fred Astaire. In rejecting him because he didn't think Astaire was gifted enough for the films, a major studio executive disposed of the talented Fred in six words:

Funny looking guy. Dances fairly well.

As we said, it was Astaire who coaxed Pidgeon out of a bank clerk's cage into

CAN BE WRONG

ALTHOUGH WALTER PIDGEON WAS A STAGE SUCCESS, SKEPTICAL HOLLYWOOD WAS HARD TO SELL

by john f. de vine

the theater, but more of that later. The point is that Walter was given a contract and sent to Hollywood because of his success in the Elsie Janis revue, *At Home.* Every time a new picture went into production he figured that at last, he would get a chance to warble a few notes, or at least to see what he looked like on the screen.

But his figures didn't add up, for the boys who were handing out the parts seemed to think he was just another Fuller brush salesman come to camp on their doorstep.

True, he got paid every week, and he had nothing to do but think up new ways to spend his money. Pidgeon, however, was born in a seafaring family and when a man with a background like that has nothing to do but distribute the coin of the realm he doesn't like to spread it all in one place. So he asked to be released from his contract.

Once more he had reckoned without Hollywood perversity. The executives at his own studio didn't think he would fit into any of their pictures, but they agreed that he might do all right somewhere else. They thereupon loaned him out, to appear in a picture directed by Jimmy Cruze. It wasn't much, but it was a start and by the time the picture was finished his contract had expired, and he was on his own.

He free-lanced for a year, and built himself up to featured roles. Then he signed another contract, only to find himself playing subordinate parts in such pictures as *Viennese Nights,* in which Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye did most of the singing and all the lovemaking. After *Lady in Ermine, Declasse* and *Mademoiselle,* Pidgeon wired his New York agent to get him a role on Broadway. The answer came in less than two hours in the form of a nice fat stage part in *No More Ladies.*

He left that night for New York, and stayed there two years,

(Continued on page 78)

After six years in and around Hollywood, MGM saw Walter's possibilities and signed him to a long term contract. Watch this Pidgeon man!

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Win a trip to New York!

ENTER THIS SEARCH FOR THE IDEAL BEAUTY

WIN A VACATION . . A WARDROBE . . AND FAME!

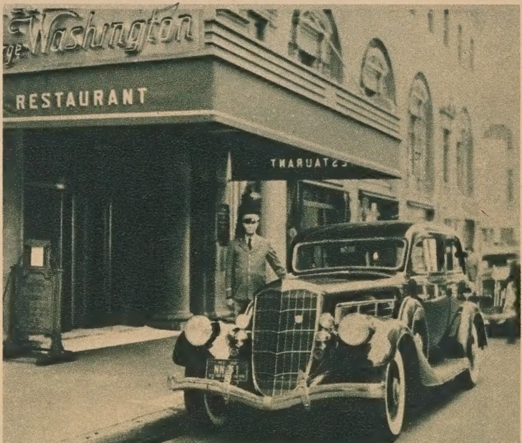
GIRLS! Get out your snapshots for here's a marvelous opportunity to spend your vacation without expense in New York as the guest of MODERN MOVIES.

We want to see pictures of yourself in a close-up, i.e., head-and-shoulders, and a long shot showing your full figure to advantage. This long shot should be one in a bathing suit. Fill in the coupon on the opposite page and attach it to the snaps. Then send them to us and you'll be entered in our search for The Ideal Beauty. Here is what three winning girls will receive: A trip to New York and return; five days in New York without any expenses; each one will receive a wardrobe consisting of a daytime dress, an evening frock, shoes and hat; a special portrait sitting by Ira L. Hill; and a talent interview with John Powers, the man who has placed many Hollywood stars on the road to film fame by using them as photographic models.

Your trip to New York will be made via TWA plane or by train, at our discretion. You will stay at the George Washington Hotel and your five days' visit will be crammed with such exciting happenings as: Special facial and makeup treatment at a famous beauty salon, an all-over massage at Zena Joann's; and if you wish, a permanent by Zotos. Sightseeing will include Radio City and watching movies made at the Warner Vitaphone Studios. In fact, every day will be a holiday and every night will find you dining and dancing at a different spot.

The George Washington Hotel will also have a chauffeur and car for the special use of our contest winners.

Now for the rules! From the snapshots submitted in our contest we will select three girls we consider perfect for photographic modelling. The three winners will receive all the prizes outlined and be given a chance at a photographic modelling career in New York. The judges will be Jules Cannert, famous cover artist, Ira L. Hill, nationally known photographer, and S. F. Nelson, vice-president of the Ideal Publishing Corp., publishers of MODERN MOVIES. When the three winners arrive in New York, one will be chosen as Miss Ideal Beauty and she will pose for the cover of PERSONAL ROMANCES. Their decisions will be final and in case of ties, duplicate awards will be made. The contest will be closed July fifth, 1938. The winners will leave for New York, August eighth. Entertainment begins August ninth and they will return home by August fourteenth. All will be chaperoned by Mrs. May C. Kelley, editor of MODERN MOVIES. Come on, girls, send in your snapshots and fill out the coupon. Don't delay—Do it today!



The George Washington Hotel car and chauffeur will be at your disposal for the full five days of your stay here in New York.

MGM's Norma Shearer, prior to her screen success, was tops as a photographer's model. Do you qualify?

The Ideal Beauty Contest, MODERN MOVIES
18 East 48th Street, New York, New York

Herewith are my snapshots. My age is.........

Height...... Weight..... Married or Single.....

Bust...... Waist...... Blonde or Brunette......

Hips......... Thighs......... Ankles.........

NAME..

ADDRESS......................................

TOWN ....

Edith Fellows, now fourteen, has spent ten years in films.

Above with amusing Leo Carrillo in the Columbia pic *City Shadows*.

MISCHIEVOUS BUT BEGUILING IS EDITH FELLOWS, THE SCREEN'S ADORABLE VIXEN

by miriam teichner

"THE good old days" really mean something to Edith Fellows, in spite of the fact that she is now enjoying her early "teens." Look at her scrap-book of clippings, and you'll see her as the head vamp in a Turkish harem of baby houris for a Hal Roach picture, when she was only three.

"Look!" she points out. "That's me, in veils and spangles, doing a snakey dance. And back there in the crowd—the third slave to the left—that's Jackie Cooper."

She adds, though, giving credit where it is due, that she thinks success has been good for Jackie. "When he was an extra," she declares, "he was so noisy. Always used to be jumping around and yelling. But now he's a regular

Edith's grandma, Mrs. E. L. Fellows developed her into star material.

Among many other accomplishments, Edith plays the organ and sings.

AN IMPRESSIONABLE IMP

gentleman; quiet and refined. He has poise too."

Edith, along with Jane Withers, has come to be regarded by the screen public as Hollywood's outstanding miniature menace. Other menaces like Basil Rathbone or Boris Karloff, snarl, swashbuckle, sneer and rant. But it's only Edith, aged thirteen, and Jane, aged twelve, who are menaces by right of sheer mischief.

Edith herself is not bigoted about being a pocket-size menace. She says she likes to play good little girls as well as bad little girls. Only, perhaps, the bad little girls give her more of a chance for real acting, because she's a fairly docile child in private life. It's the boast of her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb Fellows, who legally adopted her when she was a baby, and whose ambition and vision are largely responsible for her stage career, that Edith has never been spanked. There has never been any need to spank her. She's good about her food and when picking out frocks, she chooses something in good material and simple lines, rather than the bouffant confections in hectic pink taffeta, which might be expected to appeal to a star of her years.

She appears as a good little girl in her latest Columbia picture, *City Shadows*. The film shows her as a pathetic crippled youngster of the slums, adopted by Leo Carrillo. But in spite of Edith's real nature, and an occasional picture which shows her as a completely amiable child, it's as a minikin menace that she is usually accepted by the screen public. It was as a miniature menace that Edith first went over with a bang so loud that it resulted in her six-year Columbia contract—this was in *She Married Her Boss*, in which she played with such convincing pettishness that the public all but stood up and cheered when Claudette Colbert spanked her with a hair-brush—and she has succeeded it with a series of other sprightly numbers for Columbia, playing meanies with complete conviction.

She comes of a distinguished line of artists, singers, writers, actors. Charles and Mary Lamb are among her ancestors, and one of her most cherished possessions is a cradle, more than 300 years old, in which the distinguished English essayist was rocked to sleep.

Her grandmother has sung in England, as has Edith's great-grandmother, Annie Wordsworth, who often appeared with Lillian Langtry. William Lamb, her great-grandfather, was a well-known politician and writer.

It may have been her own professional career which enabled the grandmother to see indications of acting talent in the tiny girl over whom she became guardian. Born in Boston, May 20, 1926, Edith was taken by Mrs. Fellows to live in Charlotte, North Carolina, when she was still a baby.

In due time, she began to show a talent for mimicry. She was less than three years old when her name was a familiar one on the programs of amateur entertainments, bazaars, benefits in Charlotte.

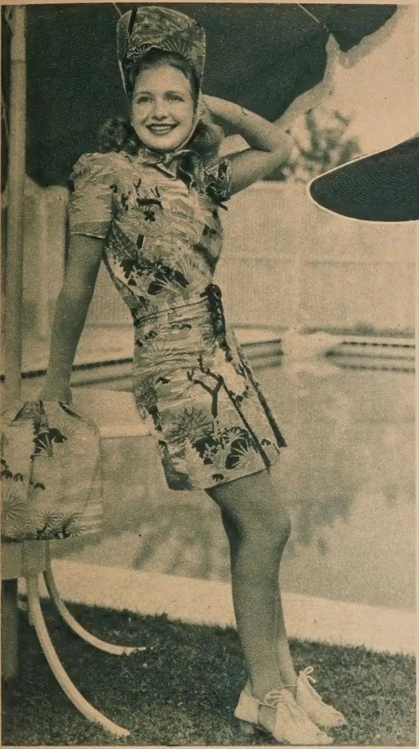
Edith was hardly three before her grandmother decided on the Hollywood hegira. "You can't begin too soon," was her motto. She knew that she had a potential screen actress in this adopted child. The sooner the little girl was brought to the attention of Hollywood directors, the better.

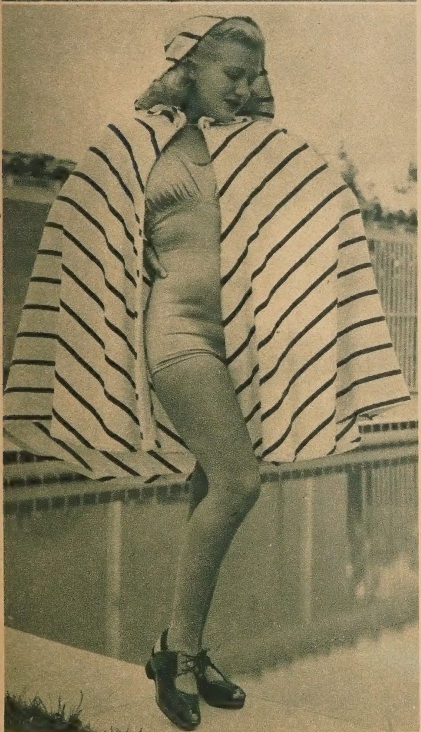
However, nothing sensational happened in the screen city. Edith was just one of the many children, who were considered potential geniuses by their kin. One of the outstanding events of those early years in screentown was a hiccup. It was the first time Edith had ever been on a motion picture set. She was taken to one of the company lots by her grandmother, and a friend, whose little son was being tried out for a part. Both

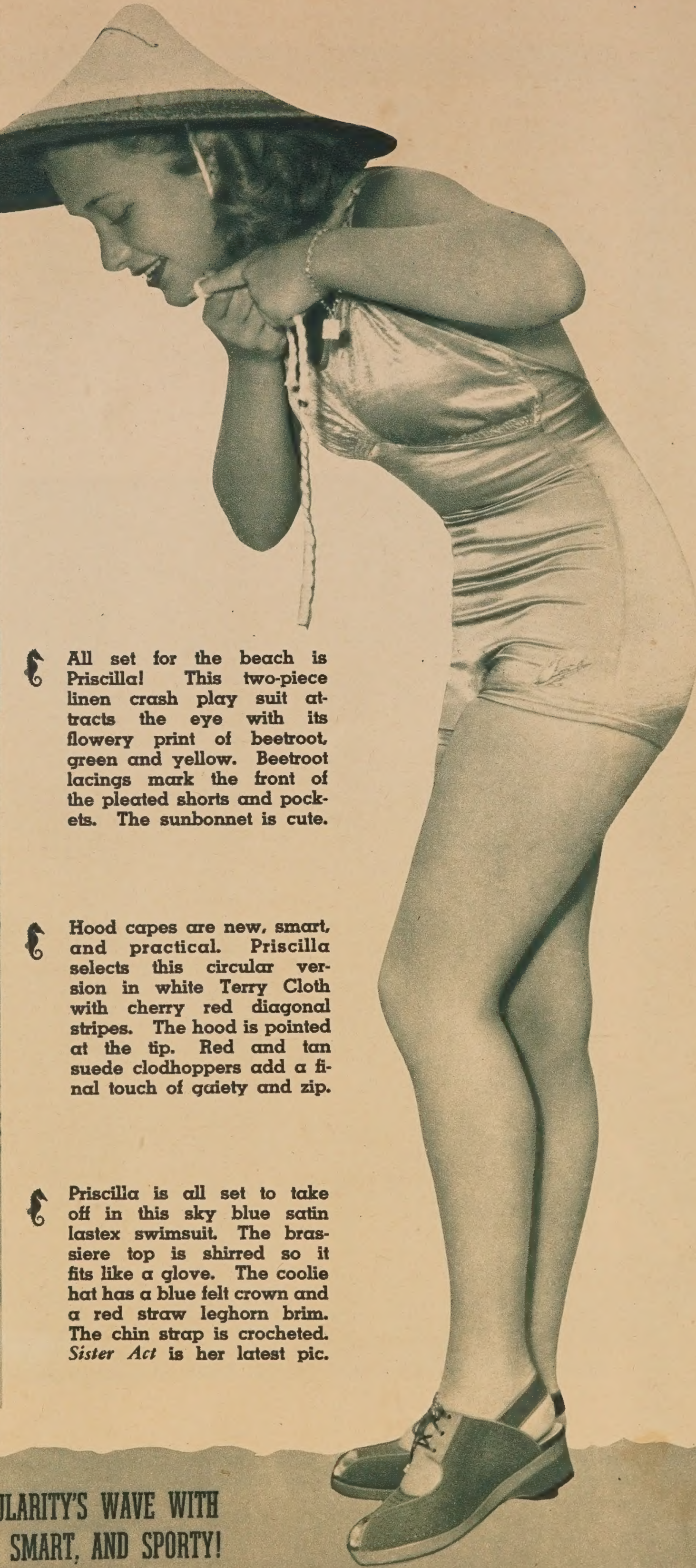
(Continued on page 81)

Warner Brothers' Priscilla Lane braves the briny deep in a shirred lastex bathing suit of lipstick red and a chalk white Scotch plaid design. This fits very snugly insuring against sagging and gapping. She is now being co-starred with sister Rosemary.

IN THE SWIM FOR SUMMER







All set for the beach is Priscilla! This two-piece linen crash play suit attracts the eye with its flowery print of beetroot, green and yellow. Beetroot lacings mark the front of the pleated shorts and pockets. The sunbonnet is cute.

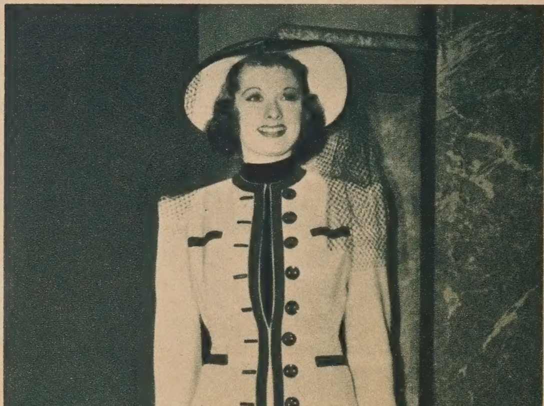
Hood capes are new, smart, and practical. Priscilla selects this circular version in white Terry Cloth with cherry red diagonal stripes. The hood is pointed at the tip. Red and tan suede clodhoppers add a final touch of gaiety and zip.

Priscilla is all set to take off in this sky blue satin lastex swimsuit. The brassiere top is shirred so it fits like a glove. The coolie hat has a blue felt crown and a red straw leghorn brim. The chin strap is crocheted. *Sister Act* is her latest pic.

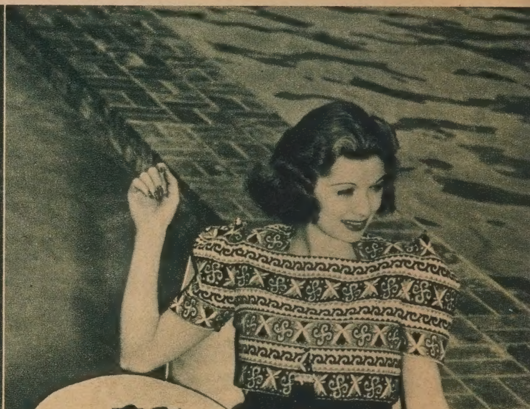
SAIL ON THE CREST OF POPULARITY'S WAVE WITH BEACH TOGS THAT ARE GAY, SMART, AND SPORTY!

Chic

RKO's Lucille Ball sallies forth for cocktails in this ultra-smart suit of a sheer white wool trimmed in navy blue silk. The flare skirt is pleated and the jumper jacket is collarless with a zipper front showing the matching blouse. A white felt poke bonnet with a flowing navy veil, and accessories in white suede complete this tailleur.



Lucille basks in the sun in this summery ensemble of hand-blocked linen. Its geometrical design ranges from a pale sky blue to a deep midnight. Topping the pleated skirt is a flippant little bolero buttoning down the back. A blue velvet belt with a large, soft bow adds a dressy touch. The picture hat is rough yellow straw trimmed with blue velvet.

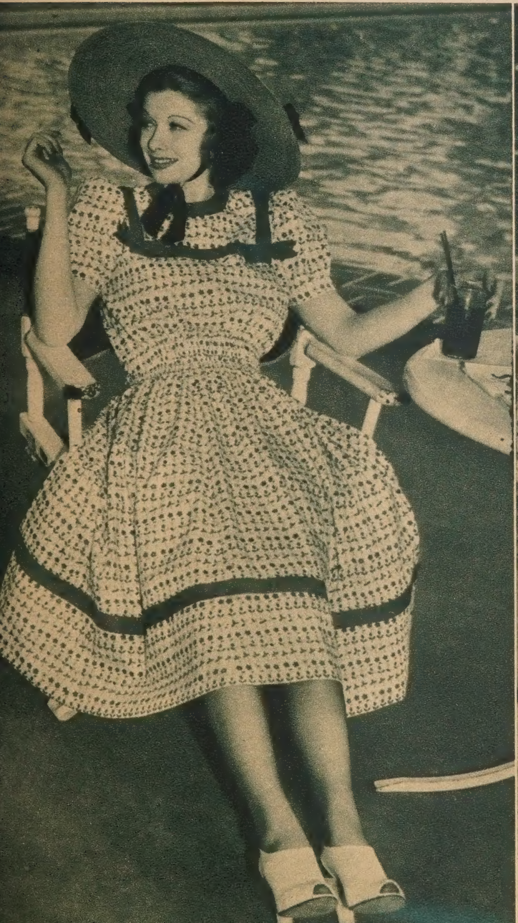


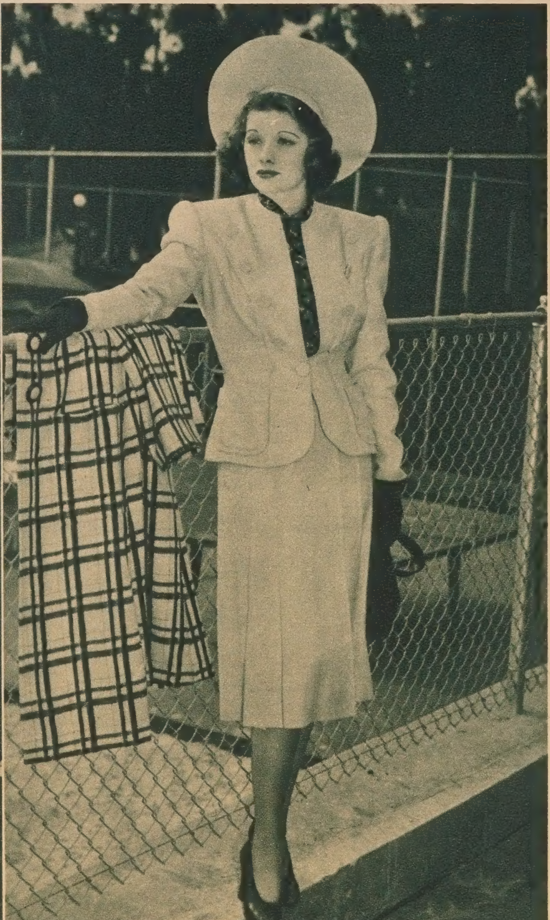
Here's a perfect costume for the country club. Lucille favors a colorful dirndl frock of pink printed percale. The quaint neckline and full skirt are banded in French blue linen. Multi-rows of shirring snugly clasp her waistline. A wheat-colored leghorn garden hat perches at the back of her head, held in place with a chin strap of brown grosgrain ribbon. Very appealing!

● ● ●

And now for the races! A lightweight woolen outfit in pale beige with a Shetland swagger coat of the same hue, cross-barred in dark brown. The jacket is smartly military with a stitched plastron accented with buttons and large patch pockets. A yellow felt sailor and brown accessories highlight this gem of fashion. Lucille's latest picture is with Joe Penner in *Go Chase Yourself*.

● ● ●





SHOPPING SEQUENCE

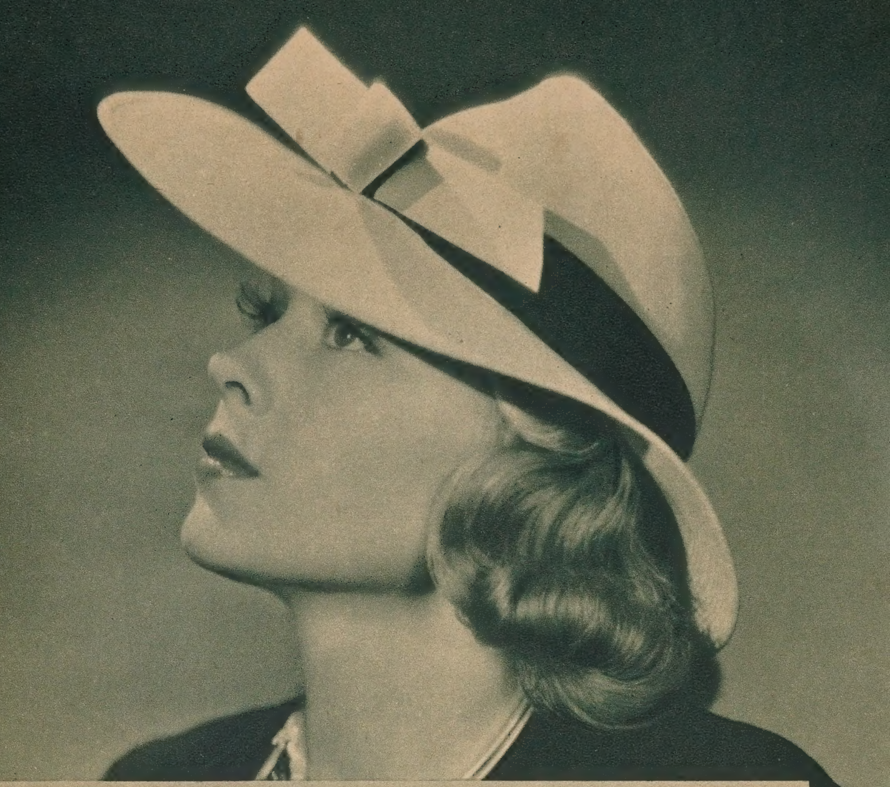
Piquant Madge Evans decides to go shopping for Spanish pottery and wares.

Madge browses along Olvera St., in Los Angeles, which is a treasure trove for objets d'art from old Meiico. Feeling the pangs of hunger, she tries one of the famous tortillas. Madge is a freelance, and she is now very busy at the Republic Studios.

It's an old Spanish custom! Balero is an ancient game of skill with ball and wooden stick. Madge takes a hand and from all indications she seems to be doing fine. . . Madge's cool knit is made of a white linen-straw yarn trimmed in blue.

BALERO
GAME

Now for the original quest! Some authentic Spanish and Mexican pottery for decorative and utility purposes. Take your choice, Madge! What will it be? An urn — a fruit bowl—a gourd —or perhaps the strange little Mexican luck charms.



1 Mary Carlisle of Paramount chooses Birdseye starched pique for this smart white brimmed hat with a tailored bow.

SCREEN VOGUE MILLINERY IS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED IN LEADING STORES. FOR INFORMATION WRITE TO SCREEN VOGUE MILLINERY, MODERN MOVIES 18 E. 48th St., N. Y.

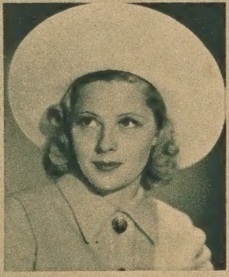
• WIN A STUNNING HAT FREE!

Soft summer breezes steal through the rippling folds of your sheer frock. Your shoes, stockings, and gloves are perfect foils for this flattering ensemble. But your hat? Perhaps it's too tailored—or too sporty.

Here's your chance to win either of the above alluring models absolutely free. Yes, twelve Screen Vogue hats awarded to twelve winners! And it's amazingly simple!

Merely choose the hat you favor most—Then write a winning reply to the question: "which hat do you like best and why?" Giving your reason in not more than ten words.

Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The coupon at the right is for your convenience. Paste it on a penny postcard and mail today to Modern Movies, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y. The judges will be the Editor and the Staff of Modern Movies, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes July 5th, 1938. Never say die! You may be one of the lucky twelve wearing a Screen Vogue hat!



2 White pique is again Mary's favorite in this all-purpose off-the-face hat with wide black grosgrain

Screen Vogue Hats,
MODERN MOVIES,
Dept. A, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.

I like Hat Number..........................

because..........................

....

name..........................

address..........................

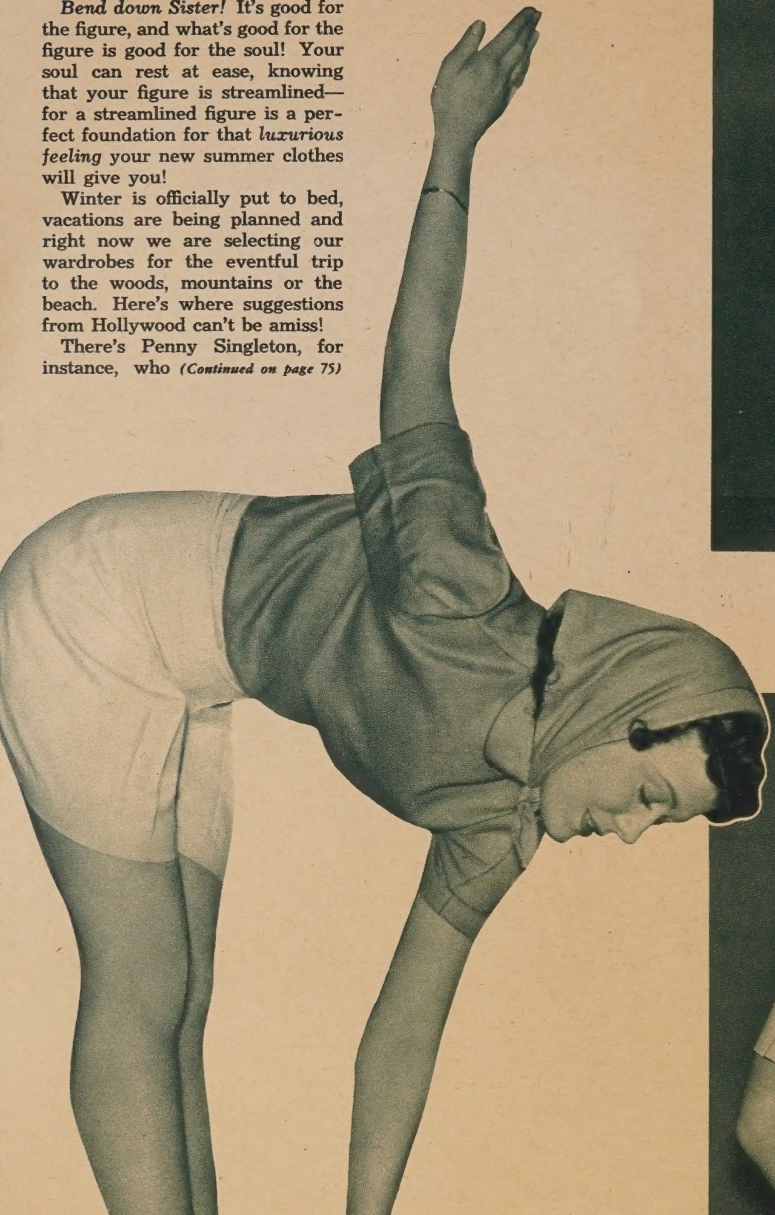
hat size..........................

BEND DOWN SISTER!

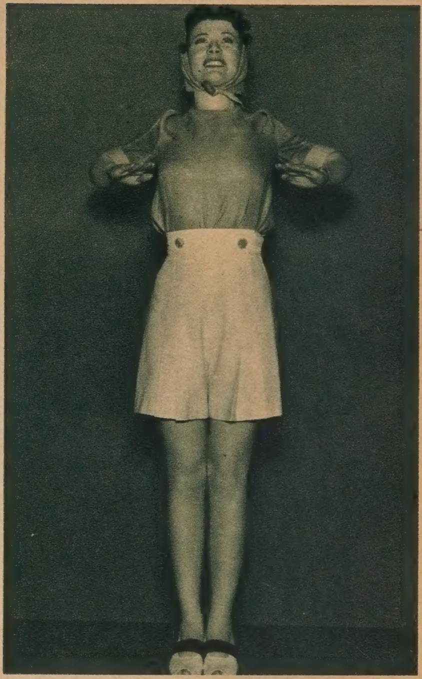
Bend down Sister! It's good for the figure, and what's good for the figure is good for the soul! Your soul can rest at ease, knowing that your figure is streamlined—for a streamlined figure is a perfect foundation for that *luxurious feeling* your new summer clothes will give you!

Winter is officially put to bed, vacations are being planned and right now we are selecting our wardrobes for the eventful trip to the woods, mountains or the beach. Here's where suggestions from Hollywood can't be amiss!

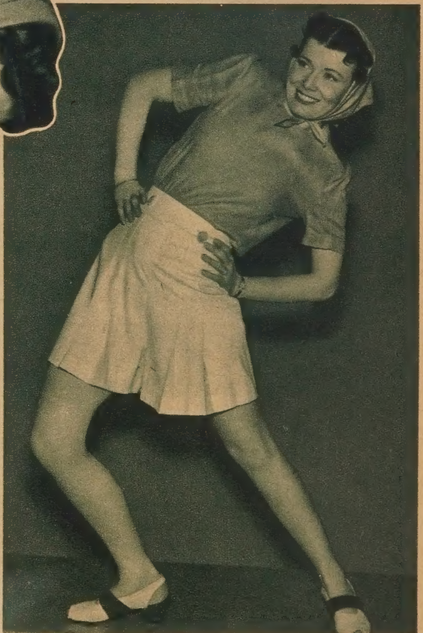
There's Penny Singleton, for instance, who *(Continued on page 75)*



Helen Stewart, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, will gladly help you with your beauty problems. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request.



Penny Singleton suggests this one for straight back and well-developed busts. Push down on your bent arms and raise chest!



"The Lunge"—demonstrated by Penny, is excellent for leg and stomach muscles and gives a good pull on the diaphragm!

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

as reviewed by elisabeth goldbeck

VIVACIOUS LADY

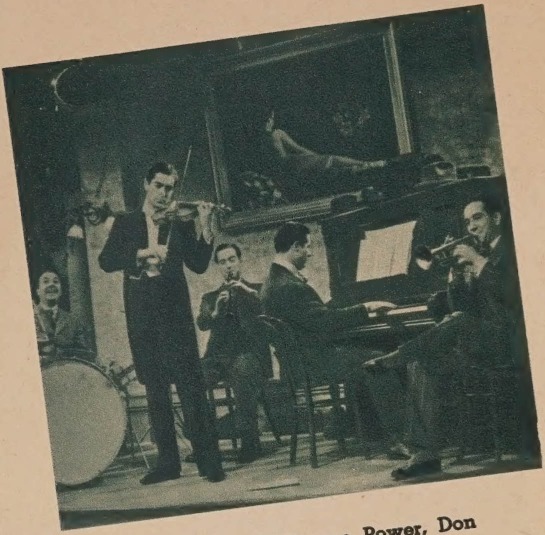
After a year of madness, screen comedy gets back to normal in this I.A.R. Wylie story starring Ginger Rogers. And Ginger gets the best break of her career as the cafe entertainer who elopes with a naive young professor and thereafter considerably disturbs the peace of his smug little university town. Ginger and her eager but blundering husband (Jimmy Stewart), forced to conceal the marriage until he finds courage to tell his family, wring much comedy and a little pathos from the series of mishaps which keep them apart. James Ellison and Frances Mercer give excellent support. It's bright, romantic entertainment of the best sort. RKO.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

Avoiding most of the pitfalls which beset colossal spectacles, the Warners have turned out an adventure picture that is guaranteed entertainment for those whose tastes run to swashbuckling. Romantic, fast-moving, flamboyant but never ponderous, the new Technicolor version does right by the age-old tale of Sir Robin of Locksley. Mr. Flynn, handsome and ingratiating if not too agile, makes a lovable and almost credible figure of Robin. Miss deHavilland is a pretty Maid Marion. The entire cast and production are splendid. Warner Brothers.

DOCTOR RHYTHM

Moving at the easy tempo so well suited to Bing Crosby's personality, this is a comfortably entertaining little yarn with soothing tunes and plenty of laughs. A young doctor takes over the uniform and the duties of ailing Policeman O'Roon, his friend and former schoolmate. O'Roon has been assigned as bodyguard to a delectable blonde heiress—delectably played by Mary Carlisle—who is intent on eloping with a gambler. While this villain is being sought by the police, and the elusive Mary is being sought by Bing, Beatrice Lillie, as Mary's aunt, gives the whimsical O'Henry story a shot in the arm with her hilarious comedy. You won't be disappointed.



For six months Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, and other orchestral performers studied musical technique.

Alice Faye and Jack Haley give voice to some of Irving Berlin's early song successes. Harmony!

CAVALCADE OF JAZZ—ON THE SET

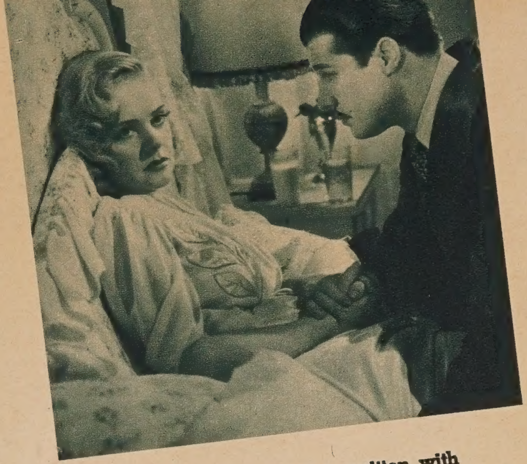
A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA GLORIFYING IRVING BERLIN'S MUSIC FROM

ALEXANDER'S *Ragtime Band* glorifies the father of syncopated music, Irving Berlin. It is a dramatic love story accented by a cavalcade of American jazz, from its inception in 1911, with the composing of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* to today's melodious swing tunes. Darryl Zanuck gave this picture almost twice the production budget he has ever given another picture. He spent $1,500,000 on *In Old Chicago*, the most expensive picture he ever produced, up to *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, which cost him a cool $2,275,000.

After *In Old Chicago* proved to be such a sensational success, Hollywood's smartest box office producer, decided the public appreciated production, spectacle background and the combination of Henry King, director, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche, as a star trio. So he duplicated this success combination in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, increased the production budget, and decided to give the public what they liked and plenty of it!

So, as a background for a very dramatic love story moves a tuneful cavalcade of American syncopation as exemplified by Berlin popular tunes through the years represented. Every tune used will bring memories to two thirds of every audience. It starts with 1911 and the numbers, *Alexander's Ragtime Band, Everybody's Doin' It Now*, and *Ragtime Violin*; follows the 1912 number, *When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves For Alabam*; 1913, *That International Rag* and *In My Harem*; 1914, *This Is The Life*; 1917, *For Your Country And My Country*; 1918, *In The Y.M.C.A.* and *Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning*; 1919, *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody*; 1921, *Everybody Step* and *Say It With Music*; 1922, *Pack Up Your Sins* and *Go To The Devil, Crinoline Days* and *Some Sunny Day*; 1923, *What'll I Do*; 1924, *All Alone*; 1925, *Remember*; 1927, *Blue Skies*; 1933, *Heat Wave* and *Easter Parade*; 1935, *Top Hat, White Tie And Tails* and *Cheek to Cheek*; 1936, *Let Yourself Go* and *Let's Face The Music And Dance*; 1937, *He Ain't Got Rhythm* and *You're Laughing At Me, This Year's Kisses, Slumming On Park Avenue* and *The Girl On The Police Gazette*; and in 1938 swing songs especially composed by Irving Berlin for this picture, *Marching Along With Time, My Walking Stick* and *Now It Can Be Told*. All fine tunes

Tyrone and Alice furnish the love interest in this $2,275,000 production of the U.S.A. and Europe.



Don Ameche is also smitten with Alice's charms and it's a toss-up as to which man finally wins.

OF ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

1911 TO 1937, PRODUCED BY DARRYL ZANUCK FOR FOX

by dorris denbo

Besides the presentation of these songs there are 85 separate huge sets. The story moves from San Francisco's colorful Barbary Coast to New York, to wartime Europe, back to New York's Broadway, then to Greenwich Village, to London, and back to famed Carnegie Hall.

The spectacular authentic reproduction of the fashionable Cliff House dining place overlooking the bay and Golden Gate in San Francisco cost the Twentieth Century-Fox Company $100,000. And, because of this set the property department is the proud possessor of seven huge chandeliers of intricate cut glass. It took a little more than a year to have these chandeliers made. Each delicately fashioned piece of glass, and there are 3,200 of these in each chandelier, was designed on paper in Hollywood and cut from the pattern in the world-famous glass cutting shops of Czechoslovakia. The glass was then shipped to Hollywood and experts assembled the pieces into seven large chandeliers, each with 132 light bulbs. Did I say Darryl Zanuck was putting Production into *Alexander's Ragtime Band*? I think that was putting it mildly!

Against the background of this great musical extravaganza moves a tender thwarted love story between Alice Faye and Tyrone Power, with Don Ameche the rather pathetically unwelcome third person in the triangle.

Tyrone Power plays the role of Alexander, a musical genius who breaks away from the opera and the classics much to the horror of his music maestro (Jean Hersholt) and his aristocratic aunt (Helen Westley). Stella Kirby (Alice Faye) helps Alexander to popularize syncopation with her song styling, and they become the rage of Barbary Coast as *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

In the band are Don Ameche and Jack Haley. Of course Alexander and Stella fall in love. Alexander works his way up to the top and becomes all the vogue at the smart Cliff House Cafe. He persuades Charles Dillingham, New York theatrical producer, to come hear his band and Stella's singing. Dillingham scarcely hears the band for *seeing* Stella. As a result he offers Stella an engagement on the New York stage and she accepts. The excellence of the band

(Continued on page 74)

Holiday

A Columbia Picture

Linda Seton	Katharine Hepburn
Johnny Case	Cary Grant
Julia Seton	Doris Nolan
Ned Seton	Lew Ayres
Nick Potter	E. E. Horton

Julia Seton *(Doris Nolan)*, daughter of a wealthy and socially prominent family, takes a holiday at Lake Placid. In the snow she discovers Johnny Case *(Cary Grant)*, a young lawyer with more promise than money, and no social status whatever. Without bothering to inquire into each other's lives and backgrounds, they fall in love, and Julia promises to marry him if her family approves. Back in New York, Johnny calls to be passed upon by the family, and is disturbed to find that Julia is a daughter of the snobbish rich, living in a marble mansion. Her father is opposed to a marriage with such an unimportant young man, but Johnny finds a supporter in Julia's sister Linda *(Katharine Hepburn)*, an independent spirit interested in the arts and modern causes, and impatient with the snobbery and artificiality of her class. Their brother Ned *(Lew Ayres)* also favors Johnny as a brother-in-law. But it is Johnny's brilliant work in a business deal which causes Mr. Seton to relent and permit the marriage. During a huge engagement party, Johnny confides that a deal he is about to make will give him enough money to realize a long-cherished dream—to spend several years traveling and studying the world at first hand. Julia and her father are aghast. Mr. Seton intends to take his son-in-law's life in hand, and has other plans, and Julia does not want to leave home. Resenting their attempt to curtail his independence, Johnny runs out on Julia. Linda, sympathizing with his dream, realizes she has fallen in love with him, but tries to reconcile him and her sister. Johnny plans to leave for Europe at once. He begs Julia to marry him and go with him, but she refuses, confident he will give in to her will and her father's. He tries again to adapt himself to their mode of life, but on hearing Mr. Seton's ideas for their future, he sees it would mean losing his liberty and individuality. Again he appeals to Julia to come away with him. Her refusal makes Linda realize at last that Julia does not love him, and she is free to confess her own love, and to go with him.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY

POP SHEA and his daughter Barbara *(Phyllis Brooks)* visit an orphanage and adopt Betsy *(Shirley Temple)* and take her to the Hotel Variety of which Pop is proprietor. Most of the tenants, once famous vaudeville stars, are behind in rent, but big-hearted Pop will not turn them out. But when an agent comes to hire an act, Pop recommends Jimmy Clayton *(Jimmy Durante)* and his Jazz Bandits—who owe the most rent. Their noisy rehearsing disturbs Sarah Wendling *(Edna Mae Oliver)*, sour old spinster millionaire who lives next door with her brother and his son Roger *(George Murphy)*. As owner of the hotel, the enraged Miss Wendling instructs Pop to pay his rent within five days or get out.

Betsy goes to the Wendling mansion to plead for Pop, but Miss Wendling refuses to see her. On the way out she meets Roger, who befriends her and returns to the hotel with her to see if he can help them out of their dilemma. Suspicious because of his wealth and social position, Barbara rebuffs Roger's friendly overtures, even though she knows all the actors may lose their home as a result. Determined to help, Roger tries to figure out a new plan, and with Pop's permis-

sion takes Betsy to the City Club to meet his father, who is in the Grill Room singing barber shop harmony with three cronies. Asked to leave the club, at Betsy's suggestion they adjourn to the Hotel Variety to harmonize in peace. To avoid being put out, they insist on paying a year's rent in advance. Barbara and Roger fall in love, and to separate them, Miss Wendling stops Roger's income. That failing, she informs the orphanage that Betsy is in bad surroundings, and policemen come and take her back. Roger goes to court to fight for his share of the Wendling estate, and to prevent Aunt Sarah from taking the hotel away from Pop. Hearing this, Shirley escapes from the orphanage and appears in court, where she wheedles the judge into looking at the show in which Roger intends to invest his money. The actors, with the help of Roger and Betsy, put on such a good show that the judge, a theatrical agent, and even Aunt Sarah are all won over. As the vaudevillians celebrate their good fortune, Pop and Betsy rejoice because she doesn't have to return to the orphanage. Roger and Barbara happily slip away to another room in the courthouse—the marriage license bureau.

STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

BY D. D. EDDY

On the *Spawn of the North* set John Barrymore was telling us a funny story about Elaine's maid. He said she thought salmon were just plain silly. He said she told Elaine and him, " 'My husband and I watched them last year when we took our vacation in Ketchikan. The foolish things would swim up against the current, and be carried back and slung around like ninepins, most of them were badly battered and cut, but still they tried to make it against that rushing water. Some were killed, but still they kept it up—and for what do you suppose? For what! Just to get up there and spoon!'

"So as far as she is concerned salmon are just silly lovesick fish and she can see no reason for writing a whole story about their foolish trek up stream to 'spoon,' " concluded Barrymore with a laugh.

Harold Lloyd looked a little pale and unhappy when we arrived on the *Professor Beware* set. Everyone else on the set seemed to be wilted like old lettuce. Inquiring into the reason for all this atmosphere of depression and stuff, Harold said weakly, "Now I know how it feels to be buried alive. It isn't a good idea for a nervous person to try."

It seems Harold Lloyd, as the Professor, wishes to see how long an Egyptian could live in an unventilated coffin. The stone sarcophagus cover was too heavy to handle by manpower, so it was raised and lowered by means of a chain pulley system. Suddenly, while Harold was inside, one of the chains broke—and it took too, too long, according to everyone present—including Harold—to fix it so he could be freed. Being a victim of clostrophobia it gives me the jitters even to think about it!

Frank Capra was having fun out of season at the Columbia Studio the other afternoon. He was making tests for *You Can't Take It With You;* tests of fireworks on the loose. Who wouldn't think that was fun, especially when no one else could play with them legally?

You Can't Take It With You has a sequence in which fireworks in the cellar explode with terrific effect. Skyrockets roar up a light-well and Roman candles flame up the cellar stairs and into the living room. Capra intends

● Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney get a lesson in seamanship in MGM's drama of the British Merchant Marine, *Lord Jeff.*

● Derrick de Marney, popular British star, romances with stunning Joan Fontaine in the RKO satirical comedy *Muddled Deal.*

to start the picture with this sequence. "It is a good tempo for the rest of the picture," he grinned, surrounded on all sides by booms, sisssses, and flares, those exciting, thrilling noises only fireworks can make!—And they say a director's work is tough!

At the Cocoanut Grove the other evening where hubby Herbie Kaye is playing, Dorothy Lamour told us when she finished *Her Jungle Love,* she felt as if she'd won a football game—but died for dear old Paramount doing it!

"I wrestled a chimpanzee," she said. "I was scratched by a tiger cub and had cocoanuts playfully bounced off my head. I was a target for knives hurled by a professional. I barked my shins—and other things—climbing cocoanut trees covered by a most inadequate sarong. I was scorched by the desert sun, then switched into the dank interior of a cave. I spent three whole days swimming in Palm Canyon Creek with the water 40 degrees and my hair dripping wet most of the time, and my hair, long as it is, caught in every known and unknown species of cacti, bush, and tree. To say nothing of the first hand study of alligator's tonsils I went through all through the picture." Fun, eh?

Wandering onto the *Kidnapped* set at Twentieth Century, we found Freddie Bartholomew busily sharpening every pencil he could lay his hands upon, on a pencil sharpener fastened to the wall. Upon investigation we found this was Freddie's favorite gift among the hundreds that came to him from fans in America and England upon his 14th birthday.

Freddie received a standard typewriter, all sorts of clothes, pets, gifts of all kinds, but the pencil sharpener fascinated him and was his biggest thrill. He brought it to the set and fastened it to the wall. Warner Baxter and Arleen Whelan "snitched" every pencil they could find to bring to Freddie to sharpen. Here is one youngster pictures have not been able to spoil.

And speaking of birthdays, on the same day we visited the *Little Miss Broadway* set and saw the strangest party ever staged since the Mad Hatter and *(Continued on page 80)*

● **Cute little Marjorie Weaver is teamed with that deft comedian Stuart Erwin in the 20th Century-Fox film *Three Blind Mice.***

● **Paramount's George Burns and the inimitable Gracie Allen will appear in *The Gracie Allen Murder Case,* written by S. S. Van Dine.**

THE TOY WIFE

Produced by Merian C. Cooper
for METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Directed by Richard Thrope.
Screen Play by Zoe Akins
Musical Score by Edward Ward.
Art Director: Cedric Gibbons.

Because of her frivolous clothes and character, Gilberte Brigard *(Luise Rainer)*, daughter of a wealthy New Orleans plantation owner, is nicknamed "Froufrou." Her sister Louise *(Barbara O'Neil)* is a demure girl of sterling character. Georges Sartoris *(Melvyn Douglas)*, a young lawyer with political ambitions, is wounded at a murder trial, and nursed back to health at the home of Froufrou and her sister. Louise falls deeply in love with him, but he is blinded by the charms of Froufrou. She is more interested in Andre Vallaire *(Robert Young)*, dashing young gambler, who also falls in love with her. Louise, realizing she cannot win Georges, tries to insure his happiness by inducing Froufrou to marry him.

After years of marriage Froufrou, mother of a four-year-old boy, is as extravagant as ever. Her frivolity is driving Georges to financial and political ruin. Seeing his household going to pieces, he begs Louise to live with them. With another woman usurping her place in her home and, as it seems to Froufrou, in the hearts of her husband and son, she turns to Andre for consolation. Meanwhile, Froufrou, in fury and anguish decides to run away with Andre.

In New York, ill and homesick, she persuades Andre to take her back. Andre deliberately allows the unrelenting Georges to kill him in a duel.. Froufrou, in rapidly failing health, lives in poverty, alone and hoping for forgiveness. Louise finds her and takes her to Georges' house, where she dies, happy.

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"In 1893"
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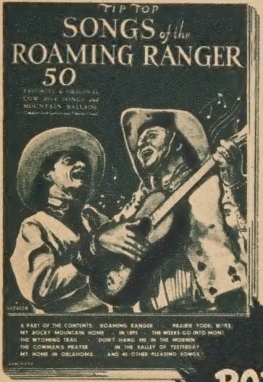
"Don't Hang Me in the Morning"
"Cowman's Prayer"
"In the Valley of Yesterday"
"My Home in Oklahoma,"
And forty other songs.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"Silver Sands of Waikiki"
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I WANT TO KNOW

Cheryl Walker, queen of the 1938 Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, caught the eye of W. A. Wellman, and now she has an important role in *Men With Wings*, for Paramount!

Two Award Winners—Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy—were together in *Big City*—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. We see them, here, in a candid camera shot, rehearsing the bedroom sequence!

dr. gene s., schulenburg, texas

You can write to Elizabeth Bergner in care of United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California. Miss Bergner is free-lancing, but her last picture was for this studio and they will gladly forward her mail.

miss edna, pittsburgh, pa.

Spencer Tracy is not scheduled for a picture at this writing, due to his recent illness. You can write to him in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. Mr. Tracy reads as many of the thousands of letters he receives as is physically possible. Freddie Bartholomew is near fourteen years of age. His favorite sport is bicycling.

william c., st. paul, minnesota

Sonja Henie's next picture for 20th Century-Fox will be *My Lucky Star*. She has a long-term contract with this studio. You can obtain a photograph of Miss Henie by writing to the Still Department of her studio at 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

mrs. h. b., fitchburg, mass.

To successfully crash Hollywood, a girl must have beauty of face and figure, youth and either previous stage experience or an excellent dramatic training. Hollywood is crowded with young girls seeking film careers, so the chances are remote, unless you have these necessary qualifications.

miss florence b., san francisco, california

Kenny Baker is not in *Hold 'Em Navy!* He is not scheduled for a picture at the present time. His contract is with Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. The Mauch Twins will soon be seen in *Son of the Plains* and *Penrod's Double Trouble*, for Warners.

j. e. and r. m. a., aledo, illinois

You can get an autographed copy of Deanna Durbin by writing to the Still Department of Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Specify in your letter that you wish the photo autographed.

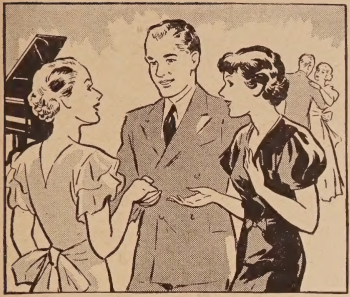
rose m., palenville, n. y.

Sigrid Gurie will play the native girl in *Algiers*, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, with Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr. Henry Fonda, George Raft and Dorothy Lamour are scheduled for a new picture called *Spawn of the North*. Peter Lorre's next picture will be *I'll Give a Million*, in which he will play a comedy role.

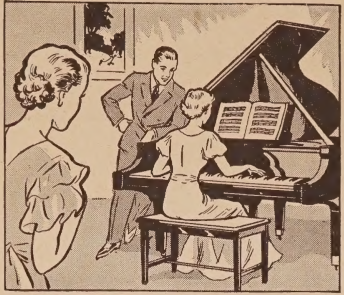
d. l. m., fort wayne, indiana

Janet Gaynor, whose real name was Laura Gainer, was born in Germantown, Philadelphia, Penna., on October 6, 1906. Janet's next picture will be *The Young in Heart*, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for United Artists Studio.

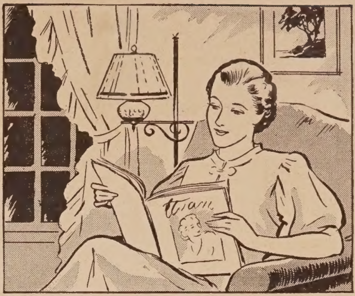
HOW BETTY WON BILL



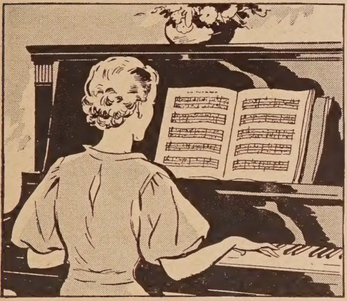
When Betty first laid eyes on Bill at Alice's party she knew he was the one man for her. He was tall, handsome, clever. Everything about him told her he was one man in a million.



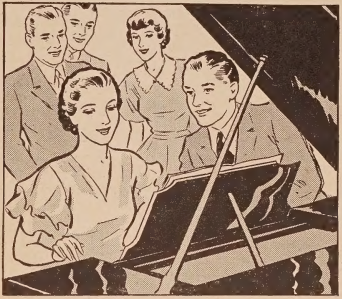
But then . . . Mary Reid started to play the piano—and Bill never left Mary's side the rest of the evening. Poor Betty was blue and discouraged all evening. If only she could find a way.



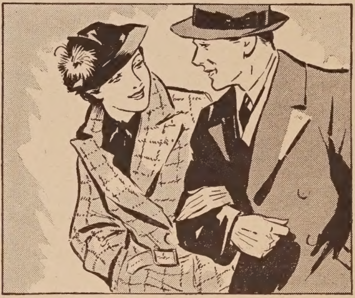
Later, glancing through a magazine, she read how a lonely girl became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School of Music home study course. Betty sent for the Free Demonstration lesson.



When Betty found how simple the instructions were, she sent for the course. It was lots of fun learning and in a short while she was playing tunes like a real musician. She didn't tell a soul.



Her big chance came the night of Jane's party when Betty casually walked to the piano and started to play. She was the life of the party! And Bill was her devoted slave all evening.



No more lonely, stay-at-home evenings for Betty now. Since learning to play, Betty is invited to party after party. And Bill is always with her—in fact, their engagement is rumored.

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ROSES AND RAZZES

a slap at slapstick

Why the deluge of slapstick comedy? Why should some of our favorite stars be obliged to cavort around, dodging pies, tomatoes, et al; staggering under the weight of resounding lefts to the chin; wrapping their dignity in cellophane?

We like our comedy of the subtle variety—lines that carry a punch with a mirthful undercurrent—a gesture here and there that indicates worlds of meaning. That's the stuff that pulls the real laughs . . . because it's really funny!

How about a little more fourteen-karat comedy and less of this farcical roughhouse?

Lula-Belle,
Richmond, Va.

ralph 'n roses

Now that Ralph Bellamy has been "re-discovered" here's hoping that the producers will have sense enough not to lose him again. He has talent and if given a square deal ought to be big box office.

In my opinion he makes the screen's most "realistic" doctor. He has the pleasant, sympathetic personality; the cultured voice; and the X-ray eyes of the successful medico.

Of course I don't mean that he should be typed. He would be just as good as the prosecuting attorney in Agusta Evans Wilson's *At The Mercy of Tiberius,* or the keen Thatcher Colt of Abbott's mysteries, but he should play cultured roles. He is not plausible as a rough neck or a villain.

Incidentally, what a splendid screen mate he would be for Janet (cute as a button) Gaynor, or pert Simone Simon.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N.J.

read about reed

Phillip Reed is my favorite actor, and the favorite of almost thirty-five girls that I know. He is tall, polished, young, a fine actor, and oh! so handsome!

About a year ago he was well on his way to stardom in the role of Uncas in the *Last of The Mohicans.* Everyone who saw the picture marvelled at his fine acting ability. They waited for him to appear in bigger and better parts, but the better parts did not come. Instead he appeared in an unimportant role, in *Lady X* and just recently in a minor part in *Merrily We Live.* Isn't it about time that Phillip Reed got his "big chance"?

I think a year is long enough to wait. Please give him the role his acting ability deserves.

Maxine E. Herwitz,
Jersey City, N.J.

modern movies takes a bow

Congratulations on your magazine. For interviews in your last issue you had Clark Gable, a sure-fire hit with all fans and a long-established star; Sonja Henie, than whom no one has ever had a quicker rise to stardom; and Zorina, a player who is definitely on the way up, but who hasn't yet attained full-fledged stardom.

You've entered a field cluttered with sensation-seeking magazines and kept your stories and news sensible, no minor feat in itself.

I hope that in the future *Modern Movies* will be as much of a treat to fans as it's been in its brief past. Happy landings.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Finlay.

historical histrionics

A bouquet of roses to the producers for giving us American history on the screen. After the series of pictures about Napoleonic conquests and English royalty it is refreshing to see pictures about our own glorious past. *Wells Fargo* gave us the opening of the west and made real an action-crammed chapter of America's colorful history. *The Buccaneer* offered an interesting portrait of a pirate and adventurer who has become one of the South's most fascinating characters. And *In Old Chicago* recreated the Chicago of 1850-70 in all its rowdy, bawdy corrupt atmosphere pungently and authoritatively.

All these pictures were worthwhile for their entertainment, excitement and authenticity but I believe they will become memorable because they were splendid pictorial documents of American history.

Very truly yours,
Floyd Miller.

look out loretta

What has happened to Loretta Young? Gradually she has degenerated from an electric, exciting and provocative star into a mere personality. However, a faint ray of hope that lovely Loretta will perhaps escape being typed is found in the announcement from 20th Century-Fox that she will play Empress Eugenie in *Suez.*

Charles Wilder.

Do you like to express frank opinions on motion pictures and players? With this issue we offer $5 for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. Lengths should be limited to 200 words.. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th St., New York, N.Y.

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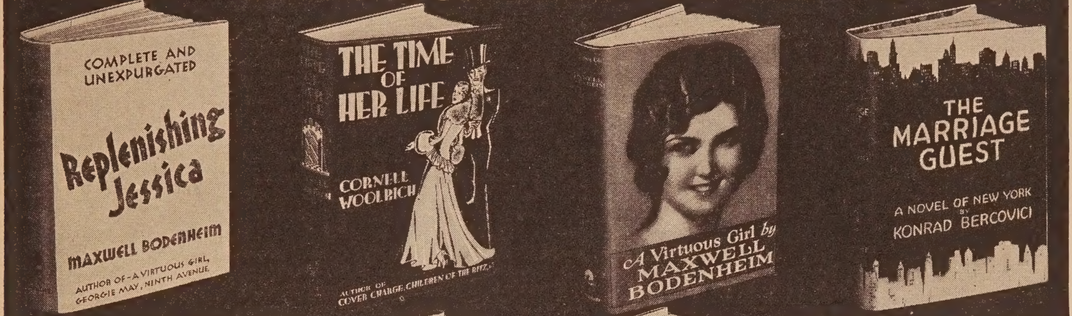
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Playthings of Desire
J. Wesley Putnam
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BROADWAY RACKETEERS
BY JOHN O'CONNOR

REPLENISHING JESSICA Maxwell Bodenheim

CONFLICT of LOVE and DESIRE ■ The story of a young woman, full of passion and the love of life. The conflict between lust and the spirit makes sensational reading that holds you spell-bound until the last page is finished. Charging it with being an immoral book, reformers tried in vain to prohibit its publication. Seventeen complete editions were sold at the original price of $2.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE Cornell Woolrich

TAMED by the ONE MAN ■ This $10,000 prize-winning author has written the amazing story of a very young, very alluring, very ruthless adventuress. Her mother had been the gay and reckless "Grass Widow" whose mad love of pleasure she had inherited. Her life became a veil of deceit concealing wild escapades with rich and pleasure-sated men-about-town until, in the final pages, she is tamed by *the* man. Even at $2 this was a "Best Seller."

PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE J. Wesley Putnam

A STORY of PASSION ■ The flaming fire of a great and overpowering love in a smashing story that swings the glittering lights of Broadway to the sanctity of the North Woods. A strong emotional heart-stirring novel of a rich roué and his wife and the rugged Big Woods guide who proves more sophisticated than was expected. The frank answer to the question "What does a faithful wife owe an unfaithful husband?" Many $2 editions of this "best seller" were sold out.

A VIRTUOUS GIRL Maxwell Bodenheim

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THE MARRIAGE GUEST Konrad Bercovici

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY IMMEDIATELY REFUNDED

Glenda Farrell reveals her secrets for last minute suppers on warm summer days. And, are they delicious!

FROZEN FILL-UPS

by judy drake

GLENDA FARRELL, the effective detective in the *Torchy Blane* pictures, is as effective a detective in selecting new, appetizing dishes that make everyone sit up and take notice.

Miss Farrell, charming actress on the Warner Brothers' lot, is one of the many hostesses in Hollywood who can very casually invite her friends to stay on for a bite of supper without a worried look on her face. And, she doesn't rub off the glamour of the last minute invitation by dashing to the corner delicatessen to make good her words, either! Instead, she creates the impression that she's an old hand at whisking together hurry-up meals. It gives her guests a feeling of welcome.

There's no secret to this charming actress' popularity as a hostess. The answer to her apparently effortless meals is a well-stocked refrigerator.

Planning three meals a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, may be a most interesting game or may result in deadly monotony. Nevertheless, people have to be fed and most people are a little happier if they have occasional guests.

The hostess who entertains frequently doesn't like to leave her guests very long in order to prepare refreshments. "Here is where," suggests Miss Farrell, "the refrigerator can play an important part. There can be salads and desserts, prepared in the morning, or even a day or two in advance, that will be greeted by a happy group."

Desserts fall into two classes—the complicated mixtures that require hours of beating and baking (terrible on hot days), and those quickly prepared which are placed in a corner of your refrigerator and forgotten until ready to serve. Glenda has willingly revealed some of her food adventures that are intriguing and delectable to the palate. One of her favorite desserts is:

TIRED OF MONOTONOUS MENUS? TRY THESE FROZEN FILL-UPS!

JAVANESE FROZEN CREAM

2 cups milk
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
3/4 cup sugar
1/3 cup triple-strength coffee
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
1/2 cup raisins
1 cup water
1/2 cup blanched almonds, ground

Scald milk. Combine eggs, sugar and salt. Add milk slowly, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add coffee and cook over hot water (in double-boiler) 5 to 8 minutes, stirring constantly until mixture coats metal spoon. Cool. Add raisins to water and simmer 5 minutes. Drain, cool and add to custard mixture. Fold in cream and turn into freezing tray mold of refrigerator and freeze 2 to 4 hours.

And here's one you'll adore!

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM PECAN PIE

1 freshly baked pie crust
1 quart chocolate ice cream
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup broken pecan nutmeats
Walnuts can be substituted

Chill freshly baked pie crust in refrigerator until very cold. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Beat in sugar gradually. Continue beating until eggs are smooth and ropy. Fill shell with ice cream. Sprinkle with nutmeats and top at once with egg whites, entirely covering the ice cream. Bake in a very hot oven (500 degrees) 2 or 3 minutes. Remove as soon as meringue is delicately browned. Serve at once or let stand in refrigerator, not longer than 20 minutes before serving.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

1 1/2 squares Baker's bitter chocolate
1 cup condensed milk
1 cup water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup cream

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add

(Continued on page 63)

RICHARD STRIKES IT RICH

(Continued from page 31)

though, on the way to Ensenda," he added, happily. "And I got held up at the border."

Wasn't he worried?

"I should have been," he said. "But it was really exciting. The kind of thing you can't imagine actually happening to yourself. I was lucky. Plenty of people have been held over for three or four days, you know. When they asked me where I was born, I naturally told them London. And I had a tough time persuading them I wasn't trying to smuggle myself in illicitly."

"But I showed them a clipping I had [illegible] my pocket, and persuaded them that I was a perfectly reputable person, as advertised. So they let me through," he said. "I'll have to admit I was glad to be safely on my way home, by that time."

Richard always wanted to come to this country, ever since he saw a photograph in a magazine that showed magnificent piled rocks, somewhere on an empty, dry Western plain.

"I don't know where they were, and I'm rather glad," he said. "Because one of the things I want to do, some day, is to set out and hunt for them. Think of the thrill if I found that very same formation! They were jagged, I remember; shaped like a great castle. And the country made me feel as the marshes in England do. Grand and desolate."

Finding his clump of rocks isn't Richard's only ambition. He has other very special ones. For example, the desert shack previously mentioned, where he can keep a horse, ride, sketch, and write, and be by himself whenever he feels the urge. He'd like to have a yacht. And, because he loathes living in apartments, he wants a house of his own, somewhere in the hills near Hollywood.

"I don't want a very big house," he says. "But I do want the maximum of privacy. Trees planted all around, and a fence outside the trees, just for good measure. I want a swimming-pool, and a place to grow vegetables. Flowers, too."

His gray eyes light up, and the dimples flash again.

"Once, in England, I raised *a* vegetable," he announced proudly. "I planted three packages of seeds, and you should have seen the crop! One cabbage! I had the whole family in to dinner, and we carved it, with ceremony."

"The whole family" includes various shining lights of the English theatre. Richard is the first of them to appear in the movies; but three generations of Greenes have been on the stage in England. His aunt, Evie Greene, now dead, was famous throughout the British Isles as a star of light opera and musical comedy; his mother, Kathleen Gerrard, is still appearing in character rôles in London; his father, the late Richard Greene, Sr., was an outstanding favorite among playgoers during his lifetime. His grandfather, Wallace Greene, began the family theatrical tradition; and, after his retirement from the footlights, was one of the earliest British exhibitors of motion pictures. He even originated sound effects, long before the days of talkies. He had someone stationed in the audience to provide screams or hoarse laughter, or even the sound of gunfire, whenever the film called for them.

Richard Greene's arrival in Hollywood would have been enough to thrill even a jaundiced cynic of eighty. He had been playing the lead in *French without Tears,* on the London stage after a five-year theatrical career which began at the age of nineteen when, scorning family influence, he managed to get himself a walk-on part carrying a spear in *Julius Caesar. French without Tears* was a smash hit; various Hollywood offers came to him, and Darryl Zanuck signed him to a seven-year contract, after a frantic exchange of cablegrams.

The contract was signed in London. Seven days later, Richard was on the set, in Hollywood.

"I ate my lunch in a dentist's chair that first day," he admits, laughing, "and my dinner at the barber's. That's all I can remember about it, except that someone on the *Four Men And A Prayer* set, looked over my London-made suit, and said it wasn't British enough. I was sent to a Hollywood tailor for something a little more authentic. The rest is just a blur of activity."

He's thrilled by Hollywood's unexpectedness. And he isn't missing anything that it has to offer. The first free moment he had, he went swimming; the ocean is cold enough to make anyone's teeth chatter. In January, but he couldn't wait for warm weather. He had to go swimming in the Pacific, right away. It was another of the things he'd always wanted to do.

It's a grand adventure. And not only for him. He has the priceless gift of being able to pass along a little of his blitheness and enthusiasm. You want Hollywood and stardom, to go on being fun for him, so that he can go on sharing a little of his delight with with the rest of us.

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HOLLYWOOD

(Continued

Johnny Downs' real romance is Dixie Dunbar instead of Mary Carlisle, with whom he was supposed to be romancing. As a matter of fact Mary and Johnny both laugh at the constant rumors of their attachment. "There never was any romance between Johnny and me," said Mary. "We just had lunch together every day while we were working on *Hunted Men*—and immediately it was a great love affair!" Mary is seen most often with James Blakeley lately but she insists there is not a thing serious about it.

Jimmie Stewart sighed with great satisfaction the other day. "I've just had a grand week's rest," he said. Inquiring into the lurid details of this "rest" we found: the first day he flew to San Diego, fished all day and returned to Hollywood that night to attend a roller skating party. The next morning he motored to Lake Arrowhead, some 75 miles from Hollywood, to join Walter Huston's skiing party. The next day he went fishing in a motor boat at dawn and did not return until dusk. The following day he flew to Catalina Island where he played golf and tennis, and swam a little, after which he flew back to the mainland and Santa Barbara. Here he played a few chukkers of polo and that evening he took a ten mile ride to a ranch house for a steak broil. The next morning he had to report at the studio for work. Ah me! This movie life is gruelling!—And rest!—What's rest, grandpa?

Katharine Hepburn is really coming down from her Garboesque throne. She hailed Jean Arthur, walking across the Columbia lot the other day. She had never met Jean before, so she introduced herself if you please, and invited Jean to watch her make scenes for *Holiday*. Now ain't that sumthin'? She used to throw a fit if anything, from an executive to a mouse, came on her sets.

And here's an idea for harrassed hostesses whose napkins and towels are always lipstick smeared. Wendy Barrie has a square of bright red linen appliqued on all her handkerchiefs, just for lipstick convenience. You'd be surprised how cute they look, too.

Lanny Ross got his first break as a guitar player. He applied for a radio spot in which they wanted a guitar player. Lanny lied manfully saying he was a guitar player from way back.

HAPPENINGS

from page 7)

But before he consented to take a test he rushed down to a music store and purchased an instrument for six dollars. He learned how to play three chords of a popular song he intended to sing for the test—and then sang so well for the test he got the job—for his singing, however—*not* for his guitar playing.

Myrna Loy came home from the studio the other afternoon to find her screen husband of many pictures stiffly sitting in her living room firmly grasping a bouquet of flowers in each hand. She recognized the flowers at once as home picked from her own garden, but Bill Powell just grinned and with touching sincerity presented her with his little offering. Myrna says Bill looks better than he has in a long time, and he seemed to be more like himself than he has since the death of Jean Harlow. The passing of Jean left him with memories and unfilled dreams that will always be with him. Everyone in Hollywood is so delighted with his recovery from his recent operation, for Bill is a great favorite with everyone who knows him at all.

Mitzi Green is now quite a lady—and I *do* mean lady. She had to gain pounds before appearing in a picture for RKO. She worked too hard on the stage in New York and showed the strain. Jack Oakie told Mitzi it wasn't like that with him—the harder he worked the more he gained. He's been dieting and lost twenty-five pounds but he is "not happy about the whole thing" at all.

Vicki Lester, Frances Mercer, Kay Sutton and Lucille Ball had luncheon on the RKO lot the other noon. They complained about not getting enough exercise. The outcome was a bowling club to meet at least once a week to bowl for exercise. Jack Carson, Dick Purcell, George Shelley and Allan Lane, heard about the gal's bowling club and challenged them to an RKO championship meet. Betting on the lot is going strong.

The new square cut diamond bracelet Frances Dee is wearing is an Easter gift from hubby, Joel McCrea. And Dorothy Lamour is very unhappy because she cannot wear her stunning new diamond and ruby finger ring for her role in *Spawn of the North*. Ladies of the far north, of the kind Dorothy Lamour characterizes in this picture, do not have a chance to wear such things—so off it has to come, much to the chagrin of Lady Dorothy.

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Film starlets whose handsome incomes make them veritable gold mines to the many people they support.

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Four full pages of scenes from the earliest film made by Loretta Young to her latest success. Little did she dream, ten years ago, when applying for a part in place of Sister Sally, that she would be a screen sensation today. See Loretta grow up as she appears in each succeeding film.

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I'LL BE SUING YOU

(Continued from page 29)

suing knows that probably the stars will settle rather than be dragged through a disagreeable suit.

Rosalind Russell understands this thoroughly. That's why she cut short a budding lawsuit and the harmful gossip that might have followed in its wake. One day her lawyer told her that the owner of a furnished house she had formerly rented was going to sue her for damages, because Rosalind's cook had broken three cups and two plates from her china set. Immediately Rosalind instructed the attorney to buy the woman a new and better set of dishes.

When I protested to Rosalind that she was playing Lady Bountiful to that landlady, she replied: "Oh, no I'm not. I'm merely protecting myself in the clinches. If I let that ridiculous suit go to court, her lawyer may twist things so that everyone will think I pulled the house apart with wild parties. Such a story wouldn't do me the slightest bit of good. Then I'd not only have a lawsuit on by hands but a lot of gossip too. Even if I won the case, I'd have no way of stifling the rumors that a great many details never came out at the trial."

Not so fortunate, however, was Loretta Young who wasn't involved in a lawsuit, but who certainly got a raw deal with gossip.

You remember that several years ago she was very ill. During this period a vacuum cleaner salesman came around to her back door and tried to sell the maid a cleaner. The maid did her best to get rid of him, but you know how persistent salesmen can be. Finally, as a last resort she said: "I'm sorry, it's a nice cleaner but there is no money in the house to buy one."

The man went away. Perhaps he was sore at losing the sale. It is easy to suppose that when he went to the next house, probably the home of another movie star, by way of making conversation and interesting the maid in his wares, he may have remarked that Loretta Young's maid said they needed a new vacuum cleaner, but there was no money in the house to buy one. What would be more natural than the maid telling her mistress what she had just heard.

My guess is as good as the next fellow's as to how the story got around, for no one really knows. What everyone does know, however, is that within a few hours it was all over town that poor Loretta Young was sick and broke; that she needed things and there was no money with which to buy them. Amazing, isn't it? Friends sent her checks and told her they would take care of her bills, just not to worry and get well in a hurry. And there was Loretta with a healthy bank balance, even if she wasn't feeling so well herself. A story like that can have a detrimental effect upon a sick person. Luckily, it had the opposite effect upon Loretta who became so angry at the utter stupidity of the whole thing, that she speedily recovered in order to track down the rumor.

Last year Robert Taylor came in for a bit of unpleasant publicity when Nebraska's director of relief assistance let it be known that his grandfather, Jacob A. Brugh, was living on a $16 monthly pension and he pointed out that under Nebraska law Bob was liable for the support of his grandfather.

It was found out at once that Bob never knew the old man was in want for in his letters he said he owned a small business that afforded him enough for his needs. Yet his pride might have been his grandson's ruin. When Taylor learned what the situation really was, he refunded to the state the full amount of all payments and issued a statement saying: "We had not been advised about the present situation, but we are making sure it will be unnecessary for him to seek other assistance."

Just between you and me, couldn't Bob have been notified privately instead of through the public press?

Far more serious was Clark Gable's recent trouble with Mrs. Violet Wells Norton. Mrs. Norton, you may recall, wrote Clark a number of letters saying he had been her lover at one time and charged him with the paternity of her 14-year-old daughter. The whole thing was preposterous, of course. Anyone less strong might have given the woman money to shut her up. But not Clark.

In court he was able to prove to the judge's complete satisfaction that not only was he not the child's father, but that he had never before set eyes on the mother. The judge took care of Mrs. Norton and she won't be able to annoy anyone for a long time to come. As for Clark, the experience was uncomfortable, and it cost him about $5,000 in lawyers' fees for his defense.

While most parents of acting youngsters have the best interests of their children at heart—such as the Temples, the Withers, and the Durbins—some few have managed to make things pretty unpleasant for their offspring. For the most part these parents had little to do with the success the kids achieved, but because of the relationship they feel that they should share in the "spoils." These demands are usually met in part for the most humiliating publicity a Hollywoodite can suffer is to have family finances and disputes aired in public.

Just the other day Allan Whitney filed an action in Los Angeles Superior Court to force his daughter Eleanor, one of Paramount's featured dancers, to contribute to his support. Claiming that he had only 72c in the world, he said it was unfair for his daughter and her mother to live in luxury while he had very little.

Immediately he had his champions, who deplored the heedlessness of children. But a few older and wiser heads remembered that there are two sides to every story and asked Eleanor to step up and give her version. She then revealed that her father and mother were divorced and, she declared: "My father has never contributed to the support of either myself or my 17 year old sister since she was born. I've danced until my feet hurt to provide for the three of us and have thus assumed his responsibility since I was ten. Under the circumstances I feel it is very unfair for him to charge me with neglect, especially since I have occasionally sent him money."

Whitney dropped his suit a few days later, saying that an amicable adjustment had been made, but that didn't prevent Eleanor from pointing out: "It's unfortunate that it has to be my father who brings this charge against me. But if he really cared about me he wouldn't attempt to involve me in this unpleasant publicity."

You most likely remember the fuss that was raised last year about the custody of little Freddie Bartholomew and the "cut" of his earnings requested by his parents. So many suits and counter-suits were filed, I got dizzy trying to track them down. I believe at the last tally the parents were ruled out. So much courtroom work didn't leave Freddie much time for emoting before the camera, which wasn't so good for his career.

Martha Raye became so emotionally upset at the time her father, Peter Reed, sued her manager for alienating the affections of her mother, she was forced to stop work on her picture and enter a hospital to get rest and quiet. And the additional suit brought against her mother and herself, by the father, asking for an accounting and share of the girl's earnings from the time she reached Hollywood until her 21st birthday, didn't help Martha feel any better. Not when you realize that at the time her mother divorced Reed a property settlement was filed in which Martha agreed to support her father until she became of age, which was on August 27th, 1937.

It was the attorney for Martha's mother who pointed out: "Iron-

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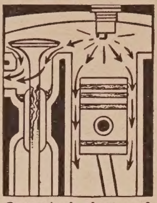

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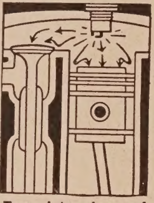

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ically enough, Reed is using Martha's money to file this lawsuit. Martha has taken care of her father for a long time and, through court settlements, will care for him for the rest of his life."

You will readily agree that stardom has its worries as well as its satisfactions. The stars themselves have requested me to ask *Modern Movies* fans not to pass judgment upon them on the say-so of those who make a bid for "justice" through the headlines or by whispering campaigns.

Lots of the suits filed against them have only nuisance value. Those who start such proceedings figure they have nothing much to lose and everything to gain. Of course not all lawsuits are nuisance suits although the stars may consider them so. Some are based on business transactions that went sour somewhere along the line and then it is up to the court to untangle the difficulty. Typical of these are the breach of contract suits filed by the agents of Frances Farmer and Fanny Brice. Such legitimate lawsuits, however, are in the minority. For the most part the lawsuits are filed by human birds of prey whose theme song is "I'll be suin' you."

WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS TO MERLE

(Continued from page 18)

as though already, they were being denied her.

Laughingly, she told me: "Four is the smallest number of children I would consider. It makes a decent-sized family—papa, mama and the four toddlers. And convenient, too. So many things come in sixes—napkins and pillowcases and rolls—" and here she giggled hysterically, completely sacrificing dignity.

And so Merle dreams of a world far removed from cameras and microphones, from the director's peremptory cry of "Action," from the shrill competition of Hollywood or Elstree. How many years before the shadow takes on substance? How long before the nursery materializes?

Actually, there's no telling. Merle's career is under the joint management of Alexander Korda and Samuel Goldwyn—two of the shrewdest picture-makers in the business. Her contract is unique in a field where even the unique is commonplace—for eight consecutive months she lives in London, to be near the Denham Studios of London Films, where she makes the required number of pictures for Korda. Then she packs up her make-up kit and ferries across the Atlantic to spend the next eight months under the watchful eye of Boss No. 2, only to be shipped back to England when her Hollywood semester is over.

With two such master showmen sharing her services, it looks as if this trans-oceanic commuter is going to be too busy emoting before the cameras to even look for a husband—much less settle down and raise a brood. But Merle is unpredictable. The surprise move, the sudden about-face, the swift counter-decision have made her life a crazy game of checkers with the outcome in doubt until the very last play. The capricious careenings of Fate, coupled with a daring impulse on Merle's part, led her from the dull routine of social teas in Calcutta to the gates of stardom. But let Merle (at that time plain, unadorned Estelle O'Brien Thompson) tell this episode:

"Really, it was all my uncle's fault," she recalled somewhat untruthfully. "He shouldn't have trusted me. Uncle was a Colonel in the British Army, stationed at Calcutta, where mother and I went to live when I was nine. When I was sixteen I became a member of the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—we called it 'The Cats'—and after the thrill of my first performance I knew I would never be happy until I became a full-fledged actress.

"Naturally, uncle wouldn't hear of it. I pleaded for a chance to try my wings on the London stage. Well, he spluttered so, I finally stopped pleading.

"But a few weeks later orders came for him to report to London and he made reservations on the next liner out of Calcutta. In the meantime I, too, was making plans. The day Colonel Thompson boarded the steamer for England I went down to the pier to see him off, carrying an innocent-looking package which contained a few changes of underthings, an evening gown, a toothbrush and some sandwiches. At the door of Uncle's stateroom I kissed him goodbye, then turned on my heel and made for the nearest unoccupied room. . . . When the boat sailed I was curled up on a berth I hadn't paid for, calmly nibbling a sandwich just four staterooms removed from my unsuspecting relative!"

Well, the rest is marine history. Merle was caught, just as she expected to be but Colonel Thompson came to her rescue and paid her way.

And that's how Merle made her legitimate entry into England.

Two years later another quirk of fate catapulted her from obscurity into the highest cinematic ranks. During those two years she had wandered from one badly-paying job to another

—as a hostess at the Cafe de Paris, as a dancing instructor, and finally as a film extra. One day, while working at the British and Dominion studios she happened to be lunching at a table near one occupied by Alexander Korda and his wife.

"Why I chose that particular table I'll never know but as I ordered, the lady at the next table leaned over and whispered something into her escort's ear. I didn't discover until later that she was Mrs. Korda, but after a few moments the producer came over and asked me if I wouldn't drop into his office after lunch."

What Mrs. Korda whispered into her husband's ear was the simple statement: "That is the most striking face I have ever seen." And Alexander Korda, astute star-maker that he is, saw to it that that face would be flashed upon a thousand screens to charm the motion picture audiences of the world. . . .

Quirk No. 3 in the Oberon-pattern was the dinner party at which she met Samuel Goldwyn. This was in 1935. At that time the producer was searching frantically for an actress to play the starring role in *The Dark Angel.* He had never met Merle Oberon and knew her only as the oriental, mystic creature of *Thunder In The East* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* Naturally, he had never thought of her as the simple, trusting English girl of *The Dark Angel.* Who would, at that stage in her career?

Goldwyn, confused and startled by her off-screen personality, stammered, "Is—is this the way you really look?" and promptly signed her to a contract. It was the turning point in her career, for *The Dark Angel* removed her immediately from the ranks of the female menace to the greater potentialities of straight leads and sympathetic characterizations.

Merle's next Hollywood-made film to reach the screen is an ambitious and modernized version of *Graustark,* most popular of all mythical kingdom romances. In December she packs bag and baggage once more to make the six-thousand-mile trek to London, and in June of 1939, according to the terms of her contract, she must report to Mr. Goldwyn again. But contract or no contract, it's wise to avoid prognostications where this little lady is concerned. The records prove that what Merle Oberon wants she usually gets. And Merle wants babies. . . .

IF BOB TURNS BUCKAROO

(Continued from page 27)

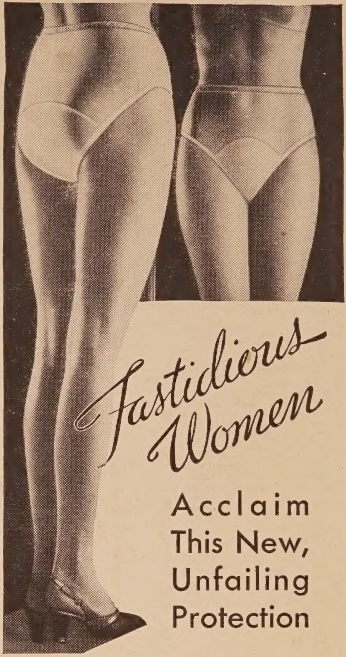
into the picture. His personality on the screen made such an impression that McCoy was given a contract on the spot.

Children, who form at least half of the audiences of western films, have a curious ability of detecting any deviation from the truth, any false note in a movie or its star. One of the first and most important characteristics of a western star is the ability to make children like him. A child—boy or girl—cannot abide a man who "tries" to make children like him. He must have the personality which naturally attracts youngsters. Adults are more tolerant than boys and girls. Youth recognizes a good horseman. Tim McCoy has the fundamentals—love of children and a magnetic personality which he so ably portrays on the screen.

Tom Keene, too, has the characteristics necessary for a successful western career. Children flock to see him whenever he makes personal appearances. Just recently he was making an appearance on the air. When he emerged from the radio station, he was mobbed by youngsters as well as grown-ups. The day was warm and Tom was wearing a white linen suit. "Tom, we want your autograph," "Here, sign this card, please," "What about your autograph on this picture," were the cries from his admirers. After the second signature, his fountain pen spouted ink and splash! His white suit was ruined. But the man who loves children never batted an eye. White suit or no white suit, the youngsters who were waiting for a souvenir must not be disappointed. For twenty minutes, Tom Keene wrote his signature, with a *smile* and a word of cheer, with never a thought of his own misfortune.

While still in his early 'teens, Keene worked on a cattle ranch in Nebraska. He was a cowpuncher on ranches in Montana and the Dakotas. While in North Dakota he varied cowpunching with driving a government mail truck. To the present day, horseback riding is his favorite pastime. Next come swimming and tennis. But always, he has in mind the ideal which he portrays on the screen. He lives a life above reproach. "I wouldn't disappoint those kids for the world," he says.

But there is another type of cowboy star which has come into being within recent years. Almost every motion picture producing company has its "singing cowboy." Monogram's is Jack Randall. This new type of western star combines all the requisites of the old-time cowboy—such as William S. Hart, Art Accord, Tom Mix—together with the ability to sing cowboy ballads, good looks and an appeal to



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There is a code of the range. No star can succeed without following the rules which it incorporates. For young America, Jack Randall interprets that code.

"Westerns are important because they serve to bring home to children, who make up the largest part of the audience, ideals of honor and fair play which are essentially American," he explains. "In westerns, there is no complexity of motivation. The code of the range is in black and white; there is no middle course. You are either good or bad, and evil is never triumphant. Children idealize western stars. I am grateful for that idealization and try to live up to it. I am aware of my responsibility. Because I respect my public, I try to lead a clean, wholesome life."

And Randall should know all about westerns. He makes eight films a year for Monogram. He knows that the hero must be admired not only for his roles on the screen but also for the life he leads out of the public eye.

His love of animals is typical of a ranch hand. Besides horses, he lavishes much affection on two Scotties, by name Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh. Life in the open spaces has given him such a feeling of freedom that he refuses to wear a hat except when a role requires it.

An actor who stars in western films must be prepared to live a rugged life. When on location, cowboy stars such as McCoy, Keene and Randall are subjected to a rough life—sleeping in the open, hard and long hours of horseback riding, fist fights that carry a hard punch. There is no molly-coddling of western stars. No temperament can keep him from participating in the rugged life of a ranchman. During the shooting of his film, he must actually live a rough life—that of a true cowboy.

What, then, are the requirements which Robert Taylor must meet in order to be a successful western star? Summed up in a few words, he must be physically fit; he must have a love of children; he must be a hard-shooting or hard-hitting actor; he must abstain from drinking or smoking on the screen; he must be an expert horseman; he must have a love of animals; he must make his movie audience feel the sincerity of his efforts.

Can the Matinee Idol of Filmdom meet these qualifications?

WHAT LURE GLAMOUR?

(Continued from page 9)

absolutely a bug for realism. And there's never any glamour in reality. Maybe I carry it too far, but that's the way I am. All along I've gone in for daring roles in the sense that I've played unattractive women. My grandmother swore by courage. You must have it in acting, otherwise you'll never get anywhere. And you must have a definite, ultimate goal. Of course, it's the greatest gamble in the world. But, as luck would have it, I got off on the right foot. Probably my way has been the longest road. Certainly mine is not the way to reach quick and terrific success as is sometimes gained by people in Hollywood. For that matter, I've often wondered if theirs is not the better way. But mine is the only kind that satisfies me, even if it isn't a fashion parade."

In that respect Miss Young was convinced:

"Clothes are half of glamour. The old adage seems to apply—'Fine feathers make fine birds.' If you strip a peacock and a chicken of all their feathers, both look about the same. But put their feathers back and one is beautiful, while the other is quite ordinary. I'm not saying that with actresses it is quite so simple. Glamour, first of all, depends entirely on the individual. Marlene Dietrich and Janet Gaynor both have it. But each has her own distinctive brand. Marlene's is a mysterious appeal that is supposed to be eternally feminine, and so it casts its spell—with the help of clothes. Janet's lies in her apparent honesty and sweetness, with the result that it appeals to people's better nature. But Garbo is the most glamorous of them all. She is mystery personified. She fairly reeks of glamour. She has created it not only as an actress but as a person. She is not putting on an 'act'; she's simply shy. Clothes really aren't really necessary to her glamour, though on the screen she knows how to make the most of them. In the effect she produces by apparently simple means, Garbo is an object lesson to all actresses. But granting this, the fact remains that glamour is not the essential thing to *make* a star."

With regard to Garbo, Miss Davis was, for once, in agreement.

"There is one actress I greatly admire, one who is the very essence of everything essential in front of the camera—Garbo. She has absolutely mastered the art. Just how she has done this I do not know—I only wish I did. But I do know that Garbo has camera knowledge beyond all others, and this may have a lot to do with her glamour. She also has a feeling for 'points.' Aside from her technical skill, however, I know that I believe her. That's enough for me. Belief is the main thing where the screen is concerned. But I doubt whether even today Hollywood is fully conscious of this fact. In any case, it wasn't so long ago that a pertinent—or impertinent—story was told of a certain Hollywood producer. Sitting in the projection room and watching 'rushes' of Helen Hayes, he exclaimed: 'What a wonderful actress! But, oh, if she only looked like Norma Shearer!' Helen Hayes doesn't have to look like anyone, even herself. I never realized this quite so fully as when seeing her on the stage as Queen Victoria. Without make-up, lights or anything else to help her make the marvelous change, she grew right before my eyes from sixteen to thirty-eight. That's acting. Miss Hayes is one of the few actresses who can lose themselves completely in a part. When I see her in a play I never think of her as Helen Hayes until I'm out of the theatre. Her creative sense of reality is so true that she doesn't have to bother about glamour."

Miss Young arrived at the same conclusion by way of a screen star.

"Myrna Loy, as no one else today, represents the American woman of the home. This is all the more surprising in view of the dark-green sirens she formerly played. Her recent inclusion in the list of America's ten most noted women is distinguished proof of the reality she has brought to her work. She makes it a wholesome influence without any attempt at glamour. Modern as it is, it harks back to the old days in its embodiment of American womankind. In those days there was a screen tendency to make a woman softer, more feminine, even her figure was rounded. Today we have a streamlined generation. For this reason, perhaps, glamour on the screen is much more essential than ever before."

Miss Davis took exactly the opposite view.

"Love of glamour has passed its peak. The most significant change that has occurred in motion pictures for six or seven years is now taking place. The day of the god and the goddess on the screen is over. There was a time when it didn't matter what they did or how they did it. But now they have to do a realistic job of acting. Movie audiences have become more intelligent. There's no doubt that the pendulum has started swinging the right way. My first consciousness of this fact came with *Of Human Bondage*. I believe then, for the first time, people actually thought there might be a vague hope for me. That was more than ordinarily encouraging, because as a rule audiences like pleasant pictures. I knew I was taking a chance. It was like going out with a dirty face. But I knew if I was not convincing as the Cockney girl—Maugham's book would go right out the window. Any attempt at compromise would have been fatal not only to me but to the picture. I felt Maugham had known such a girl as *Mildred* and that she had done something to him which made him resentful and bitter. Her influence must have been evil. But no person is utterly bad. I like to play around with a character of that kind and find her various sides. But I never look for a glamorous side because there isn't any. If I have looked like hell at times on the screen I have looked like the girl I was portraying. And I thank heaven I've been given the opportunity to do it."

Miss Young, surveying the same situation, took this angle:

"I've pleaded with directors to change the pace of my pictures. It has to be pretty fast today to keep up with women. Whether they know it or not, they set the pace. More than anything else, they demand glamour. But they never find it in anything old-fashioned. Just as in fashions, they are forever looking forward to new styles in actresses. To them everything on the screen, at least everything feminine, is personal. Instinctively, they apply it to themselves. It may be clothes or it may be emotions, but whatever it is it spells glamour. A star's glamour should remain undimmed off-screen as well as on."

Miss Davis tore finery to tatters.

"It's ridiculous to be dolled up all the time on the screen. No one knows this better than women themselves. If they had to look like Mrs. Astor's plush horse all the time they'd kick the traces. But I do believe motion picture actresses should be careful about their appearance when they're out on the street. Visitors in Hollywood say it is disappointing to see us off the screen. Of course, no actress can look the same off-screen where she has skilled make-up, proper lighting, and beautiful clothes. But she can at least see to it that she doesn't look sloppy. If she does, she destroys something vastly important to her—illusion. This is her stock-in-trade, and there is nothing so disillusioning as being seen in public not bearing the slightest resemblance to her screen self. It's a dead giveaway, and women are on to it in a moment. If we actresses can manage to keep up illusion, we needn't worry about glamour."

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A LETTER FROM MR. MARCH

(*Continued from page 21*)

into their snow suits and trudging with their sleds over to Central Park, just two blocks away from where we live.

We have leased an apartment, in a small, quiet, residential hotel, and are as happy and contented here, as if we were at home.

In between reading scripts, Florence and I are taking singing lessons. Now don't misunderstand, we don't expect Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy to look to their laurels! Florence has always had a lovely lyric-soprano, and my teacher tells me that, in ten easy lessons, I give promise of being a baritone. We're both brushing up on our French too (the "LaFitte" influence!) and I'm gradually catching up on all the reading I didn't do when I was making *A Star Is Born, Nothing Sacred* and *The Buccaneer.*

Just breathing the air of New York, is a stimulus! For example, the other day I spent the whole morning at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—lunched at a delightful French restaurant with some old friends who talked *their* shop, not mine—had a singing lesson—took the children to the zoo—joined Kenneth McKenna, Mary Phillips, Jo Mielziner, Arthur Richman and the Judd Creans for cocktails—dined at "21"—went to the opening of a new play—and "tripped the light fantastic" in the Sert Room at the Waldorf. Where in Hollywood, could you get such infinite variety within twenty-four hours?

"But don't get me wrong, I love Hollywood!" But I wish I could continue this arrangement of dividing my time between both places.

I keep hearing about all sorts of assignments scheduled for me, but at this writing, there is nothing definite. As to the rumor that I am going to play "Rhett Butler" in *Gone With The Wind,* for Selznick International, like the late Will Rogers, "all I know is what I read in the papers!" Frankly, I have no desire to play this much publicized role, because I feel that any actor who undertakes it, is on the spot before he even begins. Everyone who has read the book, has his own preconceived notion of what "Rhett" should be like, and it will be a Herculean job for any actor to emulate. If, under the usual exigencies of Hollywood, I am ultimately cast in the part, I promise to eat this letter word for word—and if I don't stop now, it will be quite a mouthful!

My best to all the gang, in which Florence joins me.

Devotedly,
Freddie.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

(*Continued from page 49*)

is completely overlooked by the great producer.

Alexander is heartbroken. He quarrels with Stella for what he considers her disloyalty. When she leaves, he breaks up the band. Then comes the World War and the boys meet again in an army camp. Here they plan to put on a big show for the men. Charlie Dwyer (Don Ameche) cannot get into the army so he stayed in New York and has been composing music for Stella's shows. Stella, believing her love for Alexander is hopeless, finally marries Charlie.

When the war ends, Alexander hurries to find Stella. He tells her he has been stubborn and wrong all these years, and declares his love for her before she has a chance to tell him of her marriage. When Charlie appears Alexander greets his old friend and is told of the marriage. Alexander leaves heartbroken.

Jack Haley is Alexander's most ardent admirer and friend. He has found Ethel Merman, a singer he believes is as good as Stella. Alexander has no heart for the reorganization of the band but is finally persuaded to take it over again.

Later in England Alexander finds out about Dwyer's and Stella's divorce and he brings the band back to New York to find her. He is invited to introduce swing to the public from hallowed Carnegie Hall. Alice runs across an old mutual friend who sends her to Carnegie Hall the night of the engagement. She goes on the stage with the band to sing the closing number, *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* and the highbrow audience (which includes the entirely won over Aunty and Alexander's music maestro) thunder their approval of this revolutionary rhythm of swing, and all ends in happiness and climactic splendor.

When the picture went into production, the greatest problem confronting Henry King and Darryl Zanuck was the fact that most of the principals knew nothing about their parts. Tyrone Power had to play the violin, direct a huge orchestra and lead a choral unit. So Tyrone had to report to the studio music department almost six months before the picture started so he could learn how to finger the violin strings naturally; how to direct a symphony orchestra and a chorus of voices. Don Ameche had to learn how to simulate playing the piano, and Jack Haley had to learn how to play the drums, Wally Vernon took lessons on the piccolo and Chick Chandler learned to play the trombone. A musical expert was on the set at all times to watch for any unnatural look in the performances of these bogus musicians.

But I do not think any story about the *Alexander Ragtime Band* company would be quite complete without telling one story on them that I learned first hand.

Al Wark, humble foreman of the grips, the men who do most of the hard labor around the sets, was suddenly taken very ill during the middle of the picture. He had a major operation, was reported getting better, and then suddenly had a relapse and died. He left a wife and six children.

Members of the cast and crew immediately started a fund for his widow. They completed purchase of a North Hollywood lot for them. Every workman on the set volunteered his services gratis on all off days until a home is completed for Mrs. Wark and the children. Laborers spent their Sundays and off days building the house and furniture, electricians wired the home, plumbers contributed their services, and the cast put up the necessary money. Every detail of the house and its furnishings were completed as quickly as possible.

It is utterly impossible to find the true low-down on this story. Alice Faye, Ethel Merman, Henry King, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jean Hersholt, Jack Haley and Chick Chandler all insist the idea and its materialization came direct from the crew. But at any rate Mrs. Wark and her youngsters will have a brand new home to move into with everything paid, and their life insurance money will be clear for the many other needs of a large growing family.

So when you sit in the theater and enjoy the spectacular, tuneful, dramatic *Alexander Ragtime Band,* remember the people who made its beauties, pleasures, tears and laughter possible, are flesh and blood people with hearts, sympathies and tendernesses for a fellow creature in sorrow!

BEND DOWN SISTER

(Continued from page 46)

dashed up to Santa Barbara upon completion of her Warner Brothers picture, *Mr Chump,* wearing a simple frock of antique blue degrained leather with all suede accessories in a caramel shade. And, for that *luxurious feeling,* she took along a negligee of dusty pink crepe with trimmings and facings of cadet blue velvet. Could you picture Penny in those lovely togs without the figure to carry them?

Penny is one of the many girls in Hollywood who takes pride in her exquisite form—but she knows that she has to exercise and concentrate on her diet in order to keep it that way! One of her favorite pastimes is working in her garden. It gives her sufficient "between-time" exercise to keep her muscles supple. And incidentally, take a tip from Penny. When you work in your garden, put soap under the tips of your nails with an orange stick. When you wash your hands after the bout with trowel, clean your nails with an orange stick and dirt will come out with soap!

Penny's routine for a beautiful figure includes ten minutes of exercise, either in the open or at an open window, when she hops out of bed in the morning—and ten minutes of exercise before she hops back into bed at night. The exercises she takes, endorsed by famous physicians, are excellent for body-building. They will develop, as well as reduce your figure, for *correct* exercises either break down or build up muscles and tissues. The too-thin person can put on weight; the too-stout person can lose weight. And, after a few weeks, behold a figure that any girl would be proud to possess!

I have compiled a chart of these scientific exercises, suggested by Miss Singleton, which is yours for the asking. All you need to do is send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request.

Also, for the asking, you may have Penny's very special *Seven-Day Reducing Diet* of well-planned meals for every day in the week! It's *not* a strenuous diet—but one that will help you lose at least three pounds a week—safely—without starvation! Write me, today, for these two charts, which will do wonders for your figure!

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WHEN GIRLS MAKE MERRY

(Continued from page 33)

is on tap. It's one of the liveliest spots in town, and between the swimming pool, the tennis court *and* the piano even the world's worst pessimist would have the time of his life.

In contrast to this flurry of excitement, you sit down quietly to dinner at Claire Trevor's. Claire prefers small dinner parties, and with reason, for she's famous for her chef.

This individual is a Filipino, who once was a professional magician. In his travels around the world, he picked up the dishes of the different countries through which he passed, and Claire and her guests reap a rich and soul-satisfying harvest from his amazing memory and culinary ability.

The dinner Claire serves lingers in your memory, but the entertainment she provides afterwards makes the evening perfect. Marcelo, the Filipino, performs for the guests and they never tire of watching his feats of magic. One favorite trick is to place a female guest in a box he brings into the room, pour water in on her . . . then have her emerge perfectly dry. Marcelo refuses to divulge the secret of this amazing trick.

One thing you're sure of at Sonja Henie's . . . tasty Norwegian dishes. The skating star doesn't care for large parties, but she does like to entertain for a chosen few.

These parties of Sonja's always are quiet, but the guest departs feeling he has spent a memorable evening. Whether it's merely conversation or dancing by the radio, it is a pastime of rare enjoyment. Occasionally, Sonja will show her friends how to play some Norwegian game, and then the fun becomes a bit more boisterous. If you insist, she'll exhibit some of her trophies won on two continents. Among her close friends, Sonja loses that shyness that clothes her when she appears in public, and she makes each guest feel her party is for him.

If you're fortunate enough to be invited to one of Loretta Young's soirees, you may depend upon it that you'll play guessing games. Loretta is never so happy as when a group of her friends are spending the evening in her huge, white colonial home. And she's an inspired hostess.

A game that she particularly adores—as do her guests—she calls "Whodunnit." Loretta will start a story, a murder mystery, say, and the next person will take it up and add to it, until everybody present has contributed his bit. Then comes the unravelling. There's no sense to it, of course, but judging by the laughter and noise it's a supreme moment. You cherish the memory of one of Loretta's parties, for each is an adventure.

Along the same lines, an evening at home with Rosalind Russell means every variety of parlor trick, with each guest expected to share in the fun. Rosalind, despite her sometimes rather austre demeanor on the screen, can let down her hair with the best of 'em, and there's always James Stewart to enliven things, when he plays the clown. Inhibitions and dignity are forgotten, and like as not you'll find yourself sitting on the floor shouting for more.

Unlike the majority of the screen's single girls, Margaret Lindsay takes her guests out for dinner. But no Trocadero or Clover Club for this belle . . . you go to unusual out-of-the-way eating spots, and absorb the atmosphere along with the food.

After a leisurely meal—sometimes Turkish, other times French—you generally go to the theatre, to catch a second feature at a small neighborhood house. Margaret—or Maggie—is an enthusiastic picture fan, and she takes it for granted everyone else is, too. She simply dotes on 'em.

There's rarely any question about the type of entertainment you will share in Anita Louise's home. Anita prefers the more formal buffet dinners to any other form of repast. In this way, she may gather more of her friends together than at a formally-seated meal.

At Anita's, you are seated at small tables scattered about the elaborate drawing room, decorated throughout in deep antique ivory . . . tables covered with filmy lace and dainty embroidered linen. Lillies of the valley and Finch roses lend a lovely touch, and tall candles are alight everywhere. The service is placed in the dining room, and houseboys and maids serve you swiftly and silently. You've never eaten turkey till you've tasted Anita's, and always there are shimmering salads and Newburgs of shrimp, crab or lobster.

Music, of course, is the order of the evening, for Anita is extraordinarily talented. In the music room—where the piano, harp and harpsichord indicate her tastes—you may listen to a concert by guest artists, one which the public would pay good money to hear . . . or the musicale may be more informal in tone and everybody present participate.

Sometimes, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond will sing and play the piano; again, it may be Allan

Jones in an operatic aria. Anita at the harp always provides an entrancing interval—she plays beautifully—and occasionally even the tenor voice of John McCormick may be heard.

You'll find very few picture people at Rochelle Hudson's. The majority of her friends are outside the industry, but none the less they're a lively crowd and following a buffet supper everybody either congregates around the ping-pong table—where you play a special game Rochelle has devised—or goes to a movie. The theatre still is a novelty for these non-professionals, and they don't object to sitting through a double-feature.

Rochelle is a dancing enthusiast, though, and it's a cinch if you stay at home the rugs sooner or later will be hauled back and everybody'll be trucking or *trying* to do the rhumba.

Like all English girls, Wendy Barrie likes to entertain at tea. Only, when Wendy invites you for a "cup of tea" be assured that you won't want any dinner. Hers are "high teas," and that means plates of toasted crumpets, scones and marmalade, miniature steak-and-kidney pies, spiced ham and all sorts of cakes.

The party is apt to be of the barnyard variety at Carole Lombard's. She lives in an English farmhouse in Bel-Air, the most exclusive section of Los Angeles and Hollywood, and she always refers to her new home as "The farm." It's quite in keeping, then, when she fills her patio with straw, and you eat off red-and-white checkered tablecloths.

But you can never be sure of anything, when it comes to Carole . . . she may go formal on you, and eat inside. There's no dining room in the house, though, and the food—*what* food—is served on small tables in the living room. And then you worry yourself sick about dropping anything on the white rug. Life has its trials.

"The Game" is indulged in at Carole's . . . but she may decide to take her guests to the beach, and "do" the concessions. The roller-coaster is her particular delight, and she screams with the rest of the world when it makes one of those breath-taking dips. "The Game," of course, is that pastime which all Hollywood has been playing so vociferously for months on end . . . sides are chosen, either a slogan or a proverb written on a piece of paper, and then it's up to a team-member to act out the meaning of the phrase so that his team will be able to guess it. And if you think the evening doesn't become a bit raucous, just try it yourself.

No, you don't shop for your entertainment with the bachelor girls of Hollywood . . . I say it's STILL a matter of mood.

RAMON AND ROMANCE

(Continued from page 24)

he continued to persuade the then-famous director.

He got the part.

He became a Metro star. *Ben-Hur* was his first big role. Then he did *The Student Prince* and *The Pagan,* still vividly remembered by the fans.

Sound came to pictures—and Novarro met the test.

Besides a graceful, flavored diction, Novarro could sing. That helped. Where idols like Jack Gilbert fell by the wayside, Novarro contined on his way.

Only one or two stars approach Novarro in this endurance record. One is Ronald Colman, another is William Powell. But neither one has achieved the Novarro all-high. Yet Ramon today is but thirty-nine.

Altogether Novarro has starred in fifteen silents and twelve talkies. His favorite film roles? "Rupert, of course, because it meant so much to me," he says. "Then Scaramouche, Ben-Hur and the native Polynesian hero of *The Pagan.*"

So Novarro goes on as a star. He has a sustaining philosophy, a deep faith, which holds him to his ideals.

He educated his sisters and brothers, fitted them for the world. Now he does as he pleases. He lives quietly in Hollywood.

Novarro says that when—and if—Hollywood tires of him, he will retreat to the Samaniegos estate at Durango, Mexico. He will get back to the soil. There will be no bitterness over lost glories. "Hollywood has been too kind, too generous, for that," he says.

As for romance, Ramon has many interesting friendships with members of the fair sex, but he has not as yet become marriage-conscious. This is due partly to his family obligations and also to his love of freedom.

Mention of the Durango estate—now only a fraction of what the family once owned before various revolutions took their toll—brings to mind an interesting event of this summer.

Durango is preparing a celebration in honor of its famous boy. Novarro is taking time out from the job of making pictures to go home. The event should be highly interesting, when Mexico turns on the pageantry for this simple boy—half Spanish, half Aztec—who has been untouched by the glamour of Hollywood.

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HOLLYWOOD CAN BE WRONG

(Continued from page 35)

playing opposite Tallulah Bankhead, in *Something Gay,* in *There's Wisdom in Women,* and *Night of January 16th,* the play in which Hollywood also discovered Doris Nolan.

The talent scouts apparently had forgotten all about his days in musical comedies, and in films, for they again set upon him and sent him back to the West Coast, this time as a dramatic actor. He didn't exactly get the run-around again, but he was cast in such gems as *Girl Overboard, As Good as Married, Fatal Lady* and *Big Brown Eyes.*

There were nearly two years of that sort of thing before MGM eyes fell upon him while searching for someone to play the romantic lead opposite Jean Harlow, in *Saratoga.*

That picture made him, and he was immediately put to work with Maureen O'Sullivan and Edna May Oliver in *My Dear Miss Aldrich.* After a half dozen years around Hollywood lots he was given his first long term contract and a chance to play in a picture with Myrna Loy, a reward that any alert fan would have given him ages ago.

"The funny part of it is," Pidgeon says, "I never wanted to be an actor. I just wanted to travel. It was in my blood, inherited, I suppose, from my grandfather who was a sea captain. But I've done more traveling since I've been an actor than I ever did before."

The whole thing—meaning life itself—began for Pidgeon in St. John, New Brunswick, where during his school days he was fired out of a music class because he sang better than the teacher. After high school at St. John, he played soccer and hockey, and, as a matter of course, attended classes for a while at the University of New Brunswick. Although he still was under age when the World War broke out he ran away from college and enlisted in the 65th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery.

Elsie Janis was responsible for his first thoughts of a theatrical career, for he joined her in entertaining the soldiers at the canteens in France. The "Sweetheart of the A.E.F." liked his voice and easy manner, and told him he should become an actor after the war.

Pidgeon thought she was just being nice to him, and forgot all about her suggestion until he found himself jobless in Boston.

Unable to find work, he sought out E. E. Clive, the British actor, who was producing at the time.

"I got the job," Pidgeon says, "much to my surprise, and made by debut in *You Never Can Tell.* After that I did *Pygmalion* and *Androcles and the Lion.*

"I liked the theater, but I still wanted to travel. Openings were fun, but after a run of three months in the same role I found it monotonous. The war had left me restless, and adventure lured from far corners of the earth. Suddenly I decided to quit the theater and learn finance. I wanted to make a lot of money quickly, so I could travel around the world, and I believed there was more money to be made in stocks and bonds than on the stage. So I took a job in Boston, and began to study securities."

He was still dealing other people's money across a bank desk, trying to raise a good-sized travel budget for himself, when Fred Astaire heard him sing one night at a party.

"What show is he in?" Astaire asked.

"He isn't," the host replied. "He works in a local bank."

"Good heavens!" said Astaire.

For the next hour America's most famous musical comedy dancer argued to persuade a bank employe that he should be on the stage. Astaire won the argument, and Pidgeon sought out Elsie Janis. Remembering his work with her in France, she took him to London as her leading man in *At Home.*

After a long run at the Shaftesbury Theater, they came back to the United States for an equally long run on Broadway.

A vaudeville tour with Miss Janis followed, and then came a series of musical comedy hits. Hollywood had been interested in him ever since *At Home,* but he wasn't given a screen test until after he had appeared in a revue called *Puzzles.*

Then came the period of waiting around for something to do in Hollywood.

"For a while I thought my job in the bank was sheer lunacy, but when I first came to Hollywood," he said, "I felt convinced that the mad movie maelstrom had the real corner on insanity. However, I've changed my mind now. It's a mad town, but it's alive. It's a merry-go-round, but it's more fascinating than a four-alarm fire."

For the benefit of those susceptible admirers who've been given heart palpitation by his dark hair and blue eyes, he married Ruth Walker in 1931, and has a daughter, Edna, by a previous marriage.

Although you may have thrilled to his voice on the stage and screen, and although he still loves to sing, you'll never hear him sing in a picture again.

"I'm through with singing in pictures," he said. "If I were 28 instead of 38, perhaps I could afford to devote four or five years to singing on the screen, but a singer's end comes quickly in pictures while a dramatic actor can go on and on."

In that sentence you see the determination resulting from his greatest fear: lack of security in his old age.

Unless catastrophe arrives in Hollywood, however, that is something he won't have to worry about. It took him a long time to get on top, but now that the blind spot has been removed from the producers' eyes they've seen him for what he long ago should have been: a star in romantic roles.

He already has played with Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell, and now you'll be seeing him opposite Margaret Sullavan, in *Shopworn Angel*.

And while Pidgeon is making love to filmdom's loveliest, to the tune of clanging box office cash registers, the studio master mind who scorned him a few years ago probably will be sitting somewhere in a corner, mournfully crying into his champagne.

CASANOVA CHARLIE CONFESSES

(Continued from page 17)

A far-away look came into Charlie's deep brown eyes. "Yes, indeedy" he sighed, "There was a blonde in Brooklyn—"

"Charlie!" Bergen interrupted.

Charlie turned to us.

"Maybe it was in Pittsburgh," Charlie said modestly. "There have been so many."

We wanted particularly to know of his amorous adventures with women of Hollywood. Of his romance with Colbert, with Dorothy Lamour, with Andrea Leeds.

"Colbert. Ah yes. Claudette. The French type. Warm-hearted, impulsive, chic! Say, there's a gal!

"I wooed and won her. 'Twas my red hair that intrigued her, she said.

"Dorothy Lamour? A sweet child. Unsophisticated. Intriguing. Y'know," he said turning to Bergen, "why could not *we* have played that role with her in 'Hurricane'? Grass skirts, south-sea isles, and love beneath a tropic moon! Bergen, I could have gone to town in that part.

"Andrea Leeds? Ah, now you're talking!

"Andrea is (this is in confidence—off the record—you know, sub-rosa) Andrea is my dream come true.

"It's fine to make love to a girl. Any time, any place. Even in front of a radio microphone.

"But it isn't satisfactory. It's nice, and all that, but for real love, give me the cinema.

"The lights, the excitement, the glamour of Hollywood! The hushed stages, with only you and the one girl of the moment with you! Andrea and me, alone, with only about sixty-five workmen looking on!

"You look into her eyes; she looks into yours. You sigh. She sighs. You try it once.

"'Cut', Mr. Stahl, the director, says. We stop.

"We try again! 'Cut', comes the call.

"Am I down-hearted? No! For to try it again and again is a repetition of unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged.

"I sometimes think Bergen blows his lines just so we may go through those ecstasies again.

"That guy's a pal. If there ever was one."

We asked him about Mae West. Charlie arched his eyebrows until his monocle threatened to fall to his lap.

"It's a lie!" Charlie almost shouted. "Miss West is a *lady!* Let me repeat. Miss West is a LADY!

We dropped the subject and remained without words until the crimson in Charlie's face had receded.

The silence was embarrassing. Bergen cleared his throat.

"Perhaps we'd better not go too deeply into Charlie's life and affairs," he suggested. "Charlie, like all great lovers, is sensitive about certain things."

And so we sat until Charlie again regained the wooden composure for which he is noted.

It was he who took up the discussion.

"You know," he said at long last, "women are funny.

"I've fallen in love with a different woman every week, every Sunday we've been on the air.

"They're funny, but I like 'em. Women have been kind to me. I love 'em, and they leave me. That's where they're kind. What'd I do with 'em if they didn't leave me! Wow!

"I've never married. Bergen saw to that.

"Perhaps, though, some day, when I'm old and grey; when I'm content to doff high hat, white tie and tails and sit by my own fireside in comfortable dressing gown and slippers, I'll have a wife of my own. And then there'll be the patter of tiny feet as my little ones scamper around the house.

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STUDIO CLOSEUPS

(Continued from page 55)

Alice's tea party. Shirley Temple was sitting at a little table looking very polite and beautiful. Before her was a raw fish with three flaming candles stuck in it! Across from her was a very excited glutonous Penguin.

We were introduced politely by Shirley and informed it was Penquin Pete's third birthday. Penguin Pete could see no reason for the delay in the party at all, and though he had never seen anything as startling as a fish with flaming candles in it, he had the general idea all right, and he thought it was time the fish went the way of all good fish—down the throat of the only trained Penguin in the entire world. Penguin Pete plays a featured part with Shirley in *Little Miss Broadway.* Shirley thinks there is just nothing like him!

And while we are mentioning the youngsters, I think we should tell on Jane Withers! She was doing riotous imitations of Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Joan Davis, Harry Ritz, and George Arliss, when we visited the *Hello, Hollywood* troupe. It was the toughest job we have had in many a day not to spoil every take with loud howls of laughter, for when Jane gets down to her imitations, she enjoys them as much as anyone. They are not always complimentary—but they *are* always energetic, stimulating and darn close to inspired! You'll see some of these in *Hello, Hollywood,* so don't miss them.

Cary Grant says it is very hard to breathe in snow. He found that out! While on location for scenes in *Holiday,* Cary was practicing very exuberant somersaults in the snow when in an instant was buried several feet. "I could feel that my feet were free," said Cary, "so I thrashed them as violently as possible hoping to attract attention." He did! And was rescued!

Having roared through the races, lunged through the opera, Chico, Harpo and Groucho, will stampede through the circus as their next offering of lunacy. Mervyn LeRoy, who is to produce their next MGM picture, says, as far as he is concerned there are no limits to the laughs to be obtained out of the merry, mad Marxes let loose in a circus. But we asked what chance will the freaks have with the three muddle Marxes competing? Mervyn had no answer to this one!

What was our surprise when we walked on to the set for *In Every Woman's Life,* and saw Anita Louise playing a harp with everyone listening with enthralled attention. It seems Anita was prevailed upon to play a harp borrowed from the prop department just for the pleasure of the director John Farrow and crew. To see Anita at the harp is something to see at any time, believe us!

That same day Kay Francis' voice sounded like someone trying to recite *Asleep In The Deep,* a bass profundo for true. But they couldn't shoot without Kay, so they inserted into the dialogue a line in which the star complains about being hoarse, and that made everything all right. Resourceful these picture people, eh what?

Maureen O'Sullivan had hysterics, a dog trainer, a director, and a leading man were almost ruined upon the screen debut of Roger, Maureen's Dalmatian Coach dog. It was for the dog show scene in *Hold That Kiss.* Maureen came late bringing the unsuspecting Roger along. All the other dogs had just settled down to a semblance of quiet and order. As she entered the stage, two St. Bernards, one Doberman, and half a dozen Cockers, jumped over the railing and descended enmasse upon the hapless Roger.

It was a little difficult to tell who was who in two seconds, including Dennis O'Keefe, Edwin Marin, director, Carl Spitz, dog trainer, and others on the set. Roger clung tenaciously to the long hair of a St. Bernard, until he was finally extricated from the melee, only a little the worse for wear.

"Maybe dogs cannot stand to see spots before their eyes," quipped Dennis. Dalmatian dogs are white with black spots all over them in case you didn't know! Roger was removed hastily and permanently from the set.

Approaching *The Toy Wife* set the other day we were hailed by shouts of laughter. Robert Young was the victim. They were shooting a scene in which Luise Rainer and Robert Young bring a ring-tailed monkey by the name of Professor Pepi to amuse Melvyn Douglas, who is convalescing in bed.

Each time Miss Rainer handed Prof. Pepi cymbals to play for Douglas, he would clang them together and then haul off and let Young have it. Tony Campanaro, trainer of the monkey, was having hysterics on the sidelines instructing the Prof. not to *do* that. Pepi seemed to understand. He would shake his head promising not to do it again. But each time they took the scene he would haul off and pop Robert Young, as before.

Robert was getting a bit upset and genuinely embarrassed. Pepi's trainer stepped in and did the scene and everything went off perfectly. Finally, the trainer decided that Miss Rainer was not handing the cymbals to Prof. Pepi just as he did. When she did, Pepi behaved himself like a gentleman and Robert's nose was safe once more.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. grew pale the other noon when someone asked him to join us at luncheon. "I'm not very interested in lunch, today," he said. And then we found out for two days they had been shooting a sequence for *The Rage Of Paris* in which Doug has to consume quantities of food, trying to tempt his romantic prisoner, Danielle Darrieux to join him. It seems Doug Jr. as a romantic young advertising executive, kidnaps Danielle Darrieux and takes her to his mountain lodge. He is determined to keep her prisoner until she agrees to forget his rival. It is to tempt her to keep her from starving to death that he has to eat all the food. The scene had to be recorded in long shots, medium shots, and plenty of retakes—so poor Doug Jr. "just wasn't hungry," at the end of the second day's shooting.

IMPRESSIONABLE IMP

(Continued from page 39)

children were invited into the casting director's office.

"Can you hiccup?" the director queried, fixing Edith with a piercing eye. Too young and inexperienced to fib, Edith gasped, "Oh, no!" She changed it to "Oh, yes!" a moment later. But that was too late. The little boy got the part. Luck and honesty triumphed in the end, however, for the little boy was taken ill—and Edith got the part after all.

For five years after that, she worked in microscopic extra roles. She was neither a menace nor a moppet; she was just a part of a mob. Then, gradually, things began to happen, and the youngster was singled out for bits by directors with acumen. *Madame X* was one of the first pictures in which she had a small role, and then came *Daddy Long Legs, Rider of Death Valley, Cavalcade, Cimarron, Power and the Glory, Cross Streets,* and *Emma.* In many of these pictures, she was cast only in the opening sequences, as the youthful edition of an adult star.

The turning point came when Edith was cast to play opposite Richard Dix in *His Greatest Gamble.* After that, she was given other important parts; she was one of the Wiggs brood in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* Adele in *Jane Eyre,* and good roles in *Keeper of the Bees, Black Fury* and *Dinky.*

When Columbia began casting for *She Married Her Boss,* it was no Hollywood secret that there was a fat role in the picture for some little girl. Director Gregory La Cava, looking Edith over, told her that she looked much too sweet for the part.

"Maybe I'm sweet," parried Edith, "but I'm an actress. Look!" And she did something to her face that transformed it from the physiognomy of a nice child to that of a veritable imp. Then she was given a page of the script to read, and got the job.

Edith was so obstreperous in that picture that she almost stole the show, and the reviews were lyrical—i.e., as lyrical as they could be in praise of a thoroughly detestable child. Her contract with Columbia followed, and there was an end to wistful waiting in ante rooms by Edith and her grandmother. Then came parts in *And So They Were Married, One Way Ticket, Pennies From Heaven, Life Begins With Love,* and *Little Miss Roughneck,* in which she also played with Leo Carrillo. Even when she wasn't busy on a motion picture lot, Edith wasn't idle, for there have been manifold vaudeville and radio appearances, numerous benefit performances, and a series of appearances at the Chicago World's Fair.

She sang—in a strictly amateur way—in *She Married Her Boss,* but the fact that she had a singing voice was indisputable. Singing lessons were inevitable, and in *Little Miss Roughneck,* she sang operatic arias, with an ease and control that was amazing.

Counting all the extra and bit parts she's played, Edith is a veteran of more than a hundred pictures. The young star attends the Hollywood Conservatory for professional children. She attends Columbia's Schoolhouse on the Lot, while working on a picture. In addition to school, there are singing, music, and dancing lessons. She plays the piano and ukelele, and wants to study the harp. She also likes to paint in water colors.

Edith likes to jump rope, play hopscotch, and cook. She has a kitten Fluffy, a canary, Buddy, and a thoroughbred cocker spaniel, Sarge, presented to her by Bing Crosby. She likes to call her friends by her own pet-names, which she changes suddenly, but her grandmother is always Mumsie. She loves apples, bananas, picnics, carnivals, and circuses.

Doesn't sound much like a menace, does she?

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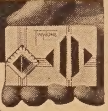

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MARJORIE WEAVER received a fan mail letter from a farmer in Perkinsville, Indiana. He wrote: "Dear Miss Weaver:—I am naming my best hog after you. I think she will get a prize at the county fair this summer. I will let you know whether your name helps my hog. Please send me a picture of you to put in the pen at the fair.—Sincerely O. D. Jaecke."—Marjorie says she is sending him her picture and she is asking for one of the hog so she can hang it in her dressing room. After all a namesake is a *namesake!*

Speaking of Marjorie—she seems to be getting around these late eves. She was at the Clover Club one night with Bill Davis, and the next night at the Trocadero with Alexander D'Arcy. However, of all the get-arounders, Richard Greene seems to be the gettin'-aroundest. He was swimming at Malibu with Arleen Whelan. He was with Sonja Henie when Alice Faye and Tony Martin left for Honolulu. He escorted Loretta Young to the preview of *Four Men and a Prayer* at the Chinese Theater.—Make up your poor weak mind, Richard—or maybe you have the right idea after all! There's safety in numbers.

Joel McCrea proved himself to be so regular the other evening he won a rousing round of applause in front of a picture show. He was waiting in line to see a revival of *The Sheik*. The theater manager noticed him and offered to take him into the theater. McCrea quietly refused because he didn't think it would be fair to the others who had been standing in line much longer than he had. The news passed from lip to lip like wild fire and before the embarrassed Joel knew what was happening he was the center of enthusiastic applause.

Be there a man with soul so dead who hath seen a tractor and never to himself hath said, "Would I could drive yon steed of iron across the furrows of rich brown soil"—or something like that there! At least that is what Andy Devine believes is the general reaction of the masculine sex toward tractors—so he bought one for his ranch and then invited all his strongest friends out to "play" with it. He should have a nice crop of alfalfa next season and he is shamelessly bragging about how little it cost him to cultivate it.

Ralph Bellamy has bought a hill*top* home in Beverly Hills. Since he was washed out in the recent California flood—home and all belongings, he is saying to all who will listen that he wants to give our little California showers a chance to run *down hill* in all directions *away* from his house. Both he and Mrs. Bellamy had to buy *entirely* new wardrobes, and was Mrs. Bellamy mad? She certainly *wasn't!* What woman would be?

More news and views on pages 7, 66 and 67.

Paramount's W. C. Fields gingerly inspects the muscles of Popeye's arm. This son of brawn will visit all foreign ports with *Paramount On Parade*.

Frank McHugh and the Missus and Hugh Herbert talk things over at the Hugh Cummings' San Fernando steak-barbecue shindig held in honor of Rudy Vallee.

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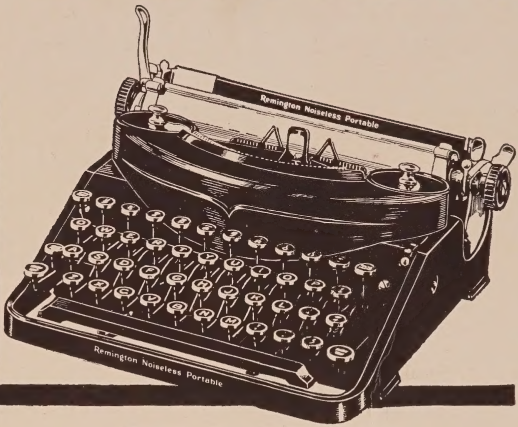

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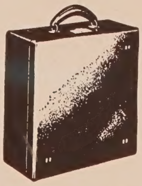

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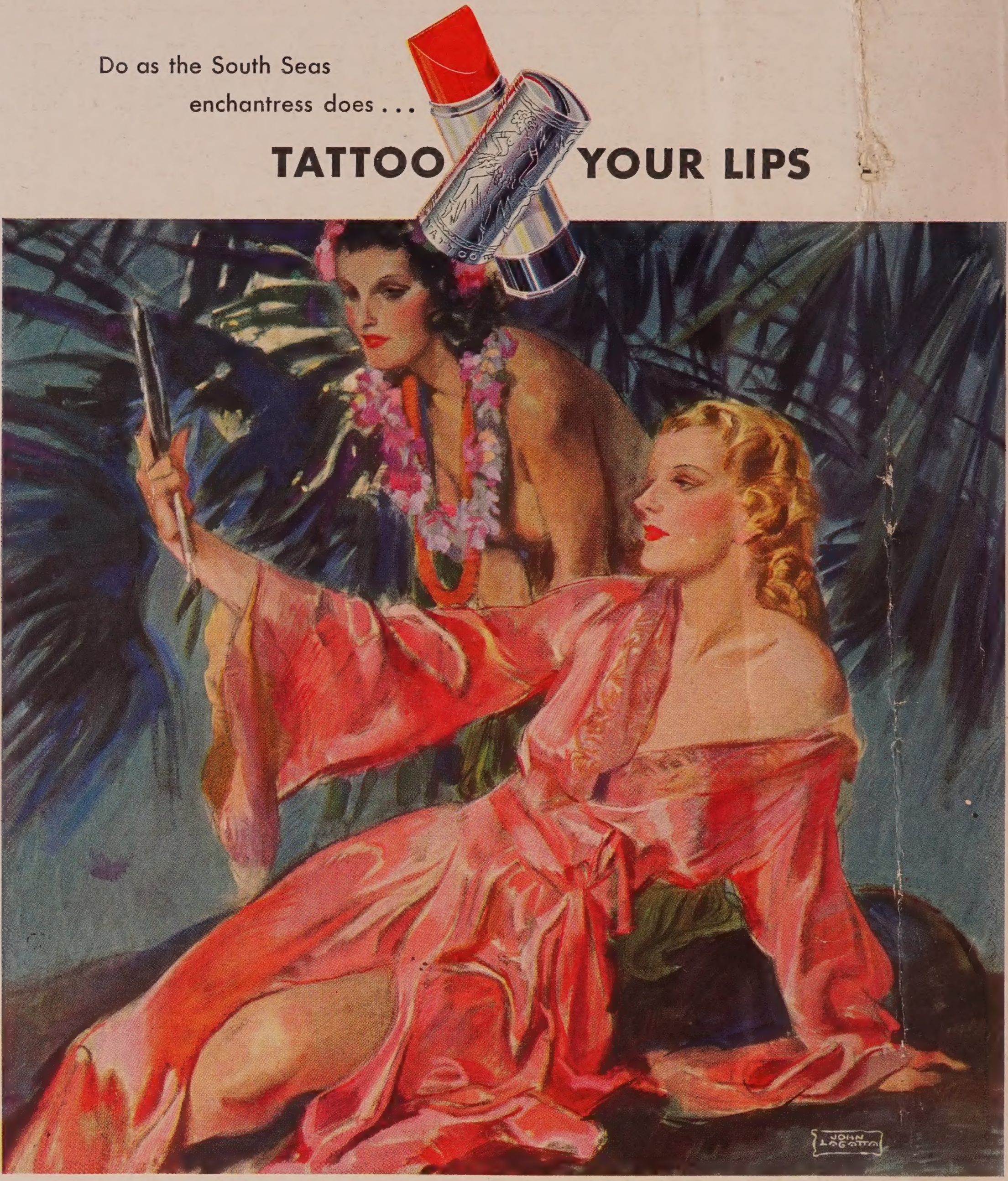

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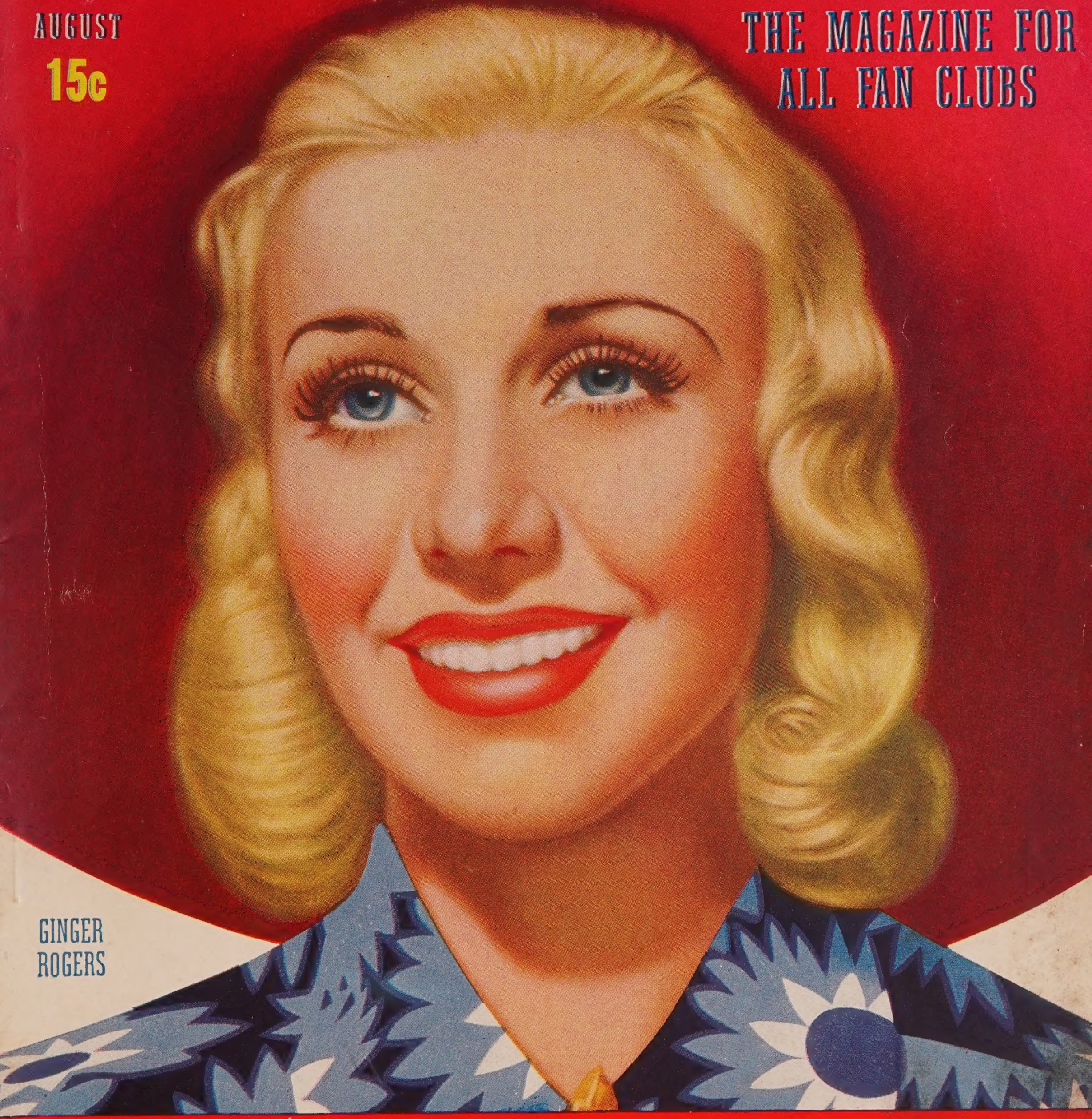

GINGER ROGERS

NO WOLF AT HOLLYWOOD'S DOOR!

WHO WILL BE NEW STARS IN 1939?

WITTNAUER *Watches* OF THE STARS

George Brent in a scene from Warner Bros. "Jezebel"

Olivia de Havilland, starred in Warner Bros. "Adventures of Robin Hood". *The Olivia de Havilland Watch* . . . $39.50

Errol Flynn, starred in Warner Bros. "Adventures of Robin Hood". *The Errol Flynn Watch* $30.00

Joan Blondell, Warner Bros. star, *The Joan Blondell Watch* $32.50

George Brent, starred in Warner Bros. "Jezebel". *The George Brent Watch*. $25.00

Anita Louise, starred in Warner Bros. "Three Broadway Girls". *The Anita Louise Watch* $25.00

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in scenes from Warner Bros.' "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

Errol Flynn as "Robin Hood"

WITTNAUER "Watches of the Stars" have *Personality* because they are Watches of *Personalities.*

Prominent people in all vocations carry Wittnauer Watches with pride. Each Wittnauer watch movement is completely factory built under one roof—not "assembled" from parts made by various parts manufacturers. This fine-watch method of manufacture has made the Wittnauer Watch known as *the popular priced watch with the fine watch movement.*

Wittnauer Watches have been associated with Longines Watches for 72 years, therefore, though moderately priced, they have always been sold to patrons of better jewelry stores.

Authorized Longines-Wittnauer Jewelers are exhibiting Wittnauer "Watches of the Stars," and many other new 1938 Wittnauer Watch designs for men and women.

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August, 1938 Volume 2, No. 2

modern movies

MAY C. KELLEY
EDITOR

dorris denbo
hollywood editor

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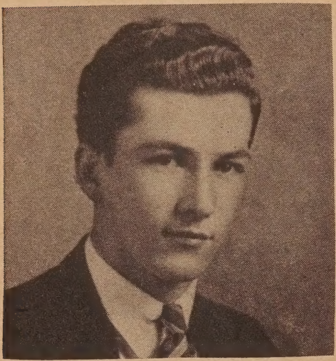
FAN CLUB NEWS

FAN CLUB ORGANIZERS ATTENTION! HERE'S



Allan Smith, President of the Michael Whalen Fan Club, is doing an excellent campaign job.

THE outstanding inquiry of the month concerns the actual formation of fan clubs, the general procedure and the rules and regulations regarding the functions of such organizations.

Before forming a club you had better analyze yourself and consider your leisure time and your pocketbook. Frankly, a fan club involves a great deal of work and money. Club dues do not as a rule exceed seventy-five cents a year. You must plan to issue a club magazine, which may be either printed, hecktographed or mimeographed. Facts prove that a mimeographed news issued six times a year and running about ten pages, costs a fan club president sixty dollars per annum. This does not include the price of membership cards, a membership list given each member for corresponding purposes, or the endless expense of postage necessary in keeping in contact with your own particular group. If you find that you can devote the necessary time and money to your club, then write your favorite star requesting her permission to form such an organization. You should not expect the star to contribute to the support of your club. You will find, however, that stars are more than willing to give occasional voluntary aid if you prove your sincerity and really build up a nice organization. You will also find the star willing to send each member a personally autographed photograph and to write you news of his or her new pictures and Hollywood activities. These letters are usually printed in the club news. Your magazine should also contain interesting items about Hollywood stars in general; about your members' activities and other items of interest to movie fans. The best way to increase your club list after you have scoured your town and vicinity for local members, is to contact us here at *Modern Movies*. We will be glad to make an announcement of your club and before long you will be receiving requests from all over the country for membership. Let's hear from you soon.

Marian Hesse, President of the Ginger Rogers Club, poses with Ralph Bellamy out in Hollywood.

YOU'LL find fan club work a lot of fun, and also a definite aid to your favorite picture personality. But don't forget, you must be able to finance the greater part of it—you must be willing to work hard—and you must be capable of issuing a fan club bulletin. If you are, get busy and good luck to you! It's a big undertaking.

Here are a few examples proving that stars do appreciate the work of their club presidents.

ELEANOR MORGENSEN, who is president of the ELEANOR POWELL Club, is now visiting in Hollywood, as the house guest of Miss Powell for an entire month.

MARIAN DOMMER, president of the JOAN CRAWFORD club, saw Joan for luncheon during one of her recent visits to New York City. As a result, Marian is now registered at the swank Montecido in Hollywood as Joan's guest, and being Joan's guest means having one grand time. It means a trip to the studio to watch Fred Astaire hop through some of those dance routines (the Astaire set is usually a closed one you know). It also means being "among those present" at Joan's exclusive and informal Sunday night suppers; a gay chat over coffee cups with Joan, Franchot and other film celebrities; seeing a film run off in Joan's little theatre; swimming in Joan's pool. And it all began with a fan club!

A few months ago MILDRED SMITH who has a club for DIXIE DUNBAR decided to visit Hollywood. She too found herself the house guest of her favorite star. Dixie offered Mildred her own room while she was here—and Dixie's car was at Mildred's disposal at all times. The two girls are great friends—or didn't we have to tell you? And so it goes!

Dorothy Pennick, President of the Gene Autry Friendship Club, gladly welcomes all new members.

MARGARET CONNELL'S fan club work in behalf of EVELYN VENABLE made Hollywood her vacation mecca. That meant luncheons, dinners, visits to the sets and innumerable gay times as Miss Venable's guest. We spotted Margaret one day, deep in conversation with FRIEDA INESCORT who later wrote your editor to say that Margaret is a delightful person to know.

ANITA WEBER, a Hollywood girl, decided several years ago that she would like to have a club for JEAN MUIR. As a result of that club a close friendship ensued. Jean felt that Anita had film possibilities. Though the club has been temporarily disbanded, it will be resumed when Jean

RULES, REGULATIONS AND PROCEDURE ON HOW TO FORM A FAN CLUB FOR YOUR GUIDANCE!

returns to the coast. Meanwhile, Anita is slowly climbing the ladder of success and working very hard in pictures—thanks to Jean and a fan club.

OUR READERS WRITE:
EVELYN KUSTRA tells of the MICHAEL WHALEN CLUB conducted by L. ALLEN SMITH of 12 Wayside Place, Lawrence, Massachusetts. We have investigated and find this to be an excellent organization, and suggest that MICHAEL WHALEN fans contact Mr. Smith for information.

There is no club for NORMA SHEARER at the present time, ALBERT MANSKI. The original one has been disbanded, but should we hear of another we will let you know.

MARION WHALER of 42 Morningstar Road, Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York, wishes to announce that she has a chapter of the official JOHNNIE DAVIS club. Judging from Miss Whaler's letter, this club has some unique ideas and sounds very interesting. Would you like to join?

Anna Glance, President of the Jackie Cooper Club, goes for a stroll with Jackie on the lot.

MRS. W. N. SCHANIEL, you may join the JOAN CRAWFORD CLUB by writing Miss MARIAN DOMMER, 9717-81st Street, Ozone Park, Long Island, New York.

KATHERINE ROSO, you may join the ELEANOR POWELL Club by writing Miss ELEANOR MORGENSEN, 314 W. 3rd Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa. There is no fan club for Clark Gable at the present time. Too bad!

NOTE TO READERS: If you are interested in joining a fan club for your favorite star, or if you have any questions concerning fan clubs, won't you write to us? Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Fan Club News, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York, New York.

ALBERT A. ABBOTT, President of the John Beal Club, is also actively engaged in the work of sixteen other clubs.

A club paper issued once a month has plenty of interesting data for club members and other readers.

John Beal writes a friendly letter each month to members, which helps to promote good fellowship; he sends out personally autographed photos to those joining the club.

EVELYN L. FLECK, Secretary of the Merle Oberon Fan Club, states that the club has been functioning for three years; they have 300 members from all over the world. Their English chapter has formed a Ramblers Club in London and all members meet once or twice a month for a hike around the English countryside. This outing is publicized in the club paper, THE MORNING STAR.

LOREN J. SCHIEBER, President of the Deanna Durbin Boosters Club, welcomes members from all over the world. The only requisite for membership is a self-addressed envelope for acknowledgment.

ANNETTE J. SHREIAR, Secretary of the Jimmy Farrell-Ray Heatherton Club, solicits membership for this Baritone-Y Club, which has been in existence for 3 years or more. Honoraries of this club are: Virginia Verrill, Johnny Green, Kate Smith, Frank Parker, James Melton and others. Fifty cents a year entitles each member to participate in all club proceedings.

ELEANOR MORGENSEN, President of the Official Eleanor Powell Fan Club, anticipates 400 new members by fall, as Miss Powell has various dancing troups throughout the country and they have been joining up right along.

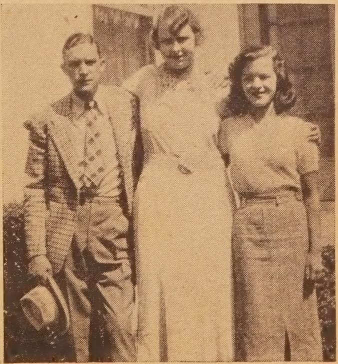
She is out in Hollywood at present, being entertained by Miss Powell. Miss Morgensen states, incidentally, that this is the only club operating for Eleanor Powell and it will remain so.

Mary Munger, President of the Lanny Ross Fan Club, is very enthusiastic about her work.

HAROLD W. HINKLEY, Secretary of the Foto Clipping Exchange, states that this club was formed in honor of John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald. It promotes the hobby of collecting photos of movie stars. Dues are $1.00 annually and members receive 100 clippings of any two stars, a photo of one, and membership list.

LORETTO SCHULTZ, President of The Nelson Eddy Fan Club at Montreal, Quebec, Canada, states that membership has now reached the 500 mark. The club magazine is entitled THE SHOOTING STAR and a personally autographed photo, membership card, and list of pen pals is issued to each member joining the club. Nelson is very much interested in this club.

Mildred Smith, President of the Dixie Dunbar Club visits with Dixie and her brother Leland.



20th Century-Fox's little vixen Jane Withers and Henry Wilcoxon lend their combined talents to *Hello Hollywood.*

Hold everything! Edgar Bergen takes leave of his bosom pal, Charlie McCarthy, who goes a-rocketin' to nowhere!

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are again co-starred in MGM's sensational thriller *Too Hot To Handle.* Myrna's an aviatrix; Clark a news cameraman.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

HOLLYWOOD has seen something new and *polenty* smart under the sun arcs! 20th Century-Fox put on a press preview that was tops in glamour, bright lights, and bejeweled, expensively gowned stars. It was one of the smartest and most glamorous events of the season and launched in honor of Irving Berlin's 50th birthday and *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* the picture that contains a cavalcade of his music.

The fans cheered lustily as their favorites paraded down the brilliant entrance to the Carthay Circle Theater, and almost everyone who is anyone was there in their best bib and tucker. It was a perfect time to find out who was still going with who. Tyrone Power was with Janet Gaynor, Ethel Merman with Cesar Romero, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Elaine Barrie and

Mickey Rooney has found himself a new girl friend in MGM's *Love Finds Andy Hardy* and she is no other than that singing lass of swingaroo Judy Garland. Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner round out the cast.

John Barrymore, Illona Massey and Michael Whalen, Simone Simon with Gregory Bautzer, Constance Bennett with Gilbert Roland (Yes, that is still as flaming as ever)—Marjorie Lane and Brian Donlevy, Cecelia Parker and Dick Baldwin, Virginia Feld and Owen Davis Jr. Lynn Bari and Robert Kellard. Yea, verily it was a love parade for fair!

Later at the Troc Alice Faye wept with joy at the ovation she received from everyone for her performance. The Troc saw its most star studded evening after the show with all the principals of the picture putting on an impromptu show. The Holly-film colony really took its hair down that night, folks. It was a night of nights!

◆

Wallace Beery is very excited about a candid camera shot he made on board ship coming back from Europe. It is the picture of a heavy fog bank the ship passed through. Wally's picture shows plainly the outline of a submerged iceberg entirely too close to the boat for safety. Wally said he showed the steamship officials the picture and they told him quite frankly a mass of floating ice had been reported in the steamer lanes, but they had no idea the ship came that close to it. "I guess it just wasn't our time for trouble," said Wally, "but it was too darn close for comfort I'll tell you!"

◆

Warner Brother's studio have expensive delays on pictures caused by old man Sol during the summer months. So this year they have issued a booklet containing instructions for sun bathing and remedies for sunburn and sunstroke to all their stars. As an added precaution upon request, anyone may receive a sheet of cellophane to further protect their players from pain and inconvenience—and to help save the Company money.

◆

Virginia Bruce gave us a good laugh at the studio the other noon. "Walter (hubby Walter Ruben, of course) has been insisting I must stop being such a sissy about riding again," said Virginia. "He presented me with a stunning new riding outfit that would tempt anyone, and with a horse that is a beauty. So after getting myself firmly in hand and overcoming many qualms I telephoned the trainer and asked him if the horse was in a gentle mood. He assured me he was 'kitten-like,' so I took a long breath and told him to bring him over. By the time I was dressed in my riding outfit, the telephone rang. It was the trainer and he told me very sheepishly that the 'kitten-like' horse had thrown him on the way over! I cancelled my order and decided to play tennis."

Virginia was thrown from a horse some months ago and she has never quite recovered from the shock and fright.

◆

Jean Arthur and James Stewart breezing along Hollywood Boulevard shopping for—believe it or not—*roller skates!* Both decided while working on *You Can't Take It With You* that they wanted to become members of the new "roller fad" that is sweeping Hollywood. Don't be surprised if the entire country begins to roller skate down town to do its marketing, shopping, or to attend executive meetings of one sort or another. We never turn our heads any more if Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, or May Robson goes skimming by on roller skates. It's quite the latest way to travel. Try it. It's fun!

(Continued on page 62)

HEADLINE HIGHLIGHTS

Little Lily Mui lends local color to this scene with Clark Gable who plays an American cameraman in China in MGM'S *Too Hot To Handle*.

MGM's Basil Rathbone has tea with his new daughter-in-law, the former Caroline Fisher, whose marriage in May to son Rodion, was a social event.

Gloria Dickson of Warners', whose divorce decree became final, again marched altarward, this time with the studio make-up artist, Perc Westmore.

Reunion in California! MGM's Jeanette MacDonald welcomes husband Gene Raymond home after a personal appearance tour for Paramount.

Norma's look of delight might be due to the announcement that she is to play Scarlett O'Hara in the David O. Selznick production of *Gone With The Wind.* Clark Gable, of course, is to play Rhett Butler. Norma's elaborate costume above is for her queenly role in *Marie Antoinette,* the MGM film which gave employment to thirty thousand people.

● Her neighbors in Holmby Hills will be seeing triple when Joan goes walking with her young daughters, Ditty and Melinda, for Joan has ordered several of the street costumes she wears in *Artists and Models Abroad* to be copied in miniature for the youngsters. As it is, Joan's petite enough to look like their Big Sister instead of their Ma.

- Any day now don't be surprised if you read of a nervous breakdown suffered by one of our well-known stars. Just take a squint of Tyrone's schedule for the past six months: completed roles in *Marie Antoinette* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band;* recently finished his work in *Suez* and is rehearsing for his bandit role in 20th Century's *Jesse James.*

young robert young young robert young robert

robert young robert young

After playing in more than fifty pictures, Bob died for the first time on the screen in *Three Comrades.* In his latest film, *The Toy Wife,* he wins Luise Rainer away from her screen husband, Melvyn Douglas, and as a reward for his good work, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given him a nice new shiny long term contract which he rightfully deserves.

young robert young young robert young robert

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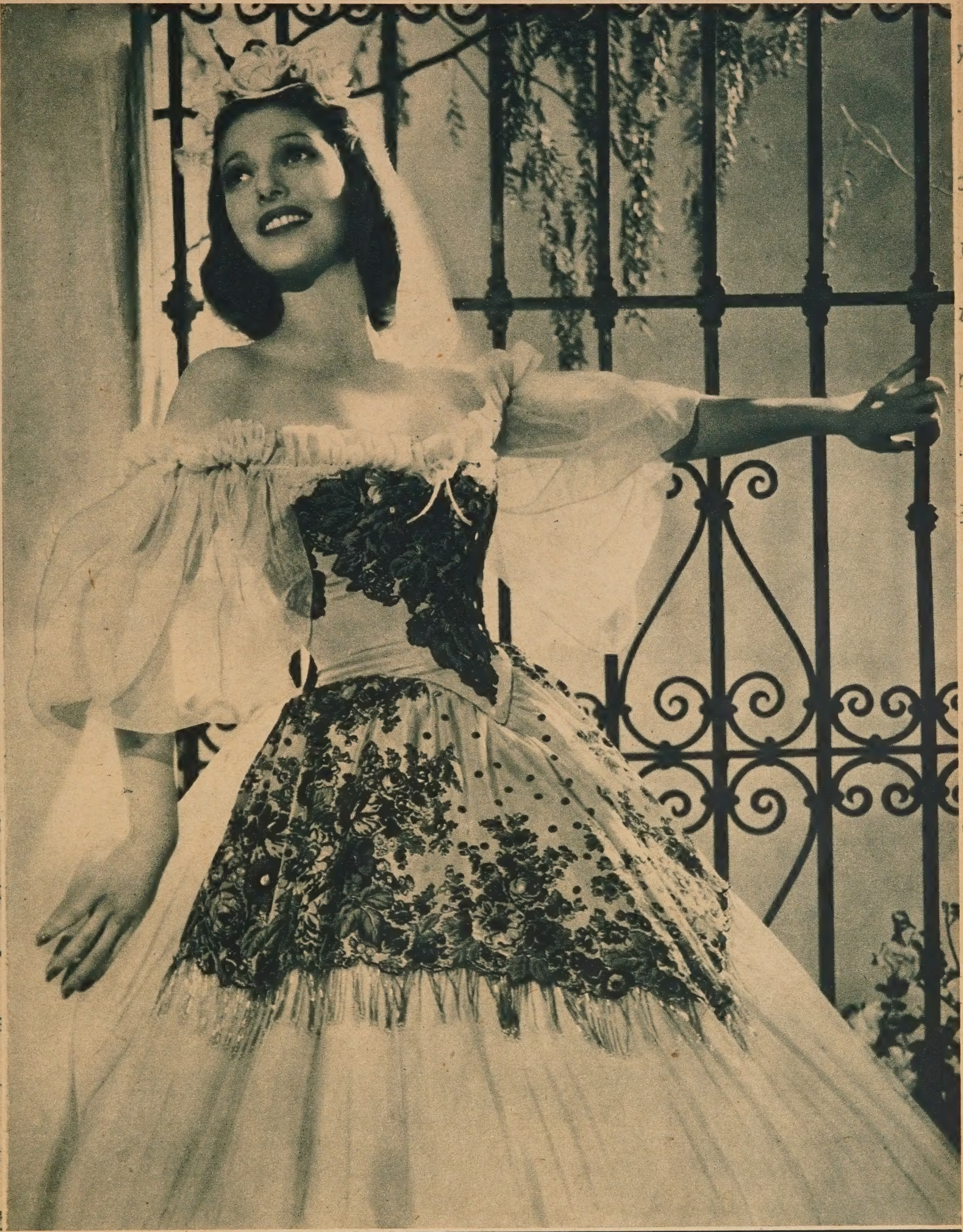


● The swift pace of living that Loretta has set for herself is because she can't stand staying in a rut. She likes to keep going but is just as apt to forget an appointment as not because she tries to cram so much in the short span of twenty-four hours. In *Suez*, Loretta will be her usual enchanting self in hoopskirts and huge cartwheel hats.

Started for Stardom

by ann r. silver

Hepburn? Dietrich? Francis?

"NO!" chorused a group of independent exhibitors recently in a full page advertisement in a motion picture trade paper. "We don't want them. They're box-office poison! They mean half-filled theatres!"

"Give us new faces—new personalities—new names!"

Across the front page of every newspaper in the country screamed the headlines of that story. Forgotten the European situation, the vacillating stock market, the White House, the recession. Here was news that outranked everything else.

"Lies!" cried the film goddesses from their Californian Olympus. "You're just making excuses for your own business mistakes. We're as strong as ever. And we'll show you—in our very next picture!"

Tito Guizar of Paramount is a different type of screen personality. Audiences enjoy his Mexican songs.

20th Century-Fox's Dick Baldwin makes a convincing hero.

Alan Curtis of MGM, handsome and a fine actor, is going places. He is currently appearing in *Yellow Jack.*

MGM's Ann Rutherford has plenty of feminine pulchritude. *Love Finds Andy Hardy* brings her in a new role.

20th Century-Fox's Lynn Bari, graduate of studio stock, depicts charm. She'll appear in *I'll Give a Million.*

WILL THE THRONES OF HOLLYWOOD'S SCINTILLATING STARS BE USURPED BY THE NEWCOMERS BASKING IN THE LIMELIGHT?

"Blasphemy!" shouted thousands and thousands of outraged fans. "You can't say that about our film idols. We won't stand for it!"

And the war was on!

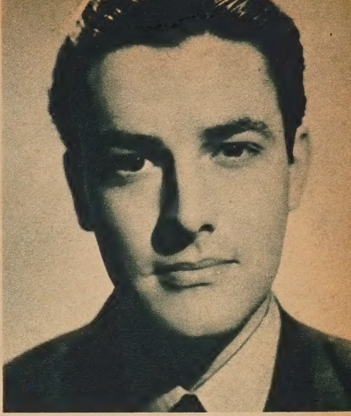
But the Hollywood producers, at whose studio doors the barrage had been aimed, were strangely silent. They said nothing, either in defense of their stars or in support of their critics. To all intents and purposes, they ignored the challenge of the exhibitors.

Actually, however, the studios are answering that ultimatum for new faces and new names. They're making new stars!

Variety, bible of the amusement world, summed up the situation in this crisp statement: "Youth will be served and is being served, now as never before in all the major studios. It is Hollywood's answer to skyrocketing production costs, top-flight salary demands and the cry for new faces. The result is that today, before cameras, or already released, is the greatest array of new faces John Public has ogled for many a moon!"

Those words—"the greatest array of new faces"—aren't, for once, part of Hollywood's super-colossal tremendous school of exaggeration. This is one time when a superlative is used justifiably. It *is* the greatest array—for something like fifty new faces are going to monopolize the spotlight this coming season! Fifty new names headed for mazda glory on theatre marquees! Fifty new personalities to charm a host of fans! Fifty newcomers being built, trained and groomed for stardom!

That potential 1939 crop has something else to recommend it, too. They represent new faces—plus! They've got more than straight teeth, inviting smiles and a dimple in the cheek. Unlike many of the stars in the past, they haven't been chosen on face value. They've got the good looks—plus talent! They're a lot of handpicked youngsters who're being hoisted to starry heights because they have what it takes. They can dance, they can sing, they can *(Continued on page 64)*



Don Stannard of MGM is a prototype of Taylor and Donat. Shorts are a specialty now. But watch Don's dust!

RKO's Allan Lane is the tall, virile, rugged type associated with a two-fisted man of purpose and action.

Carole Landis of Warner Brothers is a vision of blonde loveliness with a distinct flair for varied roles.

Paramount's Ellen Drew, a candy emporium discovery, is a real comer. *Sing You Sinners* will be her next.

MGM's Celtic Dennis O'Keefe recently took the public by storm, stealing honors from more seasoned players.

Lovely Ginger Rogers as she will appear in RKO's *Carefree*. A tap number in fringe was her entree to films.

• THE VIVACIOUS LADY AND HER WONDERFUL TIME

DEMONS of fury battled in the heavens all night long. Thunder crashed and lightning ripped across the sky, while in a little white frame cottage in Independence, Missouri, a battle of a very different sort was being waged. The eternal battle for life. A baby was being born.

At two o'clock on the morning of July 16, 1911, a little girl's first lusty wail fell on the air. Air that was fresh, rain-washed and sweet with the peace that follows every storm. She was christened Virginia Katherine McMath and she was very like any healthy infant you might encounter. Her skin was petal-soft and her eyes were like dewy forget-me-nots. There was a faint downy fuzz on the top of her head and she spent most of her time, those first early months either eating or sleeping.

All entirely normal, you'll say. All as it should be. But the circumstances surrounding the birth of that particular baby were *not* all they should have been. For the baby's mother, Lela McMath, had "run away," so to speak. She'd cut herself off from her family so that she might live the kind of life she felt necessary so her child might survive. She hadn't been able to forget another baby girl who had been born shortly after her marriage to Eddins McMath. The child lived only a few short hours.

Lela had blamed that first baby's death on her surroundings. There had never been harmony or peace between the tempestuous young McMaths. And Lela firmly believed in prenatal influence. When she knew that she was again to become a mother she was determined that this second child should have every chance for life.

Without so much as leaving a note and with only twenty dollars to her name, she boarded a train out of Kansas City. At sunset, the train stopped at Independence and Lela got off. Her family, she reasoned, would never look for her so close to home. She found the little white cottage at the end of the street-car line and she moved in by making a five dollar deposit.

The next morning she went job-hunting. Before the day was over, she was a general reporter on the town's only newspaper. Just before her baby's birth, she was sent by the paper to report an art exhibition in Kansas City. While waiting for a trolley, she came face-to-face with her father. The meeting was dramatic with Lela frantically pleading for her father to keep her whereabouts a secret. She tried to explain why she'd gone away and he honestly tried to understand. He even promised to do as she wished. But once at home, he worried and finally broke down and told Lela's mother. That was the end. Her mother believed that a wife's place was with her husband and she forthwith sent for Eddins McMath.

However, the baby had already arrived when Lela's husband appeared to take her home, and it was in Kansas City that Virginia Katherine, which was what she was called in those days, began to grow up. She talked before she was ten months old and she was always smiling. Small things never bothered her then and they still don't.

There were no baby schedules when Ginger was an infant. Wherever her mother went, she went. If company came to spend the evening, Ginger stayed up until they left. She was fed whenever she was hungry. Not long after Ginger was born, her father accepted a position in Ennis, Texas, as electrical engineer for Hetty Green's railroad.

During the day, while he worked, Lela and the baby kept house. It was a placid enough existence until Lela suddenly became aware of the fact that they were living on the wrong side of the tracks. Instantly, she declared, something had to be done about it. So she got herself a job playing the piano in a small movie house that her added income might enable them to move to a better part of town.

Twenty months after Ginger's advent another baby was born to Lela McMath. Stillborn. With this tragedy, her disillusionment was complete. She could visualize ahead of her the life she would have to live with Eddins McMath. No bond of tenderness nor understanding existed between them. Their's had been the sort of love that sometimes flares brightly only to die as suddenly. To her husband she was now merely a convenience—a housekeeper. And Lela knew that somewhere in the world there could be a better life for herself and her daughter.

When she moved out of her husband's house and life, she got a job as public stenographer at the local hotel.

On July 16, 1911, amid peals of thunder, Baby Virginia McMath was born in Missouri.

A Charleston contest held in Texas marked Ginger's start on the road to dancing fame.

Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, is her adviser and constant companion. A clever woman.

by suzanne kingman

A GUIDING LIGHT IN GINGER'S CAREER IS HER MOTHER, LELA ROGERS

She put up a little fence beside her desk and inside that fence sat a clothes basket with Ginger in it. There she played, laughed and cooed all day long while her mother worked. But one black day, Lela turned her back for a moment and when she looked toward the basket her baby was gone.

Lela knew who had kidnapped her child. Ginger's father. And she knew, too, that she had a fight on her hands. It might have been a losing battle if the woman whom Mr. McMath had employed to care for the child had not written to Lela, telling her that the baby was being shamefully neglected and that she cried constantly for "My Mackey," which she always called her mother. The letter came from Bessemaye, Texas.

No one cared to aid the frantic mother because they didn't want to be mixed up in anything smacking of kidnapping. Finally, however, Lela succeeded in bribing a man to drive her to Bessemaye. She found her baby sitting alone on the front porch of a shabby, run-down house in a highchair. For the first time in all her short life, Ginger was sticky and unbathed. Her petal-skin was blotched and her poor little cheeks were streaked with desolate baby tears.

Only after Lela had grabbed the baby and started toward the car did she realize she was being followed. Her Mother-in-law reached the waiting car at the same time Lela did, so Lela did the only thing she could think of at the moment. She pushed the older woman into the back seat, climbed in herself and told the driver to get going. There was a bitter argument during that ride but Lela had her daughter back.

Eddins McMath died when Ginger was eleven years old but before that time he made two other spectacular attempts to kidnap her. Had he succeeded, he would have placed her in a convent, thus hoping to bar her forever from her mother, and unknowingly, too, barring her from world-wide acclaim, the thrill of seeing her name in lights, her face on the covers of national magazines, her simplest statements quoted and remembered.

Ginger and her mother went to live with Mrs. McMath's family after the final kidnapping attempt and Ginger attended school in the old six ward of Kansas City, Missouri.

Ginger relaxes in her favorite off-the-set costume consisting of shirt and slacks. Cycling is one of her hobbies.

"And I actually loved lessons," Ginger reminisces today, wrinkling her nose. "But I was no prodigy. I'm afraid I was pretty much of a tomboy in spite of the fact that I used to read poetry and like it."

Which was just the way her mother wanted her to be. Lela never dreamed of a career for her pretty blue-eyed daughter. Instead, *Lela* wanted the career so that Ginger could go to college and then marry some nice boy and settle down. Ginger was a child of hobbies. First, it was dolls. Then making fudge to sell. And then piano lessons.

Today, she hasn't changed. There have been a succession of ever-changing hobbies — badminton, golf, tennis, volley-ball, parchesi. To each new enthusiasm she brings a whole-hearted eagerness that is part and parcel of her character. That is why she can be a dancing angel in one picture, and touch rare dramatic heights in the next.

The beginning of the trail which eventually led to Hollywood was when Lela wrote a motion picture scenario called *Honor System*. She sent the manuscript to prison wardens and governors of adjoining states for criticism. J. J. Saunders, prison censor and multi-millionaire, was so impressed with her ability that he advanced money to send her to Hollywood and a try at writing for pictures.

Ginger was left

(Continued on page 79)

PERSONALITY, POISE, AND A PAIR OF NIMBLE FEET PILOTED GINGER TO POPULARITY

Ginger, Mrs. Rogers, and Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, who recently married Manuela Hudson, enjoying a skating party.

Ginger's dressing room at RKO is just as charming as the star. It is done in a soft blue and has every convenience.

Whoopee! Ginger, decked out in buckskin and boots, scored a hit in *Girl Crazy*, a top Broadway musical comedy.

It was cream lace and lilies for Ginger on her wedding day back in 1934. The lucky groom is handsome Lew Ayres.

car-crazy clark

Calling all cars! Mechanic Clark Gable is at your service! Axle squeaks and knocking motors are right in line for his technique.

A worthless Ford painted a vivid crimson was converted into a fast-going racer through Clark's adept machinations. His next MGM picture is *Too Hot To Handle.*

TWO weeks ago, Sunday drivers swerved to avoid a big roadster parked beside the curb on one of Hollywood's better known boulevards. Stretched from beneath the car, a pair of long legs kept time to a lusty hammering, disturbing the peace of a quiet afternoon.

The drivers, many of the tourists who looked longingly at motion picture studio gates as they drove by, couldn't know, but the rhythmic legs belonged to Clark Gable, hard at his hobby of fooling with automobiles.

It is an obsession with Gable, his only extravagance. He doesn't go in for lavish wardrobes, houses or entertainment, but he loves cars and machinery.

There is an adage in the cinema city that whenever the star can't be found, he is chewing the fat with mechanics in a tiny little garage on a secluded street. He owns a big convertible coupe, a station wagon and a Ford. It's not his first Ford. He has had a succession of them, all different, all purchased for a distinct purpose.

Gable is a sucker for automobile salesmen. They know it. During production of *Test Pilot* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Director Victor Fleming stationed a policeman at the door of the sound stage whose only duty was to keep automobile salesmen off the set. Even then they sneaked in, disguised as visiting firemen, extras or studio workers. They knew that once inside Gable would protect them. All cars interest Clark Gable.

(Continued on page 67)

Maureen was educated in the finest French, English and Irish schools, but her lovely blue eyes have witnessed Irish Rebellion uprisings.

Now for some deep strategical manipulation! Maureen and Bob Taylor do some chessing between shots on "The Crowd Roars," their second MGM film.

THIS marriage business can do, and does, a lot of things *to* and *for* people. Even in Hollywood, where marriages are like railroad trains: the ones that get the most publicity are the ones that run off the tracks.

But for another side of the picture, take Maureen O'Sullivan. Marriage literally lifted this luscious lady out of the jungle and planted her comfortably in the arms of Robert Taylor. Only cinematically, of course, for romantically and matrimonially she is Mrs. John Farrow, and Robert still reserves his leisure hour adoration for Barbara Stanwyck.

But—to get back into his arms where we were a minute age—the leap from the Tarzanish embraces of Johnny Weissmuller to the more polished clutches of the Taylor lad is no small task in Hollywood. Mr. Taylor's popularity being what it is, the M-G-Moguls give the matter a lot of thought before they let him go into a fadeout clinch with a new gal. As a result he has had the best of them, including Garbo.

Maureen has been around Hollywood ever since Frank Borzage brought her over from Ireland and put her in *Song O' My Heart*, with John McCormack. She has been in such splendid pictures as Garbo's *Anna Karenina*, *The Thin Man*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, but always in subordinate roles.

Charming, intelligent and lovely to look at, she still didn't seem to have what it takes to play opposite the top flight lovemakers of filmdom.

The most glamorous parts she was able to get were those in which she protected the agile, but mentally muscle bound, Tarzan from the wiles of the wicked white man.

Then, in September, 1936, she was married to John Villiers Farrow, a Hollywood writer to whom she had been engaged for several years. Naturally the situation didn't change over night, for marriage is no Aladdin's Lamp, but from that time on a steady improvement in her work was noticeable in each new picture.

FINALLY she reached a point where she gave *oomph* to her role in the Marx Brothers farrago, *A Day at the Races*. And that, my friends, is quite a point to reach. Even little Filbert, who gets F grades at the Backward Children's School, knows that women are put in Marx Brothers pictures only to fill up the scenes and to give Harpo something to chase.

After all these years Maureen definitely acquired something she never had had before. The paying customers saw it, and the Boys Who Count at M-G-M began to talk about it. Her days as Tarzan's mate were over, and she was cast in the role of Maria, opposite Robert Young, in *The Emperor's Candlesticks*. It's true that William Powell and Luise Rainer were the stars of the picture, but Maureen's role was a good one.

From there she went into the romantic lead, opposite Franchot Tone, in *Between Two Women*, and was permitted to win Franchot away from the alluring Virginia Bruce. Since then Maureen has had clear sailing in top flight roles. After making *My Dear Miss Aldrich*, with Walter Pidgeon, M-G-M picked her to be Robert Taylor's heart interest in *A Yank at Oxford*. Proving that she's made the grade, she is working with Taylor again, in *The Crowd Roars*, now in production.

Attribute the improvement in her acting to anything you wish, but I say her marriage is responsible. And evidently Maureen thinks the same thing, for even now she talks about the loneliness she felt before she became Mrs. Farrow.

Her work in the two years since her marriage, has consistently shown a finer understanding and a deeper maturity, the absence of which was noticeable in her earlier pictures. Where once her gaiety seemed only the full-bodied spirit of a girl who loved life and wanted to play hard at it, she now reflects an added aura of serenity; a contentment that comes from a full life.

Ever since her childhood days in Ireland, she has lived a quiet life surrounded by intelli-

(Continued on page 58)

It's rare to get a photo of the *real* Claude Rains.

Claude contends that character portrayals are a subject for intense concentration and thorough research.

HE'S NEVER HIMSELF

by mary chadbourne

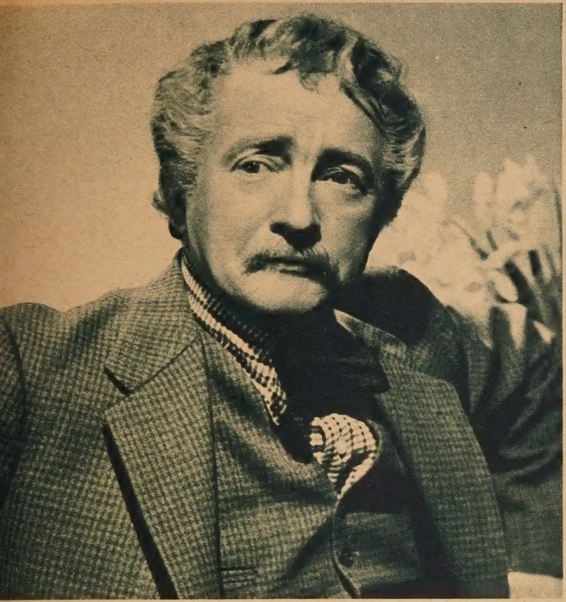
ONCE upon a time, but not so long ago that you and I can't remember him, there was a Prince. Not a romantic one at all. A precious, pedantic sort of royalty who gave what there was of his chilly heart to jewels, soft, rich fabrics and the taste of delicate fruits. A man who was mean, small, and cruel.

He was a very real person, this red-haired Prince John of *Robin Hood,* and we hated him when we saw him. We despised his mannerisms, his walk, his black, green and gold-emblazoned doublets.

There was a blustering pioneer, in *Gold is Where You Find It,* who was as unlike Prince John as was the self-important Southern lawyer of *They Won't Forget.* And there's a lovable old musician in *Sister Act,* the father of four girls, the kindliest, warmest-hearted person on earth.

They are all real to those of us who have seen them. Just as real as the man next door, and a lot more memorable. As different from each other as a trained seal is from Einstein. As diverse, in walk, tone of voice, and point of view, as the first dozen people you'll meet on the street tomorrow. Diverse in ways that go below the surface, differences of make-up and costume.

They have only one thing in common. They are all Claude Rains. And that, boys and girls, is what is known



From the selfish, pompous King John to the kindly, lovable musician in *Sister Act* is a radical departure for Claude.

Make-up and facial expression are naturally necessary. But an inner understanding is one of the primary factors.

CLAUDE RAINS AND REALISM ARE SYNONYMOUS. HIS INDIVIDUALITY AND SINCERITY SET HIS CHARACTERIZATIONS APART

as acting, of the old-fashioned, Grade A, first-class variety.

Claude Rains himself neither minces nor swaggers. He's a cordial and kindly person, with an unruly lock of dark hair that falls over his right eye and an exclamatory trick with his eyebrows that makes any story he tells sound twenty times funnier.

"It has always been my contention about character-acting," he said, "that each part is based on one single idea. If you can discover that idea for yourself, or if the director finds it for you, the person you are playing comes alive. It's as simple as that.

"Take Prince John, for instance.

"When first I read the script of *Robin Hood,* I shook my head over it. Here were all these people, lovable, picturesque, romantic, except for a couple of heavies. Me, and another. The other villain was to be that brilliant actor, Basil Rathbone, handsome and swashbuckling, a logical part of the picture. Where, I thought to myself, does Rains fit in?

"I was unhappy about it. I couldn't feel Prince John; couldn't seem to make anything of him. I was so unhappy that the office said I needn't do the part. So I gave a long sigh of relief, and forgot about it.

"A week later they came back to me with a revised script. Wouldn't I reconsider? they asked me. Prince John was changed, now; maybe I'd like him better.

"He was changed, a little. But I still couldn't see him as a person. He was just another heavy. I couldn't see what I could make of him.

"But I'd begun to be interested. I did some research; I read all the books I could find about the period, I studied its costumes.

"All of a sudden I saw light. I found a book which told about John; which said that, in that robust, hard-drinking, heavy-eating period of English history, he never ate meat nor drank wine; that he loved clothes and had thousands of costumes; and that, when they were married, he gave his wife three dresses. Just three.

"He became real to me, then. There was the one idea that made him. He loved things, and he was mean. He was precious, selfish, small. The sort of precise, fussy man who would nibble at a grape, and plot unkindness. A vicious sort of person, in a cold, pedantic way.

"Then I found out that he had red hair. That, in a Technicolor picture, was another important thing about him; that, too, gave him his place. For there were blonde heads and dark heads in the picture, and white heads, but not another red one. A red-haired, fussy sort of man, who loved clothes! I saw him, now. The costume department saw him, too, and designed a whole magnificent wardrobe for him, built with the color of his hair in mind. Greens, golds and blacks.

"Most often, of course, especially in a picture that isn't historical, it's the author who gives you the key idea."

Character acting is one of the finest arts. Your character actor never has a part tailored to fit him, to play up his ingenuous good lucks or his melting brown eyes. You can never say of him, as you can of some heart-fluttering heroes, that he was cast as himself and played it perfectly. He must put himself inside the mind of someone quite unlike himself, someone, perhaps, whom he dislikes and finds unsympathetic, and he must still *(Continued on page 68)*

■**MGM's Freddie Bartholomew is a jack straws fan. His Aunt Cissie lends a practiced hand.**

■**Judy Garland's recent automobile accident will curtail her participating as Southpaw pitcher in her favorite game of softball. Cheerio, Judy!**

■**Between scenes on the *Love Finds Andy Hardy* set, Lewis Stone methodically explains the intricacies of cribbage to pretty Cecilia Parker. Nice going!**

BETWEEN SCENES

■ "Your move!" says Clark Gable to Myrna Loy. It's always checkers between takes on *Too Hot to Handle.*

■ Frank Morgan is up to his old tricks. Resting between scenes of *The Crowd Roars,* he waxes eloquent on the fine points of a session with backgammon.

■ Mickey Rooney takes time out from the filming of *Love Finds Andy Hardy* for concentrating on a puzzle cutout. Gee! There's something wrong with this pic!

1

2

1 20th Century Fox's Ethel Merman, when only eight, captured her first audience at a monster benefit performance.

2 Ethel joins in a romantic duet with irresistible Cesar Romero. And talking about romance, she remains non-committal.

3 Emerging as night club queen in her early teens, she still retained her daytime office job, just in case of a hitch.

4 Streamlined Ethel warbles some sentimental Berlin ditties in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, her next film starring Tyrone Power.

FROM RHYTHM TO RICHES

ETHEL MERMAN'S EFFERVESCENCE PAVED THE WAY TO SWING-SONG SUCCESS!

by ruth arell

TO MOST stagestruck girls the merest little rap of opportunity is enough to send them scuttling off to a career with a capital C, rashly leaving the security of a humdrum job for the glamour and uncertainty of the footlights.

But it wasn't so with Miss Ethel Agnes Zimmerman, erstwhile stenographer. Opportunity not only had to knock, it had to walk in and let the little lady look it over from all angles. Very practical, was Miss (take a letter, please) Zimmerman. Sure, she liked the idea of singing before a paying audience. But she didn't give a hoot for the idea of grasping a second-rate vaudeville tour which would mean a few weeks on the road and then months of hanging around booking offices for another wild goose chase after fame and elusive fortune. Not for her, thank you.

And that's why the story of her career is a sound sermon for any other girl who thinks she can sing and asks only the chance to prove it. Her story has a rags-to-riches flavor, if you count an obscure childhood home on Long Island as rags and a movie-starring contract with a high salary, as riches. In the transition, Ethel Agnes Zimmerman, business man's secretary, dropped her middle name and zipped the "Zim" out of her last name, zooming to success as Ethel Merman, rhythm singer. Yes, when Ethel sings, you understand fully why they named that high-speed gasoline "ethyl." She's got the same high-grade, anti-knock, long-wearing quality.

Although Ethel has never taken a singing lesson in her life, there has always been a song in her heart and on her lips since she was a little girl living with her family on Long Island. Evenings at home then would be filled with sweet music as her father, seeking release from the business worries of the day, played the piano. As he played, Ethel studied the songs until she could sing along. Even then she had two things which have contributed more than anything else to her success—a lusty voice that can hold and play around with a note as long as a hard-hearted banker, and a certain something she was later to publicize as rhythm. Years later when she was to sing *I Got Rhythm* there was no one to disagree with her.

The late George Gershwin, many of whose songs she introduced, told her never to take a voice lesson as it might destroy her robust naturalness which was the thing that put over her singing. But at the time she sang to her father's piano accompaniment, *this* was all very much in the future. Then she was content to sing at neighborhood block

(Continued on page 60)

HORSE TRADER FROM WAY BACK

by whitney williams

"DEPUTY" Andy Devine eased his awkwardly-oversized two hundred and forty-five pound frame into the cozy depths of a richly upholstered divan, crossed feet encased in old-fashioned pull-on shoes such as grandfather used to wear . . . and beamed.

"Mister," he proclaimed, in that cracked voice known the world over. "I almost didn't get here for this interview. Got so snarled up at a horse auction I nearly forgot all about I was meeting you."

With this utterly frank and naive, but typical, remark—what movie star ever admitted such a near faux pas to an interviewer before?—he shied the broad-brimmed black Stetson he always wears over onto a desk, grinned broadly—just try to resist that open smile—and said:

"When I go to one of those horse auctions I end up by never thinking of anything else. They get me. I just stay on and on. I got the daylights bawled out of me the other night when I arrived home late, and discovered I had forgotten we had guests for dinner."

Andy, as he sat tugging on one of the leather straps of his shoe, might still have been in character. He might have been exchanging quips with Jack Benny, on the latter's weekly show, for his conversation was studded with rich humor, the kind most folks think so uproariously funny on the Benny hour.

The Andy Devine in person is distinctly reminiscent of the hoarse-voiced comedian whose screen and radio presence is the delight of millions. His tones may be less raucous than in a screen portrayal, or in his characterization of Sheriff Jack Benny's "deputy," but his speech holds the same homely quality.

That's the secret of Andy's success. He's always himself. He makes no attempt to be otherwise. Consequently, he unconsciously invests his characterizations with a sincerity altogether honest and convincing. More nearly than anybody else on the radio and screen, he plays himself.

Take his passion for horse auctions. The "Deputy Andy"

Andy Devine has a yen for horses and horse auctions. He buys 'em, sleeks 'em up and then sells 'em at a profit.

Andy gained wide recognition as a deputy on the Benny radio program.

BY JUDITH DAVIDSON

THERE'S ALWAYS BIG BUSINESS!

request, the money she receives from endorsements on various products is set aside to accumulate toward making a reality of her dream to build a children's charity hospital. She already owns a building lot in Cheviot Hills which may be used eventually for this purpose.

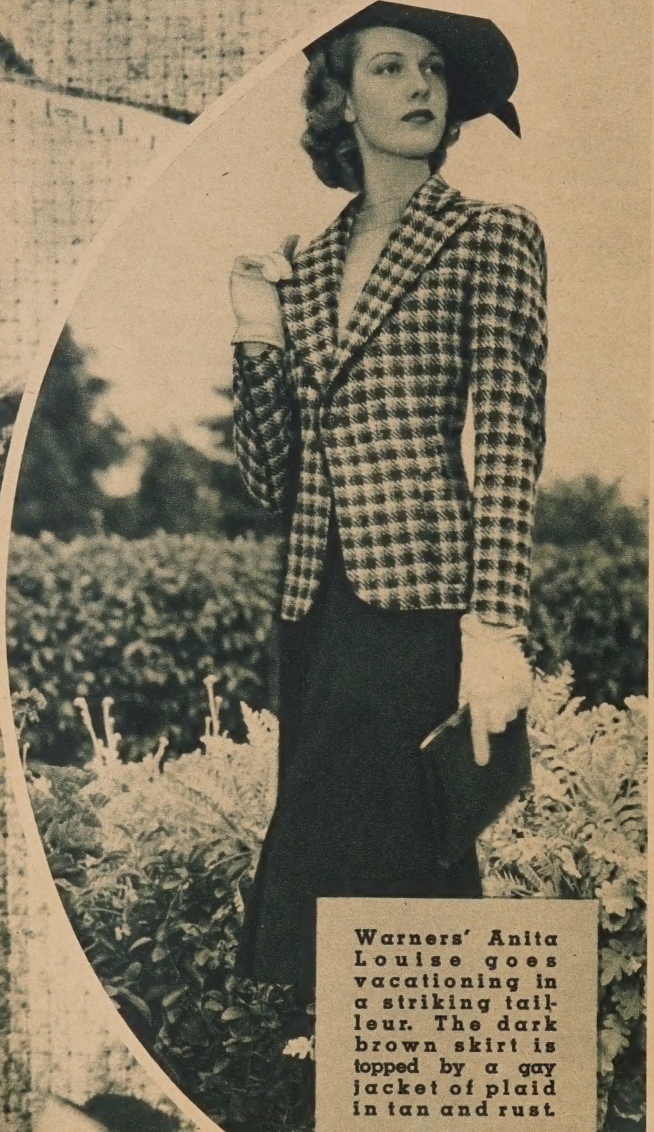
Freckled Mickey Rooney has the studio pay his bills, turn over a reasonable allowance to his mother, and forward the residue to a trust company which holds a trust fund jointly for the boy and his mother. It is estimated that the fund will yield $40,000 to $50,000 for Mickey. Besides this he has two $13,000 endowment policies which will yield him $10,000 at the age of 21, the same amount at 25, with smaller payments scheduled every few years thereafter.

Yes, you can see that the kids will be amply provided for when they become adults. But what about the grownups? Are they doing anything in the present to *(Continued on page 71)*

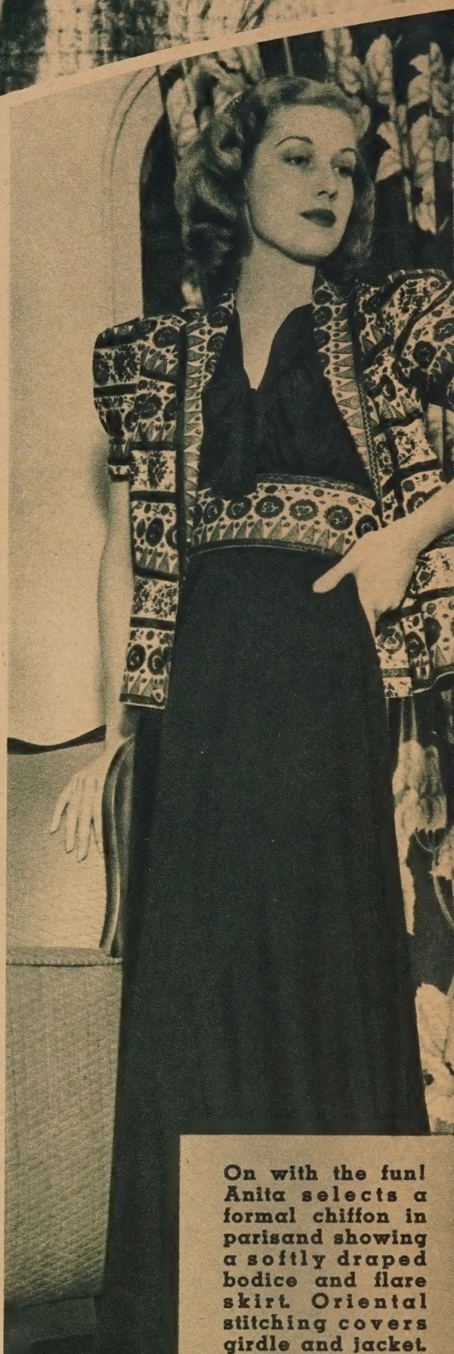
Carole Lombard's bumper crops of alfalfa are doing a thriving business.

Columbia's Ralph Bellamy is part owner of the Racquet Club at Palm Springs.

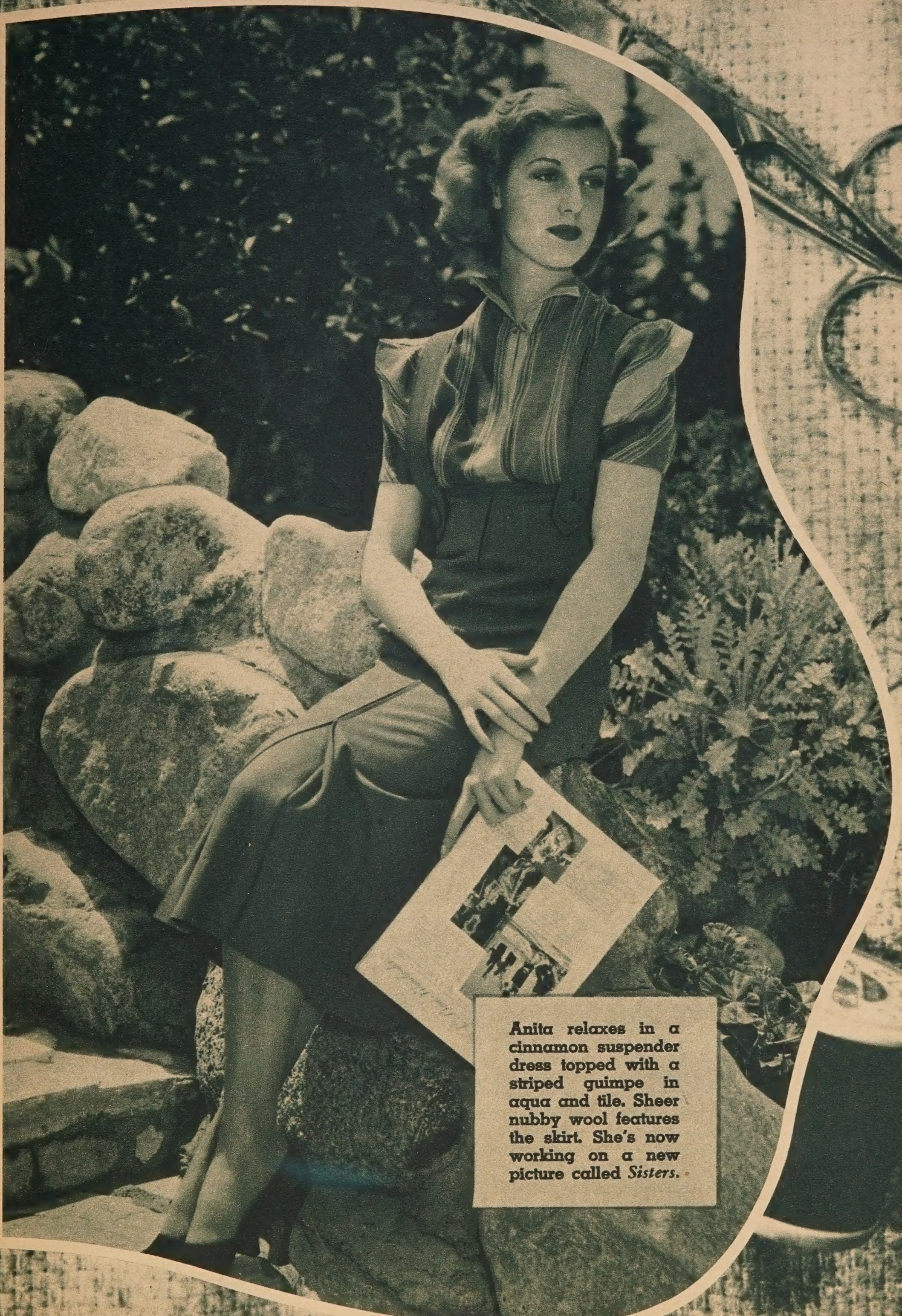
trimly tailored



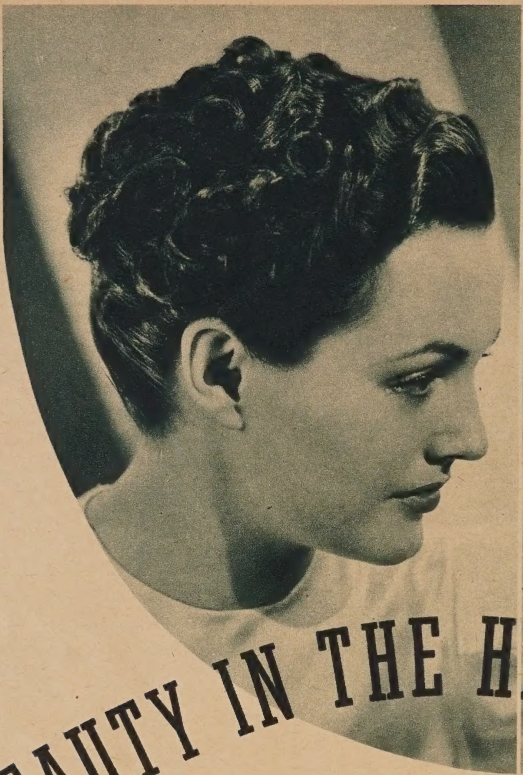
Warners' Anita Louise goes vacationing in a striking tailleur. The dark brown skirt is topped by a gay jacket of plaid in tan and rust.

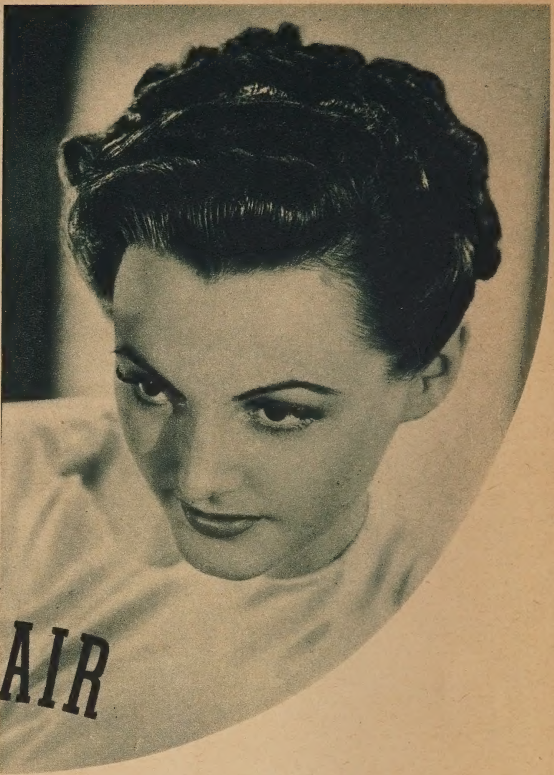


On with the fun! Anita selects a formal chiffon in parisand showing a softly draped bodice and flare skirt. Oriental stitching covers girdle and jacket.



Anita relaxes in a cinnamon suspender dress topped with a striped guimpe in aqua and tile. Sheer nubby wool features the skirt. She's now working on a new picture called *Sisters*.





BEAUTY IN THE HAIR

by helen stewart

1 Smart formality, expresses this coiffure worn by Kay Sutton, striking brunette featured in *Carefree* with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers!

2 Pompadour style, Kay's hair is brushed straight back from forehead and temples, up from the nape of her neck and laid in a band of curls on top!

Vacationing at a gay resort isn't all primroses and prisms! For how can a girl manage to look all blowsy and athletic on the beach by day and devastatingly well set-up in the dining room by evening!

Cheer up! The latest coiffure from Hollywood is a semi-shingle in back, tapering off to a V-neckline from shallow swirled waves. The front view shows a center part with the sides cut short and brushed away from the face in soft curls. Most of the ears are revealed, too, which should give impetus to the earring vogue.

A short bob, finished with a good permanent wave can be snug under a bathing cap, captivating under a riding hat, and comfortable on the tennis courts. And then, a few minutes later a few quick gestures of the comb and the same coiffure can be perfect for afternoon dancing and evening wear.

Women, generally, are getting away from the standardized coiffures and will be seen, this summer, wearing the styles most becoming, not the most modish, although the general trend is definitely toward the shorter bob. And the short bob will certainly be a heavenly convenience for the summer!

If you are a practical soul with little money for frivolity you have probably looked longingly at those pictures of elaborate coiffures which your hairdresser posts enticingly around her booth. But, if you're anything like the rest of us practical souls, you know what elaborate coiffures look like the morning after. And you wearily tell your operator to do you up in the *same old way!* Very discouraging!

There comes a time in the life of every girl, however, when she can enjoy one completely extravagant coiffure, if it's only for a single day. It may be that very special "coming-out" party, it may be her graduation exercises, it may be her wedding day, and then again it may be just a whim on any day. Whatever the occasion, when you choose this extra special coiffure, consider two things: your own personal type and the type of the occasion!

If you are young and fresh, capitalize on it and choose something charmingly ingenue. If you are tall, dark and striking, given to extreme clothes, choose something completely sophisticated, something like the one we see Kay Sutton wearing.

Miss Sutton, tall, sleek, dark-haired girl, currently appearing in a leading role of the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical, *Carefree*, an RKO production, is the epitome of sophistication. To accentuate her type she wears her hair dressed high, brushed straight up from the nape of her neck and the ends in trim rows of curls on the top of her head. The front of her hair is rolled high, almost pompadour style, without a part.

(Continued on page 73)

1

Paramount's Olympe Bradna chooses a steeple-crowned white pique off-the-face.

2

Olympe wears this all-purpose draped turban in pleated white crepe. Very chic!

3

Olympe goes to town with this leghorn brimster banded in black.

WIN A SCREEN VOGUE HAT!

WARM summer days and nights call for sheer frocks of every type. Is your bonnet a worthy addition to your outfit? Yes, hats are an eminently important feature of your warm weather wardrobe.

Paramount's Olympe Bradna very kindly consented to pose for the three stunning Screen Vogue Hats pictured on this page. You too may look charming in one of these models! Here's your chance to be thrifty as well as glamorous by winning a Screen Vogue Hat free! Twelve nifty toppers to twelve winners!

Merely write a winning reply to the question: "Which hat do you like best and why?" Giving your reason in not more than ten words . . . Then paste the coupon at the right on a penny postcard and mail to Screen Vogue Hats, *Modern Movies*, 18 East 48th St., New York, N.Y. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be the Editor and Staff of *Modern Movies*, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes August 5th, 1938. Mail your entry today!

Screen Vogue Hats,
MODERN MOVIES,
Dept. B, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.

I like Hat Number........................

because ....

....

name ....

address ....

hat size ....

After working for six months at Warners' film lab, Jimmy enrolled in stock to learn the ropes about acting. Above in Jim's party are Mrs. Ellison, Anita Louise, Glenda Farrell and Jim's pal, Bill Henry.

Jimmy and Anne Shirley in a scene from RKO's *Mother Carey's Chickens,* based on Kate Wiggin's famous novel.

Sunny Jim Is Riding for Raves

"DON'T be a fool! There are just four jobs that pay real money in the picture business—producer, director, writer, and actor. So make up your mind!"

Those words, spoken harshly across the dinner table by a big brother to his "bud," are responsible for the screen's newest heart throb, James Ellison. The big brother was Howard Ellis Smith, then, and now, a successful scenario writer at Twentieth Century-Fox. But the broad-shouldered, cocky young devil-may-care fellow who reeled his way into your heart as the playboy cousin in *Vivacious Lady* is a far cry from young Jimmy Smith, who sat at the table that night four years ago and slowly digested the words which were to determine his future.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy, more than anyone else, *knew* he needed a "talking to" at that moment—and big Howard, whom he respected above everyone else, was the one to give it to him. Today, there is someone else who sees to it that Jimmy makes up his mind, but we'll tell you about her later. First, let's go back to young Jim Smith who became James Ellison, one of the real screen finds of 1938.

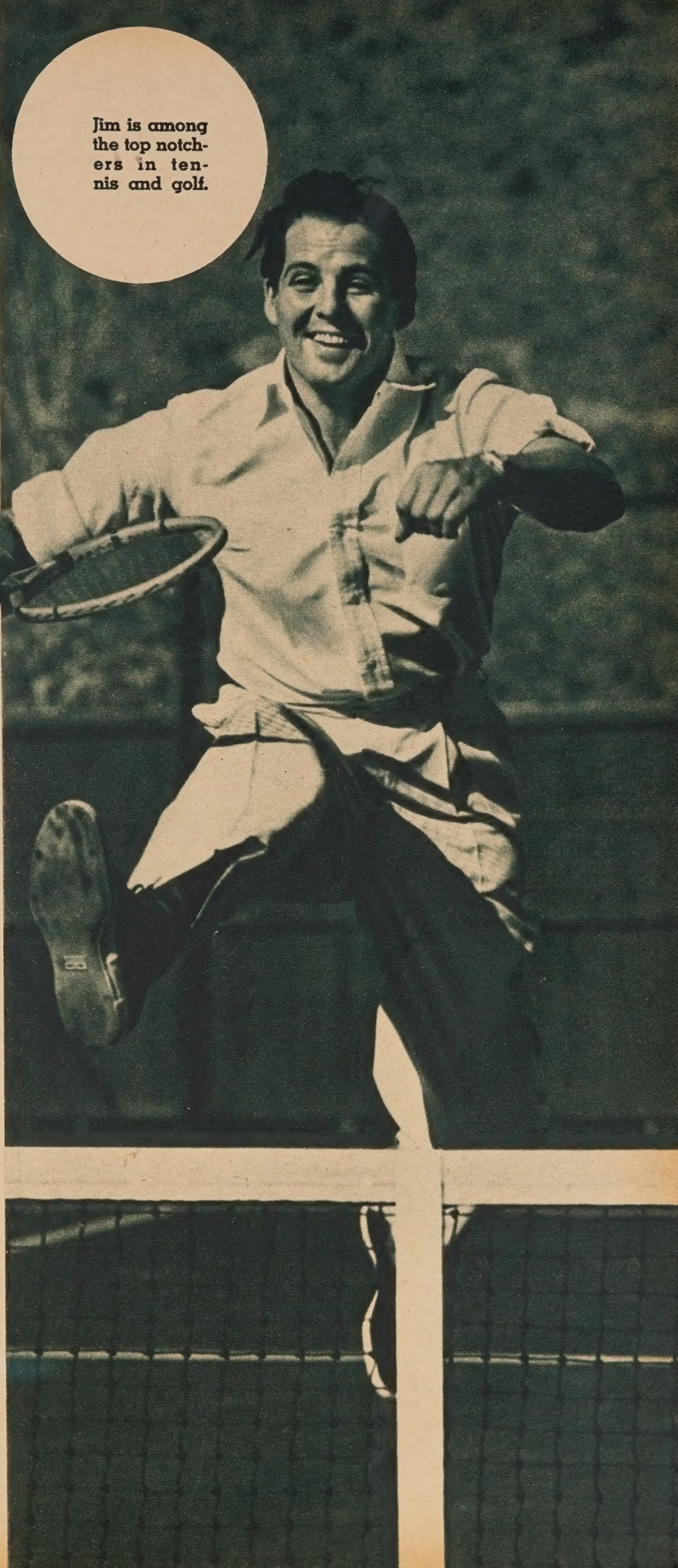
Jimmy at that time was just a tall, lanky school boy with blue eyes, blond hair, a friendly grin, and a shyness that defeated him in every direction. It wasn't that he didn't have "guts"—and a back-bone that heckled him constantly—it was just that he was such a nice fellow and always kept his mouth shut. He wanted everyone to like him, all the time. He spent so darned much time being nice to people and helping the other fellow along, that he never got around much to thinking about helping Jimmy Smith.

This is where we came in! His big brother thought it was "darn foolery," and told him so. Jimmy Smith took stock that evening and knew his brother was right. He'd been working six months in the film laboratory of Warner Brothers studio, and as far as making more than thirty bucks a week for the next five years was concerned, the possibilities were very slim. But Jimmy decided that the money, if saved carefully, was going to accomplish one thing—finance his career as an actor. Four weeks later he was the owner of his first tuxedo and enrolled in the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Unfortunately, our favorite new screen hero will have to go through life and many an interview without using the familiar expression "to make a long story short." For James Ellison's success story is an all-American record for quick-time accomplishment. Approximately one year after he entered the Pasadena Playhouse he was playing his first important screen part in M-G-M's *The*

FROM SADDLEER TO ROBUST ROMANTIC RUNS THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF JIMMY

Jimmy's happily married to Gertrude Durkin. Their first purchase was a house because they love to entertain.



Jim is among the top notchers in tennis and golf.

BY JULE BUTLER

Play Girl with Loretta Young. But into that one year he had crammed all the experience of five, plus an interest and determination that was, for the first time in his life, concentrated upon himself. Laura Hope Crews signed him to appear with her in *As Husbands Go*. He went on the road in the same play with Pauline Frederick. Billie Burke's *The Vinegar Tree* brought him further recognition in the theatre, and then he decided to take a turn at vaudeville. It was three months later that he returned to Hollywood to make a successful test for the M-G-M picture.

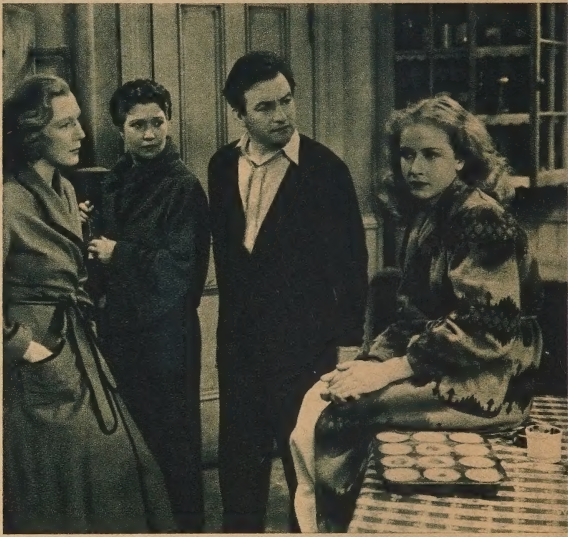
All this time, Jimmy wasn't quite comfortable in a tuxedo, even though he admitted it an excellent investment. So when Harry Sherman, producer of outdoor pictures, sought him for a series of Westerns with William Boyd, Jimmy shelved the "tux" and donned the white sombrero, chaps, and spurs which he wore in *Hopalong Cassidy*. Jimmy was in his

(Continued on page 78)

ELLISON'S SCREEN SUCCESS

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

AS REVIEWED BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK



HOLIDAY

Hepburn gives a sweeping answer to her critics in this remake of Philip Barry's play about modern problems of caste and money. Even with a fine production, excellent cast, and beautiful writing, it is nevertheless the force and tenderness of her playing that make *Holiday* the treat of the month. You may remember the story of the two daughters of the rich, one smug and selfish, the other a human being rebelling against the domination of her class-conscious family. Doris Nolan, effective as the sister, is engaged to Cary Grant, Hepburn is in love with him. The story has sentiment and solemnity, but it's gay and high-spirited too. Snobbery hasn't a leg left to stand on when Katie, Cary, Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon get through with it. Cary is appealing in a straight role, and Lew Ayres makes a promising comeback as the tight but tolerant brother. But Hepburn is superb.

Columbia.

WHITE BANNERS

Reluctant as we are to encourage the too-sweet philosophies of author Lloyd C. Douglas, we must report that a rousingly entertaining and touching picture has been made of his book, *White Banners.* Fay Bainter's restraint in avoiding sentimentality, the tonic presence of Bonita Granville, and above all the exhilerating performance of Claude Rains, make it a healthy and lively tear-jerker. Rains plays a small-town school teacher who invents things after hours, hoping one will succeed and lift his family out of their painful poverty. Out of the snowstorm comes Fay Bainter, a strange and saintly woman who begs to remain as their unsalaried house-keeper. Her secret purpose is to watch over her son, Jackie Cooper, adopted at birth by the town's richest man. The effect of her philosophy on the boy's character, on Claude when his invention is stolen, on her dealings with the boy's real father, make an absorbing, amusing story.

Warner Brothers.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Katharine Hepburn in *Holiday*
Cary Grant in *Holiday*
Margaret Sullavan in *Three Comrades*
Franchot Tone in *Three Comrades*
Danielle Darrieux in *The Rage Of Paris*
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in *The Rage of Paris*
Claude Rains in *White Banners*
Fay Bainter in *White Banners*
Terry Kilburn in *Lord Jeff*

THE RAGE OF PARIS

Danielle Darrieux, tragic heroine of *Mayerling*, makes her American debut in a completely frivolous but brilliantly finished comedy about a little French girl stranded in New York who takes up fortune-hunting on the advice of friends, though her heart isn't in her work. With an enchanting accent, a divine figure, and a combination of youthful innocence and sophistication that's irresistible, Danielle is definitely a success. For one awful moment it seemed she was in danger of being too cute, but the crisis passed and she turned out to have a grand sense of comedy. Doug Fairbanks Jr. surprises by being unaffected and charming. Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer are delightful. Situations, dialogue and acting sparkle consistently.

Universal.

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN

If you get in late enough to avoid some of the dull stretches, and aren't over-critical anyway, you ought to find this satire on cowboy crooners a mighty funny picture. It takes a long time warming up, but once started the hilarity never wanes until everyone in the cast has ridden a bucking bronco into Madison Square Garden. The plot deals with a young crooner from Brooklyn who gets stranded on a ranch out West, and is picked up by a New York impresario as a genuine hill-billy singer. Once established as a radio sensation in New York, the deception catches up with him, and it takes the combined hysterics of his manager, press agent, girl-friend, two sets of parents and a hypnotist to save him from exposure. Pat O'Brien is unexpectedly funny. Priscilla Lane as a cowgal does her usual bright work, and Dick Powell is a good choice for the cowboy who faints at the sight of a horse. It's rough and ready comedy—but funny.

Warner Brothers.

MOVIES OF MERIT

THREE COMRADES
ROBIN HOOD
TEST PILOT
STOLEN HEAVEN
BLOCKADE
VIVACIOUS LADY
DR RHYTHM
YELLOW JACK
COCOANUT GROVE
CRIME SCHOOL
THE BELOVED BRAT
LORD JEFF

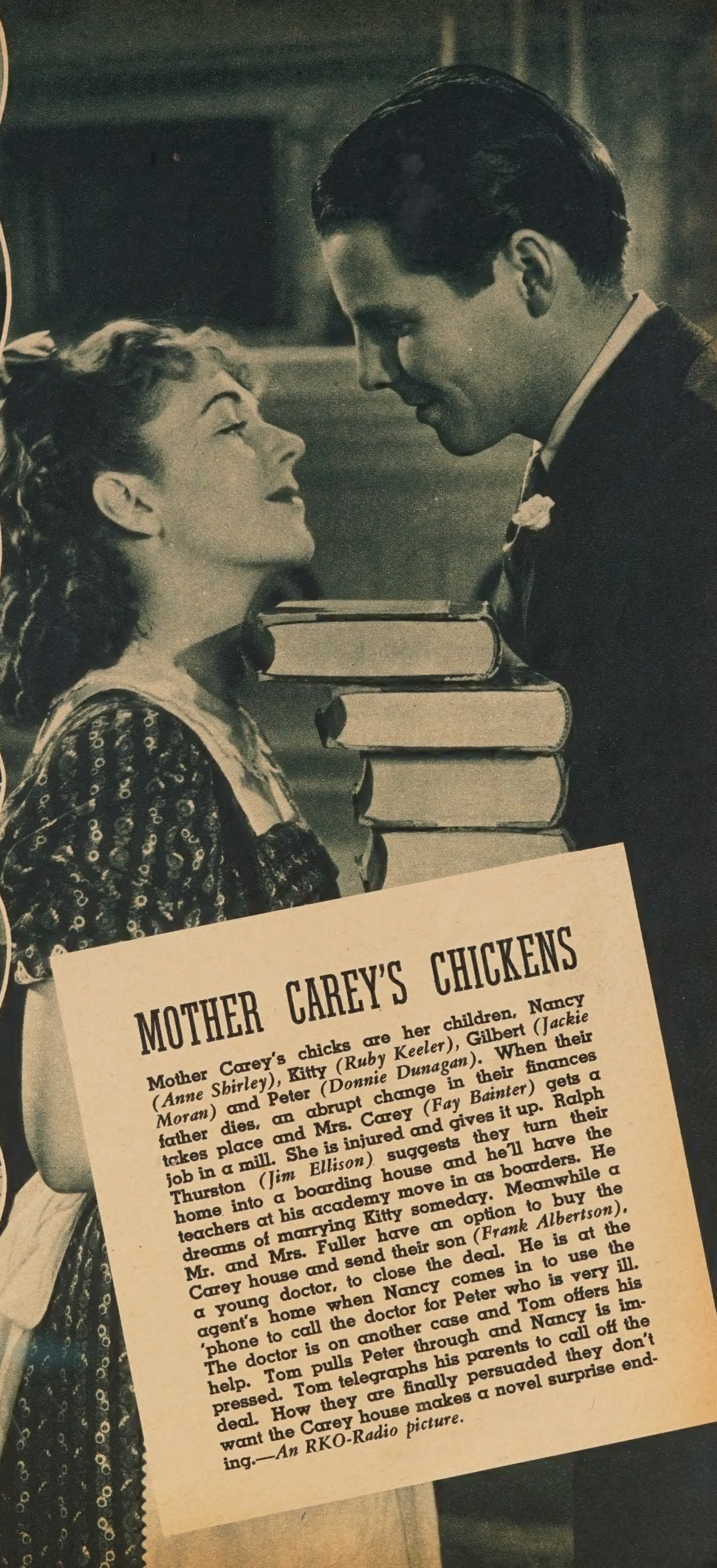
WE PRESENT FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE A LIST OF THE BEST PICTURES NOW PLAYING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. CLIP THIS FOR YOUR REFERENCE AND DON'T MISS THEM AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE.

the crowd roars

Tommy McCoy *(Robert Taylor)* is just a palooka coming up from the preliminaries when he accidentally kills a man in the ring. The press nicknames him "Killer" McCoy and his father *(Frank Morgan)*, a hard drinker and gambler, sells his contract to Cain, a powerful bookie. Tommy refuses to fight for Cain, deserts his father and vanishes. He seeks work hopelessly and, defeated, returns to Cain to make a pile of money and then get out of the fight game. He meets Cain's daughter *(Maureen O'Sullivan)* who doesn't know about Cain's racket. Tom falls in love with her but Cain warns him to stay away. Old man McCoy seeing that his son is in the chips again returns to the fold. When Tommy refuses to throw a fight, his girl and his father are kidnapped. They elude their tormentors in time to rush to the ringside and urge Tommy to fight fair. Tommy wins the fight and the girl and decides he has had enough of the ring. Here's a story that doesn't pull its punches in a sensational expose of the boxing game. In the ring sequences, Bob acquits himself well for he knows how to handle his dukes and his slugging, although not fancy is adequate.—*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production.*

ALWAYS GOODBYE

Margot Weston *(Barbara Stanwyck)* is about to commit suicide when Jim Howard *(Herbert Marshall)*, a surgeon down on his luck, stops her. When she reveals she is an expectant mother he arranges for her admission to a hospital where he is known and her child, a boy, is born there. Since she is unable to give the baby a home or provide for him, Jim suggests that she permit two of his college friends, Phil Marshall *(Ian Hunter)* and his wife, Jane, to adopt her baby. Heartbroken, but helpless, Margot agrees. The Marshalls do not meet the grief-stricken mother and she and Jim keep the secret between them. Margot never loses track of her child and how she regains him makes this picture one of intense interest.—*An RKO-Radio Picture.*

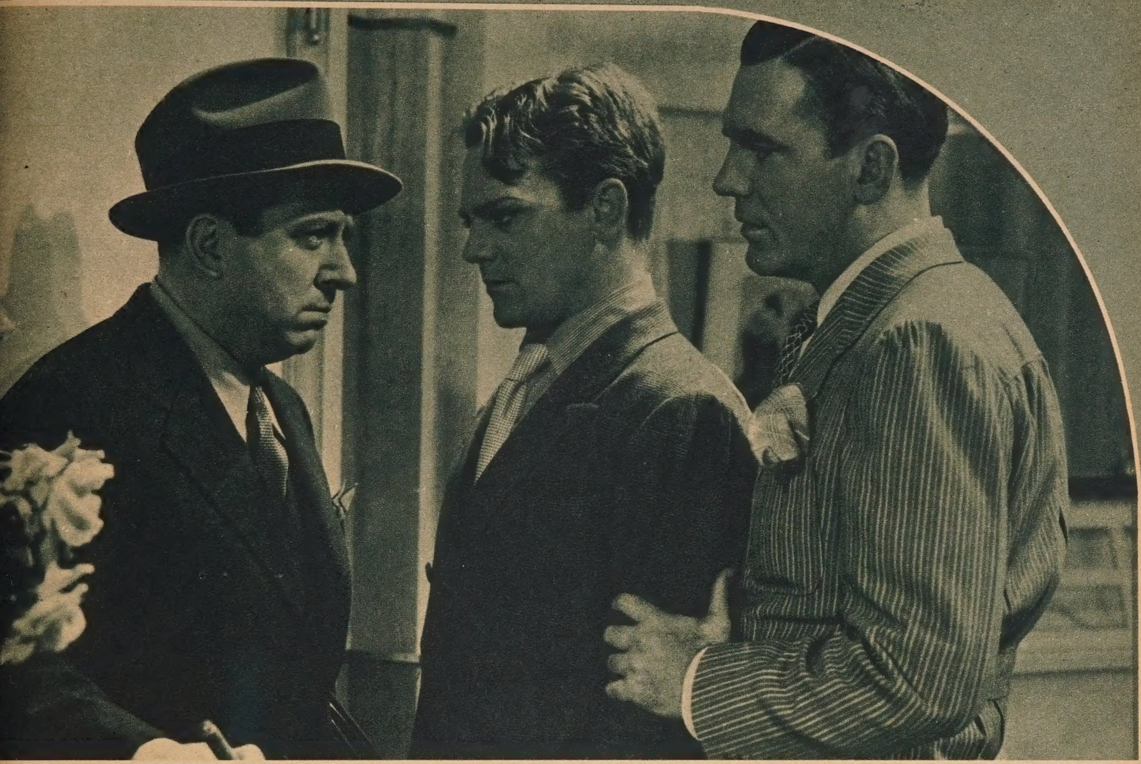


MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

Mother Carey's chicks are her children, Nancy (*Anne Shirley*), Kitty (*Ruby Keeler*), Gilbert (*Jackie Moran*) and Peter (*Donnie Dunagan*). When their father dies, an abrupt change in their finances takes place and Mrs. Carey (*Fay Bainter*) gets a job in a mill. She is injured and gives it up. Ralph Thurston (*Jim Ellison*) suggests they turn their home into a boarding house and he'll have the teachers at his academy move in as boarders. He dreams of marrying Kitty someday. Meanwhile a Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have an option to buy the Carey house and send their son (*Frank Albertson*), a young doctor, to close the deal. He is at the agent's home when Nancy comes in to use the 'phone to call the doctor for Peter who is very ill. The doctor is on another case and Tom offers his help. Tom pulls Peter through and Nancy is impressed. Tom telegraphs his parents to call off the deal. How they are finally persuaded they don't want the Carey house makes a novel surprise ending.—*An RKO-Radio picture.*

BOY MEETS GIRL

WELL, if you've ever entertained any doubt that Hollywood was the nuttiest place in the world, this picture will convince you it is. Two daffy scenarists played by James Cagney and Pat O'Brien are in conference with their producer, Ralph Bellamy, when their lunch is served by a waitress, Susie *(Marie Wilson)*. While serving, Susie faints. Recovered, she announces nothing's wrong except she's going to have a baby and her husband was a bigamist who died in the Morro Castle disaster! The two daffies have a brainstorm and decide what their next scenario needs is a baby and place Susie's unborn child under contract. The baby is born and is named Happy. He's a tremendous success in pictures. Then it's decided that Happy needs a father. How Happy gets his father and Susie acquires a husband makes this tale a merry one. It's crazy but you'll love it!—*Warner Brothers.*



1 Lovely Margaret Sullavan, starring in MGM's *Shopworn Angel*, with James Stewart and Walter Pidgeon, *stands-in* while an assistant cameraman measures for camera range distance.

2 Fernand Gravet and Miliza Korjus, continental beauty and opera star, share honors in the ballroom sequence of MGM's operetta *The Great Waltz*. Luise Rainer plays the heroine.

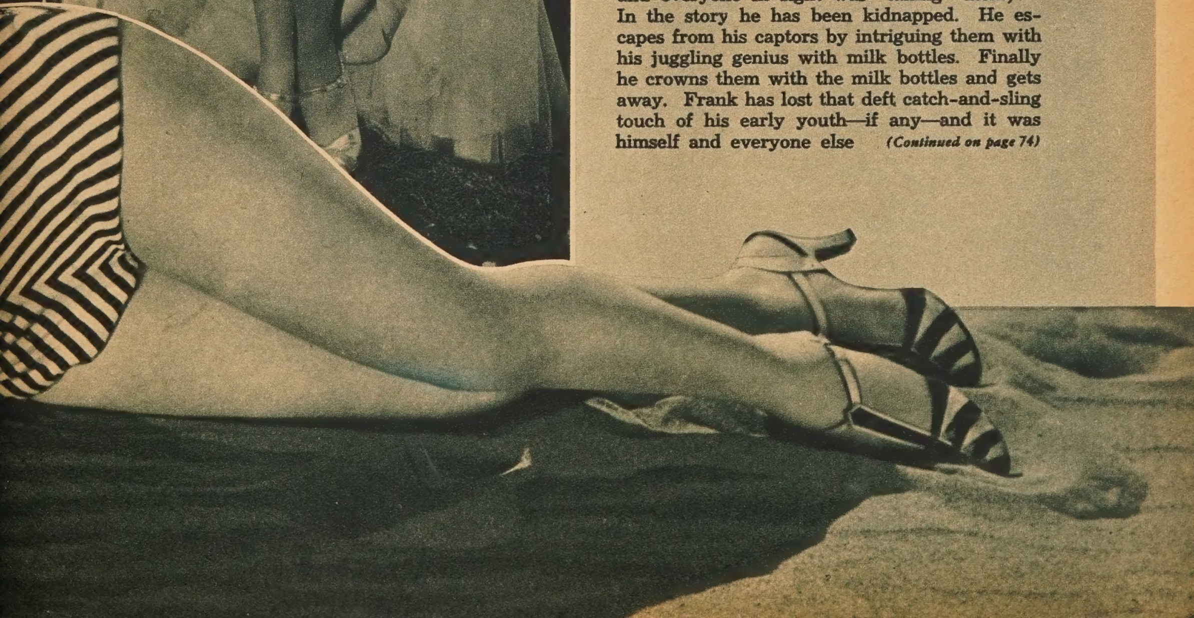
3 Paramount's Martha Raye goes to town in ruffles and a slick coiffure in *Give Me A Sailor*. Very sleek, Martha! Bob Hope, Clarence Kolb, and Betty Grable are also in the cast.

4 Franciska Gaal, petite Hungarian star, relaxes at the beach while waiting to begin work on Paramount's *Paris Honeymoon* opposite Bing Crosby. Akim Tamiroff plays a character role.

STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

by d. d. eddy

FALLING milk bottles! Crashing milk bottles! Thundering milk bottles—and around them, behind them, between them, dizzily protecting himself with flailing arms, was Frank Morgan. Frank was practicing for the escape sequence in *Give and Take*—(Frank was "giving" them and everyone in sight was "taking" them)!—In the story he has been kidnapped. He escapes from his captors by intriguing them with his juggling genius with milk bottles. Finally he crowns them with the milk bottles and gets away. Frank has lost that deft catch-and-sling touch of his early youth—if any—and it was himself and everyone else (Continued on page 74)



Ellen Drew and Fred MacMurray in a romantic scene from *Sing You Sinners*—Paramount's picture with Mr. Bing Crosby!

I WANT TO KNOW

joe deh., chicago, illinois . . .

You can write to Don Ameche in care of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

charlotte d and marie v., coronado, california . . .

Charles Boyer was born on August 28, 1899, the son of a well-to-do dealer in farm machinery in Figeac, a little town in southwestern France. Charles began his theatrical career at the tender age of three when, amused at the boy's remarkable memory and dramatic learnings, his father turned over the granary in his barn for use as a theatre. Young Charles wrote his own plays and induced his companions to participate in them. He himself played the leading role. A trained musician, a fine athlete and one of the most talented actors on the screen today, Boyer has become as popular in this country as he is abroad. He has played the violin since he was seven years old. He is a crack tennis player, a good golfer, and is noted at the Swiss winter resorts for his abilities with skiis and at the wheel of a racing bobsled. He is happily married to Pat Paterson! Boyer weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. His famous smile is one of the most attractive features of his personality. His next picture will be *Algiers* with Hedy LeMarr and Sigrid Gurie. You can write to him in care of United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

miss jean c., berkeley, california...

Our humble apologies! It seems that your Information Editor was wrong. *It* was Eve Arden who played the part of the girl with the little white cat in *Stage Door* and not Lucille Ball, as stated in this department recently. You can obtain photographs of Miss Ball and Miss Arden by writing to Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California... .. ..

a. v. w., detroit, michigan . . .

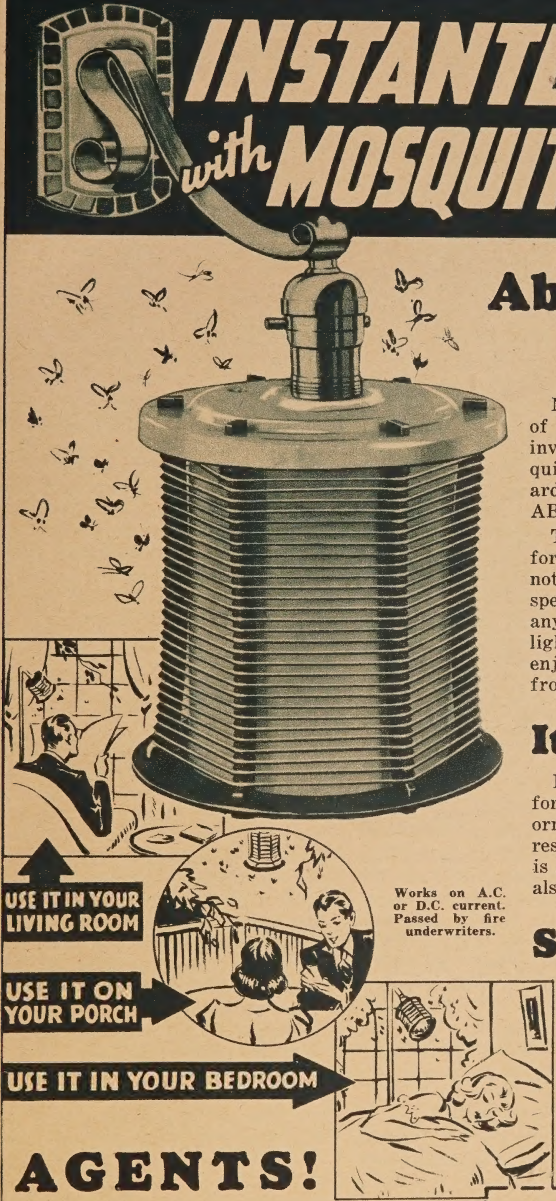
Sybil Jason, who was with Warner Brothers, is not scheduled for any pictures at this writing. You can address a letter to Joan Woodbury in care of Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, Kenny Baker at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and Jackie Moran and Helen Parrish at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Through this department, MODERN MOVIES will undertake to answer all suitable questions pertaining to motion pictures and players. A personal answer will be given only when the request for information is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Editor I Want To Know Dept., MODERN MOVIES, Suite 1003, 18 E. 48th Street, New York City.

Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver in *I'll Give a Million*, a new Fox picture!

Richard Dix and Whitney Bourne are together in RKO's *Blind Alibi*.

INSTANTLY Kills Pests with MOSQUITO DEATH RAYS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in the throes of growth

(Continued from page 25)

gent people. Her father, a Major in the famed Connaught Rangers, was able to send her to the best schools in Ireland, England and France. And since she has been in Hollywood her best friends have included such personages as P. G. Wodehouse and John McCormack.

It takes more than intelligent companionship, however, to train a young actress in the ways of life. Maureen admits there have been numerous beaux, in France, in England and in Hollywood.

"But," she says, "John and I had planned to marry for several years, and I didn't take anyone else seriously."

She is deadly serious about her work and about her big ambition, which is to become a writer. Between pictures, and during her leisure hours, she spends much of her time in the Farrows' modest, five-room home in Benedict Canyon, studying new ways and new methods to improve her characterizations.

Because she looks like one—and really is—she has always played sweet young things. Now that her bosses have recognized the improvement in her work, and are giving her top roles in more worthy pictures, she wants to change her type.

"I want to play a siren, at least once," she says. "Just to prove I can do it."

She's come a long way since the night Frank Borzage first saw her in the ballroom of a Dublin hotel and asked her if he might make a test of her for a part in *Song O' My Heart.* And, serious as she is, she is bound to go a lot farther.

Now that Hollywood really has found her—and she has found herself—she will be able to do almost anything she wishes. She has the background and the intelligence.

Maureen is young and gay, but her laughing blue eyes have seen the chaos of rebellion, and the heart that sings now has known the horrors of war. She was little more than four years old when her father was brought back from the front, badly wounded, and the O'Sullivan family moved to London to be near his hospital. There she learned the terrors of night air raids.

Back in Dublin, with her father little more than convalescent, she knew again the dread sound of marching troops. The liberty-loving Irish had rebelled, seeking to throw off the yoke of England. It was the famous "Easter Week Rebellion," which Hollywood portrayed so magnificently in *The Informer, Beloved Enemy,* and *The Plough and the Stars.*

It seems worthy of mention, too, that two persons who were on opposite sides in that rebellion should find fame and fortune as contemporary stars in Hollywood. The two are, of course, Maureen O'Sullivan, whose father, although exempt from service because of his wounds, went back to his post with the Connaught Rangers, and George Brent, who fought with the Irish Republican army.

The tragedies of those early days served to show Maureen the seamy side of life; a side which, because of her father's position, she has not seen since. The social graces and languages, she learned in convents in England and at school in France.

She had her first "dates" in France, too, and wrote her first love letters there. Speaking of the cosmopolitan complexion of her collection of boy friends, she says:

"At one time I even went out with a Turk, a devout Mohammedan, who took me to a Mosque—quite a visit for an Irish girl."

And of the love letters which she and her roommate, Violet Thomas, received and wrote:

"We learned most of our French in trying to include phrases of the language in our answers. I wouldn't be at all surprised if some of the boys were still trying to figure them out."

Her Benedict Canyon house, patterned after her old home in Ireland, last year received some new furnishings which Maureen bought while on a trip to the Emerald Isle, just before her company began shooting the English scenes of *A Yank at Oxford.*

The wiseacres rib Hollywood about its spectacular marriages and its even more spectacular divorces, but they don't kid about marriages like that of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, two wise young persons who waited until they were sure they were ready for matrimony and who now are reaping its greatest rewards in their contentment with each other. This is the kind of marriage that emphasizes the tawdriness of some of those matrimonial excursions which begin with a fanfare of trumpets and end shortly in a blaze of headlines.

The deep satisfaction of a happy marriage has given Maureen O'Sullican a greater satisfaction from life itself, and is helping her to reach greater heights as an actress.

Perhaps such marriages aren't meant for everyone, but if it were possible such a one might even push Charlie McCarthy on to bigger and better things.

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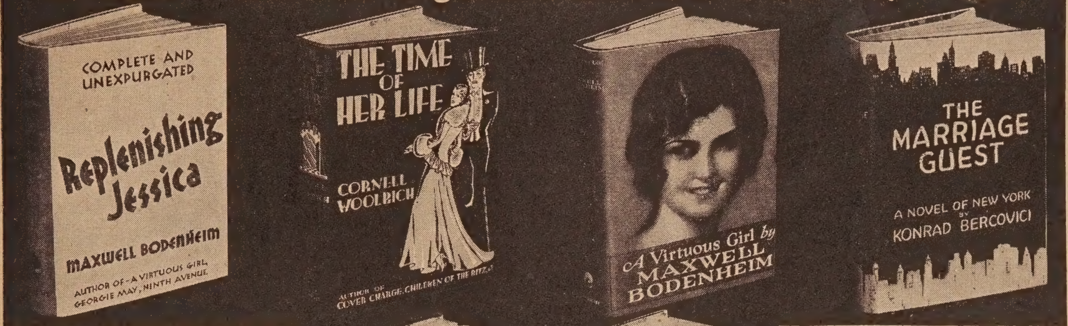
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BY JOHN O'CONNOR

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from rhythm to riches

(Continued from page 31)

parties, ladies' aid gatherings, and at the soldiers' training camp near her home. She loved it.

When the Armistice was signed, the community decided to stage a monster benefit show for the returning fighters. Remembering the little Zimmerman girl's success, the committee signed her up. When the final program was completed, she was the only amateur on the list, the rest being professional volunteers. It was a nervous eight-year-old who skipped about backstage, waiting for her cue. At last it came. She sang an old song, but introduced a "wiggley" effect that she had privately rehearsed. She went into the song hesitatingly, but the sudden outburst of cheers from the audience put her at ease.

"It was my first vocal hula," she explained, "and did it go over! That was the *first* time I ever brought down the house. Right then and there I made up my mind. From then on, it was singing for me.

She went home glowing with pride and excitement, and didn't notice that her mother was unusually silent.

"I should have known though," she recalled with a gamin grin. "Mother was already making up her mind that her daughter wasn't going to be a stage star. No sir, little Ethel was going to be a school teacher. Can you imagine that?

"So what did I do? I took a commercial course in high school and learned to be a stenographer. At school I didn't pay much attention to class singing because I was busy evenings doing my stuff at parties. The remaining time was devoted to my studies."

After graduation she got a job in New York as a stenographer. . . . In the outer office. In no time at all it was well-known to her co-workers that she was stage-struck, but they didn't know that she intended to do something about it. One of her duties was to greet important men who did business with her firm, keeping them happy while they waited for their appointments. One of these men thought she had such a pleasant personality that he offered her a job as his private secretary. She accepted.

Caleb Bragg, her new boss, was a millionaire manufacturer of automobile brake lining, a man-about-town with dozens of friends in the theatre. "When he told me to send flowers and good wishes to one of his friends appearing in a new show, I used to dream of receiving those flowers myself. I was so jealous," she confessed. That dream wasn't long in being fulfilled. But that's geting ahead of my story.

Every spare hour from the office she haunted booking agents, begging for a chance. Occasionally one would give her a job to sing at a party. The ten dollars she made was welcome money, only she couldn't seem to make it often enough.

One day she got a bright idea. Her boss knew several big Broadway producers. Why not get a letter of introduction to one of them? Timidly she asked him and he told her to write it and he'd sign it. Armed with the letter, she went to see George White, to whom it was addressed. Smart Ethel, she had first learned he was casting for his Scandals show and figured she might get a job in it. Nervously she handed him the letter.

White read the letter, looked leisurely at her classy chassis, her tawny sparkling eyes, her dark wavy hair, and offered her a job in the chorus. Ethel thanked him kindly but said she wanted to sing. "So does Frances Williams, and I've already signed her," he retorted. Two years later, after her sensational over-night success in *Girl Crazy,* White sent for her to sing with Rudy Vallee in the *Scandals of 1931.*

"But the last laugh was on me even though I was a featured singer in the show," she admitted. "When I reminded White how he had refused me a singing job two years earlier, I found out that the impression I made on him was so great, that he remembered neither me nor my carefully typed letter."

Again she made the rounds of the agents until one of them sent her to a night club called Little Russia. The hours were from ten at night to three in the morning. She was still so uncertain of herself that notwithstanding the sixty dollars a week she received for singing, she reported at nine o'clock every morning for her secretarial job paying half that amount.

One night Lou Irwin, actor's agent, came to the night club and heard her sing. He realized at once that she had something very salable and took over the management of her career. He still does. The first thing he did was to get her into better night clubs. All this time she still clung to her daytime job. She gave that up only when Irwin got her a six months' contract with Warner Brothers.

"At two hundred per week. And with options a mile long," she added.

But the picture in which she was to appear never materialized and Irwin procured her release. Back she went to night club engagements. At one of these she was heard by Vinton Freedley, Broadway producer, who signed her up for his show *Girl Crazy* which starred a red-head named Ginger Rogers. The way Ethel put over the *I Got Rhythm* song also put Ethel over. Overnight she became the talk of the town. P.S. The largest box of flowers she received on opening night was from her ex-boss Caleb Bragg.

Each year since she has found another hit awaiting her. *Take a Chance, Anything Goes, Red, Hot and Blue* and the Scandals were some of her sell-out shows. The movies caught up with her and she appeared with Bing Crosby in *We're Not Dressing* and in *Kid Millions* with Eddie Cantor. She put over songs that stayed unforgettably with the public; such ditties as *Eadie Was a Lady, Rise and Shine, You're the Top* and *I Get a Kick Out of You.* She even did a long series of broadcasts so that now she can claim to be a three-letter girl in the amusement world—she's made her mark in the theatre, in radio, and in the movies.

Then, as sometimes happens in the best of careers, a slump set in. She had, as always, what it takes to be a success, but she didn't have the right material. Darryl F. Zanuck remedied that when he put her under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Having completed a *swell* role (you have to put it in italics, the way she says it) in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and with *Straight, Place and Show* rewritten to give her a part with the Ritz Brothers, seems like her address will soon be on the topmost rung of the ladder. "The studio has an option on my services for three more pictures after the one with the Ritz Brothers. By that time I will definitely have arrived," she says with a confidence you never doubt. You feel sure she'll get there.

Ethel has come a long way from the wishful stenographer who longed for a stage career. But it hasn't changed her in any of the essentials of character. Chockful of wholesome charm, the thing that strikes you the strongest is her candid appreciation of her success and the fine things it has made possible. No false modesty about her. She's darned glad to be where she is and will cheerfully admit it to anyone who will listen. Yes, she's come a long, long way from the little girl who used to peek through a fence at Paramount's Long Island studio, a few blocks from her old home, to watch the emoting of Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels and other luminaries of another day. Now, youngsters sigh over her.

Her business training still is useful for she keeps a set of books and full records of her transactions. She has even found use for her stenography several times during her singing career. Twice she took down in shorthand new lyrics for her songs as they were dictated to her over a telephone. And once, when she had finished a lengthy discussion with a producer over the terms of her contract for a show, he found that his secretary had left for the day. Not caring to wait until he called in a public stenographer, she asked him to dictate the contract to her. She took it down perfectly, transcribed it accurately on the typewriter, and then signed her name.

Even though she is a Hollywood celebrity in her own right, she still gets a big kick out of meeting screen notables. When Marlene Dietrich asked her to join her party at a night club, she was as thrilled as any movie-struck fan. When Clark Gable told her he had worn out her record by repeated playings of *Eadie Was a Lady* it was all she could do to stammer her thanks.

Just about now, you are probably wondering where and when romance rears its lovely head. Alas, it doesn't. Ethel says that when she sings *You're an Old Smoothie* and *I Get a Kick Out of You* it's all a gag. She hasn't any particular man in mind. In fact, she goes so far as to say, "When it comes to romance, I'm crazy about fox terriers. My particular pet, Scrappy, is a screwball if there ever was one. Three years old, and he still tears up gloves."

By becoming insistent, I learned that while other school girls dreamed of a home and husband of their own, even then all her thoughts were centered on the career she meant to have. Then when she did get a taste of success, she found that one of its penalties was living one's love life on the front page. When ordinary girls went out on dates, nobody suspected wedding bells. But when a professional went out with a friend that fact was a choice morsel for the gossip columns, though the relationship was platonic.

"When I began to understand that, I made up my mind that I'd give the public everything I had as an actress," she declared, "but I resolved that my private life belongs to me alone."

So, while Ethel declines to reveal romantic details, she did say that she doesn't care much for blondes, her favorite escorts being on the brunette side. It is easy to appreciate her reticence with regard to romance when she is now concentrating on her movie career. But we have a hunch that with her vivacity and enthusiasm, she is bound to attract and reciprocate a deep and lasting affection. When that time comes, Miss Merman will want the world to know about it and you'll detect a new note in her song when she sings *Boy, What Love Has Done to Me!*

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Scintillating **MARY RUSSELL** *of cinema fame suggests — "... use Marchand's as I do to make your hair a radiant blonde shade and protect its loveliness."*

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

hollywood happenings

(*Continued from page 9*)

Melvyn Douglas had everyone staring when he appeared in overalls and work shoes on Hollywood boulevard. He went into the nearest hardware store, but when tracked down he explained that he was up to his neck helping to build his new home.

"You've seen the little man in the circus who rushes around trying to help the flunkies put up the props and contraptions but who never takes hold of anything and gets in everyone's way?" he asked us with a grin. "Well, come out and see his double at my house any time I am there!" We promised!

◆

Columbia intends to surround La Dietrich with everything in the two pictures for which they have signed her. Frank Capra will direct at least one of them—and may we make a bet Reuben Mamoulian will direct the other? Though it was his first time out since his automobile accident, Mamoulian hobbled down to bid Marlene farewell when she left for Europe. Rumors have it that the old flame between these two may flutter to life again when they are working on the same lot once more. Doug, Jr., is a little more generous with his company than he has been in some time. He is being seen here and there with other glamour gals.

◆

All hail to a new screen idol and greetings to an unsurpassed idol of the stage for many years—Maude Adams. Maude Adams was finally brought out of her self-imposed retirement by David Selznick. He made a test of her for the role of Miss Fortune in the screen version of the Saturday Evening Post story *The Gay Banditti*, now called *The Young In Heart*. The test was so appealing and unusual that Selznick decided to introduce her in a part especially written for her instead of giving her the role of the charming little old lady of the story whose mind never grew old. We should have thought Maude Adams practically perfect for Miss Fortune. If anyone ever can take the place of Marie Dressler in the hearts of the world Maude Adams is that one!

◆

Impulsive and self reliant Luise Rainer "stole" Margaret Sullavan's limousine the other noon much to the consternation of the studio police, Miss Sullavan's chauffeur—and La Rainer herself. Luise having finished her luncheon in her dressing room was in a hurry to return to the set. She rushed out to the studio stand-by car (she *thought* was her's), seeing no chauffeur in sight, she slipped behind the wheel, Hoop skirts for *Toy Wife* and all. She drove herself to the set on the back lot.

The car happened to be the limousine assigned to Margaret Sullavan instead of Miss Rainer. The chauffeur had gone to Miss Sullavan's dressing room to tell her he was ready to take her back to her set. When they came out for the car—it was gone. The chauffeur was frantic. He notified the studio police and everyone possible. Margaret Sullavan walked to the set of *Shopworn Angel,* and later, when everything was straightened out, she and Luise Rainer had a good laugh over the mix-up.

◆

Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews were at the Troc the other eve. It looked as though they were making important plans—wedding plans probably. And while on the subject of weddings and romance—Leon Ames the New York stage star, and Christine Gossett will be married upon the completion of *Suez.* Leon came to Hollywood from New York ten months ago. He met Christine, the lovely little 20th Century contract gal, and they fell in love. But Leon said he would not marry her until he had won his first really important role in Hollywood, and Louis Napoleon, his characterization in *Suez is* that important part—so-oo they will be married as soon as his role is finished.

◆

Anthony Averill declares the blonde beauty lunching with him t'other noon was his cousin from St. Louis. Anthony, how could you? That's such an *old* one! And speaking of Anthony, he is so tired of ending up in jail at the end of every picture. In every picture thus far in his career, in the fade-out he is in jail. He says it is getting a bit monotonous.

◆

Charlie Chaplin is discovering again! This time it is the lovely red haired 21 year older, Dorothy Comingore. He saw her in a Little Theatre Production at Carmel, California. Watch out, Dorothy, Charlie usually marries his discoveries sooner or later—or perhaps you wouldn't mind. Charlie's brilliant and very fascinating. Dorothy is now under contract to Warner Brothers and they agree with Charlie—she will go places.

◆

Jane Bryan keeps getting the most beautiful bunches of white violets from boy friend, Phil Kellogg. "Phil knows they are my favorite flowers and whenever he wants to make me especially happy he sends me great bouquets of the lovely blossoms," says Jane with a tender light in her eyes. There are few days Jane's dressing room isn't fragrant with them.

◆

Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore have selected an apartment in the heart of Hollywood for their new honeymoon home. And there is Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews and Martha Raye and Dick Rose ready to step off at a moment"s notice. In fact, there are plenty of serious romances brewing to a finish in Hollywood these days.

◆

Bruce Lester called Ronald Reagan the other eve and told him he had a marvelous blind date for him. Four of them were to go night clubbing together. When Ronald arrived Bruce's "marvelous blind date" had funny stringy hair, glasses, and a perfectly horrible mole on her face. In fact, she was pretty terrible, according to Ronald. But he declares he was more than courteous to the gal and only gave vent to his true feelings with a good healthy kick under the table at Bruce. Just as things began to get unbearable, the girl removed the glasses, her hair, the mole, and underneath was a raving beauty from Busby Berkeley's chorus—which made things a bit of all right for Ronald after all.

◆

Joan Crawford admits to a perfectly hopeless case of stage fright while in New York. She attended a party where there were a great many opera celebrities, among them Geraldine Farrar. She told Miss Farrar about her operatic ambitions and Geraldine said she would like to hear Joan sing.

Joan stood by the piano ready to sing, but when she looked around the room and saw the distinguished operatic stars quietly waiting for her first note, she almost fainted. Try as she could no sound issued from her throat. Everyone was deeply sympathetic and declared in a body at least once in their lives they had experienced just such an acute form of panic.

◆

Katherine Hepburn is steadily becoming a "good guy." She bought all the magazines the little boy at the studio gate had under his arm one evening when she returned to the set for night scenes. She told him he should be home listening to the radio. You should hear that lad talk about Katherine Hepburn now!

◆

Anthony Quinn and Katherine DeMille have started a toy loan library. They collect toys from friends and set up a library of them and loan them out to children for nothing. The film colony are cooperating to an almost embarrassing degree according to Katherine and if the personal toys of the children of the stars are presented to the toy library applicants for rental—I wouldn't mind being a member myself!

◆

Margaret Lindsay says she has worked out the perfect illustration for the newspaper's own definition of "news." She sent for a frankfurter sandwich and had her picture taken taking a big bite. She captioned the picture, *Woman Bites Dog!* Wow!

◆

Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Bill Powell and Warner's stand-in, Frank McGrath had a marvelous swordfishing rally in tropical waters.

◆

Poor Marjorie Weaver was groaning the other day over scratches, bites, kicks and bruises from punches, all delivered with luv and kisses by "Shorty," the temperamental chimpanzee who has been working with her in *I'll Give A Million.* Also she had a few scratches from "Tuffy" the wild cat she had been "playing" with in the same picture. "Pictures are funny, aren't they?" said Marjorie with a grimace that was *perhaps* intended to be a grin.

◆

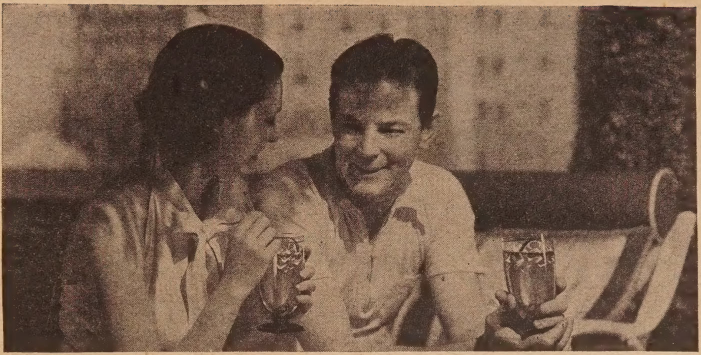
While George Brent is in the east to do exterior scenes for *Wings Over the Navy,* Greta Garbo will return from Europe. Some *do* say as how George Brent fenagled it that-a-way. But then again others say Garbo is really a married lady now—who knows? And does anyone care—much?

◆

Olivia de Havilland was with Director William Wyler at the Little Hungary, just a pally evening, I think. Florence George and Everett Crosby, Sonja Henie and Richard Greene, Paulette Goddard and Tom Durant were at the Troc on the same eve. Rochelle Hudson continues to one-time it with Sidney Burnap Jr. and the same goes for Illona Massey with Michael Whalen.

◆

Little Judy Garland has big-hearted Hollywood cheering her no end for the way in which she overlooked her own almost very serious injuries after an automobile accident. She walked two blocks to telephone her mother that she would be late getting home. Judy's mother had just been home from the hospital a short time and Judy was afraid she might worry herself ill again if she did not put in an appearance at a reasonable time after she was expected. The ambulance corps found her as she returned to the scene



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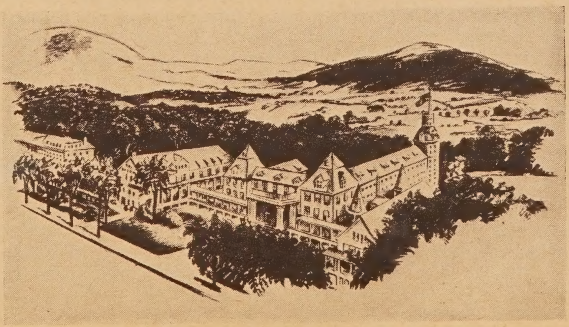

of the crash from the drug store where she had telephoned. Her lung was pierced, and she had three broken ribs. She was taken to the same room her mother had just recently vacated—and for awhile they were afraid it would be many a day before Judy would sing again. But everything is all right now and Judy has finished *Love Finds Andy Hardy.*

◆

And speaking of Hollywood—(and who doesn't?)—Joan Crawford has a 230 pound Great Dane who will presently have a three room, sound-proof residence all for his own. Joan is having it specially built for Jumbo, because she regrets having to put him out of his accustomed habitat. It seems Jumbo snored so loudly from his bed upon the back porch, it kept the servants awake—so in order to keep peace in her family Joan is having a special domicile built for doggie. If you could see Jumbo's new home you would be joining in the chorus of "Oh, For The Life Of A Hollywood Dog!"

◆

Colin Tapley has a tiny 10 horsepower M.G. motor car and is challenging all the movie colony to a speed race. Now is the chance for Clark Gable and Gary Cooper with their super-speedmobiles to demonstrate the super-colossal perfection of their cars. We've heard about them for months—now let's *see* what they can do.

◆

They can call each other all sorts of things over the radio and insult one another in every known and unknown language—but if Jack Benny insults Fred Allen via the screen he has to get Fred's signed willingness to be insulted. The studios have been sued before—and they say you never can tell. So Fred has signed an insulting release to Jack Benny wherein the sky's the limit! BUT he has to have the right to insult Benny from *now on* in any and every manner he sees fit! Phew! Let the insults fall where they may from now on. We'll hear Benny's best insults in *Artists and Models Abroad.*

◆

Penny Singleton received a letter from a woman in the middle west who offered her $50,000 if she would adopt the woman's eight year old daughter and train her for a career. Has Mama been reading the current reports on Jackie Cooper's millions? If she has and she believes them, she might think $50,000 a good investment in daughter.

◆

Have you ever tried to walk a chalkline while a phonograph plays stately music? If you can do it, you can pass one of the requirements which Malvina Dunn, dramatic coach, gives her young charges.

started for stardom

(Continued from page 17)

act. Most of them have some professional experience. Many have been training for this break since childhood. Whether they make the grade now that they get their big chance is something else again. 1939 will tell the story. But in the meantime, the studios aren't losing a minute in getting them under way.

Paramount, for instance, having successfully launched Olympe Bradna, Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour into the stellar regions this past season, now has its fingers crossed for four newcomers in particular. One of them is Louise Campbell, the pretty Chicago brunette, who has been dramatic instructress at a university, a dental assistant and actress on the legitimate stage. She has worked in stock and played the lead in several Broadway successes. Her first picture was with Edward Everett Horton in *Wild Money.* She did so well with this first assignment, that she was cast to play opposite Ray Milland in *Men With Wings.*

Another budding prospect Paramount is watching is the dimpled, candy-store Cinderella, Ellen Drew. Three years ago she was a waitress in a Hollywood confectionery store casting a wistful glance at the studios. She had had some slight experience in amateur theatricals and had won a beauty contest. What she needed was a break. It came one day when she served a soda to William Demarest, the agent. He took her to Paramount where for six months she went to dramatic school and then, bit by bit, started playing small roles in pictures. Her work won for her the feature role in *Sing You Sinners* where she played opposite Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby. She's going places now.

Two others on Paramount's list of potentials are Anthony Quinn, who has done big things with small roles in three major pictures, and Donald O'Connor, who was literally born in vaudeville, being the youngest of the O'Connor Family, of stage and circus fame. Donald can sing, dance and act as he proved in his film debut in *Sing You Sinners.*

Twentieth Century-Fox, one of the leaders in the race for new names, has culled its list according to Darryl Zanuck's policy of selecting only those who have been adequately prepared and show marked ability. An outstanding example of the Zanuck rule is Marjorie Weaver, who won a beauty contest while at Indiana University, landed in Hollywood and started training for a picture career with two years in stock school. She played in 14 pictures before she was given a leading role in *Second Honeymoon* with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Now she's opposite Warner Baxter in *I'll Give a Million.* Lynn Bari is another charmer who supplemented amateur theatrical experience with two hard-working years in studio stock school and several supporting roles before playing her first lead in *Sporting Champs.* Joan Davis and Phyllis Brooks, also on the going-places list, both had previous stage and screen experience to their credit, and Ruth Terry, whose contralto voice won her a motion-picture contract, has been singing around with top-flight orchestras, since she's been so high. Dick Baldwin and Kenneth Howell are two bright young lads who garnered plenty of professional experience in the theatre and films before they were considered ripe for the star build-up scheduled for them this year.

The two notable exceptions to Zanuck's policy of going slow with new players are Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene. Arleen is the current Hollywood sensation who went straight from her manicurist table to leading lady in *Kidnapped*—the kind of a story that happens once in a decade.

Dick Greene didn't need the studio stock school training because he was already an accomplished actor when the studio signed him for the lead role in *Four Men and a Prayer.*

Warner Brothers, who are running far out front in the race for new faces, have just launched three newcomers of 1937 as stars and are grooming a score of others. The three who made good are the lovely Lane sisters—Priscilla and Rosemary, and Wayne Morris. Rosemary had her first film role in *Hollywood Hotel,* and Priscilla made her debut in *Men Are Such Fools.* They've clicked so well that both are to appear as leads in *Sister Act.* Young Morris has been forging steadily ahead since his first small role in *China Clipper.* He has the lead role in the forthcoming *Valley of the Giants.*

On the Warner list this fall are Gloria Dickson, a WPA theatre graduate who made a vivid impression in *They won't Forget;* Marie Wilson, who was just an extra girl a few months ago and is now cast as the feminine lead in *Boy Meets Girl;* Jane Bryan, a native Hollywoodian, star pupil of Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop and scheduled for a bright future, and

Gale Page who has five years dramatic experience on radio to her credit and her first important screen role with Edward G. Robinson in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.* Also slated for the build-up machine at Warners are Johnnie Davis, Susan Hayward, Carole Landis, John Payne, Ronald Reagan and Jeffrey Lynn.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will concentrate on at least seven potential starlets this coming year. Prominent on the list is the lovely blonde Hungarian beauty, Illona Massey, who made her debut in *Rosalie* and whose delightful soprano voice has been hailed as a great discovery. Miliza Korjus is another charming bundle of talent from across the seas, this time Vienna, whose singing ability, in her first lead role in *The Great Waltz,* will start her on the stardom route. Others being groomed by Metro are Ann Rutherford, Lynne Carver, Rita Johnson, Virginia Grey and Jean Chatburn. Then there are three men, Alan Curtis, Dennis O'Keefe and Don Stannard.

RKO-Radio expects big things next year from Ann Miller, the brunette dancing sensation who did so well in *Stage Door.* She almost won the spot from Ginger Rogers. Ann who has been dancing since infancy, was discovered by Benny Rubin when she was appearing in a San Francisco night club. Her next role is in *Having Wonderful time.* Two *Roberta* show girls are also on the list—Lucille Ball and Kay Sutton. Frances Mercer, daughter of the famous sports columnist, Sid Mercer, is another being groomed by the studio. Chosen one of New York's most beautiful photographic models, Frances is said to have a perfect camera face. She has more, too—a solid training in ballet, voice and college theatricals.

Another *Stage Door* find, RKO feels, is Phyllis Kennedy who injected so much humor into her role as the slavey that she looms as a second Zasu Pitts. There are two young men on the RKO build-up list namely, Allan Lane and William Corson.

On the United Artists' lot Janet Gaynor is sponsoring a new leading man. He's Richard Carlson and you'll see them together in *The Young In Heart.*

There they are—the 1939 star crop as the studios gaze hopefully into the crystal. Will they make the grade? Will they flop? How many new names will blaze on the marquees next year?

Well, that depends. Most of it is up to these girls and boys themselves to make the best of their chance. And a lot, of course, is up to you fans. You'll have the final flip of the coin as to their stellar fate; for it's your shekels at the box office which tell producers you like these new stars.

$100 IN CASH
PRIZES
FOR BEST ANSWERS

WHAT DID PAUL REVERE Say After His Famous Ride?

WHAT would you say if you'd been riding all night long? Would it be, "Gimme a cup of coffee" or "Now for some sleep" OR WHAT?

Don't think too hard. Just write down the first answer that pops into your head. Never mind how silly it may sound. That answer may be just what the judges are looking for.

Remember they don't care whether your answer is historically correct. And they don't care how many words you use, (not to exceed twenty-five), or what kind of paper you write on.

Everybody has an equal chance. Your few simple words may help you to win the first prize of $50.00 cash—the second prize of $25.00 cash—or one of the five cash prizes of $5.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties and the judges' decision will be final. Contest closes August 15, 1938.

Extra Award for Being Prompt

Send in your answer quickly because the winner if qualified for promptness will receive a Falcon Candid Camera in addition to first prize money. Use coupon below.

PAUL REVERE CONTEST, 180-R North Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.
Following is my entry in the Paul Revere Contest. (Use sheet of paper, if you prefer)

....

....

Name ....

Address ....

andy devine horsetrader

(Continued from page 33)

his element.

When he isn't busy at a studio—and pictures occupy most of his time—he spends the entire day working on the ranch. In blue jeans and boots, he'll dig post holes, repair fences, do whatever odd jobs there are to be done on a ranch. He thrives on hard labor, and rises at dawn to put in a full day.

On those rare occasions when he leaves the ranch on a non-studio day, he seldom dresses. He looks more like a cowhand than a famous radio and movie star, as he goes about his business in town. And, instead of driving a high-powered automobile, he travels everywhere in a station-wagon. His tastes are the simplest.

The joy of his life is to hitch up a team of horses and drive around the ranch, with small Tad beside him. If neighboring youngsters are visiting his offspring, so much the better. The whole kit and kaboodle are piled into the carriage, and away they go, over the unploughed ground.

I say Andy is a small-town boy . . . I might go even farther, and declare he possesses the soul of a farmer. The moment anybody comes to visit him, Andy immediately sets out on a tour of inspection, to show his friend everything on the place. Tools and ranch equipment, horses, chickens, hogs, and cows, outhouses and sheds . . . all must be examined in careful and minute detail. If it's late in the afternoon, ten to one Andy will entertain you in the barn, while he milks his cows.

As you might imagine, he dislikes the gay social life of the picture colony. Rarely is he to be found in the night spots, or attending a first-night. In this, he is ably abetted by his spouse, who cares more for her home than all the bright lights in creation.

He does, however, enjoy entertaining a few intimates in the privacy of his home, or dropping by some friend's house for dinner. Lum and Abner, of radio fame, are his closest friends, and he spends many hours in their company, both during the day and after nightfall.

"We have a lot in common," he explains. "We like the same things, do the same things . . . and all of us are from small towns." A peep into a typical get-together of these three cronies would probably reveal Andy whittling a stick, while he reminisced with them about their respective boyhoods. Sometimes—but not often—he'll persuade Abner, who lives near him in the country, to help chop wood.

Andy's entry into the radio world occurred in an unexpected manner. He always had dreamed of appearing on the airwaves, but never had been offered the opportunity, despite the fact he was a leading figure on the screen.

Andy had entered motion pictures because he once had played star football at Santa Clara University. A friend tipped him off that Universal was to make a football picture, *The Spirit of Notre Dame,* and needed players. He immediately applied at the studio, told executives he had been a football player . . . and was awarded a small role. As the picture progressed, Andy's acting was so amusing that his part was built up to sizeable proportions.

That was in 1931. As time marched on, he developed into a favorite comedian. He was filmdom's outstanding portrayer of the clumsy, slow-witted fellow who found himself forever in hot water in a fast-moving and complicated world, the screen's epitome of comedy in misery and discomfort. His plaintive voice, his pained expressions and his awkward amiability combined to make him a personality of unequalled appeal in his field of character-comedy interpretations.

His great chance in radio arrived one day when he was playing golf with Jack Benny, while locationing with a picture company at Coronado.

"How'd you like to go on my show?" Benny wanted to know. Andy nearly swooned. More than anything else in the world he wanted to go in radio, but he had confided his ambition to no one, not even his wife.

"SWELL!" was all he could reply.

The big chance, however, did not materialize for a full year. Benny said no more about it, and Andy would not mention it, whenever he met Jack about the colony. He's funny, that way . . . always keeps his own counsel. One morning, the telephone jingled, and Benny told him to report for rehearsals the next day. . . .

Perhaps you recall, many of you, that initial broadcast of Andy's. It was one of Jack's first "Buck Benny" sketches, and the response on the part of the public was overwhelming.

Andy was hailed a star! By the thousands, letters poured in . . . to Andy, to Benny, to the broadcasting station and to the sponsors of the Benny show. Every letter was a demand . . . everybody wanted "more Andy." It was one of the greatest demonstrations of public approval in the history of radio.

One reason why the public greeted Andy so enthusiastically was the fact that his gravel-voice spelled entertainment in hilarious dosage. But there was this added point . . . he projected, in that introductory ether appearance, an unforgettable personality, a personality which gripped close to the heart of every listener. Here, at last, was "home folks," the guy next door, that funny chap you used to know and like so well, all rolled into one. After listening to Andy for a few minutes, you felt as though you'd known him all your life.

As his naturalness is the secret of his success, so is his friendliness the keynote to his character. He might be an old friend. Immediately you meet him this is driven home with pungent force. And as he talks, you feel you've been lifelong acquaintances.

Andy likes to talk. At home, on the studio set, at the broadcasting station, wherever he may be, Andy's odd voice may be heard above all others.

It comes as something of a shock to hear a story told in Negro dialect topped with that gravel-voice. Andy is particularly adept at telling stories, especially stories in dialect, and he possesses an unending fund of Swedish, Hebraic, Japanese and Negro tales. His comical observations are deeply appreciated, too, by all fortunate enough to hear them.

No one in Hollywood is more the "home man" than Andy Devine. His home and family, and the few friends he gathers round him, are all the stimulants he needs in life. He is particularly proud of his wife and young son, and you must be prepared to listen to him talk of them. Regularly, once a week, he lays away $100 in postal savings in Tad's name. Tad will never have to experience the hardships that his famous dad had to undergo when he was starting his screen career.

In the past, acclaim has changed many. Fame sometimes does strange things. But never fear that fortune and renown will affect Andy Devine. He's a horse-trader from way back . . . and his feet will always remain on the ground.

HOLLYWOOD PRE-VUE HAT AWARDS

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MRS. J. W. JOHNSON	Youngstown, Ohio
MARY CHASE CORNELIUS	Birmingham, Ala.
HELENE A. SAUM	Yankton, So. Dak.
UDELL COWART	Paris, Tex.
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MRS. PAULINE YELLIN	Jersey City, N.J.
ANNE GARTLAND	Boston, Mass.
GEORGINA VALENTINE	Rochester, N.Y.
MRS. F. B. MANN	Danville, Ill.

car-crazy clark

(Continued from page 22)

After his first featured part in a picture, he bought his first car, a Ford. Maybe that is the reason he has always had a particular passion for Fords. He drove that car until the wheels threatened to fall off. He almost wept when the junk man came around to get it.

He was a star by this time, had bought a big car and a station wagon. One day he passed a used car lot, saw a stripped down Ford, painted a gay crimson, standing disconsolately alone. He bought it. Gable tinkered with that little racer every chance he had, put in a new motor, had the frame lowered, thought of putting mudguards on, realized it would destroy the racy appearance of the car.

When he tired of that car, he purchased another Ford, had the engine rebuilt, "souped up" until it was capable of more than a hundred miles an hour. He always drove the Ford while the big car and the station wagon remained in the garage. Then one afternoon he gave it to a publicity man at the studio.

He has another Ford now, one that he has personally taken apart and put together again. It is his favorite automobile. His friends estimate he has had it apart fifteen times. Whenever he thinks he can hear a knock, he takes the engine to pieces. And he is always hearing a knock.

Woe to the unsuspecting person who drives a new, unusual automobile into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. If they leave it alone and Gable sees it, the car may be missing when they look for it. Or the engine may be in process of demolition. He can't let cars alone.

He had a field day while playing the title role in *Test Pilot*. Here was a chance to fool with bigger motors, play with more machinery. Airport attendants were instructed to keep close check on him while the aviation picture was shooting at their location. Given a wrench and a screwdriver, he would tackle the biggest motor in the world.

Friends long ago learned it was disastrous to ask him what was wrong with their cars. He personally appointed himself mechanic in charge and started taking their cars to pieces.

Named the best dressed man in America this year, he is more at home in an old pair of trousers and a leather jacket tinkering with a motor.

Clark Gable is scheduled to play opposite Norma Shearer in MGM's *Idiot's Delight*. He has also been definitely cast as Rhett Butler opposite Norma's Scarlett in the Selznick production of *Gone With The Wind*.

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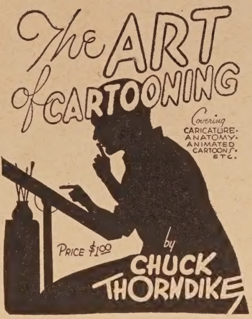
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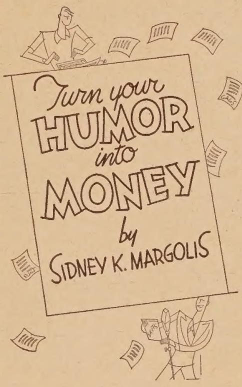
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he's never himself

(Continued from page 27)

make the part alive and convincing.

Claude Rains had years of experience on the stage before he came to Hollywood—in England, in Australia, in New York, where he was the Theater Guild's leading character-actor.

"On the stage," he said, "you have four weeks to build a part, in rehearsal before the curtain goes up. In the movies, you have four days. Camera technique is quicker, more concentrated in a shorter space of time. And, in a way, it demands less. On the stage, you must not only build your part, but you must also put it across the footlights, give it the force that projects it to the audience. On the screen, the camera does the projecting for you. Your only job is to be inside the character's mind, thinking his thoughts, showing his emotions with your eyes, your facial expressions, rather than with gestures. The minute you start thinking of the camera as an audience, and start trying to project him, your time has come to pack your bags and leave.

"And, always, on stage or screen, your time has come to pack when you begin to enjoy a part too much. That means you've identified yourself, and your own emotions, too far with your character. It means, from the point of view of the audience, that Prince John is disappearing, and Rains is creeping in. Nobody cares about Rains. You have to keep a part of your mind aloof and impersonal, to judge the other part, to see that, like a trained seal, it does its job.

"So you must identify yourself with your character, but not so closely that you lose yourself in him. You must be inside of his mind. But not too far.

"Sometimes that part of you aligned with the character has a nasty trick of going right home with you from the studio. This can be hard on those near and dear, especially if it's an unpleasant character. My wife threatened to divorce one of them once, if I couldn't leave him on the set. I think it was the lawyer, in *They Won't Forget.* I wouldn't have blamed her. He was an insufferable, opinionated sort of show-off."

Does looking like a character, wearing his costume and his make-up, help an actor to feel like him, as a new spring hat makes a woman feel like a young and beautiful edition of herself?

Claude Rains smiled.

"I can best answer your question by telling you a story," he said.

"When I was with the Theatre Guild, I was cast as a butler in *Camel through the Needle's Eye.* I'd worked out the butler pretty carefully, with the director; we decided he should be a very well mannered sort of butler, the kind Oscar Wilde wrote about. We both liked him so much, that he over-balanced the two acts in which he appeared.

"The stage manager had been reading lines for a distinguished English actor who was to play one of the leads, because the actor was ill.

"On Thursday evening, four days before the play was to open, the director said he wanted to speak to me after rehearsal. My heart sank. Here it is, I thought; they've had enough of Rains' butler. It sank still further when I heard orders being given that the stage was to be set for one scene; and that this was going to be pretty tough for Rains.

"I'll never know whether they had enough of my butler. They got rid of him; but not as I feared. What they asked me to do was to read the English actor's part. He had died, two hours before.

"Of course I read it.

"Four days wasn't long enough to study the character, to build him from the inside out. So I decided, as a short cut, to work from the outside. I'd make up my mind how the man looked; I didn't have time to decide how he would think. I'd ask myself, 'What did he wear? What about his movements? Would they be quick or slow? Would he wear glasses? Did he part his hair on the side? Did he comb it straight back? Did he strut?'

"I planned all those things in the taxi going home. I had to, because I needed all the rest of the four days to learn the lines.

"The scheme worked, after a fashion. It got the curtain up on schedule. But that performance was a phony, a hollow shell. The man was a clotheshorse, not a real person. You must begin inside.

"But you can't begin inside anything you don't understand.

"That's why it's always easier to play a heel than a sympathetic part. One bad trait can make a man evil; it takes a lot of fine ones to make him admirable. Even a fairly young person can recognize and understand stinginess, cruelty, or avarice. It takes the experience of maturity to analyze virtue. I know," said Claude Rains.

"Some people say I have a belligerent walk, a belligerent attitude. They must be wrong.

"If they were right, you see, I couldn't play the part I'm doing now, the gentle, tolerant musician, in *Sister Act.* You can't play an emotion if you haven't experienced it; you can't portray a trait that's entirely foreign to you. That's why any actress who wants to be more than an ingenue should marry, have children, live a rich emotional life. I couldn't have done this rôle fifteen years ago; most of us grow better as we grow older. You can't play understanding and tolerance unless, to a certain extent at least, they are a part of you.

"You have to be inside of your characters, looking out. You can't get inside without enough experience to know what they are made of.

"It isn't belligerence. It can't be. It's an inferiority complex. I'll tell you a secret.

"I'm never sure of a part until I've been in it a week. Then I figure I'm safe. After a week, I know I've cost them so much money they'll never dare to throw me out!"

Robert Taylor looks over one of his colts on his San Fernando Valley ranch.

no wolf at their door

(Continued from page 37)

keep themselves dry when the proverbial rainy day comes around? Eddie Cantor once said that out of eighteen benefits he played in the course of six weeks, three were for general charitable institutions but the other fifteen were for individuals—former big-name and high-priced stars who now didn't have the price of a meal. These former favorites who earned thousands of dollars weekly when they were in their prime simply could not realize that their vogue would end. They made plenty of money and spent more. So, when the fickle public transferred its affection to newer, fresher stars, the old-timers had memories but no cash to console them in the twilight of their careers.

Impressed by these tragic experiences, the newer generation of entertainers are forewarned. They are taking steps to care for the future so that no one will have to stage a benefit in their behalf. Now, while earnings are at their peak they are putting surplus shekels in businesses which will provide them with a good living when acting days are over. About 75% of the more prominent players in Hollywood have some outside interest that pays them more than pin money. In fact, you can call it diamond-pin money, to judge by the returns they get. You'd be surprised how many men and women who represent adventure, glamour and romance on the screen are, away from the cameras, manufacturers, farmers, shop-keepers and garage owners.

One of the most popular means of investment is in real estate. Eleanor Powell, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, Anita Louise and William Powell are among the subdivision developers who have found that the public is willing to pay quite handsomely for the privilege of saying that the acres they own were once the property of a screen celebrity. All of which is just so much velvet for the stars. 'Tis said that before turning horse trader, Robert Taylor was also interested in real estate and on one deal he made more than his movie salary for a year.

Movie stars are also large-scale operators of office buildings and apartment houses, which they regard as excellent income-producers. Harold Lloyd, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, and Binnie Barnes are among the film colony's leading rent collectors. Yes, they often come around personally to see that their tenants are happy. What a paradise for an autograph collector, to have such signatures on rent receipts! But don't start packing yet. They are all filled up and have a list a mile long of people who would like to move in at the first vacancy.

It's surprising what a passion for land the Hollywoodites have. And they make the land turn into pay dirt, too. Carole Lombard gets good cold cash for her bumper crops of alfalfa. She plans to rotate her crops and take advantage of the most advanced agricultural methods. Edward Everett Horton also believes in making hay while the sun shines on his acres. Andy Devine has garnered many a penny in horse trading, but his citrus groves also turn in a pretty profit. His ranch is entirely under his own management and he has applied for membership in the local fruit growers' association through whom he will sell his harvest. Hugh Herbert may enact sour-grape roles on the screen but the grapes he raises on his farm are high-priced table delicacies.

Besides turning out Motion Picture Academy Prize performances, Paul Muni also turns out prize walnuts. In addition to walnuts, Henry Wilcoxon raises apricots. Ann Dvorak, although not seen so frequently nowadays on the screen, is represented at many a smart premiere for her greenhouses supply the florists in town with more than half of Hollywood's orchids.

When it comes to horses, you also have to go to Hollywood to find the fanciers. Bing Crosby, who boosted crooning into a major industry, is incorporated to handle many enterprises, the most prominent being connected with the gee-gees. Bing manages several prize fighters, owns outright a sheet music publishing house, and has a part interest in a phonograph recording concern. But his major interest is his stable of race horses and the Del Mar track, which he owns.

Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, Al Jolson and Joe E. Brown also raise horses and sell them for tidy sums. Barbara Stanwyck not only raises her own horses, but she also boards the horses of other owners. Recently while she was under suspension from her studio and therefore drawing no salary, one of her horses won a good-sized purse at a local racetrack. When she heard her entry proclaimed the winner, she exclaimed: "Well, I'm glad someone in the family is working."

One of her first and best customers is Robert Taylor, who decided to rib her by asking for special services for his nags—candy-flavored straw, etc. Barbara listened attentively and then replied, ever so sweetly: "Here at the

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Marwyck Stables the customer can get whatever he wants—if he pays for it." Then she presented Bob with a tentative bill covering his demands that made him run for cover. It amounted to the World War debt multiplied by her telephone number!

Two-fisted Charles Bickford gets many a handful of change out of a trucking concern, a string of gas stations and (whisper this) a lingerie shop. Having studied automobile mechanics as a hobby, Patric Knowles now maintains the screen village's leading auto repair shop. Because he couldn't get exactly the kind of a lamp fixture he wanted, James Dunn designed one for himself. The manufacturer who made it up for him got him so interested in the business that Dunn bought him out. He later bought other plants and now he owns several factories and has showrooms in New York, Hollywood and other cities.

John Boles' commercial tie-up is far-sighted, to say the least. He operates a chicken ranch and when not busy at the studio he climbs on his truck and makes personal delivery of eggs to the markets around Beverly Hills. Into each carton goes a printed slip and the name of his current film.

Being a hen-pecked husband in the movies has proven exceedingly profitable so far to Charlie Ruggles. But, ever mindful of the day when earnings will show diminishing returns, he owns a profitable orange ranch and is the proprietor of a thriving chicken farm. His biggest money-maker, however, is his dog kennels. The See-Are Kennels, which he named after his initials, are famous in the movie sector and some of his best customers are his fellow thespians.

Glamour girls Gladys Swarthout and Claudette Colbert are such excellent interior decorators, that they have been called in as professional consultants on jobs for which they collected fancy fees. Each of them also collects antique American and English silverware for clients who have given them *carte blanche.*

Wupperman is the real last name of Frank and Ralph Morgan, and even without movie revenue, life would be very sweet for them because they are the owners of the company making Angostura Bitters, a prime ingredient for certain cocktails. In addition, they have a furniture store in Palm Springs. As a neighboring manufacturer they have Reginald Denny, who owns the largest model airplane factory in the world. Denny's ledgers show that they have already booked over two million dollars worth of advance orders for next year and 1938 is only half over.

Buck Jones now under contract to Columbia Pictures, stops to chat with Marjorie Reynolds and Drew Eberson, his leading woman and his director for *Overland Express,* a new two-fisted western epic.

Speaking of Palm Springs, Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell were forced into business there against their will. It seems that every time they tried getting on a tennis court at any of the hotels here, they always found the courts crowded. In desperation they bought some acres and built themselves several courts. They rented out the courts at 50c an hour when they, themselves weren't playing, and soon found that showers were necessary for after the game. They finally decided to build a clubhouse and the Racquet Club at Palm Springs was the result.

Among the sweet-smelling cinema stars you can chalk up Irene Dunne and Una Merkel. Irene has a brand of perfume on the market which she developed originally for herself, but which delighted so many others that she began making it on a large scale. Una not only sells standard-brand scents in her shop, but she also concocts scents to match the personality of her customers and on the side she designs odd but good looking atomizers.

It might be mentioned in passing that Edward G. Robinson is filmland's art expert. His collection of art objects and rare paintings are really another form of money in the bank, because if he ever had to realize on them he could get as much or more than he paid for them originally. Mae West has turned so many of her spare dimes into diamonds, she qualifies as an expert on these sparklers and could go into business as an appraiser. Having built one of the largest markets in Beverly Hills, Conrad Nagel will often give his customers a thrill by donning a white apron to wait on them himself. Eddie Cantor, who has appeared at so many benefits for others, will never have one staged for himself for when he was wiped out in the stock market he invested his new earnings into annuities.

Just the other day Clark Gable revealed that he invested heavily in a syndicate to raise angora rabbits for the fur trade.

Yes, today's movie favorites are wisely investing in outside businesses so that when careers are over they won't have to hit the trail that winds "over the hill to the Hollywood poorhouse." Those who haven't active enterprises, have employed financial experts to budget their income and invest what's left, after deducting living expenses, into a trust fund or annuity. For the most part, though, when age or a change in public fancy overtakes them, the stars can do a quick-change from the screen into their roles of landlords, horse breeders, farmers.

At any rate, when they no longer hear the welcome jingle of prolific movie silver and gold, no wolf will howl at their doors.

beauty in the hair

(Continued from page 40)

If you are serious about this business of keeping beautiful in summer, you will get a good permanent wave, if you are in need of one. A permanent is such a satisfaction in the summer and the new method of getting a wave without any overhead wires or electricity is particularly comforting these scorching days. You can relax while the little "miracle" sachets are being wrapped about each curl, and by the time the last sachet is being put on, it's time to take off the first one. It is well worth trying! It gives your hair a natural looking wave and leaves it glossy and lustrous. Quite up to the standards of "beauty criticism." Not since the introduction of the permanent wave has there been so welcome an invention as this definitely superior method of permanent waving. Think of it—a softness, lustre and beauty added to your permanent wave, *without electricity and without a machine!* You do want the trade name, don't you?

With the correct permanent and the desire to be beautiful, you can attempt any one of the new coiffures, yourself, at home!

For a completely sophisticated hair-do, part your hair on side from front of head to back in a half circle. Comb your hair forward and upward across the back from either side of this part. Start on the fullest side of the head in front, combing your hair in an upward line and make five large curls from the tip of your ear to the top of your head. Then make another row of curls immediately behind that. On the opposite side of your head make one row of curls in the same fashion. Allow your hair to dry thoroughly, then comb it out by holding your hand flat against your head in front and combing the first row of curls forward over your hand to form a flat roll. Repeat on second row of curls. To flatten the roll and give a sleek effect, slip your comb under the roll and flatten the roll against the head with your hand. Repeat for all rolls on both sides of head.

For that demure, come-hither coiffure, part your hair on the side from front to back in half circle. Start on the heaviest side of hair and comb directly back from your forehead. Take two strands of hair in front cut about two inches long and one inch wide and form two curls, setting them backward away from the hairline toward the part and pin in place. Now set one finger wave below these top curls. After both ridges have been set again draw your hair forward with comb and make large forward curls. Repeat on opposite side.

Of course, all these elaborate coiffures go for naught if you neglect to protect your hair against warm breezes blowing sand-dust into your hair. And the best bathing cap in the world cannot always keep salt water from your locks. Besides, salt water makes your hair decidedly sticky—hardly an asset for attractiveness and charm.

It is as necessary to give your hair and scalp a good stimulus tonic as it is to smooth sun creams and lotions over your face and body. For isn't your head getting a sunning along with the rest of you? And if you are the least bit observing you'll discover that the sun dries your hair and scalp just as it does your fair skin—unless you take precautions.

Select a good hair tonic and apply it each night along with massaging and brushing your hair. I'll gladly send you the name of one that I have found to do wonders for the scalp. It keeps the hair in place, too, without giving it that "glued-down" appearance, certainly an asset for unmanageable hair!

And remember, no matter how expensive and thorough a permanent wave you get, the waves can be utterly ruined through neglect. Prepare for your permanent by brushing your hair, massaging your scalp and having a warm oil treatment. Then, after your permanent, keep your wave soft by using your hair tonic, spraying on brilliantine, rubbing pomade into the ends of your hair and having your oil shampoos occasionally. And, of course, your weekly shampoo—more often if you are frequenting the beaches. Be sure that you dry your hair thoroughly after each shampoo, preferably in the sun, by massaging it with your fingertips during the drying process. Then give it a good brushing! You can dampen your hair to push up your waves *after* it has thoroughly dried.

Helen Stewart, Beauty Editor, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, will gladly help you with your beauty problems. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request. Send in your problem today!

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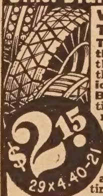

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.25
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.25
5.25-17	2.90	1.35
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.35
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.35
5.50-17	3.35	1.40
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.40
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.45
6.00-17	3.40	1.40
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.40
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.45
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studio close-ups

(Continued from page 55)

in sight he was "crowning." Director Richard Thorpe began shouting for rubber milk bottles for Frank to throw—feeling that was safer for everyone concerned. When they arrived the atmosphere instantly became laden with bouncing milk bottles landing hither, thither, and yon!

We are afraid Frank has exaggerated his prowess with the juggling art. From what we saw—he may be a good juggler—but we *think* he is a much, much better comedian.

✦

John Payne sprained his ankle kissing Margaret Lindsay. Rather a new touch don't you think? It happened during a romantic scene between these two for *Garden Of The Moon.* Margaret was sitting upon a bench and John was on his knees picking up cards. John reached up to kiss Margaret and got a nasty cramp in his leg but he carried on for dear old Warners' with fervid—if painful—sincerity. At the end of the scene he started to arise but his leg buckled under him and he sat back upon his foot causing a sprained anskle.—So much for "Hot foot" kissing in the movies!

✦

When you see *The Young In Heart* you will see a "Flying Wombat," the automobile of tomorrow. This streamlined colossus can travel at the rate of 150 miles per hour in its fourth forward speed. It is powered by an eight-cylinder V-type engine. The front seat holds five persons (a cozy little bus!); the gearshift is either positive or automatic according to the mood of the driver. The dashboard is padded in case of a crash. There are no fenders or running boards, or door handles. You push a tiny little button and lo—the door swings open. It is going to be made and put upon the market to sell for over $12,000—that is, if by the time it gets on the market, anyone still has $12,000!

✦

Louis Hayward "whispered" a light valve in a sound truck into a thousand pieces. Some whisper has this Louis! He was making the opera scenes for *Rage of Paris.* He was sitting in a box with Danielle Darrieux and Helen Broderick. The action of the scene called for Louis to stage whisper to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in another box during the performance of the opera.

"I want you to shout in a whisper," instructed Director Henry Koster to Louis. "All the spectators around Mr. Hayward's box must look up at him deeply annoyed. The orchestra conductor must turn around and glare at him. Okay, let's go! Action. Cameras. Roll!"

"Hey, Jim!" stage-whispered Louis. It shrieked through the theater like an explosion of dynamite.

"Cut!" screamed the sound engineer. "Mr. Hayward's blown out a light valve on the sound truck—and the drums out of my ears! What a whisper!" he mumbled. "What a whisper!"

The scene was taken ten minutes later with a muffler protecting the microphone—and I'll bet cotton protecting the sound engineer's ears.

When Helen Broderick came off the set later she told us about a letter she had received from an old Arizona desert prospector who mistook a recent item in a newspaper for a matrimonial advertisement. Dealing with vital statistics the item told of her weight, her height, her age, and the color of her eyes and hair.

The old fellow inclosed the clipping and wrote: "I read your ad in the paper and if you haven't had any satisfactory answer yet, please drop me a line. I'm lonesome, too!"

✦

Allen Jenkins is all adither he tells us. He gets a romantic kiss from Penny Singleton for his role in *Racket Busters.* It is the very first romantic kiss he has ever received upon the screen. Penny Singleton—on the delivering end—declares she is going to deliver—and *how!* Allen goes entirely berserk just thinking about it! "No comedian *ever* gets a romantic kiss," he protests. "It's either a wifely peck, or a sock for the poor comedian as a rule—and boy do we envy the hero who gets that nice clinch at the end!"

✦

George Brent won a bet from Humphrey Bogart the other noon. Humphrey bet him he could not go into Hollywood dressed in the tan leather jacket and brown hat adorned with a chauffeur's badge and union button he wears in *Racket Busters* without being recognized. George was holding forth that clothes make the man to the average individual on the street. George took Humphrey's bet and not only went into town without once being recognized, by the ever-present celebrity sleuths, but he went into a store where he is known and paid half the price he had paid for the same article when he bought it as "George Brent." Needless to say Mr. Brent will not patronize that particular store again and he has decided to do all his future shopping in overalls.

✦

It seems to me it is the height of something or other that Thomas Pague, character actor, should have eleven bottles of champagne explode

Jean Parker, who is currently starring in *Romance of The Limberlost* produced by Monogram, sports a new suit for *real* sun bathing.

all over him just for scenes in *The Garden Of The Moon.* Not a bubbly drop of the precious sizzling liquid was saved for inner consumption! Curt Boise had to open eleven quart bottles of the giggle water before scenes that were satisfactory were finished. Thomas Pogue was bemoaning the fact that he wasn't a beautiful young woman because a champagne bath should really be, according to Mr. Pogue, taken by the fairer sex. "So few of them can afford it these days," he says. "A free champagne shower would be somethin' for the Gold Digger posterity."

✦

While visiting the *Three Comrades* set, we had a real thrill and a few minutes of panic. The scene being shot was the one in which Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, and Robert Young are introduced in a close-up at a war buddies reunion banquet. The camera takes in a long shot of the soldiers at the table and then dollies up for a close-up of the heroes. The extras have to scramble out of the way of the camera as it dollies up to the table, so all the soldiers sitting on the side opposite to Young, Taylor and Tone, quickly rose to get out of the way of the camera as it moved up for the close up. Much to everyone's surprise and consternation, the table loaded with food, wine, dishes and crockery of all kinds turned over, dumping the entire mess upon the three young stars. You can well imagine the excitement and confusion that ensued.

Upon investigation it was discovered the table had been made with the seats attached and someone had forgotten to put legs on the benches so that when the weight was all thrown on one side —boom—the entire thing tipped over onto the floor and on top of Young, Taylor and Tone!—Those three names would make a good song title wouldn't they?

✦

Clark Gable is responsible for another fashion fad. He once had all the college lads in the country turtleneck conscious. Now it seems young men all over the country are trying to get scarfs like Gable and Spencer Tracy wear in *Test Pilot.* They were made of old parachutes and Clark Gable tells us flying fields all over the country are being besieged by clothiers from everywhere seeking disused parachutes so they can manufacture the Gable-Tracy parachute scarfs.

✦

Dirty work on *The Young In Heart* set! Claude Allister strutting in a swallow tail coat, knife-creased trousers, Ascot tie and shining top hat, carrying an "unfair" picketing sign and tramping determinedly up and down before a shop. Claude is taking his job very seriously. He is evincing all the zeal and sincerity of the earnest-faced workers we see and hear everywhere in America today.

Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke and Richard Carlson sitting on the sidelines cheer the poor self-conscious Allister on, ribbing him no end. "O' I say now" protests Allister mildly, "I feel silly enough doing this bally thing without being ribbed about it." But there is no mercy in the hearts of his fellow workers! They continue their low-toned ribbing until Director Richard Wallace comes to his rescue and sternly demands silence on the side lines. "No kibbitzing"—opines Wallace firmly.

That's a candid picture of the real Hollywood, the Hollywood we all love! Humor, mischief, comraderie, childlike delight in simply silly things: the Hollywood that likes to play—and can if it wishes—perfectly combine work and play.

✦

Martha Raye getting in a dither over her big mouth publicity, going glamour girl, and becoming known as Martha (lovely legs) Raye, makes us wonder when popular Number One comedienne Joan Davis will begin to strike against neck-risking falls and face-distorting mugging. We watched Joan do a scene with Ben Blue in Shirley Temple's latest opus, still untitled at this writing. She is supposed to dive 14 feet into Ben Blue's arms, but Joan missed and did such a comedy landing on the hard and unsympathetic floor, that it was left in the picture. Getting up with a manufactured grin for the occasion she swung her arms about saying, "Think nothin' of it! I *always* fall in love like that!—And just like that—the man's never there." She's a grand sport, this Joan Davis, and has an ever ready-to-fire wit.

✦

Marjorie Weaver gave a grand performance in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped.* It was quite an assignment as her very first screen role but she lived up to it, every inch the trouper. This is a very good picture by the way. Preview audiences loved it. Darryl Zanuck admitted the night after the preview that Marjorie had won a bigger and better contract and a right to be groomed for stardom. So watch Marjorie, fans, and see what you think. She is playing opposite Warner Baxter again in *I'll Give a Million.*

✦

Barbara Stanwyck was all upset over the fact that she had to wear a bathing suit for *Always Goodbye.* "Somehow I couldn't think of myself as the bathing suit type," grinned Barbara. But if she looks anything like the day we saw her on the set

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when the vision is transported onto the screen—bring on the bathing suit roles for Barbara! Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter both agreed with us the screen has missed a bet not giving Barbara a bathing role much, much sooner. *Always Goodbye* is another of those tense mother love themes.

◆

By the way watch for Edward Romero, Cesar Romero's kid brother. He will appear in the college sequences of Sonja Henie's picture *My Lucky Star.* Director Roy Del Ruth picked him out of the University of Southern California band one evening because he looked so much like Cesar—then he found out he was his brother. He has a bit in this picture and if you look you will see how much he resembles his brother, who, by the way, plays in the same picture.

◆

Ace, the beautiful police dog who plays Richard Dix's Seeing Eye dog in *Blind Alibi,* believes in obeying his instructions to the minute. His trainer has taught Ace not to pass certain marked spots on the set. The spot is marked with something that belongs to the dog. We watched Dix go through a scene with Ace in which he was supposed to be crossing a street. Dix being blind (in the picture) was to be saved from being run over by an automobile by the dog forcing him to stop. The scene was shot to perfection. Then Dix decided he should freshen his make-up so he started to cross the street to his dressing room—but Ace stopped him—and *how!* Ace's trainer had to come over hastily and take up the ball marking the spot before Ace would budge from his place in front of Dix. Cameras or no cameras Ace had had his instructions!

◆

May Robson, the grandest old trooper of them all, had a birthday on *The Texans* set that was a lulu. Everyone loves May from the lowliest prop boy to the most grandiloquent star. Randolph Scott, Joan Bennett and everyone on the set made it a very, very special day in May Robson's life. But the crowning triumph of the day's celebrations came when Director James Hogan called for a playback of a hymn scene in which May is supposed to sing bigger and louder than an entire male chorus. May settled back to listen and criticise her singing when through the microphones came, "Happy Birthday To You, Happy Birthday To You" which had been secretly recorded by the entire troupe of *The Texans* for the occasion. May sorta went to pieces over it—it was almost too much of a surprise!

◆

Rita Oehmen, playing opposite George O'Brien in *Gun Law,* is singing the praises of the little California desert town of Victorville. She tells us that when she was on location in this town someone stole a jeweled wrist watch of which she was very fond. Victorville authorities tried their best to find the thief, but failed to find a trace. After Rita returned to Hollywood, she received an insured package and a note. It turned out to be a handsome wrist watch and the note explained, "This is to replace the one some rat stole from you while you were enjoying Victorville's hospitality." Signed the Victorville Hospitality Committee." We join Rita in her three cheers for Victorville.

◆

John Payne came on *The Garden of the Moon* set looking very sheepish. He said he had just had a good one pulled on him. "On my way to the studio," he said, "a police car came roaring down the street behind me. Naturally I pulled over to the curbing. A portly, apparently excited guy, jumped on my running board and shouted "Follow that car!" I stepped on the gas believing I was in for an adventure for sure. We went several blocks tearing like mad after the police car and then the stranger on the running board shouted, 'Stop here!' I stopped! The man stepped off, waved his hand at me coolly and said, 'Thanks for the lift, bud.' Can you tie that one?"—We couldn't!

◆

Claire Trevor declared emphatically she doesn't see how gals in the early 1900's ate at all. It is hard to believe they breathed—often—according to Claire. She came mincing up to us on *The Valley Of The Giants* set looking pale and hungry. "This corset is so tight I can't eat anything solid at all," she moaned. "How did they do it? I have to take my food on the installment plan—and standing up. I have a glass of milk at ten, a malted milk at noon, a tiny little sandwich at two, and tea and toast at four. In the meantime I hurt all over! It's terrible! Believe me, I'm for the girdleless, athletic gal of our day!" she sighed.

◆

You know the old gag about you can't tell the difference in the taste of cigarettes in a completely dark room? Well, Martha Raye has proved that Bob Burns can't tell the difference between cigars if the bands are changed. Bob made a horrible grimace the first time he smoked a cigar furnished him to smoke for *Tropic Holiday.* He sent out hastily for a box of his own special brand. When they arrived Bob was busy receiving instructions for the next scene. Martha winking broadly changed the bands on the cigars. Bob finally picked up one of the prop cigars bearing his own brand. He took a long puff and grinned happily, "There sure is a difference in cigars!" he opined contentedly. Martha only said, "Yeah!"—We couldn't remain for the climax.

Warners' Bette Davis selects a navy blue silk jersey swim suit with pink circles for her daily dip in the concrete pool of her lovely home.

how to win a proposal

By Mary Carlisle

The feminine movie star averages 16 proposals of marriage a year.

That is the tabulated result of a questionnaire issued to 158 leading feminine players by Mary Carlisle, blonde Bostonian beauty who has been writing a book *What Do You Know About the Stars?* since completing her role with Lloyd Nolan and Lynne Overman in Paramount's *Hunted Men.*

Typical of the lasses who answered the questionnaire are Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich, Franciska Gaal, Claudette Colbert, Anna May Wong, Eleanore Whitney, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Marsha Hunt, Evelyn Keyes, Margot Grahame, Dorothy Lamour, Isa Miranda, Betty Grable and Olympe Bradna.

"Some of these are married," Mary points out, "but that doesn't mean that they don't receive proposals of marriage. Hollywood swains are apparently more ardent—or maybe more absent-minded—than young men elsewhere and propose regardless. And please note that these figures do not include proposals received from 'cranks' and strangers through the mail.

"A girl can get any man to propose who isn't legally tied—and sometimes even when they are," adds Mary. "It's simply a matter of technic. First you must know your man, his likes and dislikes, and what he looks for in a wife. Then you regulate the conversation accordingly. You also regulate your sex appeal with a mental rheostat, flashing or dimming whatever magnetism you possess, according to the occasion.

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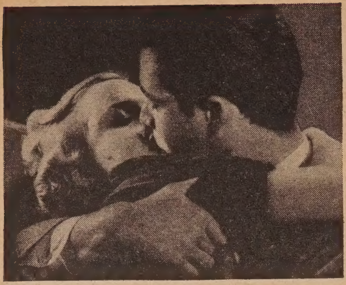

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riding for raves

(Continued from page 43)

element. He was born in Iowa, and having moved to Montana when he was six months old to live on a cattle ranch, he'd learned to ride along with learning to walk. The opportunity afforded by the happy-go-lucky Cassidy character was just the provocation needed for fans to start a following for the handsome new cowboy with the ingratiating grin. His good luck was again responsible when Cecil B. DeMille, hunting a "Buffalo Bill" for his epic *The Plainsman* handed the plum to Jimmy. And "Buffalo Bill" opened the Paramount portals to important parts in *Annapolis Salute,* and Rex Beach's *The Barrier.*

It was just one year ago at this writing that RKO began production on *Vivacious Lady* and had it not been for the illness of James Stewart, which postponed the picture for nearly a year, James Ellison would be still another year ahead of his record—for the picture would have brought him prominent recognition that much earlier.

It nevertheless accomplished a splendid purpose. When Jimmy was assigned the role in *Vivacious Lady* he made a very important decision. He was making enough money now to get married.

Jimmy didn't get his girl, however, as quickly as he got his first screen role. Actually, he'd been proposing to Gertrude Durkin for four years. Gertie thought he was awfully sweet, liked him a lot—but she still went out with other fellows. This was one situation Jimmy couldn't discuss with his big brother. It was darn foolish, he *knew*—just waiting for a woman to say "yes"—so Jimmy made up *his* mind. He had a date with Gertie for Saturday night. They were going to a party given by one of the younger set. They were going with another couple—but Jimmy decided they were going by themselves. He called up Gertie and told her he'd made other arrangements. Gertie was surprised, for Jimmy had never done this before. But Gertie was pleased. That night, enroute to the party, beneath a full moon and beside a tiny girl with starry-brown eyes, curly hair and the softest white hands in the world, Jimmy whipped up his determination—and brought the car to an abrupt stop.

Fifteen minutes later Gert and Jimmy greeted their hostess, walked through the room of dancing friends to a swing on the porch and sat for hours, hands clasped tightly together. Gertie says she never did know why they didn't let their friends in on it that evening. The ring on her finger was beautiful.

But she couldn't remember Jimmy proposing.

For that matter, I'm having a devil of a time at this moment remembering anything James Ellison ever said about himself. He has much of that "big, silent-man" quality that sets him apart, and yet is instinctively ingratiating. The likeable grin with which he has made friends since a youngster is destined to go right on making them, by the score, at the box office. The grin is the eye-crinkler brand. You know, the slow starter that breaks into a revelation of strong white teeth. He still has that quiet shyness, and hesitancy about making up his mind. But his decisions are completely successful once he does. His home, for instance. It's the perfect size for a couple—six rooms. Built on the side of a hill, with tall sturdy trees all around.

Like a nest, secluded from the intrusion of people and the world.

"We bought it furnished, even to the ash trays." Jimmy will readily volunteer any information you like about the house. "It's all paid for," he'll add proudly. "Three days after the deal the owners wanted to buy it back. They'd changed their minds about selling—but ours were made up. It's a swell house, don't you think? Can't blame them for hating to part with it."

"Bought that property next door last month. We're going to build an outdoor dance pavilion on it for the summer, and this winter a house will replace it. Make a nice little piece of income some day."

Their friends are legion, enveloping all of filmdom's younger set. But their closest pals are the William Henrys, also their in-laws. Gertie's sister, Grace, is Mrs. Henry, and Bill was Jimmy's best friend during his early picture days. Next to Gertie and the house, Bill is Jimmy's favorite topic of conversation. "He'll be an important star one of these days. He's a great little actor. M-G-M has some swell plans for him."

By now, you get the idea—why it's simpler to look and write about this Ellison chap than listen—and get a story about everyone but Jimmy. I asked to see some stills from his early pictures. He brought out two of them—with a set of Gertie's newest portraits. "He insisted that I have them taken," Gertie said apologetically, "you'd think *I* was the actor in the family." She smiled adoringly at him. I said I understood he sang very well—Gertie nodded—and Jimmy hopped off to the subject of George Gershwin. "I have every record I can find of his compositions. You might call it a hobby. I asked him if he wrote—and he brought out his mother's scrap book. "Some day I'd like to write as well as she has. She was Ona Ellis Smith, you know, very well known in writing circles. But I guess Howard takes after her."

I'll pin him down, I determined, with "How does it feel, to have arrived, to have the severest critics in the country singing your praises?" He looked at me surprised, then spoke anxiously, "Gee—don't give me the credit for that. George Stevens the director of *Vivacious Lady* is responsible for anything good *I* did in it!"

It didn't seem the proper time to argue, for little Jimmy Smith, Alias Big James Ellison looked like he'd made up his mind, but I couldn't help remembering that a few days before, George Stevens, himself a silent type, had told me, "That Ellison lad's got it. A fine fellow and a swell actor who's going places!"

the vivacious lady

(Continued from page 21)

at home with her grandparents during the time her mother was gaining a foothold in the picture colony. She became associated with Fox for a time and then became the exclusive story writer for Baby Marie Osborne, the Shirley Temple of her time. When she was sent to New York to continue her writing, she took Ginger with her. And Virginia Katherine was then actually being called Ginger. A small cousin, Phyllis Fraser, started it because she couldn't pronounce Virginia Katherine.

In New York Ginger went to public school on 46th Street, and it was during this time that she made her first debut in pictures. Lela came home one day from the New York Fox studio to find a note saying that Mr. Burton George, a director and friend of Lela, had taken Ginger over to the Fort Lee Studio in New Jersey to work in a picture. Lela was furious—she who was writing for and managing the screen career of the successful Baby Marie Osborne. She hadn't any intention of allowing Ginger to become a screen star. In fact, she wouldn't even allow Ginger to go back the next day to finish the sequences for which she was needed, therefore another child had to be used and the film on which Ginger's likeness appeared was destroyed.

A significant milestone in Ginger's life occurred when her mother met John Rogers, a childhood sweetheart whom she had not seen in years. Their marriage lasted for seven years and was the only deep love of Lela Rogers' life. John Rogers was an insurance broker and his business, shortly after his marriage, took him to Fort Worth, Texas, so that once again, Lela and Ginger found themselves in the Lone Star state.

Ginger loved her stepfather and because of this she took his name and has used it ever since. It was through music that John Rogers wrote when he was first married to Lela, that Ginger first became interested in singing. On several occasions, in Fort Worth, they appeared together on the radio, Ginger singing the songs he had written and John accompanying her on the piano. John is now a newspaper editor and married to someone else, but he still refers to Ginger as "my daughter," and they correspond regularly.

It was while her mother held the job of society and dramatic editor on the *Fort Worth Record* that Ginger had her first glimpse of "backstage life." Lela's duties frequently took her backstage and Ginger used to go with her. While Lela sought news, Ginger breathed deeply of a new and thrilling atmosphere. She explored stage and loft, wings, dressing room and orchestra pit. She watched hoofers rehearse their new routines and her blood quickened at the sight. She says today, it was as though wings were attempting to sprout in her feet.

During one of her backstage sessions she met the dance team of Santry and Seymour. Ginger was growing up then. Awkwardness was becoming a slender willowy grace and a new softness etched the piquant contours of her face. Her red hair was like a flaming halo bringing out her young vitality. When the historic Charleston contest of Fort Worth was announced, both Santry and Seymour suggested that Ginger enter. And Ginger, with her characteristic enthusiasm, took the suggestion to heart. She not only wanted to enter the contest—she wanted to win it.

When Lela heard about it, however, she absolutely refused. No argument Ginger could offer seemed to sway her—until the night before the contest. It was then that Ginger, desperate to the point of cool, passionless logic, faced her mother in a battle that meant her whole future. She won that battle and when it was over, her mother went downtown and bought several yards of white crepe romaine and a shining heap of brilliants.

All night Lela worked on the gown which Ginger was to wear. It was a beautiful, shimmering sheathe when it was finished—a forerunner of the one

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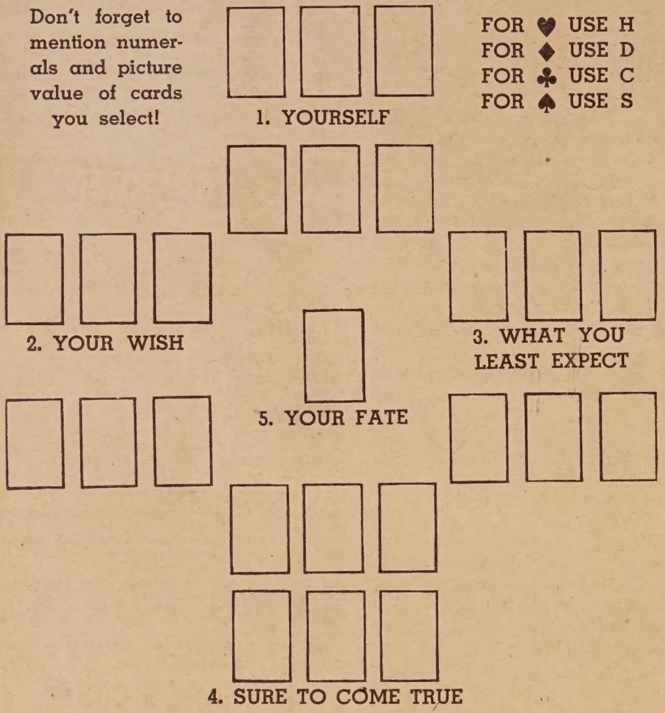

MODERN MOVIES,
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Dear Vera:

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SINGLE ...Married...DIVORCED...

BIRTHDAY .... AGE....

HOW TO LAY THE CARDS

Make a wish. Shuffle an ordinary pack of cards. Spread them out face down. Select twenty-five cards.

Lay out the cards in four stacks of six cards each. There will be one card left. This last card will be your Fate card.

Fill out the diagram above or place cards similarly on separate paper according to each stack of cards. The first stack refers to yourself, the second to your wish, the third to what you least expect, the fourth to what is sure to come true and the fifth to your fate. After you fill out the diagram and the coupon, send them with a dime and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Vera. She will send you, in a personal letter, your fortune as she sees it in the cards.

---

white or silver-and-white gown Ginger always insists upon wearing in every dancing picture today.

Ginger won that Charleston contest and a four weeks contract with the Interstate Circuit at a hundred dollars a week. Mrs. Rogers gave up her own career that night and prepared to devote her time and energies to furthering her daughter's. On the Interstate Circuit with them, Mrs. Rogers and Ginger took two of the defeated Charleston competitors and the act was billed as Ginger Rogers And Her Redheads.

Three years later, while on the circuit for a return engagement, Ginger made her first marriage. There'd been puppy love affairs before, of course, but nothing serious. Jack Pepper was a friend of the family. In fact, back in Kansas City, Jack had paid court to a very young aunt of Ginger's and Ginger had thought him the handsomest young man she'd ever met. Jack hadn't noticed Ginger at all, except to give her dimes and quarters to stay out of the way so he could be alone with Aunt Jean.

Ginger took the proffered money of course, but she didn't give up her dreams. Someday, she told herself, things might be different. Someday, Jack Pepper would see her for an alluring, beautiful person. That someday happened when, at sixteen, Ginger was a success on the stage. She and Jack met unexpectedly in New Orleans. To him, she was all things glamorous and exciting. To her, he was a dream come true. They were married in New Orleans and Ginger had a three weeks' lay-off during which they went on a honeymoon trip. After that, she went back to work. They never had a home or a chance to make their marriage work. After ten months, they separated and divorce followed.

Ginger's career, however, went ahead in leaps and bounds. Her first musical comedy in New York was *Top Speed,* a Kalmar and Ruby show in which she played the comedienne. And after *Top Speed,* came her first movie offer. She played the famous vamp-flapper role in *Young Man Of Manhattan,* with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster in which she spoke the oft-repeated line, "Cigarette me, big boy." She made five pictures in Paramount's New York studio and then appeared in *Girl Crazy,* her second musical show on Broadway.

When the show closed, she got a wire to come to Hollywood to make pictures for Pathe. About this time, Ginger met Mervyn LeRoy and a friendship which lasted for more than two years began. Ginger admits today that he was largely responsible for the next upward steps in her career. They went everywhere together.

Hollywood thought their romance would surely culminate in marriage. But Hollywood was wrong.

Ginger went to Warner Brothers and made *42nd Street, Gold Diggers of 1933* and others during the time of her association with LeRoy. The pictures were due, without a doubt, to his influence. Several unimportant pictures at Fox were followed by a picture at Universal called *Don't Bet On Love.* Lew Ayres was her leading man in this picture and as a result of her work in it, she signed a contract with RKO-Radio. And there began the series of pictures which put her on the pinnacle of screen success she occupies today.

Ginger and Lew didn't fall in love at first sight. In fact, they didn't meet on the set for the first time, but at someone's party. And after that, they began having dates. Love happened pretty gradually and they were married in the Church Of The Flowers in Pasadena, on a sunlit November day. Within Ginger's heart was a profound belief in this marriage. It was going to last, she told herself.

But things went wrong. When they were first married, Lew was on top, professionally. Ginger was still at the comparative beginning of her career. Then, the screen pendulum swung the other way. Ginger began her amazing ascent. She teamed with Fred Astaire and blazed across the sky like a comet, while Lew's star faded and set. It is a credit to him that he couldn't bear to be known as Mr. Ginger Rogers.

Then, too, they had no privacy. Ginger worked long hours with no holidays, no free moments anymore. And Hollywood, in all its boisterous cruelty, took an unholy interest in how things were going with Mr. and Mrs. Ayres. There are those who say "audience reaction" wrote finis to their marriage. Whatever it actually was, it lasted but two scant years.

Today, Ginger goes about with this young man or that, but since her separation from Lew, there have been no serious romances. Periodically, the rumor that she and Lew will reconcile crops up. But that is only rumor. For the moment, her career is sufficient. She is becoming known, not only as a dancing star, but a dramatic star as well. With clever foresight, she has refused to make only one type of picture.

And she is still going ahead—and looking ahead.

summer in hollywood

By Renee Bradley

Summer fashions in filmdom know no boundaries and observe few conventions.

More than ever before there is a variety of materials and styles, the essential keynote of which is comfort and utility, combined with smartness.

Straw, felt and linen, especially herringbone linen, are used in countless variations.

Rough, stiff felt is adapted to sports coats, from the short box jacket with a square look, through three-quarter and full-length coats. They are trimmed with gay embroidery in bright wools, and straw buttons. Some have straw cuffs.

Very large hats, for street, afternoon, spectator sports and beach, are made of the roughest possible straw and enormous pastel-shaded felts are trimmed with straw.

Herringbone linen is seen in suits, separate skirts and jackets and in slacks and shorts.

In the latter material, Norma Shearer, who has just completed work in *Marie Antoinette,* included in her wardrobe a white two-piece suit with waist-length fitted jacket, short-sleeved, the whole outlined with inch-wide black herringbone linen, the front fastened with an invisible zipper. Collarless, the black outline was high and close at the throat. The skirt was gored and circular, outlined at hemline in black. With it, Miss Shearer wears a very big-brimmed, rough straw hat in black, black monk's shoes, and short black slip-on gloves with top zipper fastening.

For evening, white silk jersey is a favorite with Miss Shearer, preferably with tailored bodice and skirt with draped fullness to the front.

Rosalind Russell knows no rules and is highly individualistic in dress. She collects materials as other people collect old masters, and saves them until the proper style conception is achieved. During her present sojourn in England, where she will appear in *The Citadel* opposite Robert Donat, she will concentrate on a new and varied collection of tweeds.

Myrna Loy wears herringbone linen slacks to the studio, wears action bathing suits and shorts. Her taste is impeccable and formal in street and evening clothes, leaning toward simple, classic lines.

Joan Crawford adds cottons to her afternoon and evening wardrobe—bouffant organza and organdy frocks for teas, dinner and dancing.

Margaret Sullavan favors the dirndl for garden and at home wear; Virginia Bruce adapts it for hostess and dinner gowns in wool jersey with blouse, sash and skirt in contrasting colors.

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For complete details turn to page 82 of the August issue of PERSONAL ROMANCES. Your local newsdealer has this magazine on sale now! Get your copy today!

ROSES AND RAZZES

the magic carpet

This business of being a movie fan is the easiest job in the world. All I have to do is take my choice of the current movie tid-bits, ease myself into a cushioned seat and forget my cares and troubles.

My only thought is of the panorama of magnificence and beauty being unfolded on the screen before me. I find myself going places, traveling via taxi, train, ocean-liner, aeroplane, and rocket ship. I find myself in Monte Carlo, London, Paris, etc. Even Mars and the Moon are no longer shrouded in mystery.

The veil has been lifted. The past, present and future are on parade before my eyes. Sounds like a fantastic pipe dream. But what of it? That's the stuff movies are made of.

Action, thrills, romance, villainy, drama! Indeed I am fortunate to see all these and more from a comfortable theatre seat. That's what I call living! In reality I have never been anywhere, but, in fancy, the movies have taken me everywhere. Long may they continue to do so.

Most sincerely yours,

Joseph Keller,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

forceful flynn

Errol Flynn's *Robin Hood* is a lovable, convincing and robust portrait—one that will remain among the best performances of the screen. As far as I am concerned, this definitely puts him at the top of the screen heap.

It will be quite a change to see Errol in a crazy, modern comedy for his next film. He rates the best stories available. And, in spite of the fact that Michael Curtiz has directed him successfully so far, I should like to see what Errol would do under the guidance of some of the other experts. It would likely prove very interesting.

After the strenuous work required for *Robin Hood,* followed immediately by *Four's a Crowd,* Flynn certainly deserves his vacation—without being pestered by his studio to return to work before he's had a chance to benefit by the leave.

Ellen W. Barkdull,
Philadelphia, Pa.

mad mirth

What a relief to hear the cycle of "mad" comedies is at last whirling itself out! These plots were becoming madder and madder, and less and less funny—until finally madness alone reigned. (Making us long-suffering fans so indignant that we were vowing a boycott on all movies—unless advertised as stark drama.)

When are producers going to serve us varied film fare—instead of making us suffer through one cycle after another?

Very sincerely,

Lauretta Chapman,
Los Angeles, Calif.

hurray and hisses!

William Shakespeare for his recent "best sellers."

Charles Boyer—the most romantic star since Valentino.

Greta Garbo—the only one in the world.

Gary Cooper—because he is always himself.

Paul Muni—who is NEVER himself.

Barbara Stanwyck—a superfine actress.

Paul Lukas—whose fans miss his pleasant presence on the screen.

Claudette Colbert—who wears bangs with a bang.

Norma Shearer—making a brave effort to resume her art.

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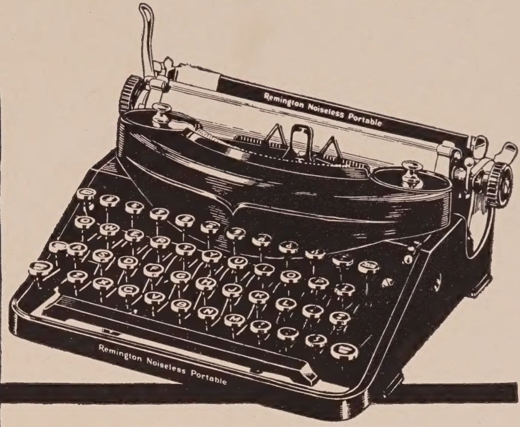

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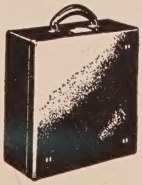

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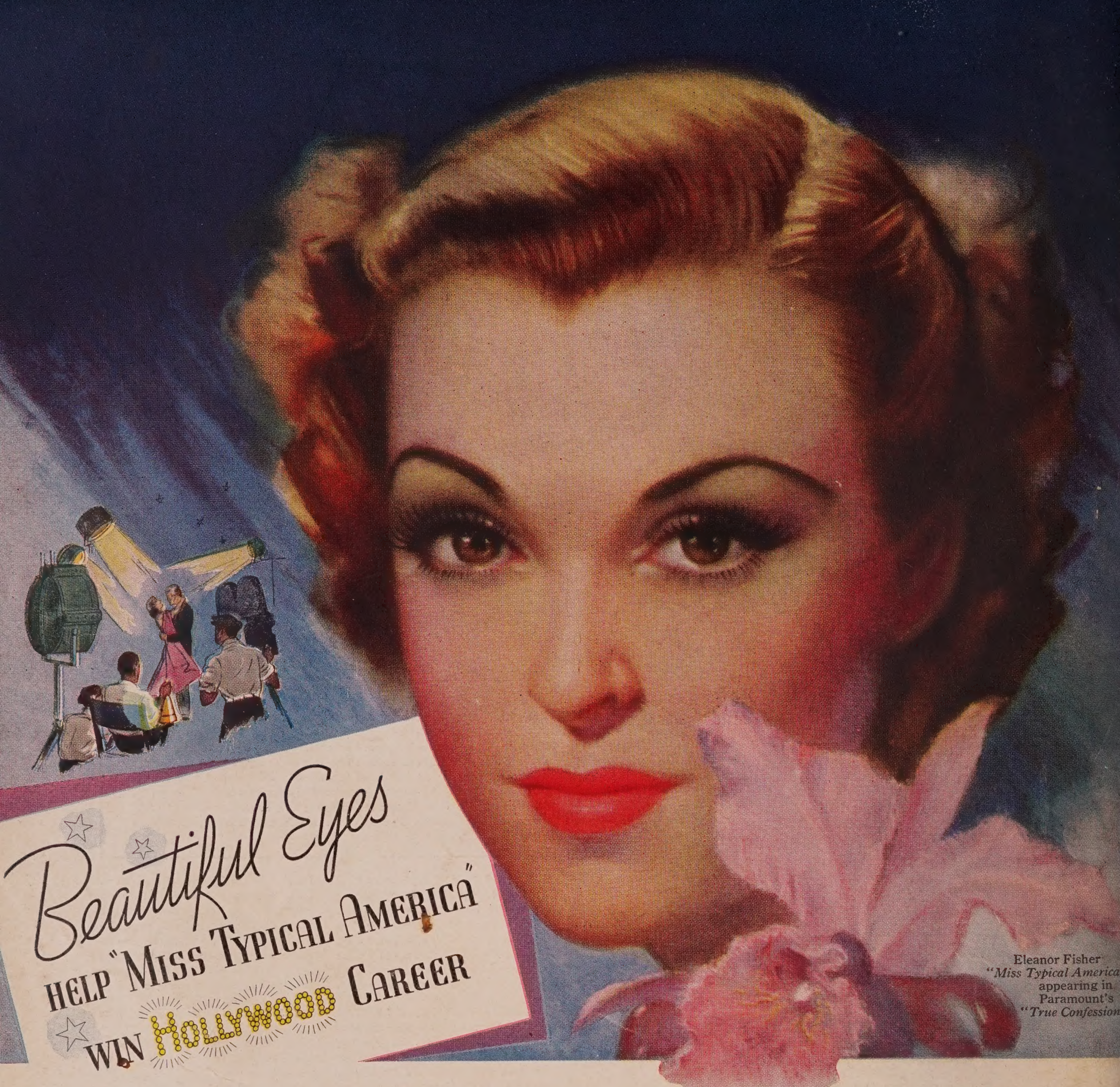

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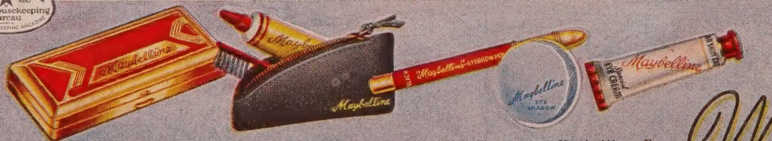

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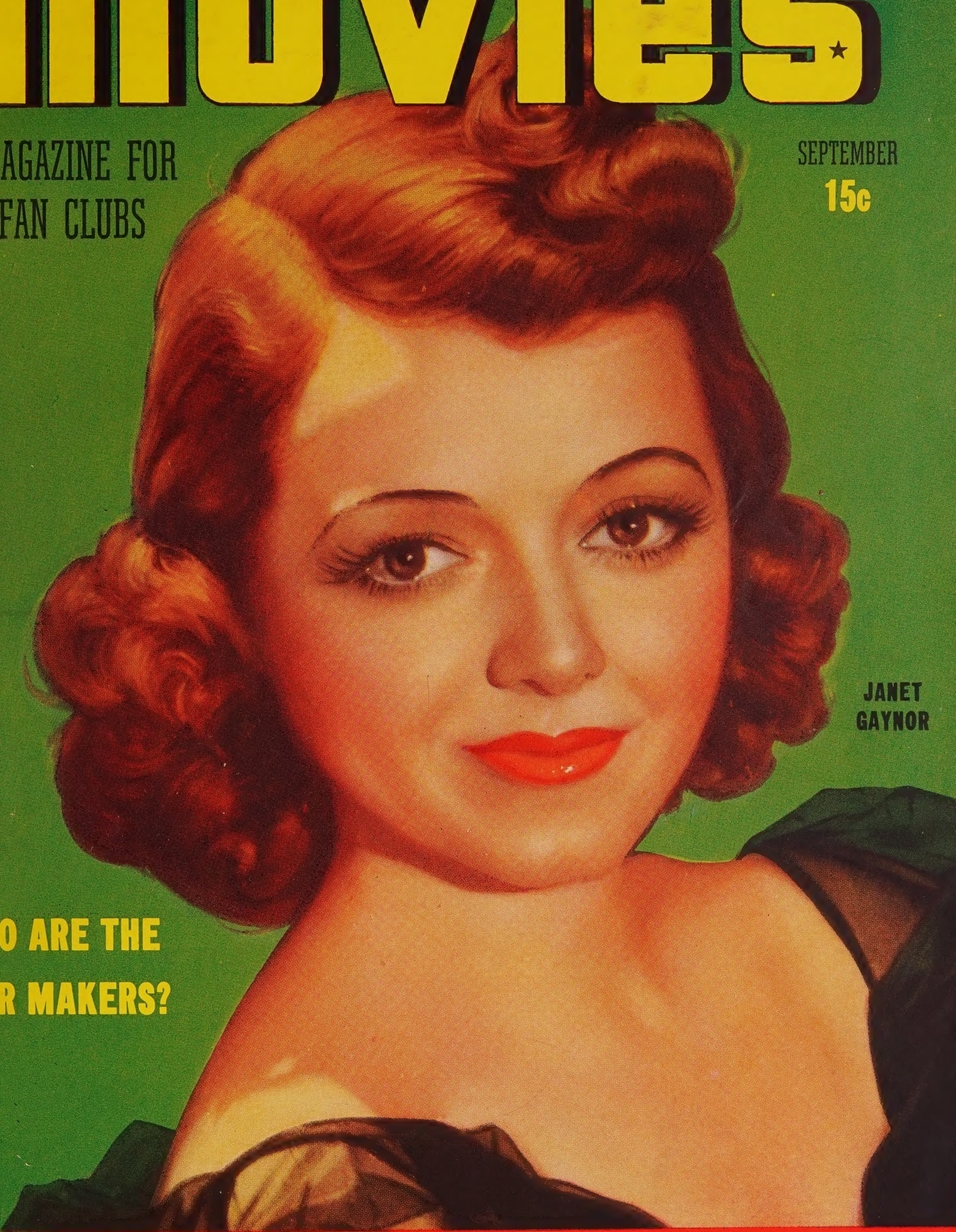

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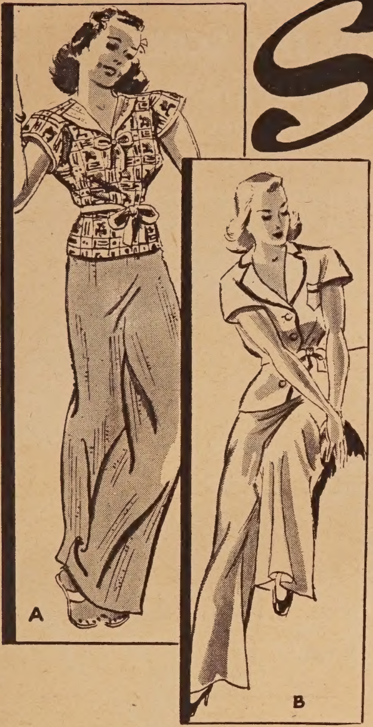

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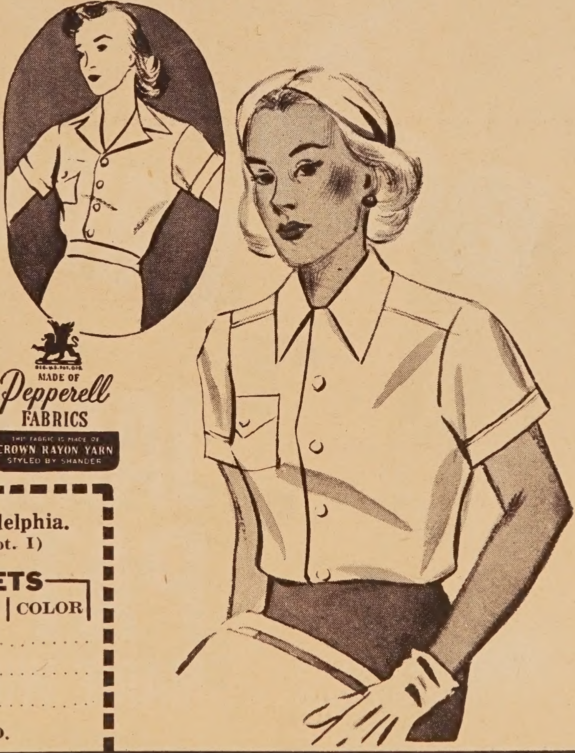

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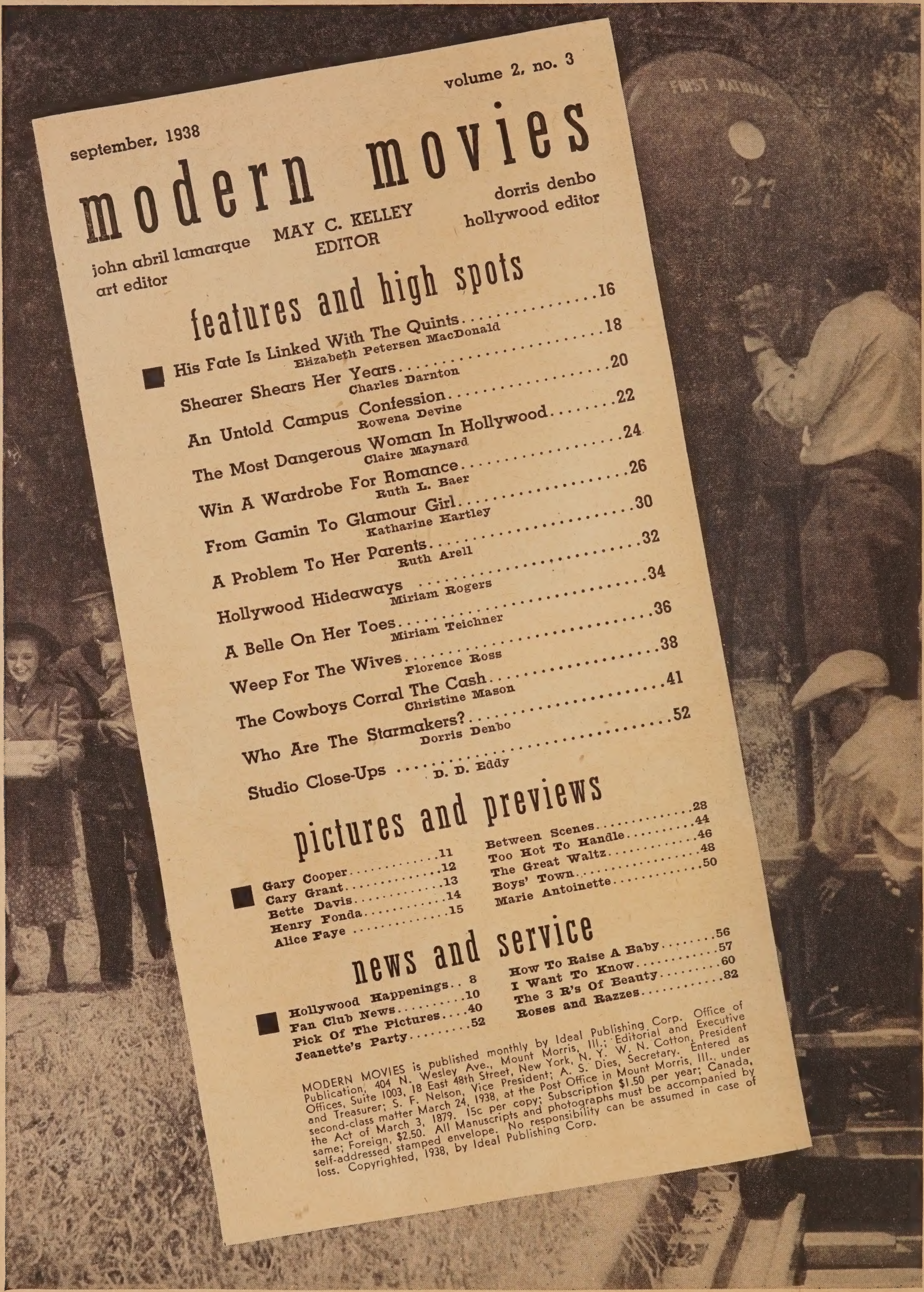

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modern movies

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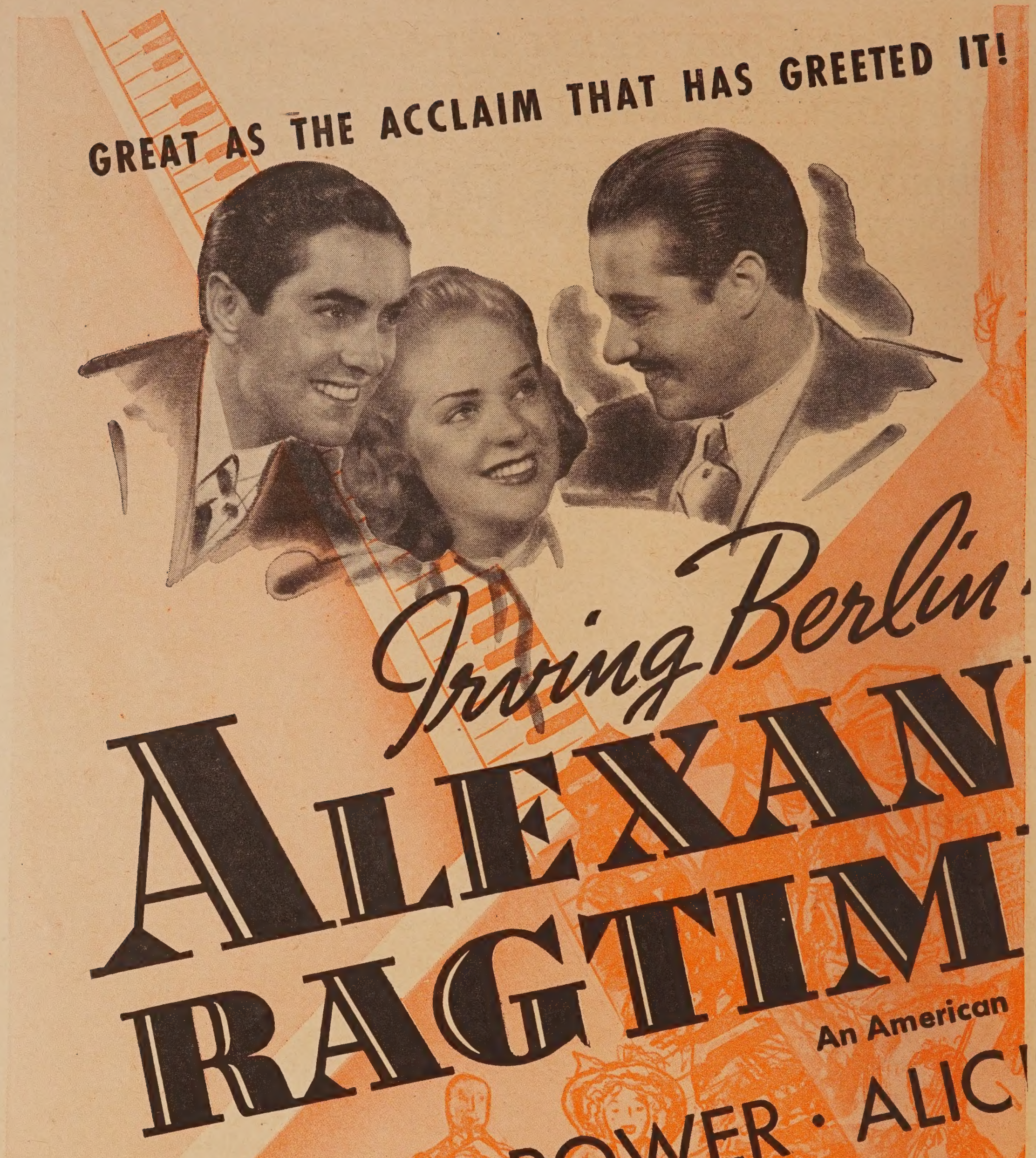

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E FAYE · DON AMECHE

ETHEL MERMAN · JACK HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

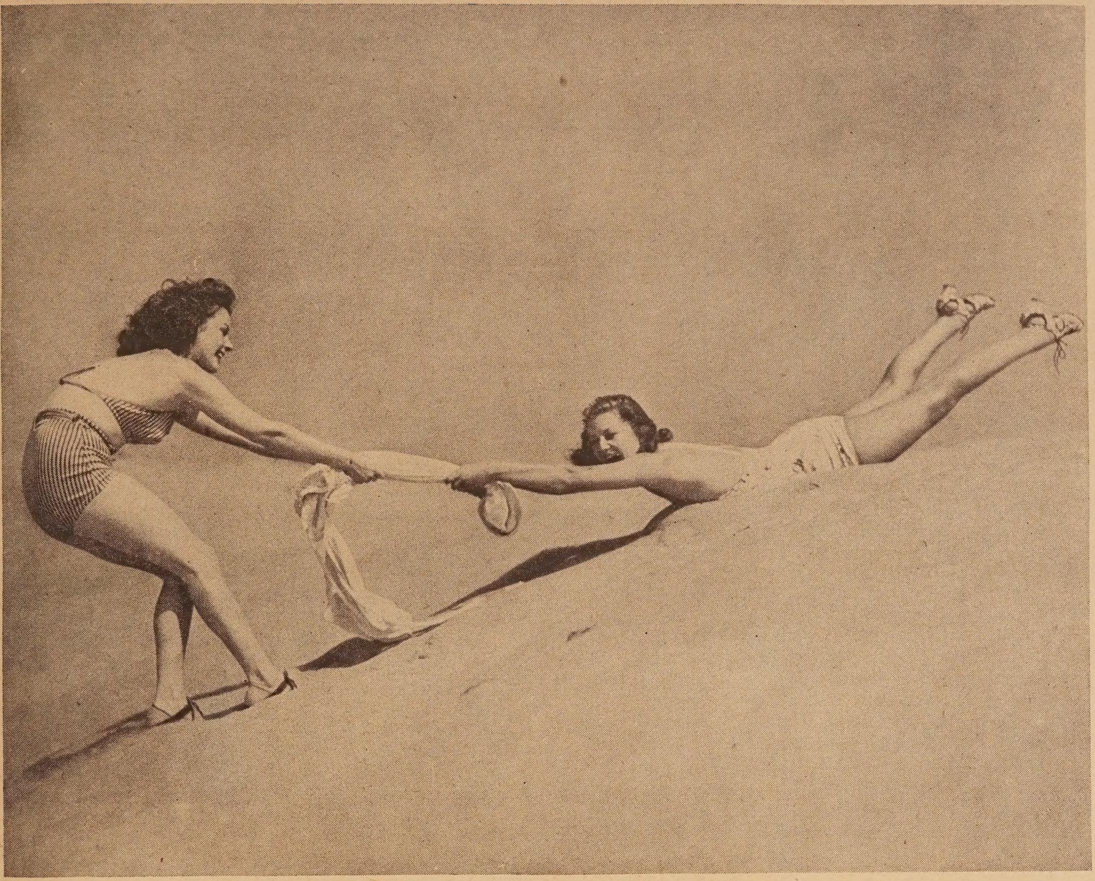
A
20th Century-Fox
Picture

Shirley Temple goes domestic with adopted Dad Charles Farrell in 20th Century-Fox's *Just Around the Corner,* while Irving Cummings directs.

Shades of the gay nineties! Bette Davis once again dons the frills and furbelows of another era in Warners' *The Sisters* with Errol Flynn.

hollywood happenings

Florence George and Ev Crosby have named next April for their wedding date. That's a long time for romances in Hollywood. Anything may happen in that time, but they declare they want to be absolutely sure it is the real thing and waiting will help them be sure. They have a magnificent example of domestic adjustment in the Bing Crosby family, though it has sometimes been a rocky road of bliss that Bing and Dixie have trod. Now they have so



Two pretty Warner Brothers starlets enjoy an old fashioned tug o' war down at Malibu! "But it's all in a day's fun," say pert Susan Hayward and Jan Holm.

many "little things" to think about, they will probably have no time for personal adjustments.

✦

It is no more to be "Swing"—it is to be "Zing!" We have it from the creative lips of Boris Moros, head of the Paramount Studio music department, himself. "All the boys have been trying to cover up the melody of popular tunes with trick playing—'noodles' we call them," said Mr. Moros. "In Zing we keep the melody simple, getting our effects with variety and rhythm. Zing is the kind of music that is embraced by sophisticated musical highbrows and is at the same time crowd-music with a gay, stomping, novel rhythm that will have 'em dancing in the aisles." So prepare yourself for "Zing" folks and grease up them dancin' shoes.

✦

Errol Flynn received 2,300 handkerchiefs from members of his fan club for his 29th birthday. He says, "Thankee! They were all swell." If fan club members could know how sincerely interested and flattered your favorites are about your organizations, and could hear them brag about you all, you'd be blushing with genuine pleasure.

✦

Richard Carlson has been seen here and there with Joan Valerie, the romantic lead of the Jones family's *Safety in Numbers.* Ronald Reagan and Susan Hayward are almost exclusively twosomeing it now. We just about got it settled that Ethel Merman and Cesar Romero were as one—when we caught Ethel out with Robert Riskin at the Cafe La Maze and Sonja Henie was seen with Cesar at the Rollerdome, and according to all signs Sonja should not be going out with anyone else but Richard Greene. And then Richard crosses us up by appearing with Arleen Whelan at the Trocadero, at Victor Hugos, at *The Drunkard,* and the Roller Derby on as many different evenings. They shouldn't mix us up like that. Tain't fair! It's summer, the sun's hot and the mosquitos bite—an' we have lots of troubles without their making more for us!

✦

And speaking of romance, George Brent is keeping us all busy guessing. There is a whispering rumor that George has found himself a serious interest, but that he is keeping her away from all night clubs and romance rumorers' hangouts. Then again, those close to George declare that if Garbo comes back from Europe unmarried—, and Loretta Young declares indignantly that "all these rumors about George Brent and me being serious is perfectly silly! We just enjoy each other's company." But from the places you see them together it looks as if they *really did* enjoy each other's company almost exclusively to any other. But then there's Garbo again—and the mysterious unknown—but he and Loretta Young were at Perrino's—but there we go—your guess is as good as ours!

✦

Bob Hope declares he'll never be able to listen to Jack Benny's program again with any pleasure. He can't even *think* of gelatine without getting in a

(Continued on page 76)

FAN CLUB NEWS

ETHEL FERGUSON, President of THE WAYNE MORRIS PROMOTERS CLUB, announces the formation of this new club after receiving permission from Wayne himself. They intend to publish a club journal quarterly, entitled The Squared Circle, with small photographs of Mr. Morris and other honorary stars appearing in each issue. Club dues will be 50c per year, entitling each member to a personally autographed photo of Wayne, a membership card; four issues of the club bulletin, and the usual club privileges. Sounds like an interesting set-up, don't you think?

JOSE ANTONIO VELAZQUEZ of Santurce, Puerto Rico, salutes us as President of the MARGO and JOSE CRESPO FAN CLUBS. These clubs were organized with the permission of the stars themselves, and are comparatively new. Members from every state in the good old U.S.A. are cordially invited to join either of these clubs. Mr. Velazquez attended college in our country and talks an excellent English.

BRADLEY DIX, an active worker for the CHESTER MORRIS CLUB in Yorkshire, England, wants brief mention of their activities in this column. They celebrate their first anniversary in August and the club will make a presentation to the President to mark the occasion. Membership in England is quite satisfactory but they send a S.O.S. to this country for fans who would like to join. A Westerners Club is also conducted by Mr. Dix and his associates and Tom Keene is the honorary star.

JOSEPH PEPITONE, Official President of the LEO CARRILLO FAN CLUB, greets Fan Club News with various items about his club. He receives a letter from the versatile Leo every two weeks encouraging the work being carried on by club members; enclosing photos and lists of his coming productions; anecdotes, etc., etc. This club is very cooperative.

JEAN ORLANDO, President of the JUDY GARLAND FAN CLUB, announces that they recently celebrated an anniversary party in honor of Judy and the club. All members within the metropolitan area are cordially invited to spend a weekend at Miss Orlando's beach home at Staten Island.

JEANNETTE MENDO, President of the MOVIE CLUB GUILD and RALPH BELLAMY CLUB outlines some data for this page. The Guild is having its sixth annual fan club convention in Chicago during August and all members are invited to attend. They are in existence for the betterment of fan club operation and management. The Ralph Bellamy Club is two years old and has over 200 members. GUILDEGRAMS and THE TROUPER are issued regularly to members of these respective clubs. New recruits are welcomed. Would you like to join?

FRANCES BRADLEY, President of the NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB at Birmingham, Ala., is glad of the opportunity to say a word about this club. Miss Bradley is working hard, at present, to be helpful to Nelson Eddy and Eddy fans. She contends that there are only three clubs organized in Nelson's honor that are actually recognized as being official. . . . Her own, one in Canada and another unnamed.

PEARL TICE, President of the GORDON OLIVER FAN CLUB and THE PENNY SINGLETON CLUB says howdy from Perkasie, Pa. THE OLIVER CLUB is growing in leaps and bounds and they are in the throes of planning a big contest. Penny Singleton has already given her permission and cooperation toward the formation of a club in her honor. Dues are 50c a year for either of these organizations . . . 75c for members in foreign countries.

LOUISE A. BALDWIN, President of the BRIAN DONLEVY FAN CLUB goes on record as being in favor of reputable clubs being recognized and encouraged. Much has been said and written against fan clubs due to a few which organized for petty racketeering purposes. THE DONLEVY CLUB was organized in October, 1936, and membership reaches the 200 mark. Members live in many countries including Argentina, Poland and India. Brian's consistent interest and help have been of inestimable value to the club. THE SALUTE is the official quarterly publication.

MRS. ELOISE DUBOIS, President of the JAMES MELTON CLUB and Editor of MELTON MELODY NEWS, a bi-monthly club magazine vouchsafes some information about the MELTON CLUB. The outfit was organized in September, 1936, and membership to date tops 140. Club dues are 50c per year, which entitles members to six copies of Melody News; a photo of Jimmy, personally autographed. The sole purpose of this club is to boost for James and it is the only fan club he has ever sanctioned in his long career on the radio and screen. Concert work has been his chief outlet this year. A membership contest is under way. Any offers?

AND HERE'S A DIRECT GREETING FROM FRIEDA INESCORT OUT IN HOLLYWOOD:

"Congratulations on your Fan Club Department in *Modern Movies.* Until a year ago I was completely in the dark about such organizations but now that some enthusiastic fans started one in my behalf, I am amazed to learn how kind and loyal they are—with nothing to gain for themselves beyond the knowledge that they have helped their favorite.

"Our weather here has once more assumed normal proportions and I can again feel it won't be a waste of time to water the lawn or wash the dog. Which being the case I had better leave my Corona and attend to both."

THANKS, FRIEDA INESCORT, FOR YOUR KIND INTEREST AND SOLICITUDE. IT'S APPRECITED.

FRANCES FEATHER, Eastern President of the DICK POWELL EAST TO WEST CLUB, enthuses over Dick's cooperation and encouragement for their efforts in his behalf. The club is purely a friendship organization and no dues are necessary. Proof of the fact that the Club is run solely on this basis is the one important rule exacted from each member joining the club: *Wholehearted friendliness towards all concerned.*

We here, are anxious to see that all authentic fan clubs are publicized, and those operating illegitimately are forced out of circulation. Therefore, if you are being asked for contributions other than membership dues by the fan club to which you belong, let us know immediately! Please send in your criticism of any unauthorized action on the part of any club! We want to hear of it!

a department devoted to information and highlights on fan club activities

gary cooper

cary grant

bette davis

henry fonda

alice faye

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HIS FATE IS LINKED WITH THE QUINTS

FIVE GIRLS CHANGED THE COURSE OF JEAN HERSHOLT'S CAREER

by elizabeth petersen macdonald

JEAN HERSHOLT remembers well that day the quints were born. Remembers it because that was the day he finally got hold of a particular first edition he'd been wanting to own for years.

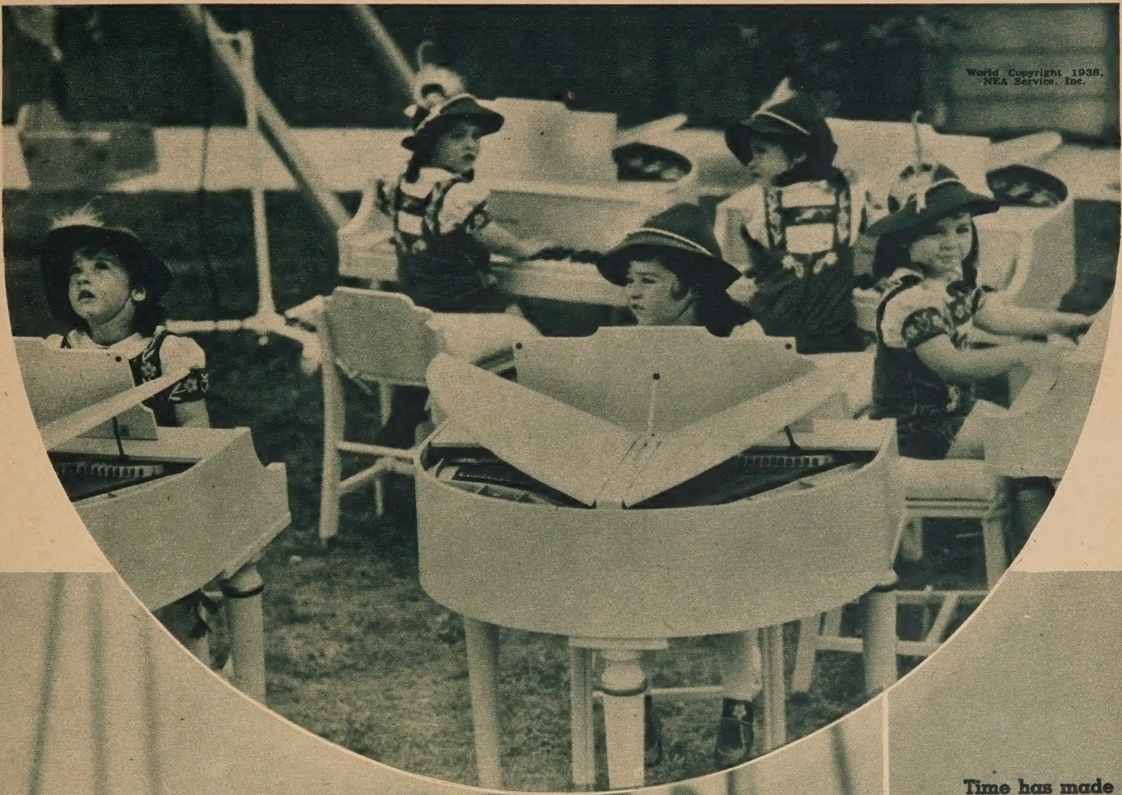
"Oh those poor Dionnes," Mrs. Hersholt said that night at dinner. "Imagine having five children already and then suddenly getting five babies all at once. However in the world will they manage?"

"It'll be a tussle all right." Hersholt agreed and then promptly forgot all about them in the excitement of his new possession.

But as you all know no one had to worry about the Dionnes after that. One day they had been struggling young French Canadian farmers and the next they were the most discussed family in the world. Strange how those five little puny, premature babies were to change the destinies of so many lives!

If anyone had told Jean Hersholt at the time the babies were born that his future was to be affected in any way because of them, he would have laughed. Yet those amazing babies were to bring him the greatest success of his career. For what those babies did for Dr. Dafoe, "The Country Doctor" they also did for Jean Hersholt. And yet the day he knew he was to portray Dr. Dafoe in that first picture, Hersholt knew so little about the quints he had to look

(Continued on page 62)



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Time has made one important change in the Quints which is revealed by Jean Hersholt, in his reunion with them in a new production.

● ● ●

***Five Of A Kind*, the 20th Century-Fox picture, stars Jean Hersholt as the Dionnes' Docteur, a role which has become a trademark for Jean.**

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Shearer shears her years

MGM's Norma Shearer enjoys Sun Valley's skiing.

Has the Role of Marie Antoinette Given Norma Shearer a New Philosophy—A New Zest for Fun and Gayety?

by charles darnton

NO matter that Norma Shearer in playing *Marie Antoinette* lost her head. What really matters is she found her youth.

"It has made me younger," she glowed, looking quite as girlish as the simple blue-bordered white linen frock she wore. "It has also made me feel more glamorous. These days, I know, 'glamor' is an awfully shopworn word, but it's still good. What, more than anything else, the part of Marie Antoinette has done for me, is to make me feel my various sides. In me, as in all of us no doubt, is the child, still every bit as young as its own childhood, and it is good to know it has lived on through the years."

By every sign here was a Shearer shearing her years, cutting through the black shadow that had fallen on them and emerging in the sunniness which is her birthright.

Proof of this, if any were needed, was given in a little thing. At one point in our talk she wadded up a ball of paper and fired it at me. This playful action told better than any words could have done the youthful spirit that today is Norma Shearer.

"Above all," she revealed, "it was the child in the earlier phase of Marie Antoinette that appealed to me. In the later phases were love, remorse, despair, and I realized I had been through all that, too. Everything the girl and the queen experienced, gave me a great desire to have lived in those days, to have enjoyed their gaiety. Sometimes the past gives back opportunities, and when it does it is up to you to live up to them."

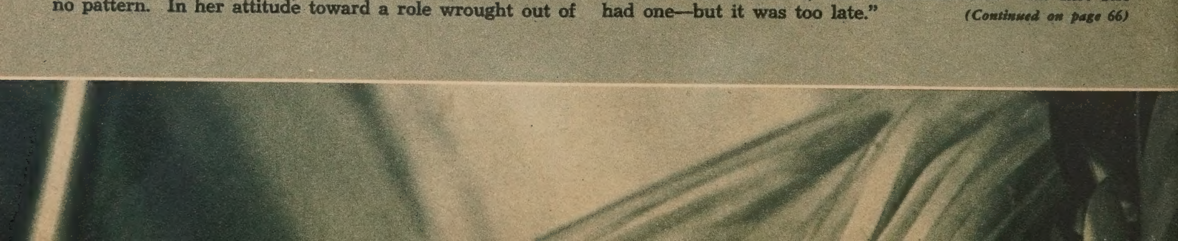
Prized opportunity had come to her at a time when the radiance of youth could light her Marie Antoinette, just as it did her Juliet. Nothing could have been more propitious, since youth is at once the secret and the charm of the latest creation of this classic actress who is essentially and completely a product of American motion pictures. Out of the only school of acting she has ever known, Norma Shearer once more takes her place as the First Lady of the Screen.

With that sense of fitness which is part of her, Miss Shearer evidently felt her Marie Antoinette should follow no pattern. In her attitude toward a role wrought out of the glowing fabric of historical romance she seems to have stood at the foot of a grand staircase down which swept luminous stage figures out of their storied past. But it was not for her to follow in their train. Rather, she appears to have turned after that pageantry had passed, then gazed clear-eyed out of an open door into a field through which she had chosen to make her own way, mark her own path. In those virgin reaches she apparently saw blooming afresh the passion flower which had gained color and richness through the centuries. To her it was not a thing to be plucked by a hand practiced in the art of others, but something to be taken tenderly and lovingly as a token of springtime beauty. More, she saw it as a trust belonging not so much to narrow tradition as to broad humanity.

Unlike some of her stage predecessors, Miss Shearer was never so busy playing the heroine that she forgot the girl. In everything she said to me of her conception of Marie Antoinette there was no early foreshadowing of the fateful end. She was swept towards it with the impetuous rush of headlong youth. Where others had been only too ready to play the tragedy queen she held steadfastly and truly to the child of misfortune.

"Her greatest crime," as Miss Shearer saw it, "was that she wanted to have fun. Her pathos was in her optimism—that is why children are so pathetic. Her hopefulness was so very appealing. Told she was going to be married and then made a queen, she thought it wonderful. She expected her husband to be handsome and exciting and brave—he was none of those things. The pity of it is that she who wanted to be loved ended up by being hated. Born with such a capacity for joy, it is strange her life should end in great unhappiness. I feel she was definitely three people—a joyous girl, a giddy, reckless woman, a comprehending martyr. Like so many of us, she was the victim of her own careless mistakes, and so should not have been blamed for them. I think she got into difficulties because she was so whole-hearted. She became enamored of people, which to me is a most graceful virtue. But the only man she ever really loved was the Swedish nobleman Fersen. He, I believe, was her conscience. At last she had one—but it was too late."

(Continued on page 66)



Norma, after *Marie Antoinette*, is scheduled for *Idiot's Delight* and *Gone With The Wind*.

From Left to Right

MGM's Bob Taylor was a pre-medical student at Pomona. Hence the nickname of "Doc".

Bob visits with Prof. Sait, Virginia Allen, Coach Strehle 'n Prof. Burgess at old Pomona.

Reunion at Bob's alma-mater! He is now preparing for his role in MGM's *Northwest Passage.*

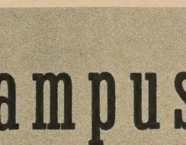
An Untold Campus Confession

A COLLEGE CHUM CHATS CONFIDENTIALLY ABOUT HIS BUDDY, "DOC" BOB TAYLOR

As Told To rowena devine

"ONE of the most pleasant things about college is the friendships you make there. Some fellow or girl may click with you and you find your college days twice as much fun because of your close association with this one person. But when you have won your sheepskin and gone out into the world you usually lose track of your former college pals and their whereabouts. But not me! I couldn't lose track of my chum's whereabouts if I tried—for my college pal was Bob Taylor!

"I'd have to go to Timbuctoo not to hear or see stories about Bob, and they quite probably have movies even there! Not that I want to forget Bob, he was much too charming a fellow for that, but I still can't get over the surprise of finding my ex-roommate the most popular young man on the screen today. If I had prophesied such a thing for Bob back in 1931 at Pomona college he would have laughed as heartily as I, for though Bob had a great interest in the movies, I am sure he didn't visualize such a colossal (Isn't that the Hollywood word?) success as he has since achieved.



"Bob and I were roommates and close friends when we both attended Pomona. We had a very happy time together because neither of us ever told the other too much about his personal problems. Still, I learned a lot about my roommate during our close association. You can't live with a person and *not* learn a lot about him, however reserved he may be.

"I have no desire to capitalize on a very honest friendship so this story will be anonymous. What I have to say about Bob is true, but I don't want him or anyone else to think I'm trying to bask in his reflected glory—so we'll just skip my identity.

"In the first place Bob was Spangler Arlington Brugh when I knew him; 'Doc' Brugh to me and to the rest of the college crowd. Bob was called Doc for two reasons. He, himself, hated the long name given him by his parents and no student on the campus had time or the desire to call out Spangler Arlington Brugh! The fact *(Continued on page 75)*

THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMAN IN

WHY DO MALE HEARTS BEAT FASTER AT HER APPROACH? WHO INSPIRES SOULFUL SIGHS? SUR

YOU won't believe it when we tell you that petite, curly-haired Janet Gaynor is the most dangerous woman in Hollywood! She's a woman that any man in his right mind should keep away from! She's poison!

"It's been a long, long time since Janet was made a star for her work in *Seventh Heaven* and during those years, she has seen sirens and glamour girls come and go by the score. But sirens are women who *know* they are dangerous and are proud of it while little Gaynor, if you accused her of it, would think you crazy! That's exactly why she's dangerous, because she doesn't know it!

Most people, if they were going to select the most dangerous woman in Hollywood would never even think of Janet. They might name Garbo, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young or perhaps some of the other girls who simply reek with sex appeal on the screen! But I'll select Janet and tell you why I choose her out of them all!

After *Small Town Girl* was shown around the country, men by the thousands began writing and wiring and the text of every one of those thousands of messages was, "Give us more Gaynor!" David Selznick obliged them with *A Star Is Born* and they had more Gaynor . . . and how! Since then, she has been setting hearts aflutter with each picture. I once took a young man from out of town to a popular cafe for dinner. While we were sitting there who should stalk in majestically but Dietrich! She looked more the siren than in any of her pictures but did my friend give her more than a passing glance? He did not, for he was too busy feasting his eyes on a mouse-like little girl who sat at a corner table wearing a Breton sailor hat. She was the kind of a girl who might be your next door neighbor's daughter. His eyes were almost glassy with ecstasy as he muttered, half to himself:

"Sure enough, it's Janet Gaynor!" Then he grinned rather sheepishly and said to me: "You know I've always wanted to rescue that girl from something; a raging lion who was about to tear her apart, a watery grave or maybe a dragon! Funny, isn't it?"

There is nothing funny about it and that is why Janet is pure dynamite and distilled TNT to masculine hearts. They all want to rescue her from something. Even when she is working on a picture, her directors always treat her like a Dresden china doll! On the set it's:

"Don't work too hard now, Kitten! We've got all day to get this take!"

"Sure you're comfortable, Janet? Not too cold, are you?"

On one of Janet's trips to Hawaii there was an English nobleman on the boat whose title dates back to William the Conqueror. He pursued little Janet all the way across the blue Pacific and she could have worn his title, if she'd cared to, by merely crooking her little finger but she remained shy and aloof which only made him more mad about her than ever. She's illu-

Janet, Doug Fairbanks and Roland Young entertain Chloe Forbes-Robertson, noted artist between scenes.

HOLLYWOOD

PRISE.... IT'S JANET GAYNOR!

by claire maynard

sive . . . that's the word I've been looking for . . . illusive!

And don't think for a minute that Janet doesn't know how to handle men. Perhaps she doesn't do it consciously but its doubly effective, just the same. She once said to me:

"No woman can keep a man's interest or his affection unless she remembers that he must come first, always! Find out what his most enthusiastic interests are and encourage him to talk to you about them. But don't 'yes' him too much. Men don't like 'yes' girls. Ask a few intelligent questions as he talks. Show a sincere interest in what he is saying. Argue with him now and then but keep it purely impersonal.

"To me it isn't the spectacular things men do that make them fascinating. It's the things they won't do that dignify them. The confidences they won't violate and the little things they do to *(Continued on page 58)*

Janet Gaynor turns model as stylist Omar Kiam supervises her fittings for Selznick's *The Young In Heart.*

Janet contends that two essentials in any male are tolerance and a fine sense of humor. A woman should be alert, charming, and show interest. Mark these on your list!

WIN A WARDROBE FOR ROMANCE

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S immortal love story thrills millions of hearts in Monogram's *Romance Of The Limberlost,* co-starring Jean Parker and Eric Linden as Laurie and Wayne.

Many vivid scenes from this picture will remain etched in your memory but one never-to-be-forgotten moment is the heartache and embarrassment suffered by Laurie, when she attends a dance with Wayne and is snubbed by his friends because of her shoddy attire.

How many boys and girls could be spared a similar experience if they were modishly clad? With this thought in mind, Jean and Eric, through the courtesy of Monogram Pictures, have kindly consented to co-operate with MODERN MOVIES, by offering one boy and girl a chance to win a wardrobe that is both smart and in good taste. Imagine going to town dressed in clothes like these!

FOR THE BOY: A business or sack suit impeccably tailored by Max Udell Sons & Co., makers of Yearcraft Clothing.

A Tuxedo suit, with that million-dollar fit, from West Mill Clothes.

FOR THE GIRL: A sport dress that is perfect for all outdoor events by those tailleur experts, the Golf Dress Company.

An evening gown with exquisite detail as only Paris

Here's a Chance for a Boy and a Girl to Spruce Up for Fall! Monogram's

Jean Parker and Eric Linden find love among the beauties of the forest in Monogram's *Romance Of The Limberlost.*

Dance Frocks can create for formal occasions.

An afternoon frock for cocktails or dinner.

It's really amazingly simple! Merely write a winning reply, in not more than ten words, to the question: "I have seen or I will see *Romance Of The Limberlost*, because . . . ? And presto! You may win an outfit!

Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Send in the coupon at the right on a postcard to Jean and Eric, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. The judges will be Monogram's Jean Parker and Eric Linden of *Romance Of The Limberlost*, the Editor, and the Staff of MODERN MOVIES, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes Sept. 10th, 1938.

To Jean and Eric
MODERN MOVIES
18 E. 48 St., New York, N.Y.

I have seen } ROMANCE OF THE
I will see } LIMBERLOST

Because ....
....
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....

Stars, Jean Parker and Eric Linden, Offer a Complete Wardrobe for Romance

Warners' Marie Wilson inherited money when 16 and decided to crash Hollywood.

Marie cuts some fancy capers with James Cagney in *Boy Meets Girl.* She angled for and *got* the lead role.

FROM GAMIN

Strange Intuitions Plus Lady Luck's

Up and down a Hollywood street in front of the Citizen News building, about forty strikers walked, picketing. They were striking because three on the staff had been fired, due to the owner's protest against the Newsman's Guild. One of the three fired was Elizabeth Yeaman, writer of a movie column. In the group that walked up and down, back and forth, hour after hour, were her co-workers on the paper, protesting, but also there was one Marie Wilson—in a little blue suede babushka, and a red suede jacket. She walked with a frisky black dog at her side. The dog seemed to feel a little out of place, but Marie was calm and poised. Other strollers along the sidewalk stopped, turned, and pointed, and not a few kids dashed up to her for autographs. Why was she picketing? What was she doing there? Then remembering that she had always played such dumb-girl parts on the screen, that she was always doing screwy meaningless things, they thought they understood: of *course,* she was out there just for the publicity!

Nothing could be further from the truth. Marie was there, that day, and several others, for one rea-

Marie has the boys all atwitter in this scene. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy try to be helpful.

Marie, her terrier, and Director Nick Grinde join the newspaper pickets protesting dismissal of five employees.

TO GLAMOUR GIRL

by katharine bartley

Beneficent Smile Have Boosted Marie Wilson Toward Her Cherished Goal

son, and one only. Elizabeth Yeaman was no particular friend of hers, but when Marie had been hoping against hope a few months before for the girl part in *Boy Meets Girl* with Jimmy Cagney, Elizabeth Yeaman was one of the many columnists who had come to her aid and went to bat for her. Marie hadn't forgotten and she was out there to let Elizabeth know that she hadn't, and to let others know it too. Also she was one of the first to cancel her subscription to the paper when the firing occurred.

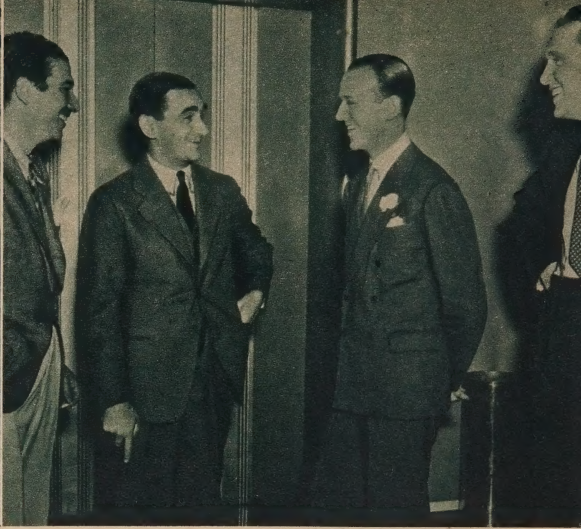
At the Brown Derby, which is not so many steps away, Marie dropped in a few hours later, not particularly to tell us about it, but primarily to kick off her shoes under the table and to find a few minutes rest and solace in tea. Over tea, though, a story will out somehow, and this one, for our money, turned out to be the story of the year, one of the most human and interesting stories that has ever happened.

"I don't know what unions are, I don't know a thing about guilds or strikes or the rights and wrongs of labor. All that's out of my line. I only know that I have a job, and I'm glad to have it, and one of the reasons I do have it is because of people who have helped me, like Miss Yeaman. Do you remember: it was about a year ago that Warners decided to do *Boy Meets Girl*, and I was in the hospital. They thought I was going to die. It had been a bad accident, in a car, and I had my collarbone broken, and there was a heavy round screw wedged about an inch deep in my skull. But I wouldn't die, not when I had a part like that to live for, and I decided right then that I was going to have it.

"On the surface I really didn't have much hope for it, because the studio announced that it was bought for Marion Davies, but I made myself believe that I did. I got the play and studied it, and I dreamed about Suzy, and oh how I wanted to be her. The keen desire really made we get well! At the time it seemed like a crazy lost hope, like a lot of other hopes I've had in my life, but I needed that hope then, badly, and it helped. I kept thinking that maybe Miss Davies wouldn't want to do it, something would happen, and I hoped so much that it actually materialized. She did turn it down, so at least there was a *chance*, but . . . oh gosh!" Marie, as you think of her, may be gaga-eyed, all cute curled-up eyelashes and such, but when you talk to her it's something close to her heart, hers is such a serious sincerity, a deep thoughtful frown, with pathos in her eyes and mouth. . . .

"They tested lots of us, and nothing was heard for months. They tested Joan Blondell, and everybody who was under contract, and I made three different tests myself—with Michael Brooke, *(Continued on page 64)*

Composer Irving Berlin previews his musical score for RKO's *Carefree*, as Messrs. Astaire, Bellamy, and Ginger Rogers take a hand at the choruses.



A study in smiles! Director Mark Sandrich, Irving Berlin, Dance King Fred Astaire and Actor Ralph Bellamy, exchange anecdotes on the *Carefree* set.

Happy birthday, Fred! A fancy cake 'n all the trimmin's was presented to the Maestro by Director Mark Sandrich and the RKO studio staff. The card's a wow!

Delectable Ginger Rogers and Director Mark Sandrich confer on several important scenes. Note the hearts 'n darts on her stunning dress.

Ginger sails along on her new bike in a colorful printed silk blouse, a tricky sombrero, tailored trunks, low tennis shoes and porous sox.

BETWEEN SCENES

A happy-looking quintet! And why not with surprise dance routines by Ginger and Fred; rollicking comedy by Luella Gear and Ralph Bellamy? Some fun!

A PROBLEM TO HER PARENTS

by ruth arell

"JUST like having a firecracker go off in your hand. When you light it you know that it's going to explode. But when it does, you're sort of surprised that it happened after all."

That's the way Mrs. Ada Durbin sums up the family's reactions to the fame that has come to Deanna in the past two years. Mrs. Durbin is a small woman, quiet and friendly. Her eyes are patient and brave, the eyes of a woman who has seen much hardship and good fortune and is frightened by neither. Not a bit reticent, she talks knowingly and unassumingly about her remarkable child and the problem of guiding her along a safe path of common sense.

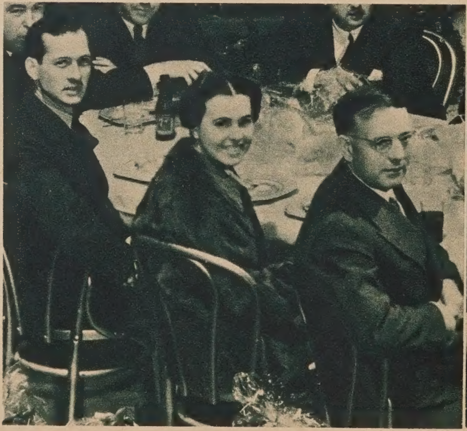
For, make no mistake about it, Deanna Durbin is a problem child. Possibly you think a problem child is only the kind that is anti-social, that lies, steals, and brings disgrace to its family. That's the *disagreeable* problem child.

Deanna, however, is a *pleasant* problem child. You know that a girl in her teens, going through the various phases of growing up, does present a problem no matter how docile she may be. Consider then the bringing up of a spirited girl who knows that she has the adulation of a world-wide audience. You begin to appreciate what Mrs. Durbin had in mind when she told me: "Being a child-star's mother is a full-time job. But so few people realize the responsibilities surrounding this delicate parental problem." Then she told me how the family faced the sudden change in their little world. After listening to Mrs. Durbin, I felt sure that she contributed no small part of the poise and charming manner that everyone admires in her daughter.

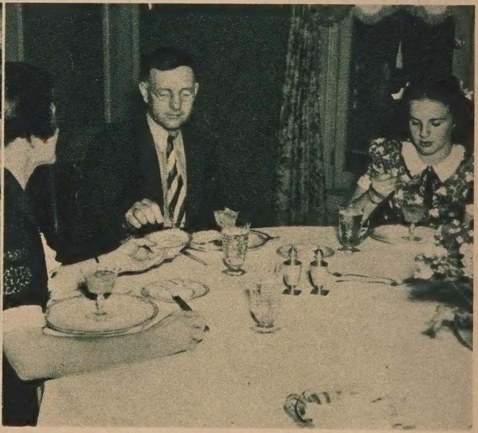
Fame came to Deanna at hurricane speed, but it came at exactly the same pace to her parents. They were equally unprepared for it. They were folks of modest means living in Los Angeles. Big sister and little sister were going to school, the first as a teacher and the other as a pupil. Daddy went to work and mother kept house. Just a nice average family who were pleased when little sister's singing teacher said that she was an operatic possibility. However, they didn't bother too much about that. All in good time, it seemed a long way off at the moment.

(Continued on page 74)

At Deanna Durbin's recent party were her dad, sister and hubby, Charles Heckman.



Deanna enjoys a quiet dinner with mother and dad. Her next picture is *That Certain Age*.



HER VOICE HAS THRILLED MILLIONS ■ ■ ■ HER CHARM HAS A UNIVERSAL APPEAL ■ ■ ■ BUT AT HOME DEANNA DURBIN IS JUST HER MOTHER'S GIRL

Paramount's Claudette Colbert relaxes by driving along the coast in slacks or playtogs.

MGM's Robert Montgomery stays right at home, relying on his butler's discretion for quietude.

Warners' Pat O'Brien goes off to his own special wing to be alone. His next is *Angels With Dirty Faces.*

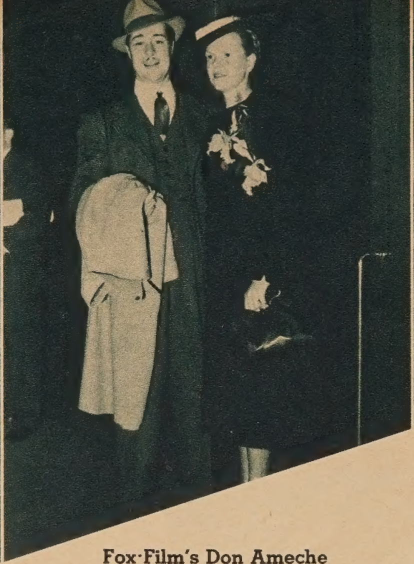
HOLLYWOOD HIDEAWAYS

LIKE Garbo, there are a good many Hollywood folk who really like to get away from it all once in a while, to read a book, to be alone. Who get tired of the goldfish-bowl existence they lead and whose heads ache from the white glare of publicity shining relentlessly down upon them and everything they do, from smoking a certain kind of cigarette to sun bathing in their own back yard.

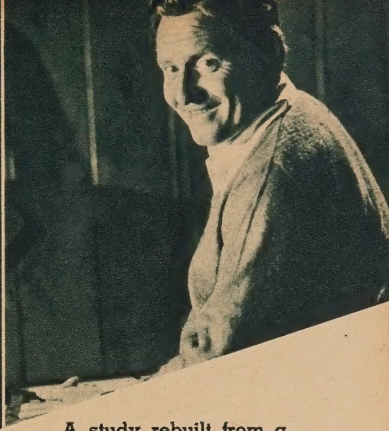
There are a few, like Garbo, who manage to live in some sort of seclusion, though few have been able to carry it to such extremes as Greta. And if you think Greta's solitude-seeking is all a part of a long-enduring publicity stunt, take a tip from her butler who admits that he seldom sees his mistress, let alone exchanging words with her. Only rarely does the Swedish star eat downstairs, unless there is company. Ordinarily, the butler carries her dinner to her on a tray, knocks on the door and leaves it. When she is hungry, Greta opens the door and takes the tray inside.

Not many make such a fetish of privacy, although there are a few who run her a close second. Luise Rainer, who doesn't want to be called a second Garbo on the screen or off, but strives to retain her own individuality, is as high-strung and nervous as a racehorse. Being alone to her is something more than a lack of social consciousness—it is a desperate need, physical and spiritual, for a life that is entirely her own. Her solution of the problem is ingenious—a second apartment near the one she calls home. In this second domicile, a detached bungalow, she writes and studies; plays her symphony records; works out dances that have a story; rehearses a part or merely relaxes; blissfully enjoying her seclusion and the knowl-

Katharine Hepburn is another stay-at-home. She keeps her address a secret. She currently appears in *Holiday*.



Fox-Film's Don Ameche forgets all his cares in making whoopee at the hot spots! He and the Missus are all set!



A study rebuilt from a former chicken coop is Spencer Tracy's retreat. His next film for MGM is *Boys' Town*.

edge that no phone can jar her tense nerves, no knock disturb her precious privacy. When she is ready to meet the problems and confusion of Hollywood's version of daily living, she slips back into the other house.

Katie Hepburn has tried a lot of dodges for publicity's sake, but she is sincere in wanting time to herself and to that end has kept her home address a secret from all but her closest friends. Richard Dix is another whose home is not on movie guide lists and when Kay Francis withdraws to her mansion, its very inaccessibility on a mountain top assures her privacy.

Sometimes Katie takes little trips in her car, dressed in slacks, eating hamburgers along the way, indistinguishable from other tourists. Claudette Colbert is another who has found it possible to don slacks or shorts and drive along the coast unrecognized and happy in being one of the multitude rather than the object of their attention.

Among others whose castles are their fortresses are Loretta Young, who has reduced to a science the *being at home but not at home* formula. And Carole Lombard, whose secretary, "Fieldsie," is an adequate bulwark against the world. "Fieldsie" knows instinctively when Carole wants to be alone and there is no way of getting beyond her "Miss Lombard is not at home," if she wants it that way.

Sometimes Bill Powell seeks relaxation in cruising with Ronnie Colman, but more than ever now Bill seeks refuge in his own apartment, separated from the rest of the house and complete with living room, kitchenette, a fireplace, shelves of familiar books, and a Capehart. Here Bill can be entirely by himself. His spirit and body demand the quiet peace that can only be found thus and his retiring to these rooms is a signal to all that he wants to be alone.

Paul Muni possesses the rare gift of concentration and has a way of retiring within himself that makes any other refuge seem almost unnecessary. When he is working on a part, he immerses himself so deeply in the role that it becomes more than a characterization—Muni *is* the man he seeks to make live again upon the screen. His beautiful estate at Palos Verdes is itself far removed from the maddening crowd, situated on a mountain so high above the Pacific that the ocean seems but a tiny spot of blue far below. But for complete seclusion, Muni goes to his own suite, a handsomely furnished apartment with bright blue carpet and walnut panelling, where he has his desk and his bookshelves and a rack he designed himself for holding his reference book open while he is studying. Here his family leaves him to enjoy his work or solitude without interruption. But the wide windows overlook the sea and regardless of Muni's mood, California's flamboyant sunsets, when sky and mountains merge in an indescribable array of colors, repeated in the ocean far below, never fail to bring him out of his retreat.

A well-trained servitor is Bob Montgomery's butler, perfectly aware that when his master is reading, he is not to be disturbed. A favorite story of Bob's concerns one night when he was absorbed in an interesting book. The phone on his desk, against all orders, rang insistently. Impatiently Bob picked up the receiver, said: "I am reading" and hung up. Again it rang, and Bob reiterated with weary emphasis: "I—AM—READING." Once more the insistent ringing disturbed Bob. He took the receiver off the hook, heard a desperate voice say: "Pardon me, Mr. Montgomery—I've just got to tell you—the house is on fire!"

On the roof, Bob manipulated a fire extinguisher with enthusiasm. Afterwards, when the shouting and the tumult had abated, he plaintively demanded: "Why doesn't someone tell me these things?"

In a special wing of his house, Pat O'Brien reigns su-

(*Continued on page 71*)

how does your favorite movie star find seclusion and complete relaxation from the camera's eye?

by miriam rogers

The Rippling Rhythm Of Her Tapping Toes And A Beguil-

A BELLE ON HER TOES

by miriam teichner

Ann Miller first made the headlines when she won the Big Brothers' Contest in Houston, Tex.

ing Elfin Sweetness, Were Ann Miller's Stepping Stones to Rapid Stardom.

TALES of wistful endeavor, talent masked in the mob, shabby striving to stretch an improbable meeting between meagre ends, and eventual triumph in the winning of a bit part, fallen, crumb-like, from the rich fare of the stars, simply won't do when it's the story of Ann Miller. It took exactly four motion pictures to float Ann, of the twinkling toes, from obscurity to motion picture stardom.

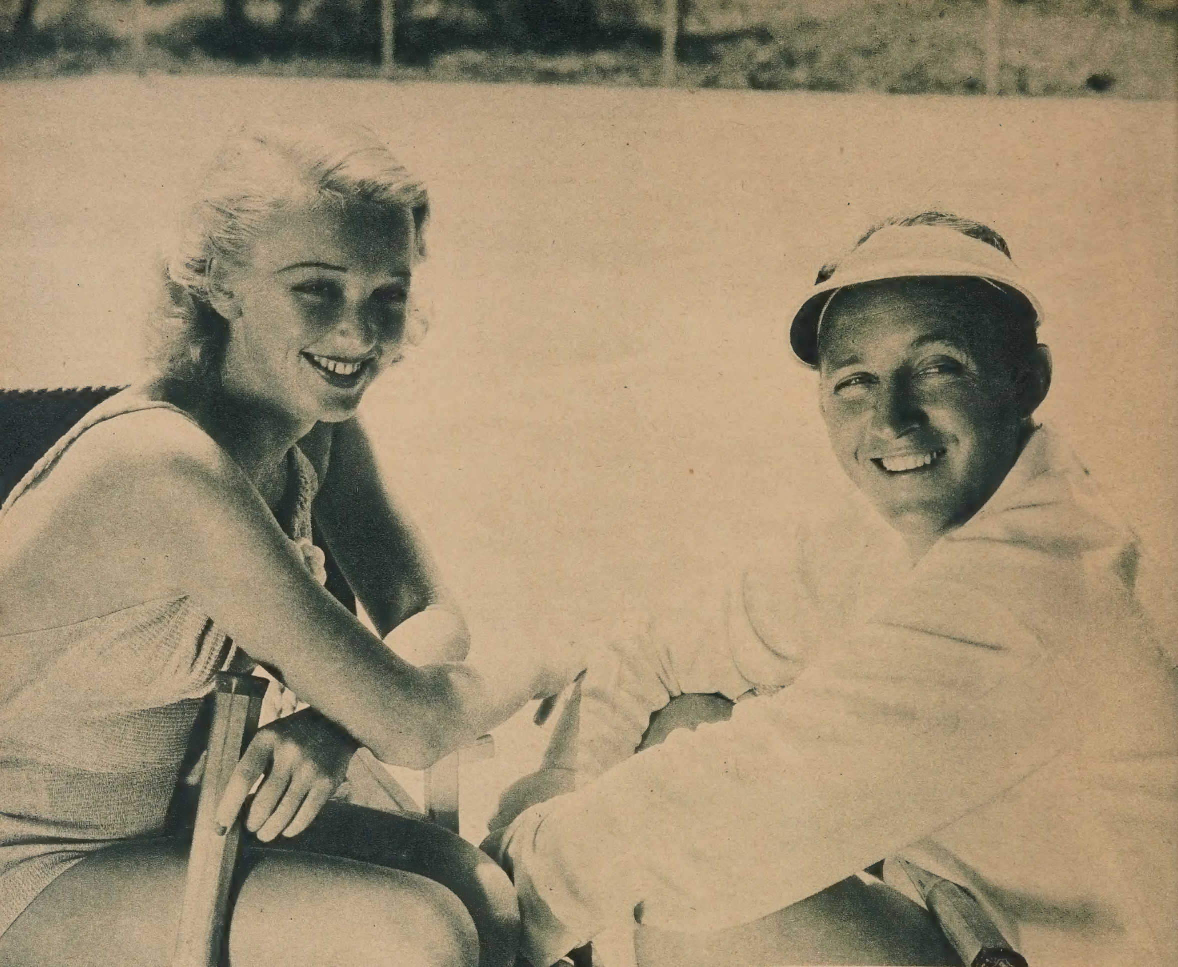
Even playing an extra in a picture directed by Columbia's incredible Capra is the dream of every screen aspirant. But Ann, her star spectacularly in the ascendancy, drew no picayune little assignment as an extra or even a bit player for her fifth motion picture—Columbia's *"You Can't Take It With You."* Nothing like that at all. She was picked by Frank Capra for the role of the indomitable and indefatigible Essie Carmichael—a girl who is bound to dance, no matter what terpsichorean hazards ring round her. And she is part of an all-star cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer and Donald Meek, in Columbia's screen version of the stage hit which is still going strong on Broadway, for the screen rights to which a little matter of $200,000 changed hands.

The miracle of the rise of Ann is all the more miraculous in consideration of the fact that she had to conquer an almost psychopathic phobia against dancing to accomplish it. Down in Houston, Texas, where she was taken by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Collier Miller from her birthplace of Chireno, Texas, when she was still a baby, she suffered such acute stage fright at the age of six, that nothing could induce her to try dancing again for almost three years. A pupil at a Houston dancing school, she was to participate in a students' recital at the Majestic theatre. Everything was ready; fluffy ballet skirts and proper tap shoes were donned; then the youthful danseuse succumbed to panic, buried her head in her mother's lap and dissolved in panic-stricken tears.

It was a blow to Mrs. Miller; there's no denying that. She herself, as a young girl, had had eager stage ambitions, and had dreamed of becoming a dancer. But her people were of a conservative southern family, and the very thought of a

(Continued on page 70)

Sounds good, Jimmie! At the left Ann and Jimmie Stewart relax between takes on Frank Capra's Columbia production, ***You Can't Take It With You.*** **Ann practices dancing from four to eight hours a day. She is an authority on "pick-up" taps.**



Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby are ardent tennis fans and doting parents of 4 kiddies. When Dixie said "yes" she gave up a grand career. Bing's next musical for Paramount is *Sing You Sinners.*

The Harold Lloyds, Mildred (the Mrs.), Gloria, Hal, Harold, Jr., and Peggy, are one of Hollywood's ideal families. Hal's latest pic is *Professor, Beware!*

Weep For The Wives

by florence ross

ARE MOVIE WIVES CONTENT ON THE SIDELINES OR DO THEY SEEK REFLECTED GLORY?

WEEP no more for the humble Hollywood husband. The tears spilled over unfortunate gents who shuffle to the altar with screen stars on their arms would fill—and refill—Boulder Dam. "Poor Mister Irene Dunne!" and "Poor Mister Marlene Dietrich!" blubbers the sympathetic cinema public when the question of a submerged male ego is brought before the house. "Imagine being recognized only as the husband of a famous actress! Imagine spending your whole life in constant eclipse behind the brilliance of a star (however terrestrial) and getting what light you require by reflection." Tsk, tsk and a couple of other consonants that add up to what-a-darn-shame!

Well, this student of burning causes would be the first to admit that a Hollywood hubby's lot is a happy one. But how about the Hollywood wife—the little girl whose dream of romance turned into a forty-acre hacienda, a carrara marble swimming pool, option worries—and for a life mate just so many kilowatt hours on an electrical marquee? What about her attitude?

How about the female ego? Doesn't *it* need a little sunshine and water to keep its self-respect along with the sturdier male specimen? How much fun is it to be attractive and charming in your own right, yet to have to stand by placidly while thousands of otherwise normal human beings moon, "There goes Dalrymple Honeypipes. Isn't he delicious enough to eat? Guess that woman behind him must be his wife—lucky girl."

Lucky? Depends on your definition. She may be lucky to have found a handsome and talented spouse with an earning capacity notches above average. She may consider it luck to live in a tropical climate the year round and enjoy the blessings of sun-filled days for nine months of the year. She may get a kick out of meeting, and learning to know the Garbos and the Crawfords, the Zanucks and the Goldwyns of Hollywood society.

On the other hand, she may not consider herself so lucky when she adds up the figures on the red side of the ledger and discovers the price she must pay for hitching her heart to a star. A wise Hollywood matron once said: "The first problem of an actor's wife is learning how to feel unimportant, gracefully. If she can't reconcile herself to anonymity she becomes a complete neurotic, ridden with complexes, a menace to her husband, and a nuisance to herself."

The more intelligent the woman, the more easily and graciously does she accept her role of domestic "stand-in." Let's glance through the roster of filmdom's more prominent non-professional wives. Who are they? Well, there's Mrs. Paul Muni, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. And Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mrs. Henry Fonda, Mrs. Bing Crosby, Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mrs. John Boles—and dozens of others, both up and down the social scale. How do these attractive partners of our popular cinema favorites reconcile themselves to the personal obscurity in which they are forced to

(Continued on page 68)

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and their son Manny, enjoy a quiet home life. Eddie has been loaned by Warners' to Columbia for *Inside The Law.*

When ladies meet! Left to right are Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mrs. Frank McHugh, Mrs. Allen Jenkins and Mrs. Jimmy Cagney, at a baby shower for Mrs. Jenkins.

THE COWBOYS

Trends in Screen Heroes Change With

LET'S look at the scene after the smoke from the *Star* vs. *Box-office* battle has died down and see who *really* keeps the box-office coffers filled and the studios out of the red!

The motion picture studios spent the staggering sum of $7,000,000 during 1937 in their never-ending search for new faces! They tried to ferret out from behind lunch counters, from college dramatic societies and little theaters, new Robert Taylors, Errol Flynns, Sonja Henies and Tyrone Powers. But not a single dollar of this was spent in cow camps and range bunk houses for new cowboy stars. Robert Taylors and Sonja Henies come and go, rise and fall but the Buck Jones, Ken Maynards, Bob Steeles, Gene Autreys and Hoot Gibsons on the screen go merrily on, year after year, decade after decade, piling up profits for the studios and annuities for themselves. When it comes to a box-office battle, the boys who ride the ranges win against the sex-appeal lads and lassies by a mile!

Long before the names of Clark Gable or Fredric March were ever heard, Buck Jones, Tom Mix, George O'Brien, Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson were famous. These shootin'

Universal's rustlin' epic, *Flaming Frontiers* features Johnny Mack Brown and Eleanor Hansen.

CORRAL THE CASH

by christine mason

the Years But Our Buckskin Buckaroos Are Still Ridin' High in the Saddle of Success.

tootin' buckaroos of the purple sage are still big stars and still piling up profits for the studios! Like "Ole Man River" they jes' keeps rolling along!

Yes the smell of horse-flesh, the creak of saddle leather and the crash of six-guns is still sweet music in the ears of studio executives and stockholders! And not only do these lads earn money for their studios but they have all done quite well, thank you, for themselves. No one knows quite how much Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and Tom Mix have salted away where it will keep, although Hoot Gibson did get "throwed" by a streak of bad luck a few years ago. Tom Mix once drew the highest salary of any star of his day and Buck Jones earns more each year today than Clark Gable or any of the sex appeal boys who top the headlines.

The high-brow element of Hollywood sneers at these heroes of the range and term their product *horse operas.* Their pictures never have premieres at Grauman's Chinese nor do their names appear in electric lights over the doors of first run motion picture palaces. They get little of the same type of publicity the Gables and Taylors get but they don't need it. Their pictures sell themselves in countless towns, villages, hamlets and crossroads where the money is just as good as it is at the box-office of any first run house.

Not only have *horse operas* sustained the motion picture industry but they *actually built* it! The motion picture fortunes of today are largely founded on westerns. Such lights gone by were "Broncho Billy" Anderson and Polly Moran who played "Sherill Nell"! Crude they were and shot "off the cuff" but audiences could not get enough of them and for years they were the milk on which the infant industry suckled.

Probably the first pretentious "western" was Cecil B. DeMille's first version of *The Squaw Man.* DeMille has made it three times since and his more recent western epic, *The Plainsman,* starring Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper and based on the life of "Wild Bill" Hickok, broke house records wherever shown! Among the other well known and remembered "westerns" are *The Iron Horse, The Big Trail, The Thundering Herd, Cimarron* and *The Covered Wagon.* RKO recently made *Wells Fargo,* another box office hit and a glorified western. Now and then some showman like DeMille stops making boudoir escapades and society drama and begins to realize that the glorious history of our own West is filled with the names of men and women who were giants in those days. "Wild Bill" Hickok, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Calamity Jane," Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Fremont, Dan'l Boone, Davy Crockett . . . but the list would be endless if we named them all. There is more pure drama, more color, more adventure, more thrills to be found in the pages of Western history than even Noel Coward could crowd into a boudoir. And not only do westerns or even horse operas furnish entertainment to millions but they also set *Young America* a shining example of sturdy, brave, upright man-

(Continued on page 72)

In order to meet the increasing demand for more Westerns, Paramount brings out as a 1938 special *The Texans,* starring Joan Bennett and Randy Scott.

Singin' Cowboy Gene Autry saddles his palomino for some tall shootin' and fast action in Republic's *Gold Mine In The Sky.* Gene's a swell box office draw!

Warners capitalized on the go-western cry, by producing *The Cowboy From Brooklyn* with Dick Powell as the crooning hero in chaps, Stetson and neckerchief.

RKO's contribution is a speedy highly-geared mirth-provoker of the cactus lands called *I'm From The City* with Comedian Joe Penner and blonde Lorraine Kreuger.

United Artists enter the field with *The Lady And The Cowboy* in which Gary Cooper once again returns to the creak of saddle leather and the lovely Merle Oberon.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

modern movies presents the month's hit algiers

Maintaining a savage mood of terror and suspense, this melodrama of a manhunt is superb entertainment. The exotic rhythm of the East pulses throughout. Charles Boyer gives a compelling performance as Pepe le Moko, fugitive French jewel thief. In the honeycomb labyrinths of the Casbah, native quarter of Algiers, he is king and safe from arrest. He dare not leave. Nostalgia for Paris, and love for Gaby, a beautiful, be-jeweled tourist (Hedy Lamarr), drive him to attempt escape. There is only one escape for Pepe—death. As Inspector Slimane, Joseph Calleia is at his best. Sigrid Gurie makes a realistic native girl. Hedy Lamarr's vibrant beauty will linger in your mind. She brings a restrained passion to the love scenes that makes them exciting. *United Artists.*

the amazing dr. clitterhouse

A new crime angle, replete with mystery and thrills. In the cause of research for a book on crime, the obsessed Dr. Clitterhouse (Edward G. Robinson) joins a gang of safe busters headed by "Rocks" Valentine (Humphrey Bogart). He plans the thefts and becomes mob leader, as he makes reference notes on crime. When he has sufficient material for his book, he returns to his medical practice and writing. "Rocks," jealous, hunts him out and threatens him. The good doctor poisons him with neatness and dispatch; goes on trial for murder; is acquitted on grounds of insanity; then amazes the court by insisting he was sane at the time of the killing. In top form, Robinson portrays the mad doctor with gusto. Claire Trevor, as Joe Keller, gang girl, turns in a fine performance. *Warners'.*

love finds andy hardy

Without becoming sentimentally maudlin, this homey tale quickly pulls at your heartstrings and tear ducts. The humor keeps you chuckling, yet avoids reverting to incongruous slapstick. The best yet of the Hardy series, depicting American family life in a typical small town, it completely captures your sympathy and interest. The story and the audience are concerned with the growing pains of Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney)—the tragedy of failing to get enough money for the final payment on a second-hand "sports" roadster; his dilemma in having two dates for the Christmas dance; his dire need for a girl who has "gotta be sensational." Mickey's pretending is skilful and irresistible. Judy Garland is delightful and sings enchantingly. Lewis Stone is tops. *An MGM pic.*

best performances of the month

Charles Boyer....................in *Algiers*
Joseph Calleia....................in *Algiers*
Eugene Lockhart....................in *Algiers*
Hedy Lamarr....................in *Algiers*
Edward G. Robinson....................in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*
Maxie Rosenbloom....................in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*
Mickey Rooney.....in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*
Judy Garland.......in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*
Lewis Stone........in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*

MOVIES OF MERIT

- HOLIDAY
- WHITE BANNERS
- ROBIN HOOD
- STOLEN HEAVEN
- BLOCKADE
- VIVACIOUS LADY
- COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN
- THREE COMRADES
- YELLOW JACK
- CRIME SCHOOL
- COCOANUT GROVE
- LORD JEFF

We present for your convenience a list of the best pictures now playing throughout the country.

the star makers— clarence brown

MEET THE MEN DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SCREEN AND STAR HITS

By Dorris Denbo

THE directors are the true makers of stars. A personality is only as good as it is made to appear to audiences, and while in the developing stage, it is the directors who can make or break the novice.

A great deal depends upon the director's interpretation of a scene. His angle, and the telling of his story by camera and sound are equally important. After all it *is* the director who watches all the details of production, from camera effects, lighting, dramatic highlights in every scene, to the pleasing characteristics of the actors appearing in his picture. If he discovers that an undeveloped personality has a better side to his or her face, or a natural characteristic that is charming or distinctive, it is his treatment that builds up that feature and brings out the best in every detail of the personality. The director's supervision, guidance, and cooperation is the most valuable assistance a would-be star can have.

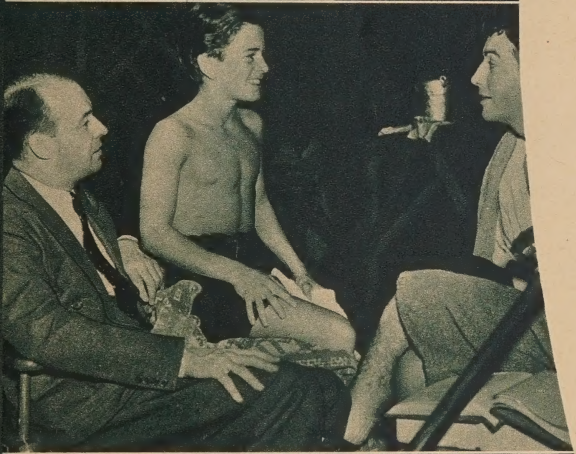
In fact, the director is re-

(Continued on page 79)

the star makers—

robert z. leonard

Red-headed, 200-pound Robert Z. Leonard studied to be a mining engineer. Bitten by show-business bug in 1904, when he sang in a quartette in Denver. In 1910 he played John Alden in *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Starred in comedies until 1917. Since then has directed an imposing array of successes, including *The Great Ziegfeld, Piccadilly Jim, Maytime, The Firefly, Girl of the Golden West.* His next will be *Love Carnival* with Nelson Eddy. Engaging disposition helps him to draw smooth performances from his stars.



the star makers—

1. george b. seitz

Man of many talents is George B. Seitz. Graduated from art school and drew magazine illustrations; authored several novels before he wrote *Perils of Pauline* script. Joined Metro in 1933; has directed *Lazy River, Women in His Life, Shadow of Doubt, The Last of the Mohicans, The Thirteenth Chair, Yellow Jack, Love Finds Andy Hardy.*

2. richard thorpe

Extra, bit player, scenarist, gag-man, leading man in *Flames of Desire*, director—that's Dick Thorpe. Born in Hutchinson, Kan., he started in stock, vaudeville, fought in world war. Has directed 75 pictures, among them *Escapade, Night Must Fall, Man-Proof, The Toy Wife, The Crowd Roars.* His next *Three Loves Has Nancy.*

3. sam wood

An all-round athlete from Philadelphia is Sam Wood, via the gold rush route. Became a successful real estate operator in Los Angeles. Started movie career as assistant to C. B. DeMille. Football fan, he did *One Minute to Play* with Red Grange. Directed *A Night at the Opera, A Day at the Races, Navy Blue and Gold,* and now *Lord Jeff.*

CHIEF
1
CONWAY

the star makers—

jack conway

Now completing *Too Hot To Handle,* Jack Conway has directed for 25 years. Born in Graceville, Minnesota; started his career in amateur theatricals. Leading man for Belasco. Married to Virginia Bushman, daughter of screen's first matinee idol Frances X. Among the pictures which have made him famous and vice versa are: *Our Modern Maidens, New Moon, Red-Headed Woman, The Nuisance, Viva Villa, Girl From Missouri, A Tale of Two Cities, Libeled Lady, Saratoga,* and went to England to do *A Yank at Oxford.*

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

The directorial talents of Jack Conway have produced top-notch entertainment in *Too Hot To Handle.* His delicate handling of humorous situations, and ability to inject excitement into sequences make this picture doubly enjoyable. *Too Hot To Handle* is the hectic story of the vicissitudes of the life of Chris Hunter *(Clark Gable)*, a newsreel cameraman. Hounded by his boss for more exciting material, Chris fakes a Chinese bombing. It's a sensation and wins his boss's approval. Rival cameramen suspect the hoax, plot to expose him. They enlist the services of Alma Harding *(Myrna Loy)*, a famous aviatrix. She meets Chris when he purposely incurs a plane crash, then rescues her from the burning machine. From then on she has her troubles, and there is plenty of flying, shooting (with camera, gun and repartee) before the ultimate Gable-Loy clinch. This fast-moving pic is tops.

the star makers—

julien duvivier

One of the greatest directors of French pictures, Julien Duvivier, comes to MGM after 20 successful directorial years in his native land. His first American picture is *The Great Waltz* with Luise Rainer and Fernand Gravet. Born in Lille, France, Director Duvivier studied dramatic art in Paris; played in Lille and other provincial theaters; entered motion pictures, started directing. His foreign successes include *The Golem, Carnet de Bal, Pepe le Moko* (greatest European hit of 1937).

✓THE GREAT WALTZ

Well known in Europe, Julien Duvivier will win American fame for his direction of M.G.M.'s *The Great Waltz;* a Nineteenth Century musical drama of beauty and distinction. A success abroad, it will delight all audiences here. It is the story of the romance of Johann Strauss *(Fernand Gravet)* and his love for the beautiful courtesan Carla *(Miliza Korjus)*. The romantic Viennese settings are enhanced by the haunting strains of Strauss melodies. Unusually artistic ballets have been arranged by Madam Albertina Rasch, and executed by her talented group of dancers. Although in love with Carla, a nobleman's mistress, Johann Strauss marries Poldi *(Luise Rainer)*. Through Carla's influence Johann's opera is produced. His wife, knowing of his love for the beauty, offers to give him up. Carla refuses to accept the sacrifice; runs away. Johann stays true to his wife; all his life dreams of Carla forgotten.

the star makers—

norman taurog

Hollywood's ace director of children is what they call Norman Taurog. It is not surprising that he knows how to handle child actors—he was one himself. Got his start in *The Good Little Devil* with Mary Pickford, when he was only 8 years old. Played child parts with many of the leading actors of that time. At 21 started directing; made comedies for years; got his "Oscar" for the direction of *Skippy*, in which his nephew Jackie Cooper became a star. Also did *Tom Sawyer; Mad About Music.*

✓ BOYS TOWN

Norman Taurog had his hands full with the rambunctious kids while filming *Boys Town* but achieved a result that's amusing, exciting, appealing. It's the story of Father Flanagan's (*Spencer Tracy*) struggle to help homeless boys, take them off the street, divert them from lives of crime. Whitey (*Mickey Rooney*) tries to disrupt the boy's community Father founded. The boys turn Whitey down; humiliated, he runs away, gets involved in a bank robbery; disgraces *Boys Town*. In exciting sequences and dramatic scenes Whitey, the rebel, saves *Boys Town*; is a hero.

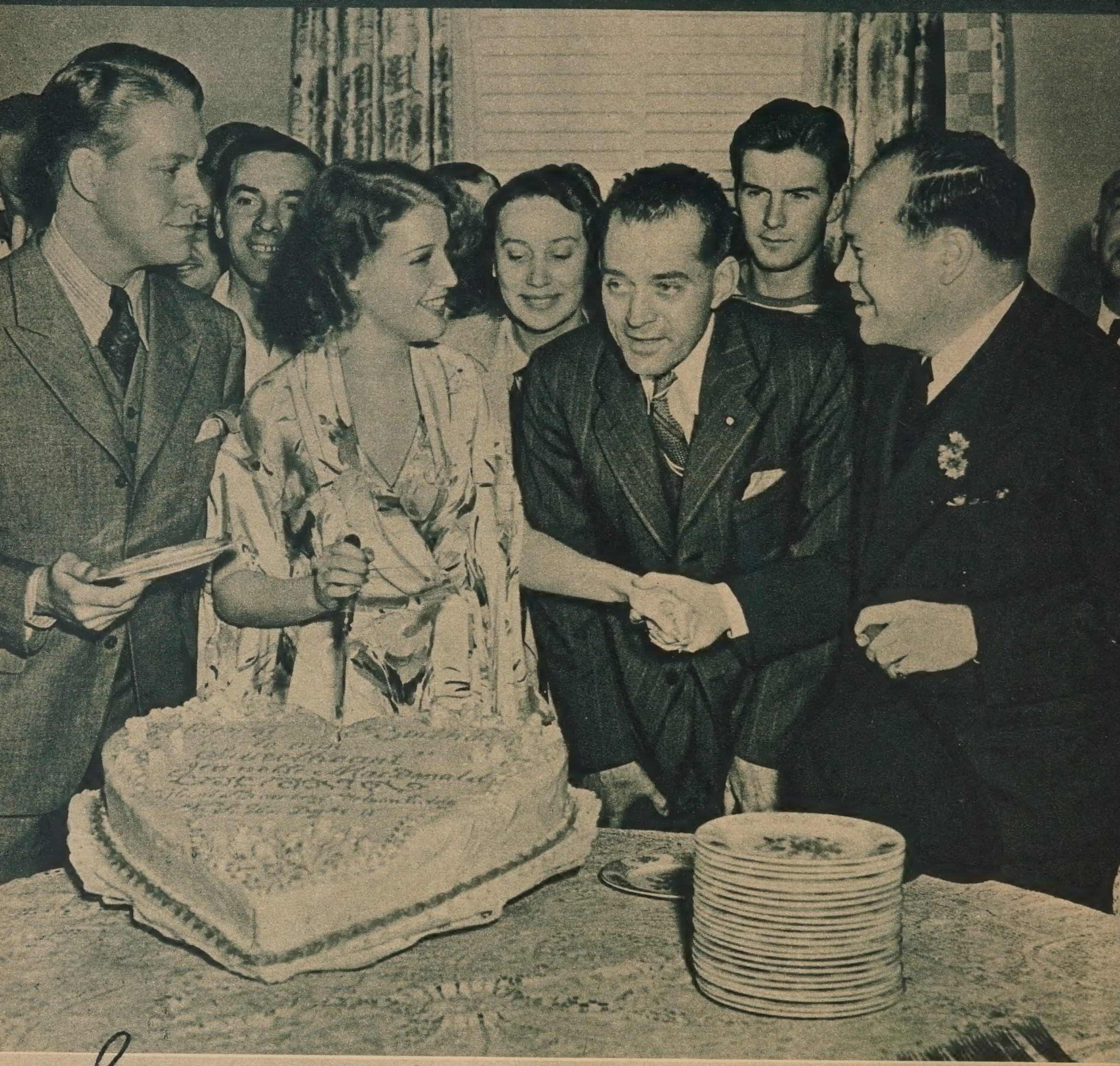
the star makers–

w. s. van dyke II

Miner, lumberman, reporter, playwright, actor, are the career steps taken by W. S. Van Dyke to become an ace director; acclaimed as the world's greatest maker of adventure romances in authentic settings. *Trader Horn* is one of his; because of it he was made a Kentucky Col. First directed with D. W. Griffith on *Intolerance,* 1915. A few of his others are *Eskimo, Prizefighter and the Lady, The Thin Man, Forsaking All Others, Naughty Marietta, San Francisco, Rosalie, Marie Antoinette.* Now at work on *Sweethearts.* Next picture will be *Northwest Passage,* with Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor, promises to be a thriller.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

His reputation for speedy production *(The Thin Man* 17 days) was maintained by W. S. Van Dyke in filming *Marie Antoinette.* "Woody" directed this lavish historical drama to completion in only 72 days. His even direction caused the players to live their parts, resulting in vivid, convincing portrayals. *Marie Antoinette* is the story of the tragic lives of Louis XVI of France *(Robert Morley)* and his Queen *(Norma Shearer).* Forced into a loveless marriage with the Dauphin of France, Marie Antoinette seeks consolation in fabulous living, expensive parties, gambling and reckless gayety. A moment of romance comes to her when she meets Count Fersen *(Tyrone Power).* Then the old king dies; she and her husband become rulers of France; the Count goes to America; the French revolution brings death upon the guillotine to Marie Antoinette and her husband. In this picture Norma Shearer gives one of the finest performances of her career. It is a personal triumph and removes any question of her right to the title "First Lady of the Screen." She is superb and outstanding in a cast of great players, all of whom give performances of great merit. Robert Morley brings an appealing quality to an unsympathetic role; Tyrone Power makes the part of the Count real.



Studio close-ups

by d. d. eddy

Three in one! Jeanette MacDonald celebrates three important events with one enormous cake from MGM. Nelson Eddy, W. S. Van Dyke and E. J. Mannix are among those present.

IT WAS a day of anniversaries on the *Sweethearts* set when Director W. S. Van Dyke II called Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy before the camera for their fifth co-starring musical.

For Miss MacDonald, it was a double celebration, the first anniversary of her marriage to Gene Raymond, and the third anniversary of her teaming with Eddy in *Naughty Marietta,* which has gone down in Hollywood history as one of the most successful operettas yet filmed. Hunt Stromberg, who brought the picture to the screen, and Van Dyke, who directed it, were the first to congratulate the stars and wish them future triumphs as great.

The four are reunited in the present film, adapted to the screen from the famous Victor Herbert operetta, but with a modern story by Scenarists Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. Herbert Stothart, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer composer and conductor, has based his music on the favorite Herbert melodies, with lyrics by Bob Wright and Chet Forrest.

Frank Morgan, who also scored a personal triumph in *Naughty Marietta,* heads the supporting cast, with Florence Rice, Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, Herman Bing and Reginald Gardiner. Oliver Marsh is the cameraman.

◆

Not only is Jack Benny protesting against standing on his head hanging from a window in a love scene with Joan Bennett, but now he claims they are trying to find a horse which will follow him and Joan wherever they go. He is to be taught to rest his head on his shoulder in equine adoration everytime Jack stops for a love scene with Joan. As Jack was sputtering forth his indignation someone suggested that there are very few romantic stars the studios would risk in such love scenes—and Jack took it big. "That's right!" he said beaming. "If they think I can make love while hanging from my heels out a window, and with a horse's head hanging over my shoulder—they must think I'm good, eh?" . . . They must, Jack!

◆

Randolph Scott tells of Director James Hogan's excitement when he was shooting the big grass fire scene on the La Mota ranch in Texas for *The Texans.* It had been arranged with the rancher that Hogan might burn over a dozen acres of ground and take his scenes of 12,000 head of steers stampeding through the flames, but the fire got out of control and by the time they had put it out Hogan looked dolefully over a vast area of 20 square miles burned black. "Jimmie looked pretty sick," said Randolph Scott in telling us about it. "It gave him a headache to think of how the cost of his picture would go up when he paid for all that damage. But when he went to the rancher and with great resignation asked, 'How much?,' the rancher

Hold it! ***Sweethearts*** **marks the fifth co-starring MGM pic for Jeanette and Nelson.**

drawled: 'Why mister, I reckon you've done us a right nice favor. That was worthless saccahueste grass and I was a wondering jest how I was gonna get rid of it.' Hogan still can't believe it's true," laughed Randolph.

✦

Humphrey Bogart was still looking pale when we saw him on the *Racket Buster's* set. The set represented a New York produce market and every variety of vegetable was represented on the stands. It seems Humphrey had picked up a piece of celery remarking to George Brent, "I'm building up my nerve. Celery is a nerve tonic, y'know." "You'll need it, brother," quietly opined an extra standing near. "This produce has all been condemned because of an arsenic spray that was used on it. We were all warned not to eat it." Bogart felt very *very* ill. He called to Director Lloyd Bacon and said, "Send a car for me at once. I've got to see a doctor." Bacon had a lot of shooting to do with Bogart that afternoon and he became very much alarmed until Bogart explained the reason he was looking so sick. Then he laughed heartily. "That arsenic story was told to keep the extras from eating the props and delaying production. It's perfectly good stuff!" But Humphrey Bogart declared he still felt poisoned every time he thought of it.

✦

Watching Sonja Henie do some of her inspired routines on ice and raving—as is usual with us upon such an occasion—we spied Cesar Romero, all bundled up in an overcoat in a corner of the set looking very cold and unhappy. Told he looked like a wet hen with the pip, he said with sudden animation, "Perhaps that's what I *have* got! For two weeks now I have been rushing between water scenes with Barbara Stanwyck and ice scenes with Sonja, and I'm just over an attack of the flu—now you

Judy Garland, juvenile star of MGM's *Love Finds Andy Hardy,* prepares for a big scene with Mickey Rooney. George Seitz directs.

MGM's Jane Wyman, who portrays a boarding school girl in *The Crowd Roars,* sets a new color vogue by combining periwinkle 'n rose.

come along and tell me I have the pip, too. Maybe I have. I feel terrible." We told him we thought that was marvelous summer work if you could get it—and that most young men would think it was marvelous work at any time of year—dividing time between Barbara Stanwyck and Sonja Henie—and the ever gallant Cesar snapped out of his doldrums swiftly to assure us it *was* good work at any time of year and that he loved it—and both ladies.

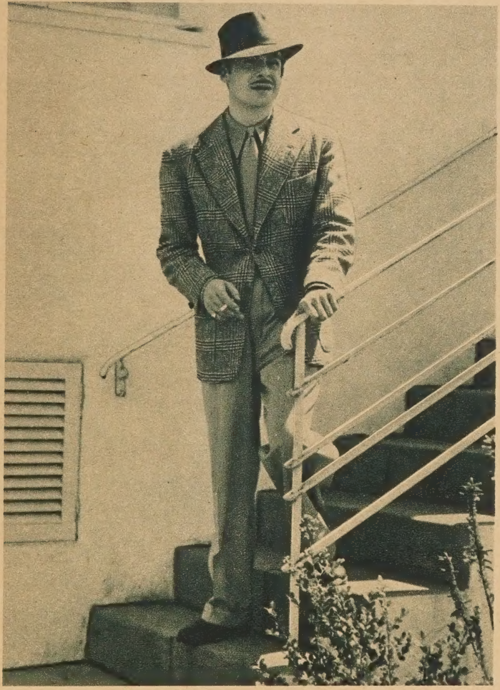
✦

Lady Willoughby Carey, one of the closest friends of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, told Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and us, that the Duke and Duchess will definitely visit Hollywood before the end of the year. She was watching her first picture-making on the *Young In Heart* set at the Selznick-International studio, and enthralled with everything she saw. Lady Carey has served in three courts and is a member of one of the most distinguished families in Europe. "In America," she said, "society debs regard presentation at the Court of St. James their dearest wish. In England, members of the court are almost equally anxious to watch Hollywood movies in the making. I should like to be a film actress," she said. "Just find me a part and I'll start right in." And I verily believe she meant it with all her heart! She said the Duke and Duchess of Windsor often expressed a desire to visit Hollywood and to see them make pictures and she said we might expect them quite definitely before the end of the year.

✦

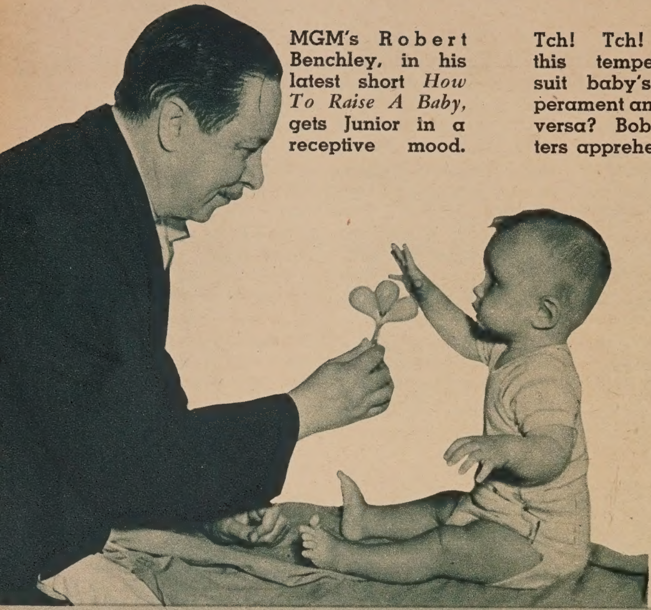
Akim Tamiroff was whispering on the *Spawn of the North* set and when asked what was the idea, he looked very sheepish indeed. "I was right but I am suffering for it," he said with a nod of his

(Continued on page 81)



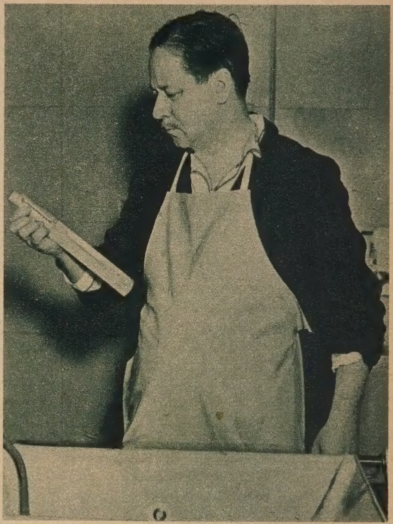
Fernand Gravet, who has just completed work on *The Great Waltz* sailed for Paris to visit his mother. He is now under contract to MGM.

Art Director Cedric Gibbons and William Horning, his associate, inspect one of 98 model sets constructed for MGM's *Marie Antoinette*.



MGM's Robert Benchley, in his latest short *How To Raise A Baby*, gets Junior in a receptive mood.

Tch! Tch! Will this temperature suit baby's temperament and vice versa? Bob registers apprehension.



SHORT SUBJECT

how to raise a baby

Oh, well! Sweets to the sweet. Bob is allergic to pungent mimosa, but this fragrance might make li'l Junior bath-conscious.

And if that doesn't work, just follow Bob's example by hopping in the tub and letting Baby Tim ride on the crest of your chest.

I want to know

jesse j., xenia, ohio . . . .

Dolores Del Rio was born in Mexico, Leo Carillo in California, Olivia de Havilland in Tokio, Japan, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in New York City, Dorothy Lamour in New Orleans, Louisiana, and Norma Shearer in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, Canada. It would require a tremendous amount of research to list all the stars, born in Ireland, who have made American pictures. However, outstanding today are Maureen O'Sullivan, George Brent and Errol Flynn.

raymond, a canadian fan . . . .

Betty Grable was born on December 18, 1916, Joe E. Brown on July 28th, Dorothy Lamour on December 10th, Robert Young on February 22nd and Mary Carlisle on February 3rd.

miss evelyn s., rochester, n. y. . . . .

Fred Waring was born at Tyrone, Pennsylvania, early in the 20th century, the son of a banker and the great-grandson of William C. Waring, founder of Penn State College. His parents have been choir singers for 35 years, and Fred has been a Boy Scout for 25 years and proud of it. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married and has two children. His hobbies are collecting cigarette cases and miniature orchestras. He loves to play golf. Fred personally coaches and rehearses the Waring Glee Club.

f. h., woodbury, n. j. . . . .

The daughter of Hungarian peasant parents, Ilona Massey, born Ilona Hajmassy, began her career as a chorus girl at Budapest's leading opera house. Her big chance came when Maria Nemeth, who was to have starred in the *Empress Josephine* at the Varosi Schinaz, Budapest's finest theatre, was forced to relinquish her role two days before the play was to open. She suggested Ilona for the part. After forty-eight hours of frantic rehearsals, Ilona made her debut as an opera singer, sang magnificently and was instantly a success. In the audience was Benjamin Thau, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, who immediately signed her to a long-term contract. She made her screen debut as *Brenda*, Eleanor Powell's companion in *Rosalie*, which co-starred Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy.

World's wizard on taps, Eleanor Powell will be co-starred with Allan Jones in *Honolulu*, new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pic.

A comparative stranger to our language, Ilona Massey spends her spare time on the beach brushing up on her English.

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most dangerous woman

(Continued from page 23)

keep from hurting another's feelings. I'd rather have a man who is an expert at his job than at sports and one who is consistently a good companion, rather than one who is the life of the party. I'd rather know a man who is ahead of me, mentally, than behind me. I don't like them stodgy.

"Amusing and tolerant are two fine essentials for a man to have. Perhaps he would be masterful and certainly be kind. He'd be the type who could love a glorious sunset and yet fight for me if he had to! He'd know when to talk and when to remain silent. He'd remember all the little touches, flowers when they are not expected or even an all-day sucker as a pleasant little surprise to let you know that you are always in his thoughts! He'd . . . but that's enough. You'll begin to think I want a *perfect man* and I'm sure I do not. I couldn't bear a man who was too perfect!"

Janet was for years supposed to be in love with Charles Farrell. Whether their affections off-screen were as passionate and tender as they were before the camera, we will never know. Her one marriage to Lydell Peck was a disaster. They were entirely unsuited to each other. For many months her love and interest has been held by Tyrone Power. When she made *Small Town Girl* with handsome Robert Taylor, the super-snooping gossip hounds said they were "that way" about each other. Today, even if she did see him off screen, Taylor is definitely out of the running.

"I think the thing that makes a girl popular with men is knowing how to be friendly with them," Janet once said to me. "You are always supremely content with a friend. You are never shy or coy. You trust a friend and expect him to trust you in return."

There you have it! Didn't I tell you she was Hollywood's most dangerous woman? Any girl who understands men and their reactions that well is *bound* to be dangerous to the masculine peace of mind.

When she was in Paris, there was a sailor. She met him in a book shop where she was browsing among old books. He did not have a title and he was not wealthy but he fell for little Gaynor like a ton of bricks. They got into a conversation somehow and she talked to him about the good old U.S.A. for an hour. He's never forgotten that hour! She wasn't Janet Gaynor, the movie star, to him. She was just a girl from home sweet home! And there you have another reason why Janet is dangerous. She can be all things to *all* men!

When she was in old Madrid there was a chieftain of a Riff tribe, dark and handsome, romantic and dashing. He laid his dark heart at Janet's tiny feet . . . so Janet left for Italy. There was a successful young writer who sold his home in the East and moved to Hollywood just to be near her. They know each others only casually and he has never spoken to her of his love but she is the heroine of most of his stories.

And Janet does not set the stage to attract men as do the less dangerous sirens of the screen. She wears no exotic gowns or perfumes to intoxicate the senses. She has no great mansion with an inlaid swimming pool and a coterie of servants. There is Fanny, the cook and Clifford the chauffeur who drove her first car back in 1928. She lives in an unpretentious house in Beverly Hills and she has two cottages for seclusion and rest, one at the beach and one in the Hawaii she loves so dearly. She lives more modestly than any other star of equal standing in Hollywood.

And there you have my reasons for selecting Janet Gaynor as the most dangerous woman in Hollywood and don't tell me I'm wrong. One of my boy friends has been in love with her for years and years!

From her years of screen love making and her own observations, Janet Gaynor offers five "don'ts" for women in love.

"Don't be interested in the impression you are making, be interested in him.

"Don't try to be different—be yourself.

"Don't brood. Have a hobby to keep your mind occupied.

"Don't fail to be properly dressed for each occasion.

"Don't neglect to put your best foot forward. Self-confidence is all important."

The petite star issued these warnings while being fitted for one of the nineteen outfits she will wear in her new picture "The Young in Heart."

IMAGINE THEIR JOY

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*W. H. S., Alabama.

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I didn't dream I could actually learn to play without a teacher. Now when I play for people they hardly believe that I learned to play so well in so short a time.

*H. C. S., Calif.

WOULDN'T TAKE $1000 FOR COURSE

The lessons are so simple that anyone can understand them. I have learned to play by note in a little more than a month. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my course.

*S. E. A., Kansas City, Mo.

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I want to say that my friends are greatly surprised at the different pieces I can already play. I am very happy to have chosen your method of learning.

*B. F., Bronx, N. Y.

BEST METHOD BY FAR

Enclosed is my last examination sheet for my course in Tenor Banjo. This completes my course. I have taken lessons before under teachers, but my instructions with you were by far the best.

*A. O., Minn.

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Soap and water come first in Gloria Blondell's routine for exquisite beauty

Cleansing with a cream is her next step, before she jumps into the Three R's!

the three r's of beauty

BY HELEN STEWART

Hollywood never lets the rest of the feminine world down! From dawn to dark and from season to season, screen stars are "up on their toes" in the beauty realm, as following them around the clock and calendar will prove.

With school days here again, we find the younger set in filmland handing out suggestions for young girls who will pack their bags and return to their three R's. There's Gloria Blondell, for instance, that lovely young player at Columbia Studios, whose memory is chock-full of her own recent days at school. Gloria is one young lady whose advice you can follow, for her own lovely skin is a perfect example of what simple beauty treatments can do for one's complexion.

Gloria suggests that when you pack your beauty kit to return to school, be sure that it is well-fortified with the *Three R's of Beauty!*

What are the three R's? Simple as ABC! There's *Regularity*—a must on your beauty list. It includes regularity of hours, sleep, meals and general beauty treatments.

Then, there's *Recreation*—the all important aid to good health, beautiful complexions and the wholesomeness of youth.

And last, but not least, *Relaxation*—the period of every day in your life when you should "let go"—forget your studies, your worries, just everything, in fact—and think not! If you must think, think of beauty.

Gloria begins her day with the good old-fashioned soap and water treatment, one of the finest beauty aids for milady. She uses a soft complexion brush in place of a wash cloth, as she feels that the bristles of the brush not only cleanse the pores but stimulate the skin and give added health to her already flawless complexion.

Miss Blondell is naturally careful about her selection of soap. She uses one that is mild—gentle to the most sensitive skins, yet so rich in lather that very, very little is needed. Although the soap is $1.00 a cake, it lasts ages and ages, making it very economical to use. It is made by a famous English concern that has catered to the lovely English women for nearly fifty years. Its base is lanolin—a large percentage—which is one of the finest ingredients you can buy in a soap. Want the trade name?

The next step in Gloria's cleansing treatment is an application of cleansing cream. This absolute cleanliness is the reason for her lovely complexion. She feels that one cleanser, alone, will not do a complete job. The soap and water will remove the make-up, dust and surface grime, the cleansing cream will remove deeply-imbedded foreign particles and help to keep her skin soft and smooth.

Her cleansing routine is followed by an application of make-up base, then a light dusting of powder, a touch of mascara—just a touch, mind you, if you're preparing for the 'rithmetic class—and a quick but artistic application of lipstick, one of the clear red shades that accentuates her exquisite skin coloring.

Gloria never worries about her make-up during the day and seldom has to touch it up until

(Continued on page 67)

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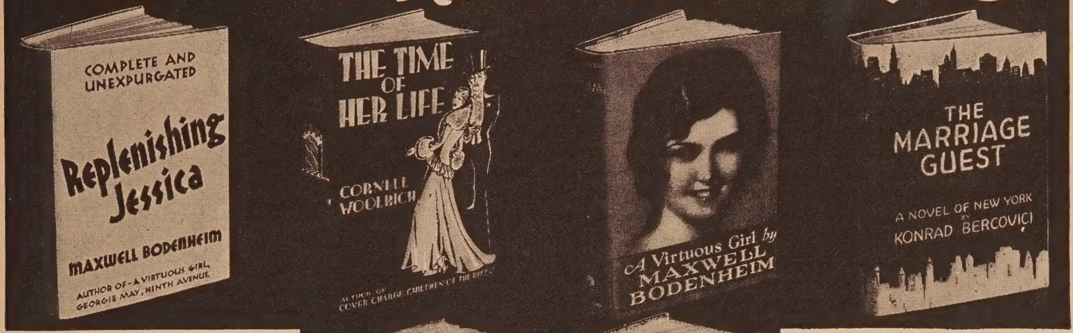
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A NOVEL OF NEW YORK BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

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CONFLICT of LOVE and DESIRE ■ The story of a young woman, full of passion and the love of life. The conflict between lust and the spirit makes sensational reading that holds you spell-bound until the last page is finished. Charging it with being an immoral book, reformers tried in vain to prohibit its publication. Seventeen complete editions were sold at the original price of $2.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE Cornell Woolrich

TAMED by the ONE MAN ■ This $10,000 prize-winning author has written the amazing story of a very young, very alluring, very ruthless adventuress. Her mother had been the gay and reckless "Grass Widow" whose mad love of pleasure she had inherited. Her life became a veil of deceit concealing wild escapades with rich and pleasure-sated men-about-town until, in the final pages, she is tamed by *the* man. Even at $2 this was a "Best Seller."

PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE J. Wesley Putnam

A STORY of PASSION ■ The flaming fire of a great and overpowering love in a smashing story that swings the glittering lights of Broadway to the sanctity of the North Woods. A strong emotional heart-stirring novel of a rich roué and his wife and the rugged Big Woods guide who proves more sophisticated than was expected. The frank answer to the question "What does a faithful wife owe an unfaithful husband?" Many $2 editions of this "best seller" were sold out.

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THE MARRIAGE GUEST Konrad Bercovici

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he is linked with the quints

(Continued from page 16)

them up in the World Almanac!

Before *The Country Doctor* was produced Jean Hersholt was one of the important character actors in Hollywood. Always in demand, always assured of a more than adequate income he was still listed in the supporting cast. Stardom was a thing that he never thought of for himself. But that was before the quints made Dr. Dafoe's name known all over the world. That was before Hersholt was called on to play him on the screen.

"I feel a kinship for Doctor Dafoe and my audiences certainly identify me with him in my country doctor roles," Jean Hersholt said. He had just come to New York from Callendar where he had renewed his acquaintance with the quints before starting on his new picture with them. "Playing him in these pictures has made me a different personality, a little more than an actor. For it has made me a part of a world event. As far as I know no other actor has ever had a similar experience.

"It's quite a problem to play a part with the person you portray standing by. At first it made me a little nervous. Then when that passed, I got a tremendous kick out of it. You can't come in contact with that man and not feel his kindliness and greatness. I'll tell you it did something to me, portraying a man like that.

"It's really amazing how parallel our careers have been. For years he was a country doctor up in Callendar, getting on in years, getting a little tired maybe, certainly feeling his best years were behind him. He saw other doctors being honored, heard of the scientific world hailing some new discovery one of them had made but he had no way of knowing that his own name would ever be heard outside of the environs of Callendar. And then the quints were born!

"Well, my own life has gone more or less the same way. I'd always been more or less confident of holding my own as an actor but the idea of stardom never occurred to me. As a matter of fact when sound came in I wondered if my accent wouldn't finish my career. Instead it gave me greater opportunities and proved a decided asset in the pictures I made with Garbo and Marie Dressler.

"As much as *Anna Christie* and *Emma* did for me it took *The Country Doctor* to really get me somewhere. Why those blessed babies did every bit as much for me as they did for their little Doc when I played him in that picture. Frankly I'll have to confess that I had no more thought of achieving stardom in Hollywood than I did on the radio and yet both those things have happened to me, because those five babies happened to be born all at once.

"I have to admit that once the quints were only a headline to me. Now they hold an important place in my life. Not only as my five good luck pieces, but as distinct personalities.

"It's almost two years now since I saw them last. At that time although they were over two years old they had only reached the development of eighteen month old babies. Doctor Dafoe and other physicians I talked with said this retardment was to be expected of all premature babies; that not until their fourth or fifth years would they or any child like them attain the normal for their years.

"Naturally I was curious about them when I arrived in Callendar a few days ago. And my amazement at the change in those girls since my last visit there must have shown in my face. Wait a minute, I'll show you their new pictures."

No father's voice could have had a prouder lift to it than Jean Hersholt's as he rose to get those pictures. No father's eyes could have been any fonder as he brought them over.

Certainly the change in the quintuplets was something to wonder about. The listless stare, the stereotyped poses were all gone. Thoughts were racing across those little faces, there was mischief in their eyes and their mouths were eager as though they could hardly hold back the words that were soon to some spilling from them.

"If anything, they've gone beyond their mental age now," Hersholt chuckled as he looked at the picture again. "They talk fluently, in French of course, because they are only beginning to be taught English. But they understand that language already.

"It's funny to think of children that age having a sense of humor. But the quints definitely have. They know they look alike too, which I think is quite remarkable.

"When I walked into the Dafoe Hospital the other day, I asked, 'Which one is Emily?' And you should have seen the mischief on those five faces, as they all pointed to themselves and shouted in a chorus, 'I'm Emily!'

"Emily was my favorite when we made *Reunion* almost two years ago. At that time she was the friendliest of the five because she was the least self-conscious. I found I worked better with her than the others. The quints weren't used to seeing people. I know that sounds funny when you think of all the visitors trooping up to Callendar just to see them but they never see those people at all. The screens around their play yard are constructed in such a way, that although a clear view is obtained by anyone looking in from the outside, no one can see a thing by looking out from the inside.

"So instead of being in a show case as the world more or less thinks, the quints are really more isolated than other children. But now they no longer show the effects. Today it would be impossible for me to name a favorite among them.

"They are so much more interested in everything now. Their toys show that. Before they had static playthings, toy animals and picture books and the like but now the toys chosen for them are all active, thought-producing things. Tricycles in which they race madly about the nursery, miniature tea sets to induce cambric tea parties and stimulate their social sense, toys with which to entertain themselves instead of just being amused. You see the quints are really being taught to use their brains, even at play.

"It's going to be interesting to see how they are going to react to practically being a part of their own family in the new arrangement the Dionne's have made with the government. Even at this early stage in the new relationship you can see the trend is towards far better cooperation. The last time I saw them, Oliva Dionne was taking much more interest in the guardianship of his daughters.

"Of course it's those five little girls who will write the real story of their lives. I find myself speculating about their future, trying to look beyond the years to the ones in which they will emerge grown up and facing the world and wonder what they will do with those years.

"It will be fascinating to see them live those years we can only speculate about now, to see if their story will ever separate in to five individual tales instead of the one it must necessarily be now.

"Their board of guardians hopes the quints will have one million dollars apiece by the time they reach eighteen. This figure of course is based on the assumption they will all live until then and that the public will not lose its absorbing interest in them. There is little indication that the last will ever happen unless one or more of the quints should die. In that case they would no longer be celebrities.

"They'll need money to buy them the thing other people can take for granted . . . *Privacy.* Only those who have been violently in the limelight have a real appreciation of what that word means. Every excessively rich child is in the limelight of course, so are small movie stars. The rich child grows up and marries and gradually achieves a life of its own. The same is true of the tiny movie star. But the quints are different. You see they are curiosities rather than celebrities.

"Only the little girls can decide for themselves if the fortune that has come to them will be enough to make up for the things other children attain as a matter of course. They won't know until many years have passed whether they would have preferred to come one by one to that little Canadian farm, and growing up like their brothers and sisters with their own way to make in the world, rather than as they did to make a place for themselves in newspaper headlines glaring publicity, and amass a fortune before they were able to talk!

"Their health has been protected beyond the imagination of the most doting parents in the world. They've grown up in a germless, super-scientific atmosphere. Because of this they have been denied things. Companionship, circuses, parties. They've never seen any animal and you all know what pets mean to the average child.

"However Dr. Dafoe is breaking this stringent rule in the new picture we're making. He's going to allow us to make a scene in which five puppies will be introduced to the quints.

"I can't wait for that scene, to see the reaction in those five little faces. If the puppies are small enough I'm going to put them in my pockets and take them out one by one. I find myself going around thinking of all the different ways I can of introducing them."

Jean Hersholt was grinning, his grey eyes crinkling at the corners. He really didn't have to say what he did then, but he did.

"I think I'll be more excited than the quints," he laughed.

Lovely Lamour

The loveliest dress of the hour is Dorothy Lamour's new black lace evening gown. It was designed by Edith Head for Miss Lamour's personal wardrobe. The extreme decolletage is strapless, with pale pink crepe outlining the heart-shaped bodice in a double accent. The skirt is a billowing froth of black lace over a clinging slip of black crepe. Miss Lamour wears a romantic mantilla of the same black lace over her head and her wrap is a voluminous, graceful cape of un-lined velvet. See it in October MODERN MOVIES!

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MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

from gamin to glamour girl

(Continued from page 27)

Ronald Reagan and Bruce Lester, who incidentally finally did get the 'boy' part. But the amazing thing that happened then, was what happened on the outside. Just as hard as I was rooting for myself, everybody else on the outside rooted too. The studio didn't really believe that I could do the part—I was such an unknown—but Miss Yeaman, for one, came right out in her column and said that I could. That started it. The most wonderful thing happened then; why I didn't know I had so many fans, but they began to write in by the thousands! I don't believe that the darlings in the little towns away from New York, had ever even heard of the play and what a success it was, but they seemed to feel that if I wanted the part so badly then I should have it, regardless of the type. They wrote that they wanted me to be the romantic interest for a change, they wanted to see me get my man in the end, things like that, and they sent in petitions.

"Would you believe that? Petitions signed by whole towns, every single citizen! It was wonderful. That was the thing that got me the part.

"In a way I suppose there have been a lot of things like that in my life, things that I have wanted and gone after, without planning or reasoning. It was probably awfully dumb of me to want them in the first place—I know other people thought that it was—but well, I don't know, that's just the way I was. I remember when I was nine. I wanted to be a dancer then and there was another little girl, a friend of mine, and she wanted to dance too, so we decided to become a team. When we were ready we were going to do a try-out on amateur night, at Loew's State Theatre. But in the meantime we had to learn a routine so for two months I went without lunch at school, saving my lunch money until I had ten dollars, and then it was agreed that she would take the lessons, get the coaching, and then teach it to me.

"Well, about that time we didn't get along very well together. She kept telling me that I was too big and clumsy. True, I was tall for my age, but I was sensitive anyway. When we walked anywhere together I used to try and stoop so I'd be her size. And it was so ironical, so useless, because in the end she backed out and I was left alone anyway. But even with only half a dream left, I plugged right along. I remember I had bought some material and I made myself a little ballet costume, and the night before the try-out I sat up until four putting yellow roses on a silver ribbon for my hair. Oh, and another thing—for the half dream I'd lost I found something that kind of made up for it. Gee, maybe this'll sound silly to you, but I discovered mascara! I don't remember why or how, but I had a ten-cent box of it tucked away. To me it was like magic. I always thought that my eyes were my best feature anyway, and I was thrilled with what the mascara did for them. But then Mother also made the discovery—and that was the saddest thing of all. I was just ready to go on the stage when she noticed it. She scolded me and said that if being a dancer or an actress meant nonsense like that, then I'd better get over it. I cried of course, and I needn't tell you what that did to the mascara. I looked like a little old tear-streaked hag, instead of a child of nine. I danced, but I was sad, and the dance was sad too. It was pretty awful.

"But I lived on hopes like that; it didn't seem to matter that they never got me anywhere. Someday, I felt, they just had to. When I was thirteen, I won a contest as Jean Harlow's double. I don't know what I thought it would do for me, except I was sure it was going to make me famous. But as it turned out I never even got to meet Miss Harlow, which was the prize that they offered! We started at one theatre downtown, with 140 entries for the Harlow part of it alone—they were picking doubles of all the stars, and she incidentally was the newest. I had never seen her myself, but she had just made *Hell's Angels* and everyone told me that I looked like her. So after the semi-finals there, they moved us up to the Chinese in Hollywood for the finals, and I won the prize. Somebody took my picture and it appeared in the paper, but that was the last I ever heard of it. The picture didn't even look like me and least of all like Miss Harlow!

"That was another crazy try gone smash.

"But then you know about the craziest of all. At sixteen I inherited some money. Eleven thousand dollars! It was more money than I ever dreamed existed—and I spent it all in two weeks. Yes, in two short weeks. But wait, it isn't quite as bad as it sounds, because I did try to make provision for a year. By that time I had decided that there was only one way to crash Hollywood and fame, and that was to do it with a big show, beautiful clothes, a beautiful home, a beautiful car, everything. So I uprooted the family, all of it; grandfather, and two brothers, my mother and stepfather. We left Anaheim where we'd always lived, and plunked ourselves down in a beautiful home in Hollywood. I paid the rent for a year, bought canned goods for a year, a mink coat, and a Packard, but there was one thing I forgot. In fact there were a couple of things. I forgot that we were going to get mighty sick of canned beans, tomatoes and soup, if nothing turned up. I also forgot that though mink might wear for years, the lining might not. It was in ribbons, in shreds, incidentally, before I finally got work. I also forgot that although a Packard would go on gas, it would not turn one wheel on just hope. So that almost turned out to be the grand and glorious finale of my life at sixteen!

"You know, it's a strange thing," and for a moment Marie played and plucked thoughtfully at the babushka bow under her chin. "Why is it when good times do come at last, you have a hard time remembering the bad period? That's nature's way of being kind, I suppose; helping you to forget those things; but you know I don't want to forget them too much. It's so easy to laugh back at them now, and to say, oh yes, it always comes out in the wash. But it doesn't always. It almost didn't, that time, for me and there are so many others for whom it never does. I think of it often when I see other girls standing in line now, waiting for the dancing director to give them parts. I see them pushed back, 'Not you, not you, not you; you girls can go home now.' They take it smiling, trying to be brave, and watching them I remember how often that same thing happened to me. Only once I was one who stayed on, and that was the start. After that I got odd chorus jobs here and there. Then several years later, a chance for a test at Metro.

"It was only by a queer quirk, in that test, that I got typed as a comedienne. In rehearsing some scenes with the test director I asked him which scene he thought I should do for the camera. Then he told me that although my dramatic work was good, Hollywood was already too full of dramatic actresses, so why not try for the comedy. And it was then I pulled another of my crazy stunts. I said all right, I'd do the comedy, but would he let me write my own scene. He'd never heard of anyone doing that before, and he thought it was rather silly; he said it would be much safer to use material that was already tried and proven. But it was another one of my hopes and wants, and I finally persuaded him to let me do it. Well, there was only one thing I knew a lot about, and that was my own experiences in hunting for a job. So that's what I wrote the scene around: a green beginner trying to tell a casting director how good she was. Well, I don't know whether it was really funny or not, but I do know that that test kicked around Hollywood for a year, and that every time anyone wanted to see something for a laugh, they'd haul out that test and take another look at it. I guess more people in Hollywood have laughed *at* that test of mine than you could shake a stick at. There were only two people who finally laughed with it, and that must have been through an error. Anyway it got me my contract. In fact, I remember that it was definitely a mistake. What happened was that Mr. Warner and Mr. Wallis went into the projection room to see the test of another player, which was supposed to be very serious and dramatic.

"But the boys in the projection room already had my film on the projector—it was just after lunch, that dull period when a laugh usually comes in handy—so they had to unreel mine before they could put on the other. I don't believe that it could have been *so* bad for Mr. Warner thought it was pathos, and good pathos at that, but anyway the next day they signed me.

"So, in a way, I guess those crazy things all helped, because at least they gave me the habit of hoping. I don't believe that there is such a thing as good luck; there may be a kind of dumb luck like mine, a sort of blind flying.

"But even when you're flying blind, if you think and think enough about the way you are going, and try and work on it, studying every angle of the route, then you're sure to get there somehow. And by the way, that reminds me, while I've been talking I've also been thinking. I know I've been doing an awful lot of talking about those people over there on the newspaper and Miss Yeaman. And I've just decided something. I don't think I'll go back and picket any more this afternoon, because I think there's an even better way to help. I think I'll go home and sit down at the 'phone and call up everybody I know and get them to cancel their subscriptions. Don't you think that ought to help even more? Of course I don't know about unions, guilds and things like that, as I said, but—"

But why go on? It's already obvious that Marie Wilson does know what she's talking about.

Be it unions, guilds, careers, parts, or hearts, hers is the wisdom that is not trained or studied but deeply intuitive.

On goes the little red suede jacket again, on go the shoes, and with a gay word to the dog, she is off.

Gallant, courageous, a strange mixture of dream-child and action-girl, the only one of her kind, an "original" in Hollywood!

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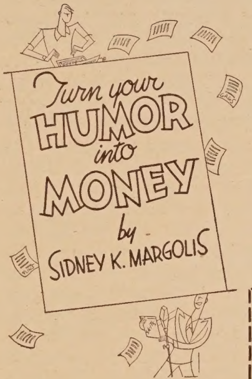
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Claryce M. McDaniel	Akron, Ohio	Lily Schure	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Anne Aponovich	Nashua, N. H.	Dorothy Bottger	Williamsport, Pa.
Frances Feather	Reading, Pa.	Eloise Williams	Macon, Ga.

shearer shears the years

(Continued from page 18)

Thoughtfully silent for a moment, Miss Shearer added:

"In the picture we don't try to justify her mistakes. Instead, upon her arrival in Versailles, we stress the dominance of du Barry over the court and leave Marie, when she finds the cards stacked against her, to decide she will become the highest and finest figure in that court. We have tried to make her glamorous and exciting—that is her only justification. She is never a bitter woman, for her tragedy, disillusion, did not destroy her. She must have had a brilliant mind, though undisciplined, undeveloped, at any rate till fate shook her into her final destiny. Then it was ignoble she should be dumped into a common grave with others. But it is pleasant to remember that the brighter and happier portion of her life was by far the longer—at least that is true of our picture. In making that part of it I loved Marie's giddiness. I think audiences will be surprised to find *Marie Antoinette* a gay picture. After all, the only sad thing about any picture is dullness."

Taking this gaiety to mean Miss Shearer's reason for wanting to play the famous role, I was surprised to learn:

"At first I didn't want to do it. I was hesitant about playing a queen, because this always sounds rather stodgy and pretentious. I hadn't read Zweig's book when the studio bought it, and so didn't realize it was such a personal, human and exciting piece of work. When this is true of a part each thing in it offers oportunity for a fresh attack, a new standard of acting that is a challenge. The more difficult a role the easier it becomes, because it gives you more. That is the way I felt about Juliet, thought I walked in where angels feared to tread. First of all, Marie appealed to me as a fascinating woman. Then I realized it was the greatest role that had ever come to me, would have been no less than that, even if the French Revolution were not in it. In fact, I am convinced it is the greatest role I shall ever have."

With a look at once shy and steady, Miss Shearer disclosed:

"I have a sense of the present. When the cameras started turning it seemed only yesterday I had left them. After being away for a year and a half, it was like slipping back into a comfortable pair of old shoes. I never look ahead at all—perhaps we are not meant to. Before I left the screen so suddenly I didn't want to see into the future, even if that were possible, because the present was so marvelous. I find that things happen no matter what plans we may have made, so I have come to accept them."

Here, then, was her philosophy, surprisingly at variance with the generally held opinion that Norma Shearer's is a carefully ordered plan of life.

"Work is necessary to me," she emphasized. "I have never purposely done few pictures. And I now intend to do at least two or three a year. My next one will be *Idiot's Delight*, for which," (with a laugh) "I shall have to polish up my Russian accent. It has a serious motive, but is in a gay, if dangerous, mood. In it once again, after *A Free Soul* and *Strange Interlude,* Clark Gable will be with me, and I am looking forward to our reunion. Then there will be *The Women,* that brilliant satirical play that has had such a great success in New York. It will be an exciting experiment to play it with a cast made up only of women, as they did it in the theatre. It will be my first modern role after three costume pictures, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Romeo and Juliet* and *Marie Antoinette*. But the main thing with me now is activity. From now on I intend to keep busy, for this is a business you should keep working at, strike a rhythm and hold to it. The more work the easier it is for me. I always believe in being busy, and I never quite believe actors who say they are tired and need a rest. What would they do if they were in an office? I have been tired, but it was from looking for work, not from doing it. I tramped the streets in New York till I had to put pieces of cardboard in the worn soles of my shoes. It was six months before I was able to land a job, and then I was only too glad to work all hours of the day and night. My great drawback was limited funds. I was quite desperate when finally I got inside a studio and was placed upon a temporary payroll. It meant getting away from shredded wheat and milk heated over a gas jet. After a square meal I was ready for all the work they could hand me."

According to report, Miss Shearer had worked from 7 in the morning till 10 at night during the making of *Marie Antoinette*. But it was mention of this reputed industry which sent that ball of paper whizzing my way, with a merry:

"No! Don't let yourself believe for a moment I'm as industrious as all that. For one thing, Van Dyke, perhaps more than any other director in Hollywood, prides himself on holding to schedule, and he saw to it that we stopped work at six every evening. Oh, well, maybe I did do a bit by myself after hours, but nothing of any importance. Most of my hard work was done before starting the picture. I put in three or four weeks getting accustomed to the costumes, each of which weighed from seventy-five to a hundred pounds. What I had to learn was how to curtsy in them. At first I nearly fainted from weariness. But by the time we began the picture it was no effort at all. It was like the man picking up the calf, then finding he could pick up the cow. Once I got the hang of it I never felt quite so completely comfortable in clothes. They also gave a certain grace of manner. Everything was all right so long as I stayed at Versailles or rode from the dressing-room to the stage sitting on the floor of a car, just as the women of that period sat on the floor of their coaches in their voluminous skirts. But one day when I walked over to Mr. Stromberg's office—the producer wanted to look at my wig—I got stuck on the stairway, just couldn't budge. They had to ease me along like a dirigible. Even then, the wig was so high I couldn't get through the door. You know, when the women of that day went to the theatre the manager had to have the ceilings of boxes raised to accommodate their towering wigs. With the women in our picture there was another difficulty that kept the prop boys guessing. We couldn't sit down in chairs to rest, so they had to shoot stools under us as best they could while politely looking the other way. It was like slipping pieces of toast under poached eggs. But after awhile the poor boys got so used to rear views, in spite of averted eyes, they became sure-shots."

There was no mistaking Miss Shearer's lively sense of humor. But every vestige of it left her face at inquiry as to her feelings while playing the guillotine scene.

"It was really terrifying," she confessed. "I kept thinking this appalling, ghastly thing did really happen. And there, above me, was the real knife which would fall with a real thud. What, I asked myself, lying there, would be the result if, by any accident, that blade should fall then? Well, I told myself that if that happened I'd never have anything more to worry about. Then I became inwardly hysterical, waiting for them to get me out from under the knife."

She smiled when asked what she had thought about on her way to the scaffold and admitted:

"Something you'd never guess. It's natural to associate great thoughts with a great crisis. But usually, I suppose, it's some little thing, absurdly inconsequential, that pops into the mind. When I walked to the scaffold, with my hands tied behind me so that I couldn't do anything about it, my nose itched. That kept me wondering, every step of the way, whether Marie Antoinette's nose itched when she went to her doom."

Pondering the situation, Miss Shearer reached this conclusion:

"It must be the childishness in us, just as it was in Marie Antoinette. Her Rococo world was a child's world, her Little Trianon a child's plaything. What I see in the unhappy queen, and what I believe audiences will see, is the happy girl. She had something that lasted her almost to the end of her days, something that made life worth living—youth."

the three r's of beauty

(Continued from page 60)

dinner and the evening. So her next real treatment comes at night just before she retires, when she repeats her morning cleansing process and pats on a little light tissue cream, just to insure her against future age-lines.

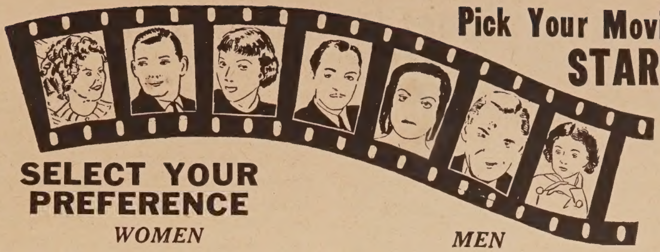
This Columbia contract player's day consists of at least a half hour's recreation each morning and afternoon. It may be swimming, tennis, skating, or any of the finer outdoor sports in season. She goes at it as though she really means it, too! Never, never half-heartedly.

Her Relaxation period is usually just before meals, fifteen minutes before luncheon and fifteen minutes before dinner. She kicks off her shoes—and stockings, if convenient—removes all snug garments and "lets go!" Whether or not you're tired, it is always an excellent idea to follow this little hint, for it will save you years on your life and erase years from your face.

It is with Regularity that Miss Blondell attends to these beauty treatments. She always gets at least seven hours of sleep, eight if possible; always eats her meals regularly, and regularly goes to her dentist and doctor for a complete check-up!

Simple, aren't they—these Three R's of Beauty which, in later years, will prove their values. It's what you do today, you young girls in your teens, that will make you the lovely, or not so lovely, ladies in your twenties and thirties, even your forties! So don't neglect them! They're simple enough and require little enough time to enable you to follow them every day of your school life! So when you pack your bag this month and hop the train for school, be sure that you're well-equipped with the Three R's. They'll keep you "on your toes" for other R's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic!

Pick Your Movie STARS



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Second ....
Third ....
Fourth ....

MEN

First Choice..
Second ....
Third ....
Fourth ....

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You yourself help determine the winner. Yours and other selections made by the entrants in this contest will be counted for each place and the person coming nearest to the winner according to the composite selection reached will win the first prize of $50. There will be a $25 prize and five other prizes of $5 each for the effort and presentation. Pictures shown are not meant to influence your selection.

Be prompt. The contest closes Sept. 15, but to make certain that you will receive the promptness prize of a cabinet radio of standard make get your entry in at once. The promptness prize goes to the first-prize winner as an extra reward for being prompt. So act quickly. Send your choices in today.

Movie Stars Contest, Dept. ID, 2200 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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weep for the wives

(Continued from page 37)

live? How, in short, do they manage to make egos meet?

The case of Bella Muni is typical. Before her marriage a gifted actress of the same Yiddish Art Theatre where Muni rose to prominence, today she is known to moviegoers only as "Mrs." Muni—but Bella Finkel she remains to initiates, especially on the set where Paul's pictures are made. For, as insiders know, the little dark-haired woman who gave up her own brilliant career to nurture the genius of the man she loved, is the power behind the throne.

The fact that millions of Muni adorers know nothing about her is immaterial to this actor's wife. They know about Paul—which means she has done a good job. Her husband is only too eager to tell the world about her—has, in fact, authorized a magazine article entitled, "To My Wife, Bella."

Perhaps more than any other off-screen wife, Mrs. Muni symbolizes the position an intelligent, discerning woman may assume in the Hollywood twosome. She provides something a good deal more tangible than the over-exploited "inspiration" honored by the poets. For one thing, she is Muni's play-and-script reader, the final court of appeals on the subject of his roles. She is his most ruthless—and therefore most constructive—critic. She is his adviser on all matters directly or indirectly related to his work. She is not, as romantics would have us believe, his secretary or his cook. Cooks don't have time to read a dozen scripts a week, to listen to play-backs, to offer counsel on make-up, character interpretation, voice and the thousand and one subtleties that go to make up a Muni impersonation before the cameras.

The romance of Paul and Bella began more than ten years ago when he was leading man in the Yiddish Art Theatre, on lower Second Avenue in New York, and she was his leading lady. After the show he would escort her across the street to the Cafe Royal, a restaurant frequented by actors of all types and denominations—who talked shop until four in the morning and drank countless cups of coffee. Bella still likes to tell of Paul's proposal, delivered with a shy grin, at a corner table of this cafe. There had been no extravagant declarations of love, no fervent confession of a pent-up passion. But over their third cup of coffee Paul smiled and said: "I hate to spend money on a stranger. Let's get married."

The Munis, in spite of a rather large house equipped with the conventional Hollywood appurtenances of luxury, live unpretentiously. They share the same interests—good books, fine music, stimulating friends, the theatre. When Paul makes a picture Bella is invariably on the set watching, taking mental notes. No scene is shot without her approval. Directors and producers at the Warner studios are aware of this and before the final take Paul turns to Bella and asks, "Okay?" Quietly, without the slightest trace of officiousness, Bella replies, "Okay." And Paul goes to work. No woman could ask for a more satisfying relationship. . . .

A combination that is equally felicitous but that has its roots in the mutual pride of family, is the case of the Bing Crosbys. Here, too, we find a former actress with a flourishing career exchanging her place in the limelight for the fulfillment of romance. Remember a lithe, vivacious little blonde in Paramount musicals some seven years ago? She was down in the books for star-grooming—a tremendous future. But along came a man with honey in his voice and a way no girl could resist—and Dixie Lee kicked over her make-up box, said goodbye to fame and walked into his arms. What's more, she did it gaily, a little defiantly, with no overtones of martyrdom. And Dixie Crosby is still gay, still unrepentant over a lost opportunity.

Maybe the reason for this is that you have to have time to brood over a glory that might have been, and no mother of four children ever had enough time for that. The Crosbys, as everyone knows, preside over the largest menage this side of the equator, with the possible exception of a certain Canadian family comprising five little girls and fifty newsreel cameras. Mama Crosby, who still looks panty-waist age and slips into a size twelve, is perforce the most domestic of the Hollywood signoras. Mistress of two establishments—a large, rambling ranch house sixty miles from the film center, and a more formal estate in North Hollywood, she devotes most of her time to the management of her homes and the care of the four Crosby youngsters—Gary, the twins, and tiny Lin.

With a skeleton staff of servants she supervises the diet of the children, allocates domestic chores to individual members of the household, directs the purchases of all clothing and food, and entertains the constant stream of guests who congregate at Bing's invitation. She usually gets up at eight, breakfasts with her husband before he leaves for the studio or his stables, and then spends the next two hours in consultation with her efficient secretary, Alice Ross. Between them they plan the day's routine. Dixie, who runs her sprawling household on a budget (she admits it has a two-way stretch), buys the children's clothes and her own out of it, pays the salaries of the servants and defrays all incidental expenses.

Although she never accompanies Bing to the studio, Dixie is very much a part of the singer's professional life. Informal story conferences on the lawn of their Hollywood house usually find her, ostensibly knitting, but actually listening intently to production plans and story changes. When Johnny Burke and Jimmy Monaco, favorite Crosby tunesmiths, invade the music room to play untried melodies for Bing's forthcoming pictures Dixie somehow manages to be there, a preview audience of one, looking very childish and uncritical, but serving forth good, sound, adult reactions.

The Crosbys live an informal, gay life, with alternate periods of gruelling work and study, and hard play. The children, though as well-behaved as most normal kindergartners, are not rigidly disciplined. All of them sing, with the exception of the baby, who hasn't yet progressed beyond the cooing stage. Dinny, one of the twins, has perfect pitch, and Gary, the oldest, seems to have inherited his dad's style—so somewhere among the four towheads may emerge the crooner of tomorrow. That, says Dixie, is career—and billing—enough for her. . . .

Gary Cooper's wife, the former Veronica Balfe, has had to forestall more adverse criticism than any other picture star's bride—possibly because of a background which includes Southampton, Newport and Park Avenue. When the marriage was first announced film gossips predicted that the socially-elite Veronica would transform her cowpuncher husband into another dummy in white tie and tails. They fired their first gun when the new Mrs. Cooper dismissed Gary's cook. For this domestic sin she was charged with shackling his freedom, even though the servant in question may have been fired simply because of inefficiency. And then when Gary signed his name to a lease for a large house in Beverly Hills, the windbags created a din that could be heard in Honolulu. There was no doubt about it—the swanky New York deb was determined to make a pseudo-society gent out of a picturesque cowhand.

It wasn't long, though, before they changed their tune. Within a few months the Coopers had stopped going to dull parties—and better still—stopped giving them. Mrs. Cooper accomplished this through the simple device of sending polite regrets to nine out of ten hostesses.

The net result is found in the quiet routine of the star's household. The day starts promptly at eight because there are so many chores to do. After breakfast Gary disappears into his machine shop and with the aid of an electric sharpener gets his gardening tools ready for the daily battle with weeds. There is a gardener on the place but both the Coopers have taken over the responsibility of weeds and bugs to keep their flowers, lawn and vegetables in the prize-winning class.

At one o'clock time out for lunch, and at four the Coopers put down their hoes and shears, get into fresh shorts and go hiking into the hills. Now and then when the weather is especially fine they play hooky. Bathing suits, lunch, and a couple of Sealyhams are stowed in the car and off they drive fifty miles up the coast to a secluded cove on a strip of fine, white beach. They swim, build a big fire for warmth and a hot lunch, sun themselves and drive home refreshed and happy.

When Gary is working on a picture Veronica takes over the weed and bug battle singlehanded. On Saturday night there are movies, books, backgammon and the Amateur Gardener's Planting Manual.

If there has been any change in Gary since his marriage and fatherhood—his friends say the change is a subtle one. He exudes a kind of secret contentment and his stern-set features now crack up into broad smiles quite easily. In other words, he's visibly happy. . . .

Incidentally, Mrs. Cooper is another ex-professional who gave up a career in pictures for marriage. In 1931 she went to California to visit her uncle, Cedric Gibbons, and the aunt she had never met—Dolores del Rio. At the Gibbons home she met David Selznick, who signed her to a year's contract and suggested she adopt the film name of Sandra Shaw. Her romance with Gary got off to a good start during a yachting party given by Director Howard Hawks, but it was not until their second meeting that the Coopers realized they were seriously drawn to each other.

Veronica (Sandra) dislikes publicity and consequently it is no hardship for her to stand aside while the spotlight picks up a new—and happier—Gary. . . .

Another Social Registerite who has bridged the gap between Newport and firmland, is Frances Brokaw Fonda, the witty and popular wife of "Hank" Fonda. The couple, who are inseparable, live with a kind of slap-happy humor that discovers a big laugh in small disasters. They are playmates, rather than husband and wife, and Hank still recalls ruefully that Frances trounced him unmercifully the first time they met on the tennis courts. So intense was the rivalry, that unknown to her, he would sneak off to take lessons from a pro several times a week.

The two met in London while he was making a picture for one of the English studios. When Frances went to Berlin for the Olympics he followed and they spent two glorious weeks touring the country. The day she was to return to America—in fact, as she was packing her bags—he proposed.

The Fondas have no set routine—no rigid time-budget—for living. Somehow they manage to do what they like when they like—night-clubbing, if they're in the mood, impromptu trips across California, getting out of bed at three of a hot summer morning to go for a swim. Part of their happiness is little Frances, aged six, Mrs. Fonda's girl by a former husband, and the new baby. They're planning to have a third child so that the three will be somewhere near the same age.

The role Mrs. Fonda plays in Henry's cinema life, varies. She has been known to occupy a visitor's chair on the set for as long as eight hours, yet sometimes months will go by between visits to the studio. Extremely popular with Henry's film-colony friends she has no wish to make a name for herself as an actress. If she is just "—and wife" to Hank's public it's the kind of anonymity she prefers. So no weeping for this little lady!

The social problems of Mrs. Pat O'Brien, admits the pretty helpmeet of the screen's most lovable Irishman, are complicated by one factor—Pat's inability to say "no" to guests and curiosity-seekers.

Invariably she finds herself regarded by these uninvited guests as a lucky little woman who has ensnared a god for a husband. What she doesn't tell these self-appointed critics is that the god she married has to be fed bicarbonate of soda two mornings a week because of over-eating; that he won't shave unless forced; that he spills ashes on her beautiful rugs; and that nothing short of a sixteen-gun salute will wake him in the morning.

But at this stage of her grievances Mrs. O'Brien stops short and smilingly jots down a few assets on the debit side of the ledger. For Pat is probably Hollywood's most considerate husband. He is devoted to his wife and children, never arty about his work—in fact, considers it a job no more glamorous than a bank teller's.

Yes, if you have tears to shed, weep for the wives. Their lives aren't all beer and skittishness. . .

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( ) Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage on delivery.

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a belle on her toes

(Continued from page 35)

dancing daughter brought shudders of horror to the family circle. The girl gave up her ambitions, but she made up her mind that, if ever she married and had a daughter, that daughter would be encouraged to dance. She did marry and she did have a daughter. Even before she was old enough to enter grammar school, small Ann was started in a dancing class. She did excellent work in the ballet before she was six years old. And, with her infantile excellence about to be demonstrated in public, here she was howling in terror, and upsetting the maternal applecart, if ever an incipient star upset one.

Wise beyond the wisdom of most ambitious mothers, Mrs. Miller did nothing to force her frightened youngster back into dancing ways. She was afraid that the six-year-old's panic might have an adverse influence on her whole forthcoming career, if, following too closely upon it, dancing were stressed. Nothing more was said, for the time being, about dancing. Ann was withdrawn from the classes, going to grade school like any other little girl, and taking violin and piano lessons as "extras."

Music lessons, however, soon palled on the youngster. Within a short time, she was begging to be allowed to dance again, and the delighted Mrs. Miller didn't have to be begged for those lessons. In grade school, and later, at the Sutton Academy, Ann gained increasing attention as an entertainer. At the age of twelve, just six years after the fiasco which her mother had feared would ruin her career, she scored her first major success when she won a personality contest staged by the Big Brothers Club of Houston.

Now there was no doubt about it. Winning the contest proved beyond doubt to Mrs. Miller that her twelve-year-old, in addition to talented toes, had what it takes in the matter of beauty, charm, and that elusive quality which has since come to be designated in motion picture circles as "umph." A slim, graceful girl with hazel eyes, dark brown hair, and a certain elfin piquancy of appearance, she was, decided the delighted parent, destined to be a success.

From the day of winning the Big Brothers contest, it was determined that she was to be a professional entertainer. She had by now developed a pleasing singing voice, and was frequently heard on the air. She visited back stage at local vaudeville houses, made friends with professional dancers, and not only learned their routines, but started creating new ones of her own as well.

Everything in Ann's budding career pointed toward Hollywood, though Hollywood itself remained serenely unconscious of the new star rising down there, below the Mason and Dixon line. Ann's father continued to practice law in Houston, but Ann and her mother entrained for Hollywood, with determination and high hopes. Contrary to expectations, no screen engagement was immediately forthcoming. Ann's first break being a week's engagement at the Orpheum Theatre, where she proved such a top-notcher that she was engaged for a second week. A dancing contract with a Hollywood night club followed. She danced there for a year, but no motion picture talent scout appeared to beckon her to the tremulous delights of a screen test. Then, though she hesitated—and her mother hesitated with her—about leaving Hollywood, she accepted an engagement in a San Francisco night club. And it was in the Golden Gate City that Miss Miller was discovered for the subsequent edification of film audiences.

Benny Rubin, noted comedian and screen writer, saw the girl dance. He was so impressed that he suggested she be brought to Hollywood, to be tested for *New Faces of 1937*. She won a role with ease, and there followed the three other pictures which ante-dated her casting by Capra for *You Can't Take It With You.*

Life of the Party and *Stage Door* were her second and third. Her roles were flattering for a beginner, but not spectacular. Then came her casting in a featured role for *Radio City Revels.* The picture had its preview, and studio officials opened their eyes in pleased astonishment at the press reviews which fairly inundated the young dancer with praise. Hasty revisions were made at once. Ann was given star billing on the screen credits and in the advertising. That pleasing personality, first celebrated by the Houston Big Brothers, complementing her clever dancing feet, had won stardom for the young newcomer. "One-two-three, and a star!" That might have been considered a fluke, but followed up as it is by the starring assignment in the Capra production, there seems no admissible doubt that little Miss Miller has arrived.

Ann and her delighted mother live in a Hollywood apartment, and Ann, when she's not working in pictures, practices dancing from four to eight hours a day, with portrait drawing as a diversion and hobby. Mrs. Miller, long ago rid of those parental objections which kept her from fulfilling her own desire to become a dancer, has concurrently studied dancing with Ann for the past decade, and is her current coach in her home practice.

Daily footbaths in straight cider-vinegar were part of Ann's daily regimen for her role of Essie in *You Can't Take It With You.* The vinegar baths were taken as a "toughener" for her feet and ankles. That was necessary because, for tap dancing, it is desirable to keep feet and ankles as supple as possible. Essie, however, aspires to the ballet, and as a ballet aspirant, Miss Miller found that her feet must be firm and fixed.

There is something almost sardonic in Ann's role as Essie Carmichael. Ann, long accustomed to the rigid discipline, the perfect poise and muscular control conferred on its practitioners by the dance, is here cast in the role of the eternal novice. Essie longs passionately to be a dancer, but she is all awkward, ungracious angles, all elbows and knees and strange, uncoordinated gestures. Essie dances —at least she did in the stage play, and it is unlikely that the canny Capra and scenarist Robert Riskin have altered the role in its essentials—under a half-humorous, half-tragic compulsion toward better and higher things. She is no more fitted to be a ballet dancer than a bear is fitted to be a wire walker; but dance she must and will.

And so the lithe, lyrically-limbed Miss Miller had to go to school again for her role of Essie, and took lessons from a professional teacher of the dance, Aida Broadbent, in the gentle art of being awkward—took dancing lessons, as it were, in reverse. It wasn't the easiest job in the world for Ann to learn to be clumsy, but—being adaptable and earnest—she accomplished the chore to the satisfaction of every one concerned, including herself, director Capra—and her mother.

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURES announce the production of a new series of feature films based on the novels by Richard Essex and depicting the adventures of "Slade," the popular sleuth-hero of the books. The first in the series will be *Slade of the Yard,* with Michael Redgrave in the title role. Redgrave, who makes his screen debut this season after a successful career on the London stage, will be seen as the gentleman-detective in the entire series.

hollywood hideaways

(Continued from page 33)

preme. Here are all his keepsakes, his special inventions—including a radio made like a set of books, with titles of pictures in which he has played. Here too is his favorite bearskin rug, light shades made of manuscripts and a marble top desk that once belonged to Gene Stratton Porter. No one else had anything to do with planning this room and it is Pat's pride and joy.

Back of the Tracy domicile is a study that once was a chicken coop. Here Spencer has his desk and books, built-in, double-decker bunks and that essential privacy. Spencer's passion is reading plays and if he is missing from his usual haunts, you can be sure he is hiding out in his ex-chicken coop, lost in some new—or old—dramatic opus.

Similarly, behind the Crawford-Tone menage is a workshop where Franchot tinkers to his heart's content. It is only a corner of the bathhouse, but here he putters and forgets his knotty problems in the intricacies of dealing with knotty wood and making garden furniture.

A real get-away-from-it-all person is George Brent. Once a picture is completed, he ducks, careful to leave no address behind him. Sometimes he drives his car—and when he does, he drives like fury, once driving from Mexico City to Hollywood in three days. Or again he seeks some distant ranch where he can ride horseback and forget there is such a place as Hollywood or such a business as making faces in front of a camera.

Warner Baxter has a retreat in the hills back of Palm Springs where he even cooks his own meals. John Boles walks out his problems, sometimes with a rifle over his shoulder to lend an air of purpose to his roamings. Lola Lane is another who seeks inspiration in the hills. She drives alone to some lofty spot overlooking the city and sits for hours in quiet meditation.

"It makes you realize," she says, "what a little bit of a thing you are, after all."

Of course there are others to whom crowds are the breath of life, who seek bright lights, gayety and companionship as these others seek quiet and seclusion. In spite of Margaret Sullavan's coyness with photographers, Margaret isn't at all a "live alone and like it" person. She goes around Hollywood carelessly dressed in slacks and barefoot sandals, even appearing in night clubs in the same casual costume, but you won't find Maggie alone or brooding—she will be the center of a lively group, preferably masculine.

Joan Crawford is another who feels no need to be alone. Even when practicing her singing in her specially constructed sound-proof room, Joan likes to have some sympathetic friend with her. Joan Blondell for relaxation gambols on the beach with her curly-haired young son—not being a good sailor, she lets Dick do his cruising without her. Bette Davis, tired and upset, seeks out her mother, whose grand sense of humor restores her balance. Barbara Stanwyck, as everybody knows, makes a business of raising horses and seldom leaves her ranch for night clubs or parties.

As for the more gregarious men, Bob Taylor and Clark Gable are among those to whom hunting spells the perfect vacation. With other intimate friends, these two take to the woods or waterways, completely happy to be recognized by no one and to have nothing more vital to worry about than proving their marksmanship by getting more duck than the other fellow, or bringing home a captured mountain lion as proof that there is something more real to them than their shadows on the silver screen.

Don Ameche finds his recreation after a hard day's work dining and dancing in a night club. Don has so much vitality that he thrives on excitement and hard work. Combining the two careers of radio and screen is not enough to absorb his terrific energy. Even on Sunday when the entire day is spent rehearsing and airing NBC's coffee show, Don insists on hanging around the studio until he has heard Jack Benny's show and then going on to the Trocadero for relaxation. Only when his wife suspects he is getting tired, does he yield to her insistence and go to a ranch near Palm Springs for rest. But he takes this dose of peace and quiet like a dose of bitter medicine and more for Honore's sake than for his own.

And speaking of Jack Benny, there's a man who should be able to sympathize with the *Ancient Mariner*—instead of an albatross Benny takes two writers and a secretary wherever he goes, never getting away from the burden of his weekly broadcast.

That bazooka-playing gent from Arkansas ran into difficulties when he decided to get away from it all without leaving home. On his estate in Bel-Air, Bob Burns planned to build a real log cabin, a bit of Arkansas brought to Hollywood, but all sorts of rules and regulations pertaining to that elite neighborhood interfered. Bob compromised by erecting a building in

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his back yard that complied with the law and cost him seven or eight thousand dollars, but inside boasted a rustic effect that at least gives the semblance of a log cabin, even if a very comfortable and weather-proof one. Here, when he can tear himself away from the cooing of wee Barbara Ann, he enjoys uninterrupted privacy, away from the disturbing confusion of the household and the persistent ringing of doorbell or 'phone.

The famous honeymoon home of the Gene Raymonds boasts a separate music house where Jeanette can be quite alone for her practicing, but for getting off by herself, Jeanette likes best to pull on slacks or overalls—modish costumes and side-saddle are reserved for state occasions—mount her favorite horse and seek out the quiet bridle trails behind their lovely home.

Somewhere a hot desert sun pours down on a little mining town where a few people know Rosalind Russell but care not a whit that she is a famous motion picture star. Rosalind found the spot by obeying a whim and following a car that appeared on the highway in front of her. She was tired of Hollywood glamour and artificiality and all the mad pace that so rapidly gets you nowhere. Nightfall found her in a dusty little town where the stars seemed brighter, nearer than they had ever seemed in Hollywood. She let the car that had been her unknowing guide go on and found a place to stay for the night. Since then, this mining town has been her refuge, for Roz is one who can play the front-page game just so long. She has to get away every so often in order to regain perspective. And nothing sets her right so quickly as the little desert town under the stars, where not even the studio can find her.

For Janet Gaynor, two things are essential, music and the sea. Her home is at the beach and although she sometimes takes vacation trips incognito to Wisconsin, her favorite resting place is a bungalow thirty-five miles from Honolulu.

In that lush, fragrant country, on the shores of the Pacific, she has a bungalow. Here she swims, rests, reads, listens to her favorite symphony and opera records. "I couldn't live," she insists, "if I couldn't see the ocean and hear good music."

I once knew a lovely lady who had a particular spot in her home known as the "blue corner." When she sat there in her easy chair, her children respected her need for quiet and she was left strictly alone. She belonged to an older generation but something of her mood that actuated her is inherent in most of us. It isn't something that sets theatrical or movie people apart, but rather something that brings them closer to us, makes them more sympathetically appealing. Not temperament, but just a human desire to be let alone. Because it is more difficult to get when one is famous.

Jimmy Cagney is one who knows what I mean. People are amused at his insistence on having a "moping room." It seemed laughable when Mrs. Cagney had their home done over in white and Jimmy exclaimed: "How can anyone mope in a white room?" But there is something real and vital, a plausible answer to humanity's foibles and needs in Jimmy's elaboration on the theme, his description of a wide fire-place with glowing coals, an easy chair before it, as the perfect "moping" place. Call it what you will, the ego of most of us demands a spot like that, where our thoughts and our dreams soar uninterrupted by ringing bells, mistimed laughter or candid camera fiends.

It all comes down to this. However glamorous, however talented they are on the screen, in reality, in substance rather than in shadow, they are only human like you and me. And hide-aways for many of them are necessary, not for any ulterior motive but for a needed breathing spell, a sweet pause in their life's confusion. Not that they love fame and all its concomitants less but that they may see all this in proper perspective and thus in the long run, appreciate it more.

Being a goldfish is necessary some of the time and they are for the most part resigned to it—but even a goldfish has its castle and within its mossy caverns, gets away now and then from too inquisitive human eyes!

cowboys corral the cash

(Continued from page 39)

hood! True, boys have run away from home on harmless expeditions to hunt Indians because they wanted to emulate their favorite western hero but not one of them ever went out with an automatic and killed a bank messenger because of them. The same thing cannot be said about certain other types of screen fare, the "gangster" pictures, as a shining example for court records prove otherwise. Not one scene, one word, one action which might influence youth from the straight and narrow, is permitted to creep into even a "quickie" western. In them, womanhood is always highly respected. No villain or cattle rustler ever escapes his just deserts. Not on your life, pard!

The hero always portrays to American youngsters the type of man we would all like to see our boys grow up to be, manly, true, brave, truthful, respectful of women, even the lowest of them!

No one can say what great influences these despised horse operas have exerted among American youths. Buck Jones alone has a boy's fan club which numbers more than 5,000,000 members. They are called "The Buck Jones Rangers" and Buck is a hero to each and every one of them. He buys their uniforms, organizes bands among them and keeps a shining example of manliness and clean living ever before them! Probably no other medium, with the possible exception of The Boy Scouts, has done as much for the coming generation!

When Tom Mix left the old Fox studio, George O'Brien, son of the then Chief of Police of San Francisco, was chosen to take his place. His success was second only to that of Tom. He made the most of the vivid western stories of Zane Grey into pictures and even on those "shot off the cuff" he was a "mortgage lifter." He recently made a picture based on the life of Dan'l Boone and is still among the most popular of western heroes. His pictures have made more actual net profit for the studio than did the pictures of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and Warner Baxter. The fan mail department is constantly snowed under by the avalanche of his fan mail.

Many of the outstanding stars of today in the upper brackets got their starts in westerns. Gary Cooper got his first real break in *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* Richard Arlen is another who rose to fame on horseback with a six-gun in his hand and Randolph Scott is still another. Randy is making a western now after several boudoir dramas. William Boyd is still riding into desert sunsets and is as popular as of yore. Harry Carey, almost dropped out of sight after *Trader Horn,* is making a magnificent comeback.

Fred Thompson, late husband of the famous scenario writer, Frances Marion, has gone down the long, long trail but is still remembered. Carole Lombard, then Jane Peters, was once a Buck Jones leading lady and even Joan Crawford took her turn at westerns before she became Hollywood's dancing lady! Clark Gable's first real screen "break" came when he played the "heavy" in *The Painted Desert.* Clark could not even ride a horse but took lessons before he attempted the role. Warner Baxter, fast dropping into the black pit of screen oblivion, was rescued when he appeared in *The Cisco Kid.* Few realize the important part the epic of the West and the ordinary horse opera have played not only in the motion picture industry but in the lives of many of its stars. Until the *Plainsman* came from the hand of DeMille, *Cimarron* was the outstanding western of the talking picture era. It will always remain one of the greatest pictures of them all! Once more a writer dipped deep into the history of the West and emerged with a classic of the screen in *Cimarron.* "Wild Bill" Hickok, one of the most romantic and colorful figures of the old frontier lay in an almost forgotten grave, from the cinema standpoint, at least, until he was brought to life again by DeMille and Gary Cooper! Why go to the sands of Arabia, the shores of the Mediterranean, the South Seas, the frozen North for picture material when so many of our old western heroes are only waiting for the screen to resurrect them?

Buck Jones has been a star for seventeen years and is now going stronger than ever. His earnings are around $5000 a week and in his life off the screen, he lives exactly as he does on it. He is happily married to the former Odille Osborne, the one and only *Mrs. Buck Jones* and they are still sweethearts. Buck has his own beautiful home, a vast ranch, a yacht and these, together with his 5,000,000 *Buck Jones Rangers,* form his life.

William S. (Bill) Hart has retired to a quiet life on his ranch at Newhall, a few miles from Hollywood where he is writing stories and books on the early West. There are millions who remember his as the one time leading "Two-Gun" man of westerns.

Most of the old time cowboy stars actually rode the range, ate from "chuck" wagons and knew the fast vanishing life of the cow camps. This group included Hoot Gibson who was not only a real cowboy but a rodeo star as well; Ken Maynard; Buck Jones who rode once for the famous "101 Ranch" and Tom Mix who not only rode the range but was once a United States Deputy Marshal in Oklahoma. The newer crop, George O'Brien, Bob Steel, Tom Keene, John Wayne and Tom Tyler were not products of the range.

Picture cycles come and go. The western will live on, in perhaps increasing popularity, far beyond the life of any person living today. Stars who rely on handsome features and sex appeal will continue to change with each passing year but until they ride out to *The Last Round-up,* our cowboy stars will go on keeping the studios out of the red ink, setting an example of sterling manhood to American youth and entertaining their millions! Ride 'em cowboy!

After a series of lesser roles, Paramount has boosted Louise Campbell to stardom. She plays one of the leads in *Men With Wings,* a thriller.

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a problem to her parents

(Continued from page 30)

Then when unexpected movie and radio fame arrived, it came to a little girl—just an impressionable kid in the lower high school grades—who suddenly had to be protected against the pitiless glare of publicity. The day had to be reapportioned. Scores of new developments came up that the Durbins had never encountered in the rearing of their older daughter.

True, they sincerely believed that one day Deanna's glorious soprano voice would make her famous. But when fame came all in a rush . . . well, as Mrs. Durbin expressed it, it was like the explosion of a firecracker that was expected but which nevertheless was surprising.

The first time they realized they actually "were in pictures" was when they were told that a new name had to be found for the starlet who had been christened Edna Mae. They were told to think of something euphonious, starting with the letter "D" to go with the last name. They experimented a bit and came up with the name Deanna. "That's fine," said the studio bigwigs, "it ripples right off the tongue. The name Durbin is strong and the combination of Deanna Durbin stands for beauty and strength." That's how a star's name was born.

"It took us some months to become accustomed to the name Deanna, but we finally managed it. One thing though, we resolved from the beginning, and that was that we were not going to let the new life spoil Deanna. We had brought her up by the rule that a spoiled child is not a happy child," explained her mother, "and she has never been spoiled. She was taught certain duties and obligations and she was never permitted to evade them."

Her first serious duty was in practicing her singing. Knowing how her sister did without many luxuries to pay for her lessons, she turned her back on many of the skating parties at the Bret Harte Junior High School. Although married now, big sister Edith is always ready with advice and encouragement for her little Bubbsie.

After the movies discovered her, she had full need of every bit of such self-discipline that she could command. Naturally when she began, her salary wasn't what it is today. But the success of *Three Smart Girls, 100 Men and a Girl,* and *Mad About Music* boosted her pay so that today, working in *That Certain Age,* her newest picture now in production, she is a star with a four-figure income. It was more money than had ever before come into the Durbin household, but Mrs. Durbin was equal to the change.

She carefully explained that a big part of this money would have to be put away for future use. "We gave her a small allowance to learn the value of money," said Mrs. Durbin, "and yet not place too much emphasis on it. She understands and defers to our judgment.

"Neither Mr. Durbin nor I thought she had any exceptional ability until she was about ten or twelve years old, so up to that time her training was no different from any other child's. Perhaps I ought to say that Deanna was always a perfect child but I'm not going to say that because it isn't true. For the most part she was obedient but she occasionally got out of hand and then I would take stern measures to bring back that obedience.

"She sometimes got into quarrels with her playmates. But the most trouble I ever had was getting her to bed at a specified hour and then getting her up in the morning. She still wants to stay up late, but I insist that she get plenty of rest as she is still a growing girl. Don't forget that she started in at thirteen, an age when she had to make mental and physical adjustments to her work and to herself. It isn't always easy for a child to give up familiar surroundings and she did dearly love her school, especially being cashier in the school cafeteria."

With her whirlwind success came a host of new friends. Many an older and more experienced actor has had his head turned with such sudden good fortune and has completely "gone Hollywood," little realizing that many of these were only fairweather friends.

But wise Mrs. Durbin, inexperienced as she was in show business, had plenty of common sense. She pointed out that out of all of this glitter and renown, only certain things were to be valued. "I told her it was most important to keep both feet on the ground. To be the same sweet, unaffected little girl she had always been. If she were to let all the movie magic affect her it might spoil her future career. It was far more important to Dad, Edith and me that she be a fine woman than a fine actress. She might be both if she went about it properly. Above all, she was to have confidence in herself and do her best at all times.

"I have heard whisperings that we are too strict with Deanna. If that is so, it is because we know how warm-hearted and impulsive our daughter can be. Remember mine is the job of bringing some semblance of normal living into a world of make-believe. We take seriously the fact that the studio recently insured her for a half million dollars and that mighty bankers are willing to advance tremendous loans to her company if her contract is given as collateral. So many people have a stake in her that if she cannot give them her best, we'd rather she stepped out of pictures entirely.

"She has made friends at the studio among the boys and girls of her own age, but she misses the kids from the old neighborhood. I take great care to foster this longing as the best preventive for a swelled head. I encourage her to mix freely with the children she meets in the studio school and with whom she works in her pictures. She must forget that they are extras and she the star. When her schedule permits I have her old friends over for parties and she visits them quite often.

"Right at this age the mother of a daughter begins to get a bit anxious about the boy friend problem and the sudden violent crushes young girls get. She hasn't had any as yet, but I'm expecting it. Her last picture had a bit of romance in it and *That Certain Age* has more of a romantic theme between a boy and a girl. That is all right with me, because it gives her a natural, unexaggerated idea of what romance is all about. She will be sixteen next December, so I expect it won't be long now before we have young men coming to see her. The right kind will always be welcome.

"If you can make it clear to your readers that having an exceptional little girl in the family isn't exactly the soft snap everyone believes, I would greatly appreciate it. This hustle and bustle has its compensations, of course, but I often wonder if Deanna doesn't sometimes regard us as quite a problem too."

No, Mrs. Durbin, I don't think you are at all a problem parent to your child. I saw her with you in the receiving line at a party given in her honor and a more natural, charming, poised youngster would be hard to find.

Being the parents of a gifted child does make for added responsibilities. No one will deny that. But from the way Mr. and Mrs. Durbin have guided Deanna, I think you will agree with me that there is no danger of her being other than happily balanced, amiable and unspoiled in the face of the wholesale admiration that she inspires. A happy solution to a pleasant problem, say we.

untold campus confession

(Continued from page 21)

that Bob's father was a doctor may have had something to do with it, too.

"There was an old shack at Pomona that had been turned into an apartment rented to students at $7.50 per month. And during the summer of 1932 after an acquaintanceship of a year, Bob and I decided to move in and share the $7.50 rental. We were both interested in dramatics—I in directing and Bob in acting; so we decided we could be a sort of inspiration to one another since our ambitions were along the same lines.

"Bob was a pre-medical student, but that always seemed what he was *supposed* to do and not what he *intended.* He wanted to act in just the same way that I did and that was what threw us together. He was an average student with average scholastic ambitions. He was never too busy with his books!

"During the summer we were together Bob never wore a shirt unless absolutely necessary. It was hot as the trenches of hell most of the time and most of us dressed as little as possible. Bob used to sit around in a pair of pants and play the cello all day long—that is, when he wasn't bothered with 'girl trouble.' The girls were as wild about him then as they seem to be today and he spent half of his time trying to make up his mind which ones to court. I guess that's why the movie magazines have had some fun writing about the loves of Robert Taylor. He's a natural for stories of that type, and those articles about him have been the only ones I ever followed in fan magazines. He was not too good on that darned cello but had done some radio work in Nebraska and definitely loved the old thing. I can see him now, sitting in our little apartment, the cello held between his long legs, while he fingered out all the pieces he knew, hour after hour. The neighbors never kicked, so I guess they didn't mind the all-day concerts. I doubt if Bob has continued his cello playing. His days are too well occupied.

"I suppose Taylor fans are interested in Bob's college escapades. But, at the risk of disappointing some of you, I must admit that such escapades as Bob and I indulged in were usually of the tame double-dating variety. Bob (I can't get used to calling him that) conducted most of his romances as solo ventures and we seldom carried on campaigns that threw us together in mixed company. Bob never did care for crowds or large parties and preferred carrying out his date alone.

"I well recall some of the girls Bob went around with. There were several of these amours (Bob couldn't have helped that if he tried) but I can't for the life of me remember details except that he always seemed to keep them pretty well under control. And there were plenty of chaps who envied him for that!

"He played a lot of tennis and swam a great deal. He was rather bashful in the general public eye of the campus but was, of course, widely known as the most handsome thing for miles around. The college girls of that time put their O.K. on Bob as a heart throbber long before the movies gave him the title. It made it somewhat tough on the rest of us young bloods who would go a-wooing, only to find the object of our affections all in a dither over Don Juan Brugh!

"Bob's car was his pet diversion; he drove it any and everywhere. I can imagine what a kick he must get now, being able to have any make of car in which to travel around Hollywood; for he was perfectly happy when behind the wheel of his own jalopy. And I don't think any one of the campus belles received as much loving attention from Bob as 'Lizzie' did.

"Bob always dressed with taste and a definite flare. I always felt that he had an unusual sense of dressing for both comfort and effect. And here is something that may surprise you. He wore turtle-neck sweaters long before they became a popular style—and got away with it, too!" (Hey, Mr. Gable, young Taylor's taking away *your* title of being the launcher of the turtle-neck).

"Doc (pardon me, *Bob)* was always very quiet in public. I remember that when I first met him he had been sitting in the back of the house watching a rehearsal in which I was working. He was quite bashful and spoke only a few words when we were introduced. It was a long while after this before I knew him well enough to really *talk* to him. But like so many people, who are really difficult to know, he proved to be a grand companion when we did become well-acquainted. He was a pearl without price—a roommate who minded his own business.

"We somehow missed working in a play together and so I would attend Bob's rehearsals in order to see him do his stuff and vice versa. I recall that he was considerably less capable than he is now. Many of the mannerisms which confused his acting at that time have disappeared.

"Movie scouts spotted Bob while he

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was doing the role of Stanhope in *Journey's End.* They were impressed with his work and his good looks and gave him a screen test. Here's the funny part about Bob's first encounter with the movie scouts. As much as he wanted to get into the movies, he wasn't willing to show up for a second test because he didn't want to miss his final examinations. His greatest objections, however, came when the studios wanted him to pluck his eyebrows. If you ever want to see Bob register scorn just mention plucking those eyebrows. He is definitely an anti-plucker; I guess the studio knows that by now.

"He was graduated that year and went back home to Nebraska. He would have liked to try his luck in Hollywood again but his father was quite ill so he hurried home. Dr. Brugh died during the summer and Bob came back to earn his living in Hollywood. He obtained another test, won the approval of the studio, and got his first bit in a Will Rogers picture, playing the young husband of Mary Carlisle. And I guess you all know the rest.

"I well remember that Bob went to shows all the time—a lot more than I did. He was wise in studying the medium in which he was so greatly interested. He never mentioned Barbara Stanwyck to me then so I really don't know whether she was one of his favorite stars then or not.

"Bob's best achievement has been his ability to project his own natural charm into his acting. That is a feat in itself. And adding to it the polish which comes with good training, he has grown into a full-fledged star.

"Unfortunately I haven't seen Bob since our college days. We have had odds and ends of correspondence—mostly about our bad luck in trying to get together. Judging from his letters, it would seem he has more self-confidence than he used to have and if so, this is certainly to his advantage for he was very shy and bashful when I first met him.

"I can assure all the thousands of Taylor fans that their admiration of Bob isn't misplaced; for he is a really genuine and sincere person with an unaffected charm.

He was a swell fellow without conceit back in our college days and knowing how down to earth he really is, I am confident that his hat size hasn't increased a bit with his astounding rise to fame.

"But even now when I pick up a movie magazine or glance at a billboard announcing Robert Taylor's newest starring picture, I find myself still a little thrilled and surprised. For who would ever have thought it, that my roommate, Doc Brugh, would become the idol of a movie world?"

hollywood happenings

(Continued from page 9)

dither and having a nervous chill. Frank Ryan, comedy writer for Bob, and Elliot Nugent, directing Bob in *Give Me a Sailor*, framed the poor, unsuspecting comedian. Ryan slipped over to Bob's apartment and ran warm water in his tub. Then he dumped a whole case of lemon gelatine into the water and returned to Elliot and reported the deed done. Elliot Nugent kept Bob busy doing strenuous scenes with Martha Raye until he was sure the gelatine had had plenty of time to jell, and that Bob was sufficiently tired and warm not to be too critical about his bath water. Then he dismissed him. Sure enough Bob thought Mrs. Hope had been especially thoughtful and had run his tub full of water, so in he jumped, only to find he was submerged in a bathtub full of gelatine. It took him half the night to get rid of the gelatinous residue in the tub. He had to have it carried downstairs in chunks! Frank and Elliot are still laughing about it—and Bob cringes at the very name—gelatine!

◆

When the Hollywood Turf Club opened, it was old home week for celebrities. Almost everyone from stage, screen and radio who could possibly get there, *was* there. Everywhere the glance rested there was a celebrity poring over a dope sheet, a program, or arguing violently over the pros and cons of favorites and long shots. The Fred Astaires, Cary Grant, Richard Dix and wife, Bing and Dixie Crosby, of course, Claudette and hubby Joel Pressman, Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy, Clark and Carole, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and just think of anyone who goes with who, and you can be sure they were there together. Michael Brooke and Benita Hume used Ronald Colman's box since Ronnie was absent because he had to work that day. It was all very exciting, and quite as colorful and interesting as any day at Santa Anita.

◆

If you come to California you'd better take a good look at all thumb specialists near Hollywood, it might be a Hollywood star on his way to work. James Stewart and director George Stevens started for location in Jimmie's car one morning. Something happened to their car and it stalled and they couldn't find out what was wrong. They had to get to work at once or cost the studio too, too much, so they tried the hitch-hike sign to absolutely no avail. Finally along came a farmer driving a horse and rickety old wagon filled with crates of smelly, dusty chickens. Jimmie and George Stevens hopped aboard and persuaded the farmer to drive them to their location. When they arrived they were hailed lustily with shrieks of delight by the entire company. On the way out they found the old farmer had never "heered" of James Stewart, but he reassured Jimmie, "it's been over ten years since I been to a pitcher show." Yes, there are still a few like that left in the world, I guess.

◆

There are some places where picture stars do not rate any more than you and I—places where they are not recognized! Betty Davis is still laughing about the weekend she and her husband, Harmon Nelson and the Lloyd Nolans spent at a California beach resort on Monterey Bay. "Every hotel was filled to capacity so we tried auto camps and finally, after visiting nearly everyone in town and being turned down," said Bette, "we found one woman who said, 'I only have one room—and it'll be $1.50 a couple—*in advance.*' Harmon insists that *in advance* was emphasized after an especially piercing look at me," laughed Bette. "When we murmured a protest about the one room, she assured us that that was all right—she would put a sheet across the middle and wouldn't charge us an extra cent!" Needless to say none of the famous quartette was recognized—or the room would have been $25 *for each half!*

◆

Joan Crawford turned the tables on picture celebrities by having candid moving pictures made of them as they visited and played around the Tone's lovely patio garden. Her guests were not at all conscious of such dirty work from the side lines and Joan expects some fun when she invites the "cast" to a Little Theatre party later to see a new feature entitled, *See Yourself as Others See You.* Sonja Henie, Cesar Romero, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland, Mr. and Mrs. John Beal, Sally Blane, Norman Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer were among the unconscious actors.

◆

Marie Wilson says she will not marry anybody until she has made her large family entirely independent.—Could that have been one of the *insurmountable difficulties?* Anthony Averill has stopped being seen hither and thither with this lady and that lady—for Dennie Moore has returned from Europe and Anthony finds her as much "the one and only" as ever. It is Bruce Lester, Warner Brothers' handsome young British importation who is keeping us dizzy these days. He is a social lion without par, invited everywhere and seen everywhere—but try as we may we cannot catch him twice with the same gal—so how can we rumor romance with dozens of women, all of whom he seems to be deeply interested in? It just can't be did!

◆

Bette Davis, new president of the "Tailwagger's Foundation of America," was trying to sell a group of Warner Brothers' executives a life membership in the organization at noon the other day. She breezed straight into the sanctum of their private dining room to do it, too. Bette fears neither man nor beast—not even her own motion picture executives and that's really *somethin'!* From the expression on her face when she came out she had a lot of new members, too!

◆

Harold Lloyd is still bragging about the scene stealing act of Harold Jr. It seems Gloria, Peggy and Harold Jr., Harold's three children, wrote a play entitled *Countess Beware.* They invited mama and papa Lloyd, the grandmas and grandpas, and Ann Harding and her husband, Walter Janssen, to witness a drawing room premiere. Jane Bannister, Ann Harding's daughter, was to be a member of the cast. Gloria had the starring role but Harold Jr. with two lines to speak in the entire production, put the piece in his pocket and walked off with it. After speaking his lines he spent the rest of the time adlibbing and wandering in and out among the scenery. It made the rest of the cast furious, but the audience received his impromptu 'business' with such wild enthusiasm that nothing could be done about him. Harold had ordered three elaborate bouquets of flowers to be presented to the feminine members of the cast after the play had been duly presented. But before it was half over Harold tied all three bouquets together and presented them all to Harold Jr. "Such scene stealing is genius," opines Papa Lloyd, "and really should be encouraged."

◆

Humphrey Bogart's aged mother visited a motion picture set for the first time and picked a day when her son had to take an unmerciful beating from George Brent. It was all in the script but it was too real for Mother Bogart. After the first few takes when the dynamic George Brent did his best brutal stuff on poor Humphrey, she declared weakly she had seen enough of "this picture making." She said she had no idea her son had to go through all *that* to stay in pictures, and vowed she would never

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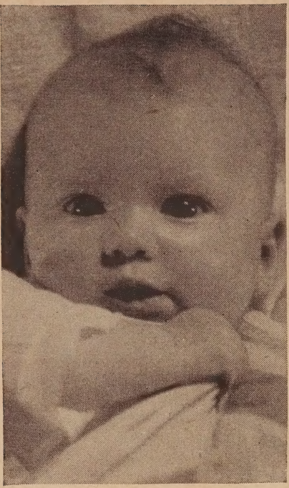

presenting

THE BIRTH OF A BABY

The September issue of MOVIE LIFE presents exclusive scenes from *The Birth of a Baby*, the picture that everyone is anxious to see. This is the film presented by the American Committee on Maternal Welfare, Inc., produced by Jack H. Skirball and directed by A. E. Christie. The production was supervised by a sub-committee of recognized obstetricians and gynecologists, set up by the American Committee. The Committee's purpose in preparing this film was to educate a mass audience, that they could reach in no other way, to modern scientific prenatal care. They hope through this educational medium to reduce the appallingly high rate of childbirth deaths in this country, which is said to be higher than any other country in the civilized world.

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watch him work again. No amount of explanation could convince her that it wasn't frightfully brutal and unnecessary.

◆

Was Russell Birdwell the bravest man in town when he invited the irrepressible Carole Lombard to sit in supreme command over his publicity department for a week—or the most foolish? One of her first official actions was to install a noisy fire bell with which to call the office force. She had a special police siren planted under her desk which was her own private summons for David Selznick to join her in conference. Everyone on the lot is wondering what will happen next and everyone who has never seen Carole Lombard in person, rushes in and out of the publicity office like mad. You can make up your mind things will happen while Carole is in command—and what things!

◆

Tyrone Power wishes to return to the stage for at least two months. He played the featured lead opposite Katherine Cornell in *Romeo and Juliet*, and in her *St. Joan*, and Broadway liked him quite as well as do his film fans. They want him back for at least one production and he has had four offers from New York producers. Since a talent scout brought him to Hollywood and he was signed with 20th Century-Fox, Tyrone has been one of the busiest and most popular screen stars and he has appeared in $10,000,000 worth of pictures. He thinks a return to the stage will be good for him.

◆

Well, Mrs. Oakie's little boy Jack has done it! He has lost 45 pounds. He now weighs exactly 160 pounds. "It's just a question of mind over matter," says Jack. "I *mind* what the doctor tells me about food. I *mind* what my physical trainer tells me about exercise, and that ends the *matter!*" He did it in three months, too. But Jack says it has cost him a pretty penny in clothes. He has had to either have an entirely new wardrobe or have his old clothes altered to fit him, "and I've got to watch that I don't spring right back up to the 200 mark again. It's all very difficult!" sighs comfort-loving Jack.

◆

The Marx brothers, Chico, Groucho and Harpo, had the RKO Radio lunch room roaring with laughter the other noon. They starting matching coins at their table and they made so much to-do about it that everyone in the restaurant was watching and screaming with laughter. These men are perfectly marvellous pantomimists and they do know their comedy routines. We shall undoubtedly be regaled with the Marx brothers matching coins in a picture soon for no studio executive could miss the opportunity for impromptu laughs that this unrehearsed scene brought forth from a room full of hard-boiled studio people. The Marx brothers concentrated strictly upon their game, and apparently never knew the commotion they were creating—I said *apparently!*

◆

Charlie McCarthy can now do everything, including talk, without having to sit on Edgar Bergen's lap. Bergen has perfected a gadget which allows Charlie to talk at a distance and without Bergen's actually touching him. Also he can stand alone and cock his head in new and more impudent angles and simulate walking. Ooops! That's going to be bad. Can you imagine what that saucy little sliver will do now? He was independent enough when sitting on Bergen's knee. Jimmie Starr says the insurance company won't renew Charlie's policy. He's been carrying the torch for so many girls he's becoming too much of a fire hazard! Ummmmm!

◆

And speaking of Charlie McCarthy and his girls, Dorothy Lamour gave her director heart failure while she was working on *Spawn of the North*. She has been threatening to bob her long hair for some time, so when she appeared on the set with a smartly waved bob, Henry Hathaway and everyone on the set gasped. As the picture was more than half over everyone was thinking of the retakes Dorothy's defiance would cause, when she suddenly pulled off her "bob"—and everyone breathed a sigh of relief as they saw Dorothy's own beautifully long hair combed neatly as usual underneath.

◆

Anita Louise declares emphatically there will be no wedding with either Buddy Adler or Bob Abbott for her. Eleanore Whitney is being escorted here and there around town by Joseph Kell, Jr., San Francisco attorney. And speaking of romance, Joel McCrea calls Frances Dee, his wife, on the *If I Were King* set every day she is working, at 10 in the morning and at four in the afternoon regularly. The romance between Eleanor Powell and skater Wes Arronson is rumored as having reached the hasty marrying stage. So by the time this is printed probably they will have stepped to the altar. There may be a reconciliation between Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris now as Oren Hagland the second assistant director (who rumor has it was the cause of the Priscilla-Wayne rift), is paying attention to Anita Louise. It was such an ideal romance that it seems a shame to break up the combination for misunderstandings, which *always* occur.

the star makers

(Continued from page 41)

sponsible for every production detail of a picture. His is the responsibility for perfect story telling on film. He must use every medium at his disposal to get the very best results. All good directors feel this obligation and follow through on the progress of a picture, from arrangement of lighting effects, to proper shading in the reading of lines and action, photography, cutting and final editing. He has to know how to get the utmost from talents at his disposal; how to use every mechanical aid at his disposal to arrive at the desired result. Somewhere in every film is the guiding inspiration and hard work of the creator, the director. As a painter portrays his own mood, tempo, and feeling of a subject on canvas, so does a director create the details of a story on the screen. Even the cooperation of the crew and cast is almost entirely up to the director.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has on its staff some of the most consistent box-office directors in pictures. Over a long period of time W. S. Van Dyke, Robert Z. Leonard, Clarence Brown, Jack Conway, Sam Wood and Victor Fleming, have turned out the best studio products at MGM. They are typically successful directors who go about their directing with entirely different methods but bring about individual and consistently good results. It would be interesting to hear in detail just how they accomplish this uniformly satisfactory result, and to know what method each uses in attaining as nearly as possible perfection in production of a picture.

Some directors are prone to rehearse all the life out of a scene, i.e., rehearse players until they lose all their spontaneity in acting and reading dialogue. W. S. Van Dyke is always ready with his cameras while rehearsing a scene. If it looks good to him he gives a quiet sign for his cameramen to shoot—and he has caught his scene the way he wants it, without further waste of time or effort.

The first day he directed Jeanette MacDonald in *Naughty Marietta,* he told her to run through a scene with Nelson Eddy to see how it would work out. Jeanette complied, believing it to be a rehearsal. When the scene was finished Van Dyke remarked easily, "Okay. Next scene." Jeanette was speechless with astonishment and wasn't at all sure she had given her best. "You couldn't do it any better if you rehearsed it all day," Van Dyke assured her. "Let's get on with the next scene; that one's wrapped up." Naturally, because of this ease in his direction, he is one of the fastest directors in the business.

Stars love to work with him. To get on a Van Dyke set is a thrill to every player in the business since there are no long waits between scenes; none of the usual wearisome routine and last minute conferences between director and crew.

Van will tell you he works out his script like an army maneuver, weeks before he starts shooting. He knows precisely how each scene should be shot, even to proper lighting. He knows exactly which points to emphasize, and just what will help him get the best effect out of every scene in the picture, before he ever sees a set or knows who the members of his cast are going to be.

"You know where you are going in the telling of a given screen story. You know all the elements with which you have to deal. You know all the things that will help put over each piece of business before you start shooting—or you aren't ready to shoot." That's what W. S. Van Dyke has to say about directing a picture.

He treats picture-making on the set like a pleasant business assignment. He knows all about the business and he expects every single member of his company to believe in him and his ability to get the best possible results. It is this quiet, confident assurance that gives his sets the air of efficiency and precision that is always the most striking impression you receive when visiting on the lot. There is never any confusion, excitement, or uneasy restlessness on the Van Dyke set. Everything is orderly, quiet, well organized. Van Dyke practically hynotizes everyone into complete reliance and self-confidence that cleverly quells the jitters.

Assigned to direct some especially dramatic scenes with Garbo, and meeting her for the first time, he quietly said, "Come on, kid. Better get your rollerskates because we're going to move fast." Garbo loved him for this, and was delighted over this informal, unpretentious approach.

He no sooner finished the direction of *Marie Antoinette* than they put him to work on the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy picture *Sweethearts.* Most directors would have been completely exhausted by the magnitude and intricate details of the Shearer picture; all their creative fire would have been burned out—but not Van Dyke's. He took up this new task with the same easy, unhurried calm with which he finished the Shearer opus. He is as much at home when directing

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a huge spectacle as when directing an intimate, sophisticated comedy-drama. He never seems impressed by the size of a job, its responsibility or by any personality. He is always informal, friendly, confident, in a quiet modest way, and the master of any situation.

"If the director is thoroughly prepared in advance, is entirely familiar with his script, and has carefully mapped out his plan, before shooting begins, the most desirable way to tackle each scene—he can shoot right along as fast as his troupe will work with him," says Van Dyke. Preparation is the secret of getting the best results on the screen; that is his motto —and W. S. Van Dyke is the man who should know—for certainly there is no director in the business who has proven his methods so well.

Robert Z. Leonard, to the public, but just plain "Pop" to anyone who works with him, operates quite differently. He believes that creating an atmosphere of genial good humor and romping fun among his troupe will overcome half the difficulties of picture making.

Bob Leonard is a big husky man over six feet tall. He is an ex-university football player who started his career as an operatic baritone. He calls his orders personally to the crowds and his big, deep voice booms across the set demanding instant respect and attention by its vibrancy and force. His ever-ready, full throated laugh echoes and re-echoes through a sound stage and is so contagious that whenever it is heard by visitors and passersby they laugh too.

Bob Leonard has made most of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy pictures. Jeanette and Nelson and all the principals on his sets try to outdo one another in playing jokes on "Pop," but they know when they do they'll have it returned with interest. There is never a dull moment on Bob Leonard's sets and no newcomer can feel strange or self-conscious for long.

Leonard believes naturalness and an easy camaraderie among cast and workers is essential to inspired performances and perfect cooperation. Relaxation and plenty of laughs is his program for getting results. "If the cast and crew are in a light, humorous mood, ready and waiting for fun, they work more rapidly. It keeps them alert and sensitive to every change of humor and makes the cast respond emotionally much more readily than if they took their work too seriously," states Bob Leonard. "People must be happy, gay, alive and sensitive to give a high quality of emotional performance."

Bob Leonard believes story preparation is one of the most important elements. He works with the writers for days before he starts shooting. When the script has his working okay, he knows it is all right and he is ready to enjoy the actual task of making the story live on film, and he sees that his cast and crew enjoy it with him.

He closely watches little pictorial details in a scene. He is famous for the beauty and intimacy of his love scenes. He does his planning and studying at home the night before the next day's shooting. He rehearses quietly and easily. If the principals seem to be straining for an effect, he appears to be busy with some technical detail of lighting or photography, and in the meantime he tells a funny story, or plays a prank on someone—he gets a general laugh out of the crew in some way. Then he quickly follows it up with another rehearsal and scene, as though it wasn't very important after all, and thus he gets a natural scene with an unstrained, easy mood.

Bob Leonard knows music and is at his best when combining music, pictorial beauty, and light gay emotions. He follows through all the details of his pictures. He sits in on the cutting, editing, and watches every technical detail. Robert Z. Leonard has never made a box office flop,—and that, my friends, is conclusive proof that he has something in that thar way of direction!

In contrast to Robert Leonard and Van Dyke, MGM has Clarence Brown, director of *Conquest, Of Human Hearts,* and the forthcoming Norma Shearer and Clark Gable picturization of *Idiot's Delight.* He directs with a cool, calm, machine-like smoothness, ever watchful for drama, artistry and emotional forcefulness. He graduated from the University of Tennessee, practiced engineering and was an aviator in the world war. He thinks out his script with the direct, deliberate forethought of an engineer and embellishes it with dramatic intensity.

Clarence Brown has directed Garbo more often than any other director. His particular type of carefully thought-out approach and timing is perfect for the sort of heavily restrained roles that have fallen to Garbo's lot. He loves to pioneer in picture material as he did in making *Ah, Wilderness.* His pictures are not always the greatest box office draws because of their depth and dramatic flavor, but they are always smooth, intensely interesting in mood and treatment.

He directs from a tall, pulpit-like desk. He watches every scene from the camera lens before it is photographed. He believes the most important element in good picture making is photography. "Without good photography, everything else in a picture is lost," he will say in his quiet

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deliberate and effective manner.

He puts his players through a scene quietly, makes a suggestion here and there, until the mechanics fit with the camera angles. Then he rehearses for dialogue and dramatic effect. When he is entirely satisfied that he has a well balanced, effective scene from every angle he shoots—not before.

Clarence Brown is a careful director who takes his picture making very seriously and expects his company to consider it a serious business, too. Therefore, his pictures all have a perfect pictorial effect that is especially noticeable, a dramatic smoothness of detail and a mood of calculated deliberation that is definitely apparent in results. They usually lack the spontaneity and ease of story telling on film that appears in the Van Dyke and Robert Leonard pictures, but they are always highly dramatic, carefully timed and smoothly finished.

Now we come to Jack Conway, director of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in *Too Hot To Handle,* and of Robert Taylor in *A Yank At Oxford.* Jack Conway is a vigorous, dynamic man with a fine feeling for sweeping emotions and action. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer usually assigns him to fast-moving, forceful, action pictures.

Jack rose from the acting ranks and shoots his pictures with a personal feeling for the emotional value involved. He is apt to go through the action of each character in a scene, if he feels he is not getting the proper emotional interpretation. Then he will tell the principals that is his conception of the action, but that he wishes them to play the scene as they *feel* it, only retaining the general quality and tempo he has demonstrated.

Jack Conway and Clark Gable are famous fellow-ribbers. They are always exchanging smart cracks that soon become well known all over the MGM lot. However, when Jack Conway is directing a scene, he will be behind the camera noting the smallest details of action and dialogue with a stern, tense absorption that belies his jovial nature.

He "paints" his pictures with a broad emotional brush, telling a vital story with a speed that keeps the audience entertained without a dull moment to mar their enjoyment of the picture.

For many years these directors have made the best and most remunerative of the MGM products. They automatically receive the dramatic plums of the season because the harrassed studio executives know when they put an expensive, intricate, and tricky production into the hands of any one of these men, they are sure to get a job well done, and an almost sure-fire box office success. These men are usually given the first productions of new stars too, for they uncover and develop the best box-office features and talents and artfully introduce the newcomer to potential fans in the most appealing manner. After that, only heaven and the dear public itself, can tell whether or not they have *made* a star!

studio close-ups

(Continued from page 55)

great head. "Director Henry Hathaway arranged to dub in a boat whistle after a scene had been made because he thought my voice would not carry over the whistle when I shouted to Vladimar Sokoloff, 'Start your engine! You're drifting to the glacier.' " Dorothy Lamour joined in our conversation with: "Akim was highly indignant that Mr. Hathaway would believe he could not shout louder than a whistle could blow. 'Poof!' he snorted contemptuously, 'I shout louder than the whistle blow. You will see!' And he certainly did!" said Dorothy admiringly. "Yes, but you see I did it too loud. For two days I have not been able to speak above a whisper—and whoever heard of a whispering fish pirate?"

◆

And we drifted into a very funny mix-up on the *Men With Wings* set. Ray Milland was supposed to be carrying on a serious bit of dialogue with Andy Devine and the cue was to be off-stage snoring by Andy Devine. When Andy snores—he *really* snores. You never heard such unearthly roars, snorts and rumbles as issue forth when Andy Devine puts on his snoring act. Ray Milland couldn't keep his face straight, and so it was finally decided unanimously that the snoring would be out and Ray went through his serious business minus the accompaniment of Andy's snores.

◆

Freddie March told me on the *There Goes My Heart* set that he and Florence Eldridge will return to New York and the stage as soon as he finishes one more picture after this one. From all reports Freddie and Florence conquered even the hard-boiled hearts of New York's Broadway critics and first nighters with their graceful manner of dismissing the "Yr. Obedient Husband" failure with the famous "Ooops, sorry!" ad in the New York papers.

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Do you like to express frank opinions on motion pictures and players? Well, we offer a prize of $5 for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. Lengths should be limited to 200 words. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

yahoo!—yellow jack

When a germ licks a man that's not news—just a routine obituary notice. But when man licks the germ—ah, now *that's* somethin', and *apropos* we have *Yellow Jack*, the absorbing story of the conquest of yellow fever, the terrible scourge that had the medical profession stumped until a particularly discerning and determined member of it discovered that the trouble-maker was a mosquito! The world hears very little about the sacrifices and struggles of our doctors (whose ethics forbid publicity) so this picture is a revelation as well as being thoroughly good entertainment from the point of view of those fans who aren't especially intrigued with microbes. The incidental love story accompanies the medical findings in a natural, unforced way and the character of the splendid old army officer as played by Lewis Stone is as fine a thing as the screen has presented. In brief you don't have to be a doctor or a nurse to enjoy *Yellow Jack* from its opening flash to the moment when the nasty little *Stegomya* takes the count.

Yours Faithfully,
J. W. B.,
Vancouver, Canada.

give 'em variety

'sfunny how you get to hate or like a guy just because of the parts he plays. For a couple of years I couldn't stand the sight of Robert Taylor. He was so effeminate looking, and played such sugary parts that no real man could admire him. Then *The Yank At Oxford* came along, and I saw Bob as he really is, a clean-cut young man any fellow would be glad to know. The same unreasonable dislike often extends to players who play detestable parts so long they type themselves into people's minds.

This is an unjust attitude to hold and certainly most unfair to the actor, yet it is almost impossible to eradicate when a producer makes the actor play the same type of role over and over. So I think it advisable for the star to break out of the rut occasionally and be someone vastly different. A change helps the public appreciate their favorites more, and is almost indispensable to the players if they last any length of time.

Jess F. Blair,
Brownfield, Texas.

razzes for revivals

I'm just a youngster so of course I don't remember ever having seen Rudolph Valentino. The other night my mother took me to the theatre, saying in advance, "Now you're going to see who was the Clark Gable-Tyrone Power-Robert Taylor all-rolled-into-one man of the screen when I was a girl."

We went to a revival of *The Sheik.* Of course, everybody laughed at the outdated technique, the leering pantomime, the heaving bosoms. That is, we did, who never saw Valentino. But the oldsters, I noticed had a sad look on their faces.

Isn't it criminal to bring back these old pictures with dead stars, to make them the laughing stock of today's audiences, shattering a nice memory that most of our older folks might have of them?

I think it's a shame!

Sincerely,
C. L. M.,
San Francisco, Calif.

beatific betty

Will you please let me have just a tiny space in your magazine to express my deep admiration for Betty Grable, wife of Jackie Coogan? She deserves a great deal of credit for standing so defensively behind her husband in his recent unpleasant experience, and I'm sure that all who have learned to love her on the screen will even be more profound in their admiration in the future. It is indeed refreshing to see one cinema star pull for instead of against her husband. And do let's give the largest rose to Betty this month.

Yours very truly,
Mary Frances Harrington,
Taylor's Island, Md.

this 'n that

One of the most enjoyable evenings at the movies I have spent lately was at *Bringing up Baby.* This picture was tops for good wholesome laughs, with none of the slapstick comedy we have to endure in so many pictures. Grant and Hepburn were both good, as was "Baby."

I am pleased to note from the newspapers that Clark Gable is to play the role of Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind.*

Girl of the Golden West was a farce for two such great actors as MacDonald and Eddy. Let's have them in more dignified roles after this. They are my favorite singing team, but I like them in pictures like *Maytime* and *Rose Marie.*

Eunice Stratton,
McLean, Texas.

flower girl

Both orchids and gardenias to Binnie Barnes for her swell work as the little gooseberry sister of David Niven in *Three Blind Mice.* She's so different you can't realize it's Binnie.

Sincerely yours,
M. F. Doner,
Seattle, Wash.

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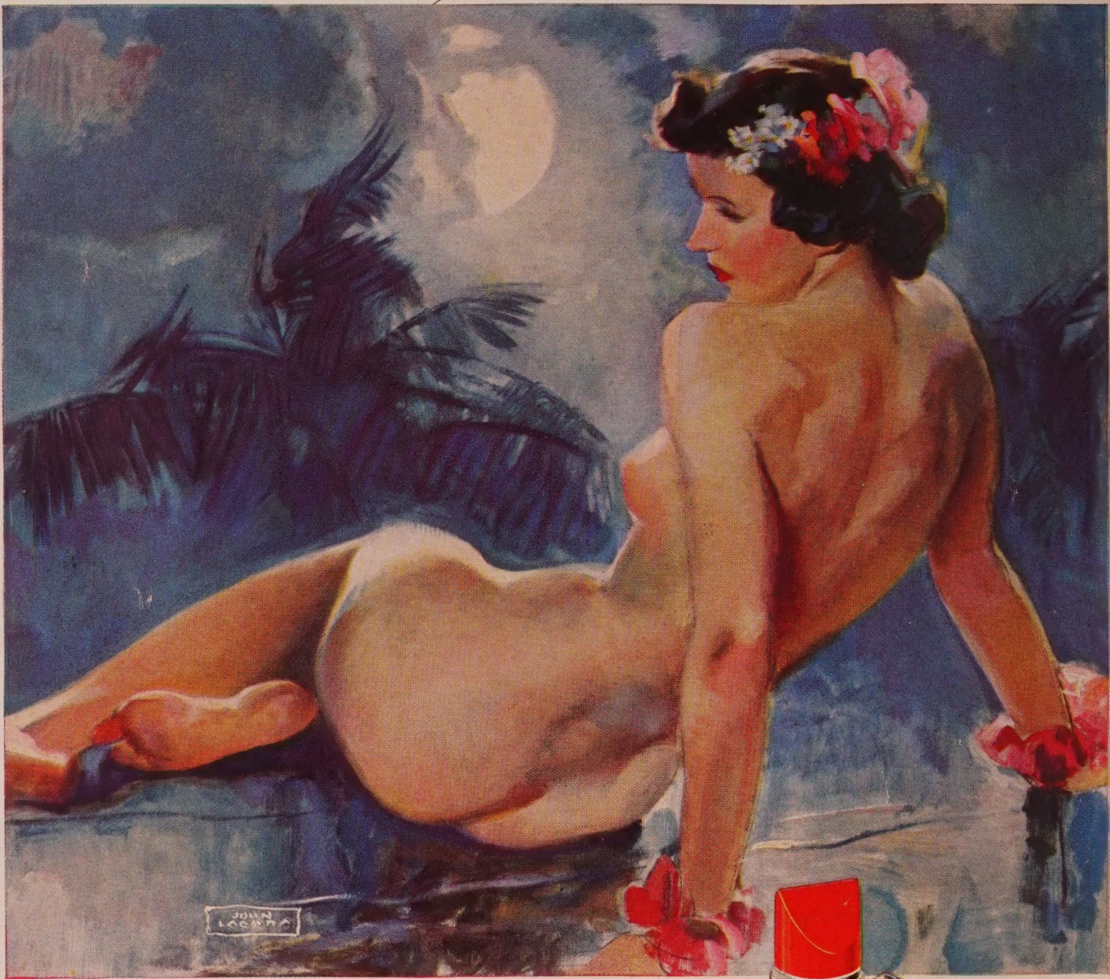
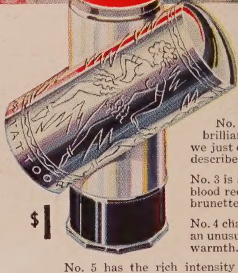


That glamorous little South Seas enchantress, with lips even more charming than herself. What thrilling color they have; a strangely enchanting, exotic red that no one can ever forget. But more! Her lips are alive with an iridescent luster . . . a sparkle, like silvery dew in moonlight. And utterly naked of pasty coating. She achieves this captivating loveliness by tattooing her lips with a transparent South Sea red. And now *you* can tattoo *your* lips with the same glamorous color in a shade created just for *you*. You can give them a luster too . . . a sparkle that's fascinating . . . and a new kind of softness that's bewitching. Try it tonight with the *New* TATTOO . . . but remember, your lips have never looked so tempting before!



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FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness that's thrilling. It is called "HAWAIIAN."

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modern movies

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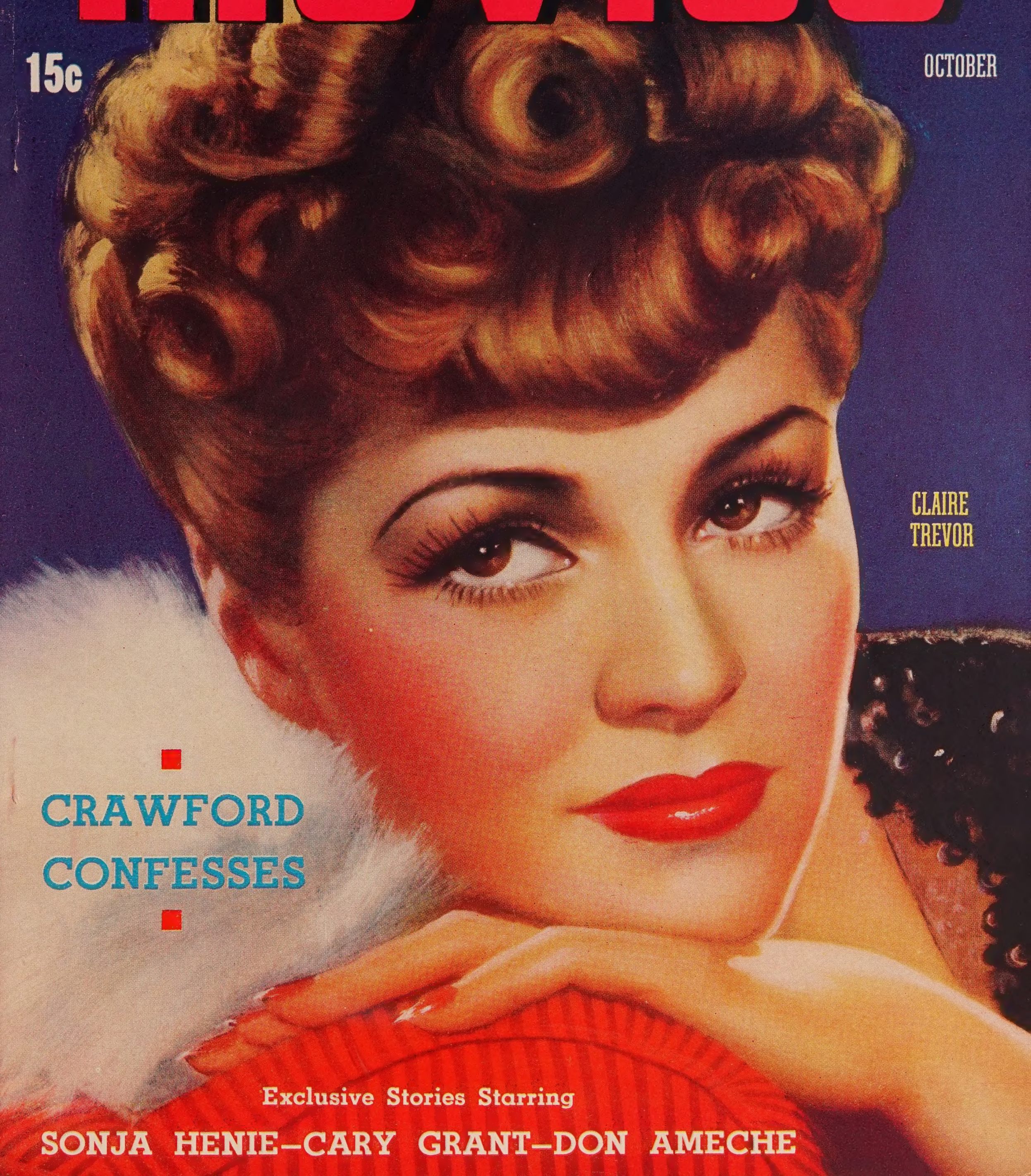
OCTOBER



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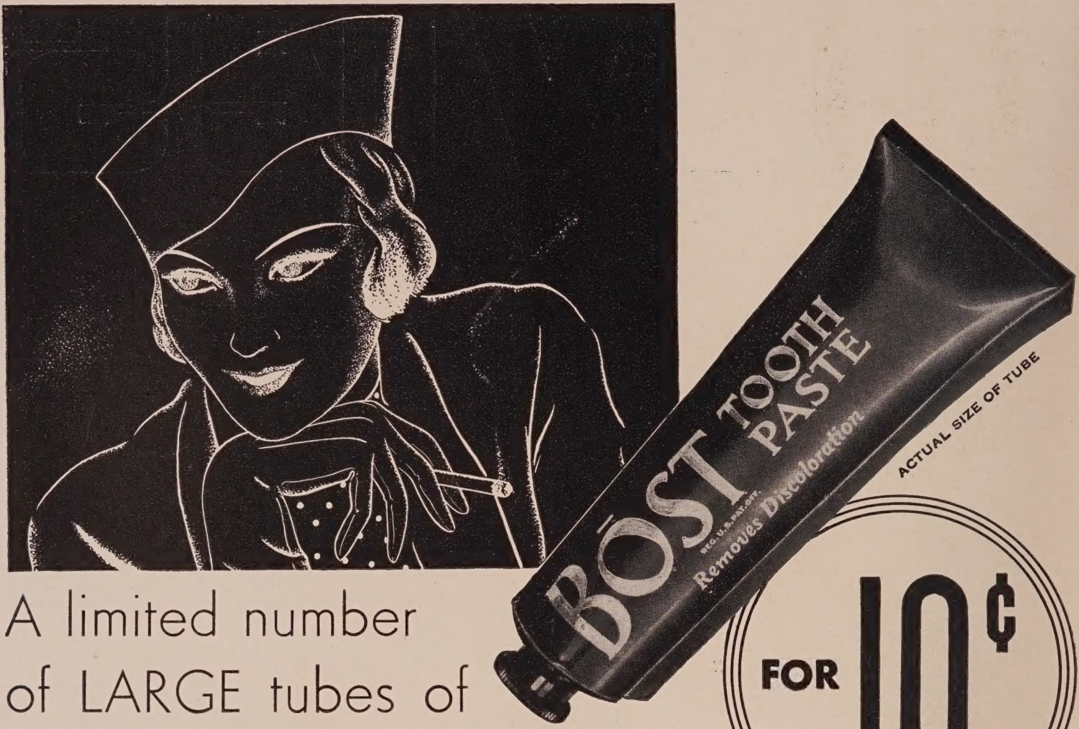

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october, 1938 volume 2, no. 4

MODERN MOVIES

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■ FAN CLUB NEWS

MGM'S Tap Dancing Queen, Eleanor Powell, entertains Eleanor Morgensen, President of the Official Eleanor Powell Fan Club between scenes of her latest pic *Honolulu*.

HELEN STEVENS, President of the PRESTON FOSTER FAN CLUB, feels their organization is very fortunate in having a really great star and a swell person to work with and for. Preston takes a great interest in club activities, cooperates in every way possible and helps to make the club a success. He sent out thank-you cards to the members on their first anniversary last year.

JOSEPH MURPHY, President of the DICK FORAN FAN CLUB in Montreal, Canada, sends word that they have just celebrated their initial anniversary. The membership includes autographed photos of Dick, a list of pen-pals, and bi-monthly issues of the club paper DICK'S LOW-DOWN. Dick answers all fan mail personally and takes keen interest in the club. Membership fee is fifty cents annually.

REBA L. BREWER, President of the LEE DIXON FAN CLUB, states they have been in existence for one year. While Lee hasn't appeared actively in pictures for about six months, the members remain staunch. Honorary members of this club include such celebs as Humphrey Bogart, Wayne Morris, Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, Warren Hull and Dick Powell.

BOBBY BREEN FANS TAKE HEART! There is a club for this singin' star. Frank A. Hallenbeck is President. We'll be glad to forward all inquiries direct to him for attention!

MARJORY CRAFT, President of the JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON CLUB, announces its age as four and a half years. Miss Hutchinson has been exceedingly cooperative. With each issue of JO'S JOURNAL, she sends snapshots of herself to each member. Twenty-five pages are devoted to the Journal and it is issued bi-monthly. Letters commenting on current previews, movie sets, and other interesting items are sent frequently to Miss Craft by the illustrious Josephine. Sounds like an up-and-comin' club!

EDNA ROGERS, President of the EDDIE DUCHIN CLUB, is all agog over our Fan Club Department. Her club consists of 150 members from all parts of the good old U.S.A., Canada, Hawaii, Cuba, England, Australia and Holland too. DUCHIN KEY NOTES is issued quarterly. Dues are 50c yearly. They are always on the lookout for new members and will gladly welcome all Duchin admirers into their midst. . .

RAMON PISCIOTTO, President of the TONY MARTIN FAN CLUB, has informed all his members that Fan Club News is a regular feature of MODERN MOVIES. We crave details about your club, Mr. Pisciotto. How about a little history? We'll tell our readers!

VIRGINIA HAAS, President of the TITO GUIZAR CLUB INTERNATIONAL, pridefully states that it is really an international organization. A very active branch of this club functions in Mexico and Latin America under the very capable direction of Claudio Lazaro, well known among Spanish readers for his articles and interviews concerning the motion picture and theatrical world. The club has been in operation for three years. Tito and Mrs. Guizar take a very active interest in all club affairs, and recently they sponsored a contest in which the first prize awarded was a beautiful guitar, symbolic of Tito's style. This organization is conducted fairly and honestly and dues are $1.00 a year. There's plenty doing in the Tito Guizar Club International. Never a dull moment!

MARY LEAH REED, President of the KENNY BAKER FAN CLUB, announces that they recently celebrated their first anniversary. The club paper THE BAKERLITE is issued every two months. Kenny takes a very active interest in club affairs and the members are treated with the utmost sincerity and honesty.

MILDRED KREUGER, President of the GERTRUDE NIESEN FAN CLUB, goes on record with information that the club has been functioning for three years. Miss Niesen is thoroughly cooperative in every way and all the members are satisfied. NIESEN NOTES, the club paper, is edited by Miss Kreuger and issued to the membership on a bi-monthly basis.

We, here, are anxious to see that all authentic fan clubs are publicized, and those operating illegitimately are forced out of circulation. Therefore, if you are being asked for contributions other than membership dues by the fan club to which you belong, let us know immediately! Please send in your criticism of any unauthorized action on the part of any club! We want to hear of it! May we count on you?

A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO FIRST-HAND INFORMATION AND HIGHLIGHTS ON FAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

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There's no doubt about it that popularity comes quickly to those who can pep up a party—who can get a crowd started and keep them going. The easiest way to do this, of course, is with music. Anyone who can play will be more and more in demand—invited everywhere.

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

The altar of the All Saint's Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills was banked with white gladioli, freesias, dahlias and chrysanthemums, for the wedding of Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews. Claire was like a dream bride dressed in a medieval gown of white brocaded taffeta. From tip to toe she was shimmering white, with silver beads and tiny seed pearl trim on veil, gown and waistband and she wore pearl-embroidered white sandals. She carried an exquisite bouquet of water lilies and white orchids. No lovelier bride ever walked down a church aisle. Her attendants, among them Phyllis Brooks, Lynn Bari, and Inez Courtney, formed a fairy-like background of beauty for the bride. It was a spectacle to always remember.

■ Annabella gave a farewell to her friends before she left for France to join her husband that was something to remember, too. She arranged the patio beside the swimming pool like one of the sidewalk cafes in Paris. Her guests came in the afternoon and stayed far, far into the next morning. They swam, played ping pong, had long sessions with Will Durant, danced, played bridge. In fact it was one of those parties where anyone could do anything they desired at any moment. The guest list was a real tribute to Annabella's social position in Hollywood. Everyone who *is* anyone was there: Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Loretta Young, Anita Louise, the Basil Rathbones, Edward G. Robinsons, Fernand Gravet, Jacques Deval, Anatole Litvak and Miriam Hopkins, Gene Raymond and Jeannette MacDonald, John Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan, Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson, Dr. Joel Pressman and Claudette Colbert, Heather Thatcher, Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, Ann Power, Claire Trevor and Clark An-

Samuel Goldwyn's Merle Oberon takes a shine to the sun between scenes of *The Lady And The Cowboy*, with Gary Cooper. The terrace of her Santa Monica beach home faces the aqua blue Pacific Ocean.

Universal's *Youth Takes A Fling*, finds charming Andrea Leeds romantically inspiring in sheer white net and crystal beads as she whispers love lore in the eagerly receptive ears of Joel McCrea.

drews, Paulette Goddard, Binnie Barnes, Marion Davies, Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, Simone Simon, Cesar Romero, Gilbert Roland, John Swope, Gregory Ratoff, David Niven, Rouben Mamoulian, Nigel Bruce, William Powell, and the Earl of Warwick, and so many, many more I didn't get a chance to note. All big names!

Mary Lou Lender didn't attend the preview of *Professor Beware* in which she plays a bride, because she was married to Delmar Daves, who wrote the screen story, at that very time. She thought the procedure would bring her luck both on the screen and in her domestic future. Good luck, Mary Lou and Delmar Daves!

Well, let the termites nibble where they may, Charlie McCarthy has joined the immortals, his hand and footprints are now to be seen in the forecourt of immortal fame to be preserved forever—well anyway until cement gets soft. With fitting ceremony and stuff, Charlie had his hand and footprints imprinted in wet concrete at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Charlie's only remark concerning this signal honor was, "I'll do it. But they'll have to buy me a new pair of shoes. My 75 cent-a-week allowance doesn't permit me to get reckless with my wardrobe." —And if looks could wither, Edgar Bergen would have been withered to straw! Bergen has his troubles.

Bob Taylor *really* surprised Barbara Stanwyck on her birthday. Bob gave Barbara a beautiful tennis court as a present, and while she was busy at the studio, he assembled a group of her friends out at the ranch. The tennis court was festive with palms, lights and a dance orchestra. There was a U shaped table with an elaborate buffet dinner set out in tempting array. Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Mary Livingston and Jack Benny, Charlie Lederer, Marion and Zeppo Marx, Fannie Brice, Roger Davis and too many others to remember, assembled before Bob went to the studio to call for Barbara. Bob told Barbara he wanted to celebrate her birthday with her alone, and Barbara believed him. She was completely taken by surprise. When the party moved indoors Fannie did her mind-reading act with Bob acting as her assistant. But Fannie claimed he was not concentrating sufficiently for her to get the idea, and finally Jack Benny chirped, "Maybe it would be simpler if someone just told Fannie." Everyone had fun as they always do when Barbara or Bob entertain. There can be no formality at the Stanwyck-Taylor parties.

(Continued on page 64)

Ship ahoy, landlubbers! That mischievous parcel of salt and pepper, Twentieth Century-Fox's Jane Withers, is calling all hands for a rollicking voyage in her merry new picture *Down To Earth.*

Great plans are afoot for Donnie Dunagan, tiniest chick in the recent RKO film *Mother Carey's Chickens.* Watch diminutive Don's dust!

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME...
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE...
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way—forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR
with

JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

FREDRIC MARCH

NANCY KELLY

ANDREA LEEDS

BOB HOPE

20th Century-Fox's Sonja Henie sagely philosophizes on love and marriage with old world wisdom. Richard Greene is her leading man in *My Lucky Star*.

Skullduggery is afoot in the person of Louise Hovick with Sonja and Dick as the unwilling victims.

HER HEART'S ON ICE

BY JERRY LANE

Sonja Henie's Code for Romance Covers the Course of Love's Real Test!

"MY heart is still *on ice,*" chuckled Sonja Henie. "But everywhere I go—home to Norway for a vacation, out on personal appearance tours—I keep one leetle eye open for *him!*"

She may be one of the cleverest youngsters who ever cut a figure on skates, but she's also the most delightfully romantic. Wouldn't you know? With an Irish mavourneen who danced with Parnell himself, for a grandmother. And the twinkle of the whole aurora borealis in her eyes . . .

We were sitting in a sunny corner of the Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot sipping tall glasses of iced peach juice (a favorite of Sonja's). And from time to time Men loomed on the horizon. Cesar Romero to remind her of a rhumba date. Dick Greene, the grand-looking lad who wins her heart in *My Lucky Star.* Tyrone Power . . .

Ty was bronzed as an Indian from his Mexican trip and obviously glad to see her. He had a bag of Mexican jumping beans which he proceeded to demonstrate and the two of them laughed like kids. Nothing of the constrained, polite laughter of people who have loved and lost each other here! It had folks at nearby tables smiling too. "Here, you two, you can't do that—" called an assistant director. "The papers had you freezin' each other this morning!"

"All I know is what I *don't* read in the papers," said Tyrone. He and Sonja grinned at each other. "So long. See you soon." Their eyes met understandingly.

"Okay," nodded Sonja who can spin American slang like a native. (Incidentally, that Russian name of her's means "okay" back home in Oslo. Clever, these Viking parents!)

Since Ty broke up with Janet Gaynor the columnists have been cooking up a "more-Power-with-Henie" campaign again. All of which brings the Henie dimples darting in and out in amusement. Because there is nothing to it.

"I do not want to marry for two, maybe three years," she told me. "Not until I am through with Exhibition tours and *set* in pictures." (The screen's greatest box-office sensation still doesn't believe she is "set in pictures!") "As soon as I finish this new production, *Castle In Norway,* I'm going right out with the same troupe I toured with last winter. We'll wind up in Hollywood around December."

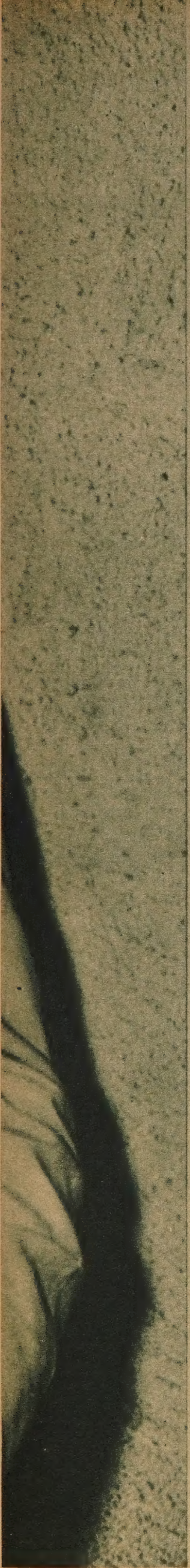
A request Exhibition, by the stars themselves. When Sonja was working on that "Alice In Wonderland" number in her last picture, every celebrity in town came to watch her skate. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, *et al.* They begged her to put on her Ice Carnival locally. . . . So there'll be no *time out for love* for awhile.

"I want a permanent, non-Hollywood marriage with children. For me, there will be no separate identity from my husband. I do not understand that sort of marriage—where each goes his or her own way. There is too much romance in family life to spoil it so." She bit her underlip like a child. A habit of hers when she is thoughtful.

Sonja has no special "Ideal." "It is foolish to build one up because you fall in love with an *(Continued on page 75)*

RKO's Cary Grant entertains a cosmopolitan view on work and play. As for marriage, he's not interested *now*.

Cary plays the role of an adventurer in his latest film, *Gunga Din*. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Fontaine are cast in important parts.



i live life as i like it

CAREFREE CARY GRANT PHILOSOPHIZES ON LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE IT! "RELAXATION AND LOTS OF FUN ARE VERY ESSENTIAL," CONTENDS CARY

by jack holland

AFTER trailing Cary Grant from Columbia's *Awful Truth* set, then to RKO to hound him more during *Bringing Up Baby*, and then sneaking around corners at Columbia again for *Holiday*, I finally decided the only way to catch him for over two minutes in one position was to hie myself down to his Santa Monica beach home. I knew if I didn't see him there, I'd be chasing out to desert locations for *Gunga Din*, and I wasn't at all sure my asthmatic flivver would succeed in getting me beyond Hollywood without gasping and dying on me. So off to the beach, with fire in my eyes! Cary Grant or bust!

When I reached the house, Cary wasn't to be found. I saw Randy Scott, his best friend, and I practically tore after him. Randy was just going upstairs when I snared him.

"Where's this Grant guy?" I asked hurriedly.

"Cary? Oh, he's somewhere between the beach and Catalina Island," Randy replied. "He went swimming about an hour ago, and I haven't seen him since."

I looked at my attire. Here I had come to the beach dressed in a new sport outfit that just seemed to say, "I dare you to go out in the sand in this. I'll grime you up proper!" Well, I wouldn't let a little matter of new clothes bother me now.

"Got an extra pair of trunks?" I asked.

Randy grinned broadly. "Oh, do trunks come in pairs now? How novel!"

He had me there, so I merely grinned back at him and said, "Well, if I'm going to see Cary, I'd better put on something a little less foreboding, don't you think?"

"Yeah. It might be a good idea. I'll get you some trunks."

A few minutes later, I was tearing down to the beach, looking for a very bronzed figure in white trunks. But white trunks and bronzed figures were all over the place, and yet Cary wasn't around. Then I proceeded to scan the blue waters. (Watch me! I'm going poetic!) Still no sign of any human being that might resemble Cary. Fifteen minutes later, I decided I'd better just sit and wait. He'd have to come soon. After all, he couldn't stay wherever he was for the rest of the week. And if necessary I'd camp on his doorstep a month to get this oft-delayed story.

Slowly my eyes began to close. The warm sun beat down on me, and the glare of the water began to lull me into a coma. But if I went to sleep I might kiss Cary. I must stay awake! Yes, sir!

I don't know how long I dozed off. I only know that I was suddenly awakened by a husky figure stumbling all over me. I jumped up, startled, and there was Cary sprawled a few feet away with a grin all over his face.

"'Scuse me," he said, "but I was watching a couple and didn't notice you." He looked at me in amusement. Sand was streaming down my neck, from my hair, eyes, ears, and mouth. I felt as though I had been granulated.

"Well, I'm not surprised to see you here," Cary laughed. "I've always wanted to see a reporter in your state, and it's even funnier than I thought it would be."

The situation was even funny to me now. I began to laugh.

"You shouldn't be surprised to see me here," I said. "After all, I've been trailing you for weeks. And nothing is going to stop me from getting this story."

Cary sprawled out in the sand. From all indications he would be in one spot for a while—providing he didn't fall asleep.

"Let's go! What's the idea now? What privacy are you about to unearth?"

"I want to know what you think about living and why you do!"

Cary looked at me in surprise.

"That's a new one, but I can tell you something about that, if you don't tie me down too much to specific questions."

Suddenly I was reminded that I had no pencil, no paper—nothing. This was going to be a mental inventory, and heaven help my retaining powers!

"Why do I live?" began Cary lightly. "And if I do, why so? Is that it?"

"That's something like it." I could tell right now that Cary was either too composed to give me a good story or too relaxed to give me a bad one. Therefore, I decided to indulge in atmosphere.

"Look at me now," said Cary.

"Yeah? Then what?"

"See how relaxed and indifferent I am to what's going around me."

"I see you're relaxed, but please don't be too indifferent to this story. The editor is tearing off irate letters to me for not getting this epistle to her sooner."

That's just the point!" Cary took a handful of sand and let it trickle slowly through his fingers. He grinned.

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FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

by charles darnton

LIBERTY-LOVING LUISE RADIANCE AS SHE AWAITS

"FREER!" Spreading her arms like wings and looking like nothing so much as a raven-plumed snowbird in her white linen slacks, Luise Rainer perched lightly on her toes as though ready to fly.

Here was a changed actress in her changing world. All the brooding moods in which I had hitherto found her now dropped from her like a dark cloak. Radiantly facing the sunlight which poured through the broad windows of her Westwood home, this most mercurial of Hollywood stars stood transfigured.

For this transformation there were various reasons, quite aside from her pending divorce from the playwright, Clifford Odets. First, accounting for that glad cry of greater freedom, was the opportunity offered by her new contract to be away from picture-making for half of each year so that she might realize her constant longing to act again on the stage. Then there was the significance of that second Academy Award won by her, beyond all precedent, within the three short years she has been in Hollywood. To cap it all, there now was to be something more marking the most momentous step this Viennese actress had yet taken in the country which was quick to recognize her brilliant gifts.

But all in good time. Then let the best news come to you as the greatest surprise.

"At last," Miss Rainer glowingly was saying, "I can do the thing that all along I have wanted so much to do. By next season, possibly in November, I will make my first appearance on the New York stage. Several plays are under consideration. I should like to do a modern *Doll's House.* Also I should like to play in Shakespeare, but this I could not do here with my accent. It was different when I did Shakespeare in German. Because of my accent my first stage part in New York will be that of a foreign woman. Later I hope to play Jeanne d'Arc in French on the Paris stage and afterward, perhaps, do it in English both in London and New York. I have already played in Paris, as part of a European tour, in Reinhardt's production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* so that city will

RAINER REVEALS A NEW AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

not be strange to me. It will be easier for me than going to New York, where the critics may think nothing good can come out of Hollywood."

Nonsense! In any event, that would all depend upon the person. Even though the New York dramatic critics may have told Katharine Hepburn to go take a jump in *The Lake,* they are quite human, not embittered wretches living solely on wormwood. They will no doubt see in Luise Rainer, given the right play, far more than a Hollywood star full of camera tricks; discover in her an actress of fine training and achievement in no less plays than *Measure for Measure, Twelfth Night, Taming of the Shrew, As You Like It,* and *Romeo and Juliet.* But all she had to say to this prediction was, cheerily:

"I expect to get a terrific hit on the head. Oh, well! My life is full of ups and downs, and as it was it always will be. But sometimes I am encouraged to go on, as I was not long ago in Hollywood. My first Academy Award was of little consequence for the reason that the part I played in *The Great Ziegfeld* meant nothing. But the part of O-lan in *The Good Earth* did mean something, so I was heartened by that second award. It couldn't be a mistake. To me it was the meaning that counted. Others may care for the award in itself, but what I value is the meaning behind it."

Nothing could have explained her more truly. Honest in herself, Luise Rainer has artistic honesty, and always she calls herself ruthlessly to account.

"I must find out about myself," she declared. "That is why I am going back to the stage for part of my time. It isn't that I don't like pictures. I think they are the biggest medium of all for the actor because in them he is able to reach the biggest audience. But I believe picture stars should not be made to seem stronger, for commercial reasons, than they really are. I want to be an actress, not a money-maker. I cannot bear the idea of being made just a piece of flesh that is sold in the market for the highest price. I want to do the thing I am doing for the love of doing it. But this is something not recognized or understood in Hollywood, where acting has only a box-office rating. And the sad thing is that

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Luise with ex-hubby Clifford Odets during happier days. A divorce suit is now pending, but she admits he's still tops. It's just temperament!

Luise and Alma Kruger in the tragic home sequence from MGM's *The Great Waltz,* a drama dealing with the life and loves of Viennese Composer Johann Strauss.

WHY CAN'T I MAKE LOVE?

Jé t'aime!
Ich liebe dich!
Te amo!
Te inbesc!
Io t'amo!
I LOVE YOU!

"Sure, I can say it in six languages, but in Hollywood they won't even let me say it in English in any picture. Why? I know I'm not a 'tall, dark and handsome' chap, but they aren't the ones who know how to say that most sincerely. Really now, don't you think I ought to have a chance?"

Edward G. Robinson was smiling when he asked the question, but after listening to his slick method of chatting, being intrigued by the twinkle in his eye, and remembering facts of his personal life, my vote went quickly to the *yes* side!

"You know, if I were a girl, I wouldn't be so anxious to marry a man who was only handsome," Robinson went on as I asked him a few questions about this important subject of love. "They flit around like butterflies, making love to every girl. And since they are so good-looking, and know how to say things so eloquently from much experience, girls sometimes get fooled about how deep their love really is. But it is the man who depends on his brains, personality and accomplishments to make him a good husband, who is the one that will last longest in a lifetime run!"

It is a well-known fact in Hollywood that Robinson is one of the happiest married men of screendom, so he really knows whereof he speaks! This fact is not always easy to reconcile with the rôles he has portrayed so many times on the screen—hard and tough and often heartless ones. Recently he has had more sympathetic parts—but still the idea persists that he is not the gentle lover type.

Yet consider the facts—here is a man who appreciates beauty above all things. He takes a sensual delight in the things that make the world more lovely in which to live. His home and his wife prove that—as does his art collection—his understanding of music—travel.

"I actually thrill to a picture that is a masterpiece. There

Warners' Edward G. Robinson, the Mrs., and Son Mannie are supremely happy because Ed is considerate and sincere.

HE'S PLAYED GANSTERS WITH GUSTO—HIS VILLIANS REEK WITH REVENGE—BUT HOW WOULD EDDIE ROBINSON REGISTER AS A LOVER?

by gwen dew

is something within me that makes me always seek for beauty, and it inspires me to harder, and (I hope) better work. I've gone many thousands of miles seeking for the pictures I have in my home, knowing that they would bring me happiness the rest of my life.

"Any man, in order to know really what love of any kind is, must have this *love of beauty* in his heart. It is recognition of the fact that love can be expressed in many ways—in exquisite colorings, in a strain of music, in a fine coupling of words to express an innermost thought. When a man has realized that, and takes that knowledge into his everyday life with the woman he loves, then he will make that woman and himself happy. It is the little things that are discordant, and not tuned to beauty, that can make life, whether it be a married or single one, miserable for a person. Beauty is everywhere, if one will just look for it."

Although Robinson's fingers are square cut, and not tapering as are those of many artists or musicians, I could tell by the way he handled things, that he even appreciates the touch of lovely things. The way he held his cigarette, or opened his case, or held a picture which I had brought to him, were indicative of delicacy of feeling in the fingertips. I could easily picture him holding an exquisite piece of fabric, and revelling in its richness.

I hope he won't mind my also saying that I imagine that he has stroked the soft hair of Mrs. Robinson many times, to express his love of her—and run his fingers over the smooth young skin of his son, whom he worships, to let his adoration of them be spoken through his fingers.

And when a man has learned to tell you he loves you by just the touch of his hands—then you can be sure that the feeling is deep and sincere and lasting and that he is a real lover!

We chatted over the luncheon table about the places in the world we had visited and found inspiring, and I soon realized that travel is one of Mr. Robinson's great loves. Part of this again comes from his desire for beauty, for after all, all beauty can't be brought to him—so he goes to seek it. At present one of his fine paintings is being exhibited in Paris . . . so that others may enjoy it.

(Continued on page 66)

Edward and his able accomplice, the personable Claire Trevor in the *Big Town* radio series. Doesn't Eddie look romantic?

Paramount's George Raft can't forgive himself for the money and time spent at the race track. His next picture is *Spawn Of The North*.

STRICKEN BY A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

What Incidents Fraught With Regret Come Back to Haunt Our Film Favorites

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

WHAT'S on your conscience?

What, of all the things you've done, would you go back and undo if you could?

Frequently it isn't the worst thing we've ever done that we can't forgive ourselves. Frequently it's the memory of a trifling lapse from grace that lodges like a burr in our brains. For instance, a man who is serving a long term in a state prison today because he robbed his clients of hundreds of thousands of dollars as well as the faith they placed in him, worries most for having neglected to get the mother of his former office-boy into an endowed bed in a hospital, as he promised.

The same equation holds true with the movie stars. And the things they worry about when their nights are restless often enough offer illuminating glimpses of them as individuals.

A Hollywood producer once had his secretary telephone Gail Patrick and invite her to his house the following Sunday evening. Was it dinner, Gail asked, and should she dress? In Hollywood it's quite necessary to ask such questions; for you never know. The secretary explained it was an evening party and that they weren't dressing.

"So," Gail says, "I ate my dinner and arrived at the party in an informal gown—to find everyone in evening clothes and a course dinner being served. Of course I felt idiotic. And I suppose it was my embarrassment and a sense of inferiority that made me behave so badly. At any rate I blurted out that I had taken the trouble to inquire whether or not it was dinner and whether or not I was to dress."

Gail's producer-host was angry at his secretary's stupidity. He apologized for it. And Gail slipped into her place at the table to relax as the conversation picked up where it had been interrupted by her entrance.

It was when she was sipping her coffee that depression swept over her in a cold, sickening wave. For it was then she realized what she had done. To protect herself she had made trouble for the secretary; to relieve a momentary embarrassment she had possibly jeopardized a job that was badly needed.

During the evening Gail sought an oppor-

(Continued on page 80)

Warners' Bette Davis regrets her display of inexcusable temper on a holiday at Yosemite Park.

Universal's Deanna Durbin can't forget the anxiety caused her mother while she calmly sat through a movie.

Paramount's Gail Patrick is still remorseful over the dismissal of a producer's secretary on her account.

SUEZ

Another history lesson which audiences will relish is lavishly dished out by Darryl Zanuck. Glamour and romance are provided by Loretta Young, Annabella and Tyrone Power. Add Egyptian frontier wars, desert sandstorms, international intrigue, combined with romantic Victorian costumes, and you have a picture crammed with entertainment values. It is a thrilling story of the building of the Suez Canal and its builder, Ferdinand de Lesseps *(Tyrone Power)*. He loves Countess Eugenie *(Loretta Young)* whose ambition drives her from his arms to the throne of France. He then devotes his life to fulfilling his dream of a canal to connect the Mediterranean and Red Sea. Toni *(Annabella)*, a beautiful gamin of the French Egyptian garrison, loves and aids him, but he fights alone to attain his goal. *20th-Century Fox.*

CAREFREE

With an amusing plot packed with humorous situations, Irving Berlin music and swingy Astaire dance routines, this picture promises rich entertainment. The fun begins with Steve Arden *(Ralph Bellamy)* on a bender because actress Amanda Cooper *(Ginger Rogers)* has jilted him for the third time. He wends his bibulous way into the dignified medical center where his best friend Dr. Tony Flagg *(Fred Astaire)*, a successful psychiatrist, is engaged in research. He gets Tony to help him win Amanda by psychoanalyzing her. With her "subconscious liberated" Amanda falls madly in love with Tony. Horrified by the turn of affairs Tony hypnotizes her so she will marry Steve. Then he realizes he also loves her. He goes through some hilarious antics before he can reach Amanda's "subconscious" again, and replace Steve as her escort to the altar—*RKO-Radio film.*

EXPLOSIVES

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

Emphasizing the moral that money isn't everything, this screwball comedy, (a super-smash hit on Broadway), is brought to the screen with a cast of popular players. It should delight movie audiences as it has New York theater-goers. In the uninhibited household of Grandpa Vanderhof *(Lionel Barrymore)* there is only one conventional-minded person, his granddaughter Alice *(Jean Arthur)*. No one works but Alice, because Grandpa doesn't believe in work. She falls in love with her young boss, Tony Kirby *(James Stewart)*, son of a stuffed shirt industrial tycoon. True love goes into the rough when Tony brings his father and mother to meet Alice's family. It is a typical evening at home in her house; her mother in smock and beret is painting a middle-aged man who poses half-nude as the discus thrower; sister Essie in ballet costume takes a toe dancing lesson from a Russian ex-wrestler; brother-in-law Ed practices on his xylophone. Into this mad melee come the socialite Kirbys in formal evening attire. The laughs come thick and fast during the ensuing complications and it takes all Grandpa Vanderhof's ingenuity to unravel things. *A Columbia Production.*

Warners' Anita Louise concentrates on string beans when she has to register loathing. *The Sisters* is her latest.

MGM's Joan Crawford is an advocate of the mood music technique of silent days for emoting. *The Shining Hour* is her next.

Mary Astor admits it is good luck to work with a new actor. She enjoys a snack on the MGM lot with Herbert Marshall.

hollywood hobgoblins

WHAT ARE THE PET IDIOSYNCRASIES OF OUR HOLLYWOOD STARS ON THE SET?

by judith davidson

WHEN you have to face the boss, do you put yourself through a certain mental routine to sort of "get up your courage" by bracing yourself for the ordeal? Or are you so sentimental that when something grand and important happens to you on the job you forever after want to repeat what you did that day so that the charm will work again?

Well, if either or both of these things apply to you, don't feel the least bit ashamed or unhappy about it. 'Cause why? 'Cause I, your snoopy scribbler, Hobble Gobble, who sees all and knows all about what happens in movieland, will now tell you all. The only time I can talk is when October comes around and the feeling of Hallowe'en gets in the air. Now's the time for me to tell you about the hobgoblins of the screen stars which I discovered by hobnobbing in Hollywood for the past year. And you'll agree with me that even the most glamorous ones have many Main Street idiosyncrasies about their work.

For instance, if you feel funny because you have to "warm up" for a session with the boss, you ought to see what I've seen your film favorites do before they felt fit to face their boss, the all-knowing camera. Each and every one has some little superstition or emotion-creating trick that helps 'em get into the mood of the movie.

According to Joan Blondell, "If the script calls for me to register pop-eyed wonder, I think of the first time I rode on a roller-coaster and we hit the big dip. The recollection sure does make me pop-eyed with wonder—that I'm still alive. For a dramatic scene, I really try to visualize how Helen Hayes or Ruth Chatterton would enact it, and try to do likewise. But when a story calls for me to be happy, I'm really in my element because then I can think of my son and daughter, on the studio's time, and if that doesn't bring happiness to my face, I might as well give up."

When it comes to registering the mean emotions, here's how they do it. If Edward G. Robinson has to snarl and register rage, he simply recalls how he felt when he had to get up early in the morning and just imitates himself. Thoughts of eating string

(Continued on page 79)

MGM's Greta Garbo rehearses an important scene before a mirror, while listening to recording of her favorite music. Then she's set!

WHAT A LIFE!

What Is Hope Hampton's Magic Formula

"WHAT a life! Yes indeed!" Blonde Hope Hampton, dazzling in white silk shirt and white jodhpurs threw herself into a canvas chair, propped her dainty boot-heels on a pile of saddles, cocked back her head and sent up a peal of delightful laughter to the bright California sky.

"What a life!" she repeated, shaking her golden cornsilk hair as if amazed at herself and at the agreeably cock-eyed business of making movies.

The glamorous Miss Hampton had just fallen off the back of a galloping bronco and made contact with the soil around Kernville, California, on the seat of those snowy riding pants. Before that she had zoomed down in a plane right into the midst of a horse-herd chaperoned by Randolph Scott and had enjoyed a tooth and claw tussle with that personable gentleman; all strictly according to the script. Before the day was over she expected to be soused in a mountain shower (supplied by pipeline) and have an argument with a flock of chickens, a goat and a pet monkey.

It was a day's work to daunt any one of the leathernecked cowpunchers, who lolled around rolling maize cigarettes, much less a girl who looked as fragile as a Dresden china shepherdess. But all the glorified roughhouse only gave Hope a thrill. She loved it, bronco, Randy Scott, rainstorm, chickens, monkey . . . . everything. For after having conquered every other field in the entertainment world, she was now making a new career, with her first talking picture, *The Road To Reno.*

With beckoning forefinger and a smile, she summoned Jack Pierce, Universal's almost legendary make-up man, to bring his protective salves for the Hampton face. Wise in the minor as well as the major arts of show business. Hope had insisted

1 **Universal's Hope Hampton entered the silent films when only fifteen. A director discovered her in a school play.**

2 **Hope feels the talkies are a fine medium for operatic voices. She'll sing in *The Road To Reno* with Randolph Scott.**

3 **Hope is a vision of golden loveliness in this Grecian gown of white chiffon with a vivid Kelly green girdle of bugle beads.**

4 **The calm before the storm! Hope and Randy enjoying one of the few quiet moments between fightin' hi-jinks in *The Road To Reno.***

■ ■ ■

that Pierce be brought along to minister to her as soon as she heard that Director Sylvan Simon was planning a location expedition to the mountains. The actinic rays of the sun in those high altitudes, she felt, would be sure to give her complexion the dangerous tan called "mountain burn," after having been so long in the gentler sunlight of New York, unless the expert cosmetician were on hand with his ointments.

Watching the star as Pierce worked over her face, it was impossible not to wonder about her. Hope Hampton had been one of the brightest stars in the culminating days of silent films. She had retired at the peak of her fame to marry Millionaire Jules Brulatour. She had starred on the stage in Romberg operettas. After training her magnificent soprano voice under the best obtainable vocal tutors, she had sung leads in grand opera with the principal companies of America and Europe. Beautiful, young, outrageously rich, she was risking all this for a new career in an untried field. Why? The question was asked. The answer came at once.

"Columbus took a chance in an unexplored world, so why shouldn't I?" Hope said. "As soon as Universal offered me a contract I accepted. The reason? Why, that's simple. I have always believed that talking pictures are the ideal field for a singer with an operatic type of voice. Why did I wait? No, it wasn't that I was too busy with concerts and operatic roles on the speaking stage, although there was plenty of that. The truth is that I wasn't sure that sound equipment in films had reached the right point in its development to carry the operatic tone.

"Then I went to hear that wonderful child, Deanna Durbin, in *100 Men And A Girl.* When I heard the way the sound track carried her rich soprano and the complicated orchestra of Stokowski, I felt that it would be entirely safe for me to trust whatever voice I may possess to the masters of a craft that could reproduce such impressive tonal effects. So I've taken the plunge.

"I may be treading a dangerous pathway, but that is half the fun, don't you think? If you let yourself be influenced by timid friends, you'll never do anything. All I heard was the psychology of fear when I announced that I intended to leave pictures for grand opera. I paid no attention to it. You have got to learn to beat fear if you ever expect to get anywhere.

"And I don't see what there is to make a fuss about anyway, in an opera singer trying the talkies. All the world today loves music as it is presented in motion pictures. But the opera singer should not sing opera exclusively. I am not making that mistake. The opera singer should do some of the grand arias in her films, but she should also sing some of the gay and tuneful melodies that have swept the nation since talking pictures brought them out."

And that is precisely how Miss Hampton is singing in *The Road To Reno.* She is warbling the famous Musette aria from the opera *La Boheme.* But she is

(Continued on page 58)

for Smooth Sailing on the Sea of Sensational Success?

BY EDWARD EUSTACE

Fox Film's Don Ameche wanted to be a lawyer, but an actor's mishap boosted him into stock.

indomitable dominic

"SOMEDAY I'll take you to Europe, Honore," Don Ameche said.

Only his name wasn't Don Ameche then. It was Dominic Amici and no one much outside of Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he was born and Dubuque, Iowa, where he was going to school, had ever heard of him. But that didn't make any difference to Honore Pandergast and it didn't make any difference to him either.

They were ridiculously young and very much in love. Everything was exciting, gay, and mad. Songs meant so much, especially when he sang them and she listened. They were so happy, feeling life would always be like that for them; that time would stop in this enchanted moment and they would be forever young and in love.

The Pandergasts lived in a big house that was always spilling over with hospitality. There were always young people there and it was always like a party even if there were only a few couples to put records on the phonograph and drink lemonade and dance. They were such a happy family and Honore was the happiest of them all.

It wasn't any wonder that Don loved her.

He had known her two years and now he was leaving. He fought down the fears rising in his heart for the first time. He tried to forget that people change, that love can go and memory is often short lived. He refused to consider that it would be years before he could give Honore the things she had come to regard as commonplace and seemed such luxuries to him.

"Someday I'll take you to Europe, Honore," he said, and because he was frightened his voice carried all the conviction in the world.

It was shortly afterwards that Don began to wonder if maybe there wasn't a jinx hanging over him. There was the time his mother and father were in that awful automobile accident and the days when his mother wasn't expected to live. There were the other, longer days when they thought she would be an invalid for life and no one knew if her face would ever look the same as it had before. It was a long time before she was all right and Don did a lot of thinking in that time.

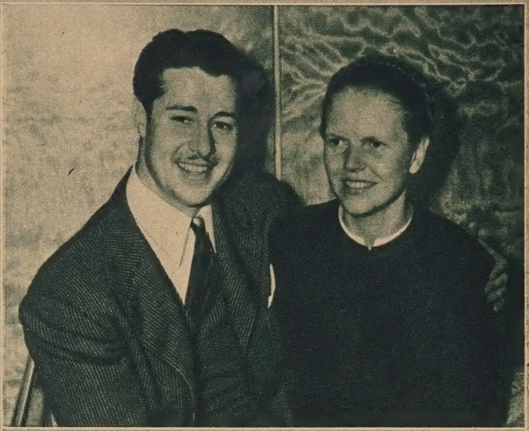
Life was catching up with Don. He worked with road gangs and in a mattress factory and after awhile he went to college again and thought he was going to be a lawyer. Then the jinx again came into his life but this time it seemed to be working *for* him. For it wasn't Don who was jinxed but the leading man of the local stock company who had broken his leg right at the beginning of the season.

The theatre manager remembered having seen Don in college theatricals and sent for him. When he got the message Don knew he had never wanted to be a lawyer at all. It took him fifteen minutes to get to the theatre, a little over an hour to study his part, and one split second to answer his first cue. And the next day there was his new name, Don Ameche, on the theatre programs.

Sometimes he wondered if he had done the right thing after all. Stock company engagements don't last forever and Broadway is a pretty frightening street for a boy in search of a job. Don lived on baked beans and got to know every reception girl on the *Street*. By the time he got his job in Fiske O'Hara's company he had begun to know what it was all about and didn't think he was set just because he happened to be opening on Broadway.

It was just as well he knew. The job didn't mean a bonanza after all. It wasn't an open sesame to the stage and all the things he wanted. There were times when there were engagements and times there weren't. There were times he ate and times he didn't. When a friend suggested trying radio he thought it sounded like a pretty

(Continued on page 68)



Don and his wife Honore defy the jinxes together. Nothing can mar their perfect understanding and happiness. Real troupers!

Don is actively interested in all sports. He enjoys tennis, swimming and horses on his new ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

JINXES JOLTED HIM AT EVERY TURN BUT NOTHING DAUNTED DON. By Elizabeth Petersen MacDonald

MGM's Joan Crawford and ex-husband Franchot Tone before the parting of ways. Joan says career's first!

CRAWFORD CONFESSES

Joan Crawford Reminiscently Reflects "Absolutely No Sacrifice, No Heartache, Is Too Great To Bear For The Achievement Of Success In Any Career."

BY DORRIS DENBO

YOU'RE going to see a different Joan Crawford in *The Shining Hour;* a newly radiant, doubly glamorous Joan, a warm, friendly person minus the artificial sparkle, forced dramatics, and brittle brilliance of the star we have been treated to in the last few pictures.

Just what has brought about the change I do not know. Whether she has made a great mental decision of some sort about herself, or whether she has found a spiritual release from something that has had her cornered, or at bay, I do not know, either. But I do know Joan Crawford has lost a lot of her inhibitions, the intense, incomprehensible emotions that kept her in such a state of nervous jitters that she did things to herself, and others, that she didn't mean at all.

Her head is high and there is the light of battle in her eye. She is challenging the entire world to stop her. Mentally she seems to be saying, "World, you're going to like me! I'm going to make you cry for more, and *more,* and MORE of me—or else!"

And believe me, friends, we will be crying for more, and more, and more of this Joan Crawford—especially if she wants us to. No one on this earth can be more charming, more utterly irresistible and fascinating than Joan Crawford when she wishes—and she *wishes* this time. So watch out, world, here comes Joan Crawford—and you're simply going to be enthralled with her. She's going to dance right back into your heart—if she ever left it—and she'll stay there this time.

There is something vaguely defiant about this new Joan, something rather like whistling in the dark; something determined, something very, very dramatic and infinitely wistful. She is all contradictions—as she always has been—but there is a new depth and emotional quality in Joan today that has never been there before. Joan has been very deeply stirred by some great emotion, or she has solved some very difficult and unpleasant problem that took great courage and hurt her more than she dares admit even to herself.

Your guess is as good as mine as to whether it is frustration in love, in her work, or in the accomplishment of her ambition, or whether it is some new interest, some new ladder she has found to climb that has aroused this new spirit, but believe me it is there.

Her music receives the major part of her outward attention. She is spending all her time studying, practicing, talking music, keys, tone quality—and I *do* mean *(Continued on page 62)*

3

1 Aunt Joan! Joan's little three year old niece, Joan Crawford Le Suer, visits her famous relative on *The Shining Hour* set. This film will soon be released.

2 A chukker! Joan and Franchot defying the sun's glare were attentive spectators at the polo matches lately held for charity. Joan was patroness of the games.

3 Tea for two! Joan and Spencer Tracy discuss topics of mutual interest between scenes. She's seriously studying operatic singing and shows rich promise.

happiness insurance

1

1 **MGM's Jeanette MacDonald and Husband Gene Raymond are completely *sold* on each other. Jeanette's latest picture is *Sweethearts.***

2 **MGM's Robert Young and the Missus are both ardent sports lovers and fond of social activity. Bob's next is *Rich Man-Poor Girl.***

3 **MGM's Virginia Bruce contends her marriage to J. Walter Ruben is based on old-fashioned principles. Anagrams is their pet game.**

4 **MGM's Myrna Loy is an ideal wife for Arthur Hornblow, since she indulges all of his hobpies. *Too Hot To Handle* is her current film.**

5 **Warners' Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson discussed the pros and cons of matrimony before marching altarward. *The Sisters* is her next.**

2

WITH DIVORCE RAMPANT IN HOLLYWOOD WHAT OF THE HAPPY MARRIAGES?

by ruth arell

TODAY in Hollywood many a wedded pair is daring to do what no sane insurance broker would do. Even Lloyds of London, whose willingness to underwrite all manner of screwy risks was ably portrayed by Tyrone Power, will have nothing to do with it.

What, you ask, is this unusual undertaking that even professional risk-takers consider too risky? Merely the realization by the folks of filmland that happiness in marriage is the most precious thing a husband and wife can possess and just as they insure such valuables as jewels and furs against loss or theft, so must they insure their happiness against rifts and discords.

Yes, happiness insurance is now the vogue. The multiple matings of former years that were responsible for labeling movie marriages "poor risks," are downright unpopular among the stars today. Just like you and me, they feel they have every right to expect to "live happily ever after" with the partner they choose for life. But, being realists, they want to profit by the experiences that upset other marriages and have shown unusual ingenuity in their advance precautions against divorce. They may not have a formal printed policy with a lot of fancy seals and hard-to-understand language before them, but the personal, informal code that many couples have adopted for their own particular use, is for them, the best insurance that their happiness may be properly safeguarded.

There's Bette Davis, for example. She and Harmon O. Nelson decided on a distinctly novel precaution against rifts when they were planning marriage a few years ago, early in her film career. First they warned each other exactly what they could expect. "Ham," as Bette affectionately calls him, prophesied that she would be a big star and that people would call him "Mr. Davis." He considered that assault on his masculine pride and decided that he could take it. Then Bette pointed out that in the event she actually did get where he expected her to, it would be inevitable that she'd be tired and cross occasionally at the end of a day's work. And separation? She'd have to go off on location and he might have an engagement with his band in another city. Gossips might spread all sorts of stories about them if they so much as smiled at a member of the opposite sex.

"When every dire (Continued on page 70)

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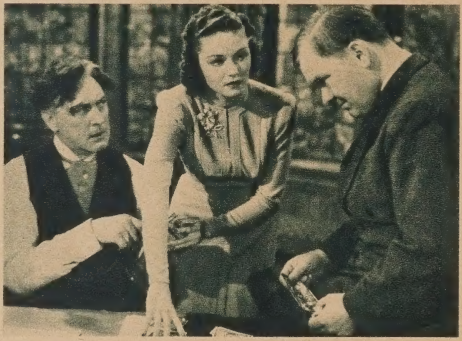
5

The comic capers of those three zanies, The Marx Brothers, are ably abetted by the charm of Lucille Ball and Ann Miller, in RKO's adaptation of the Broadway play *Room Service.*



It's all in the cards! Particularly when the dealer is pretty Marjorie Weaver. John Barrymore, Paul Hurst, and George Murphy are also cast in 20th Century-Fox's *Hold That Co-ed.*

With a panoramic background of aeroplanes and warfare, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell bring realism to the lead roles in Paramount's air thriller *Men With Wings.*

EVERYONE on the set of *That Certain Age* became hysterical over a game of pocket billiards Deanna Durbin was endeavoring to play with Melvyn Douglas. Deanna shivered everytime she rubbed the chalk on the end of her cue. "It squeaked and set her teeth on edge," she said. Then every time she made a shot the cue ball would wind up behind the dark eight-ball, and she couldn't make the shot the script called for. Finally, Director Edward Ludwig laughingly came to her rescue, "We're going to have to remove the eight-ball so that you can't get behind it, Deanna," he laughed, and by this time everyone including the merry Deanna, was in a state of collapse.

✦

Then on another set at Universal was Archie Mayo directing a love scene between Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds for *Youth Takes a Fling*. It is always a little hard to get Joel into just the right mood to make love convincingly to lovely ladies on the screen. Archie Mayo was sitting before the park bench upon which Joel and Andrea were supposed to make up and kiss, he was pleading with Joel. "Now listen, Joel, you're supposed to be in love with the lady. You want her to forgive you. Now get a little of that ardent love light in your eye. Look at her like this." . . . Joel giggled, "That may be love-light in your eye, Archie, but from where I sit it looks pretty silly." Everyone laughed including Archie Mayo. "Let's try it," he said. He sat on the edge of his chair and watched the preliminaries carefully and then at the right moment he leaned forward tensely and said, "Now Joel, kiss her!"—and so saying he lost his balance and fell right into the scene. We're *still* laughing.

✦

Hollywood is already well on the way in preparation for football season. *Touchdown Army,* a gridiron story of West Point with Robert Cummings, Mary Carlisle and John Howard is practically finished. *Hold That Co-ed* at 20th Century-Fox with John Barrymore as the Governor who becomes interested in a football team for political reasons is well under way, and then there's *Razzle Dazzle* at MGM, *Freshman Year* at Universal, and *Mr. Doodle Kicks Off,* the Joe Penner picture at RKO Radio Pictures. They are all football thrillers getting under way so as to be ready when the whole world becomes football-minded —in the not so distant future.

✦

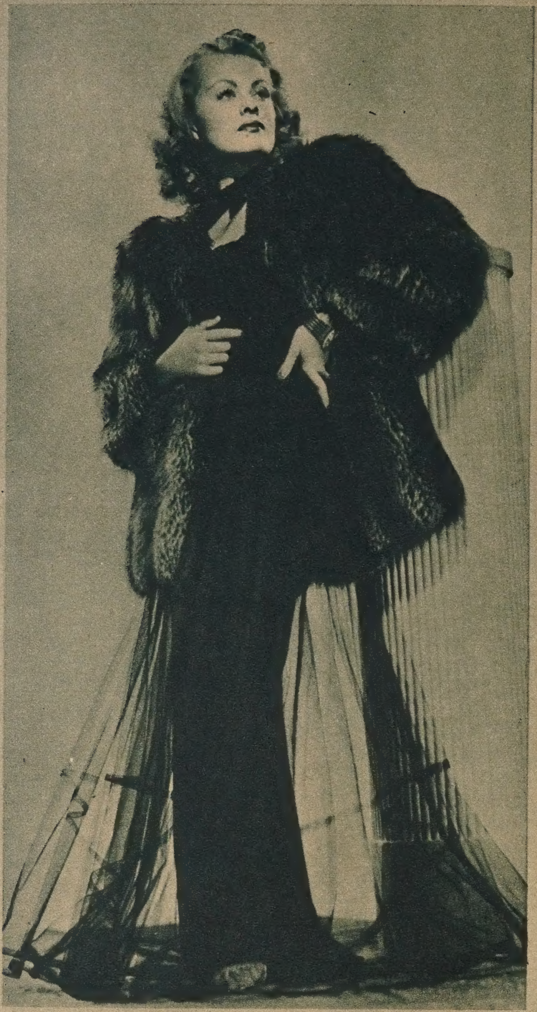
Joan Davis tried for 15 minutes to give the semblence of a first class pigskin kick, so Director George Marshall told us, when he was trying her out for some of the rare kicking she has to do in *Hold That Co-ed.* "She couldn't even punt a peanut across a flowerbed," said Marshall, "until I put her in the hands of Izzy Cantor of UCLA." Izzy tutored Joan Davis in the gentle art of mighty and effective booting, until when we saw her boot the oval across the field it went right straight between the goal posts—believe it or not! She's almost as good now at booting a football as she is at doing a sudden-flop.

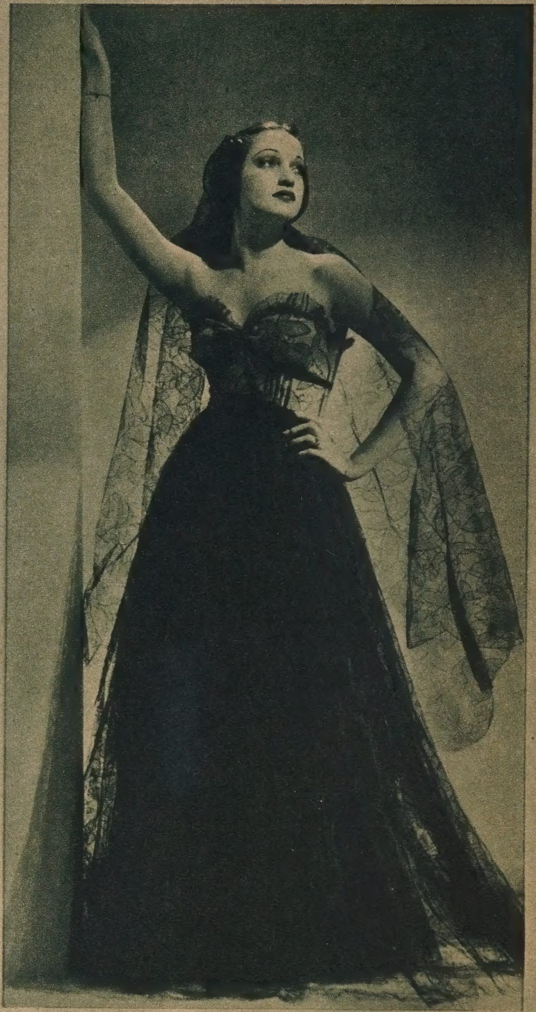
(Continued on page 76)

Truly three's a crowd as Lew Ayres puts an active crimp into the romance of Bob Young and Ruth Hussey in the MGM pic *Rich Man, Poor Girl*. Miss Hussey is a newscomer to the ranks of the featured players.

STUDIO CLOSE-UPS

by d. d. eddy

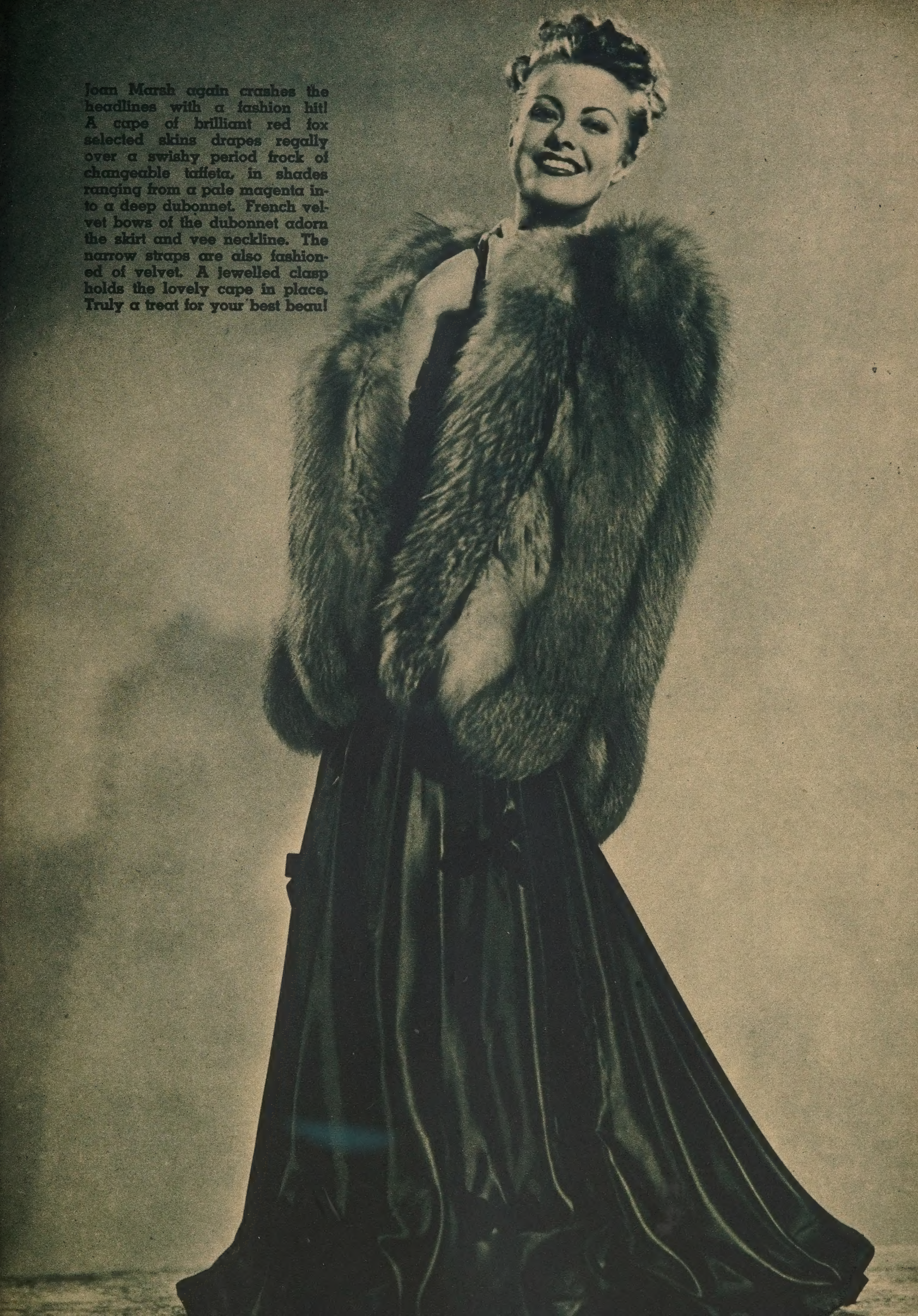




Columbia's Joan Marsh starts off the social season with a bang! She wears this luxurious three-quarter silver fox coat with full sleeves over a rippling black tulle frock which swings majestically over a slim crepe slip. A wide crushed girdle of tulle encircles her trim waist. The decolletage is low with generous shirring to enhance the softness. An irresistible ensemble for evening! *The Lady Objects* is her next.

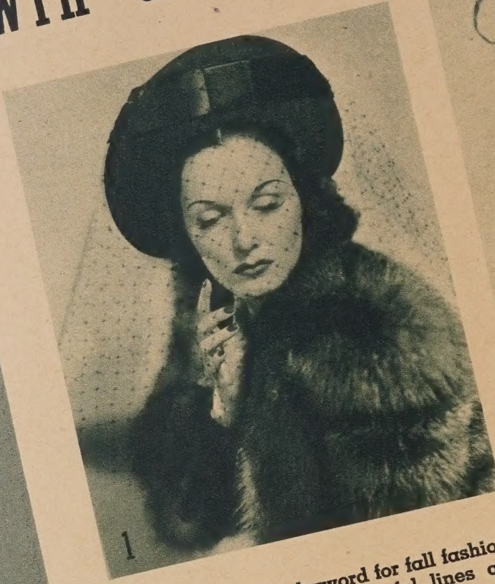
Paramount's Dorothy Lamour goes formal in the Spanish manner! Black Chantilly lace falls in wispy folds over a crisp black taffeta skirt, while a soft tearose silk lines the strapless bodice. Bands of narrow black velvet ribbon form the high empire waistline. A flowing mantilla gracefully covers her head and shoulders. The hemlines of the dress and cape are picot-edged. Her next picture is *Spawn Of The North.*

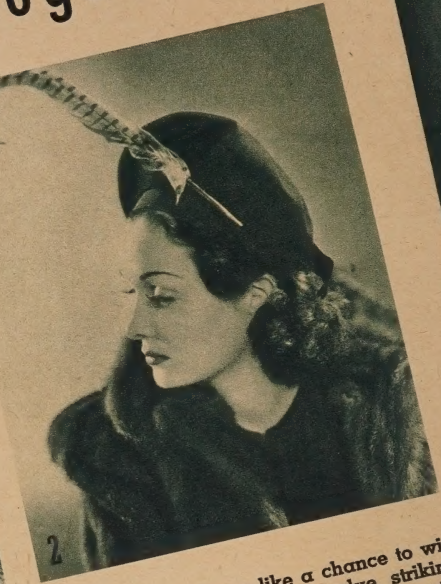
Evening Elegance



Joan Marsh again crashes the headlines with a fashion hit! A cape of brilliant red fox selected skins drapes regally over a swishy period frock of changeable taffeta, in shades ranging from a pale magenta into a deep dubonnet. French velvet bows of the dubonnet adorn the skirt and vee neckline. The narrow straps are also fashioned of velvet. A jewelled clasp holds the lovely cape in place. Truly a treat for your best beau!

win a screen vogue hat!





Magnificence is a byword for fall fashions and coiffures. Slim, graceful lines and new features are the latest from Paris.

Patou introduces a new pinkish rust shade called cornaline. Fur is abundantly used on velvet, duvetine, and broadcloth suits and coats. Lelong sponsors full-skirted frocks with draped hips. A new high in sleeves is the Bishop design. Hair styles range from the upsweep to soft waves behind the ears.

But what of your chapeaux? Doll hats are not becoming to every type of face, so what about an all-purpose hat that is equally chic with your tailleur or dressy ensemble? How would you like to go stepping in one of the stunning Screen Vogue bonnets pictured above? Better yet, how would you like a chance to win one of them? Imagine, twelve striking Screen Vogue toppers free to twelve winners! And it's so simple!

Merely write a winning reply to the question: "Which hat do you like best and why?" Giving your reason in not more than ten words . . . Then paste the coupon at the right on a penny postcard and mail to Screen Vogue Hats, *MODERN MOVIES*, 18 East 48th St., New York, N.Y. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be the Editor and Staff of *MODERN MOVIES*, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes October 5th, 1938. Mail your entry today! Don't miss this chance!

■ ■ ■

1 Paramount's Gail Patrick chooses this flattering off-the-face black felt Breton with a satin bowknot. A long, flowing veil enhances its smartness. A perfect hat for fox and other high fur collars.

2 Gail favors the soft felt tam, perched rakishly on the back of the head for flat furs. She again selects black with a saucy pheasant quill for added jauntiness. Her next film is *King Of Alcatraz.*

Screen Vogue Hats,
MODERN MOVIES,
Dept. C, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.
I Like Hat Number. . . . .
because . . . .
. . . .
name . . . .
address . . . .
hat size . . . .

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

letter of introduction

You're in for a surprise, and a treat, in this unusual picture. To reveal the plot would take the edge off your enjoyment, so take our word for it that this is tops in entertainment. Edgar Bergen's ingratiating personality is pleasing throughout, and his skillful handling of the obstreperous Charlie McCarthy is delightful and often side-splitting. A new dummy, Mortimer, is introduced much to Charlie's disgust and the audience's glee. But the real punch of the picture is the dramatic story of a passe matinee idol played by Adolphe Menjou, and a girl who goes to him with a letter of introduction. Adolphe Menjou gives one of the best performances of his brilliant career, and in the part of the girl, Andrea Leeds shows star stuff. *Universal*

alexander's ragtime band

Catching the increasing tempo of events since 1911, this musical cavalcade swings down three decades of American life to the lilting strains of Irving Berlin music. The poignant love story is incidental to the powerful march of melodies and never obstructs the thrilling, memory-provoking pageant of tunes. If you are on the sentimental side you'll need a hankie when you see this, and you can bet you'll leave the theater whistling an old-time favorite. From the first playing of Alexander's Ragtime Band in a San Francisco saloon, to its final orchestration at a swing concert in Carnegie Hall, this picture is absorbing entertainment. Alice Faye is outstanding in a fine cast. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Ethel Merman earn a share of the honors, but it is Alice Faye's picture and a grand one. *Twentieth-Century Fox*

drums

Thrilling adventure on the frontier of India with brave, stoical British soldiers pitted against cunning, treacherous native tribesmen, makes a fast-moving story that will keep you sitting on the edge of your seat. Technicolor scenes taken in the famous Khyber Pass in India are spectacularly beautiful. Mystery and intrigue add to the suspense as the British try to ally the province of Tokot. The plan is nearly foiled by the treachery of Ghul, mad unlawful native ruler and uncle of deposed Prince Azim (played by Sabu, the native Indian lad of *Elephant Boy* fame). Risking his own life, Azim saves the British and regains his throne. Raymond Massey is a terrifying menace and Sabu is delightfully naive. Thoroughly exciting.
United Artists Release

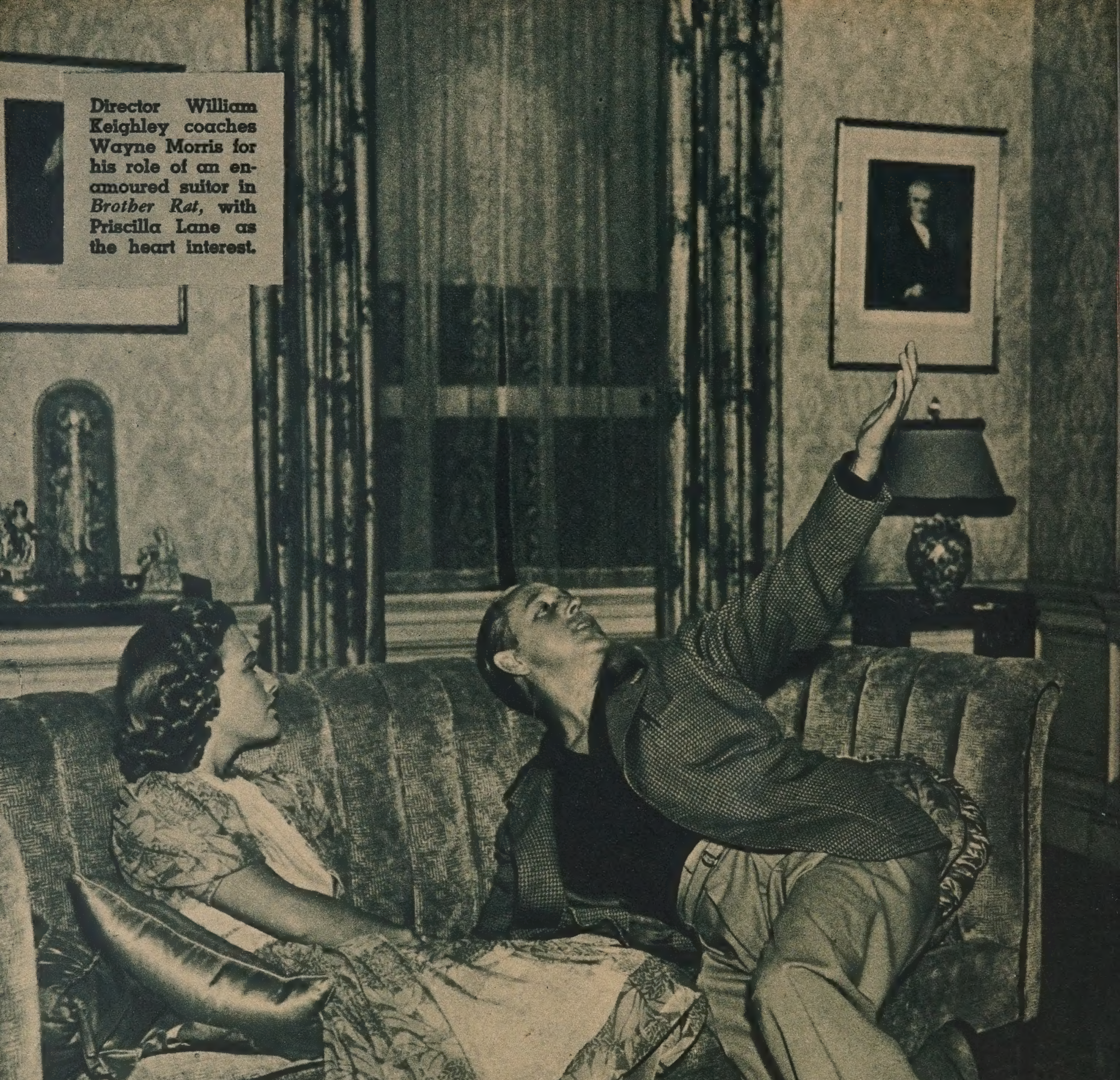
best performances of the month

Alice Faye in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*
Tyrone Power in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*
Adolphe Menjou in *Letter of Introduction*
Andrea Leeds in *Letter of Introduction*
Edgar Bergen in *Letter of Introduction*
Raymond Massey in *Drums*
Roger Livesey in *Drums*
Robert Taylor in *The Crowd Roars*
Frank Morgan in *The Crowd Roars*

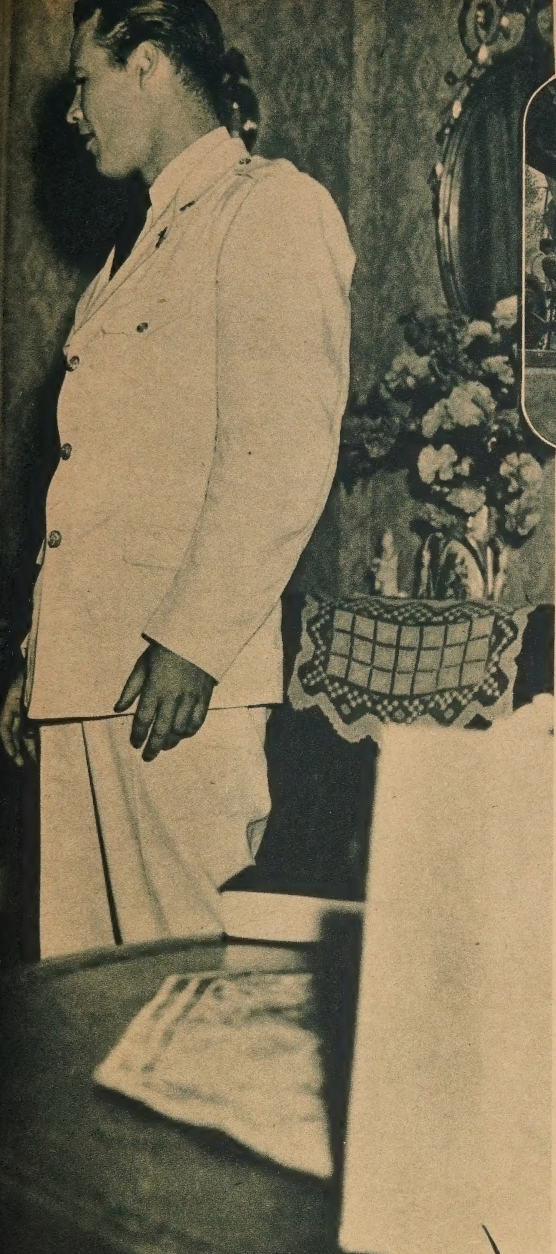
movies of merit

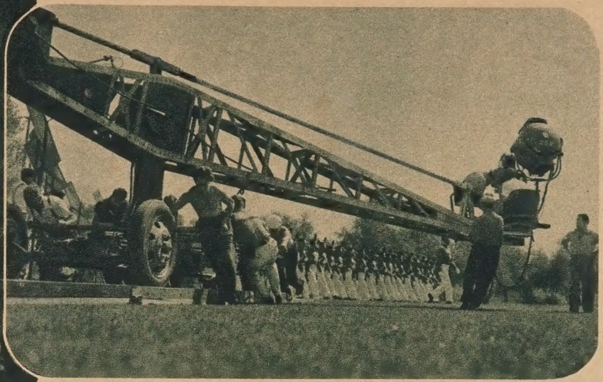
Algiers
Love Finds Andy Hardy
White Banners
The Crowd Roars
Prison Farm
Vivacious Lady
The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse
Holiday
Cowboy From Brooklyn
Rage of Paris
Racket Busters
Lord Jeff

Clip this handy coupon for ready reference.



Director William Keighley coaches Wayne Morris for his role of an enamoured suitor in *Brother Rat,* with Priscilla Lane as the heart interest.





The Cadets go to town with gusto for this scene in *Brother Rat!* Director Keighley began his career as a talented young actor.

THE STARMAKERS

INTRODUCING THE MEN WHO GUIDE THE DESTINY OF WARNERS' SCREEN AND STAR HITS

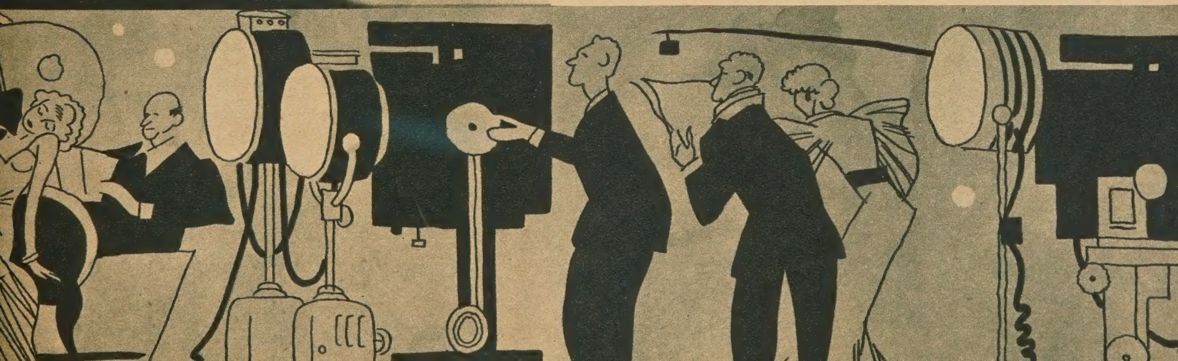
by joseph jefferson o'neill

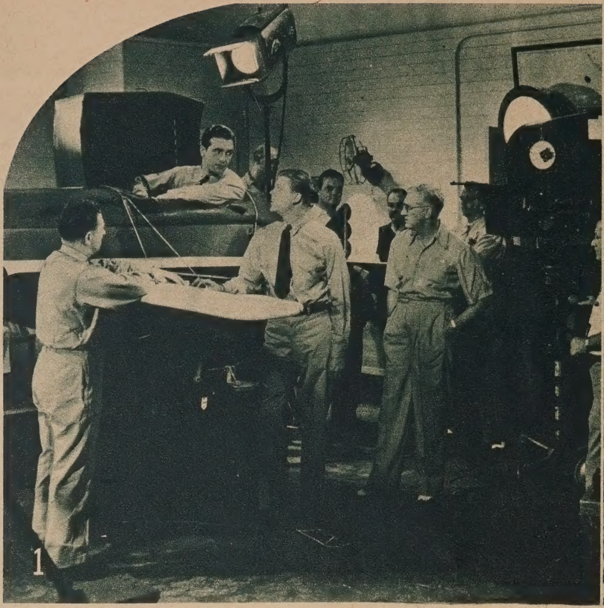
What's your conception of a motion picture director—how he looks, what he does, what he actually amounts to—in the scheme of things cinematic?

Time was when he was almost invariably a freakish sort of creature, at least as to his get-up. He wore highly polished leather puttees or tall, shiny riding boots. He wore a cap with its peak at the back of his head. He was never seen without a megaphone, large or small. Through this he roared orders to his stars and extra players.

But that time is gone. Directors are not like that any more. Some of them may have little peculiarities of dress, or little idiosyncrasies of personality, but in the main they are thoughtful, fairly conservative persons.

Their ideas and methods vary. It would be pretty difficult to find two exactly alike on any of the movie lots. Visit the Warner Bros. lot, for example, and meet some of the directors there. Let's take William Dieterle, who has

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made such great pictures as *The Life of Emile Zola, The Story of Louis Pasteur, White Angel,* which was the narrative of Florence Nightingale, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

He was one of Max Reinhardt's pet actors in Germany and Austria. He is possessed of both the Shakespearean philosophy that "the play's the thing," and a consideration of the player at the same time.

He spends weeks, in advance of production, in deep study of all the direct and collateral sources of information about his subject—and in consultation and collaboration with the scenarist who is preparing the script. Especially so in the stories of Pasteur and Zola, admittedly two of the best pictures ever made by anyone.

* * *

Then, too, he spends hours and days with the stars who are going to portray his leading characters. It was Paul Muni, you will remember, who depicted the scientist and the crusading novelist.

William Dieterle (he's the kind of a chap you couldn't call Bill, offhand) is a giant of a man physically. He stands six-feet-four, weighs above 200 and wears 11-D shoes, yet he eats as delicately as a girl of half his weight or size.

So far as Hollywood's social life goes he is a hermit. He lives with his wife on top of a high hill overlooking North Hollywood. He doesn't go to night clubs, or even to the premieres of his own pictures. He is all-absorbed in study of world affairs, and his rambling garden with its trees, shrubbery, flowers and pergolas. He plays classical music on his phonograph.

As he directs his pictures, there are several things noticeable about him. Most prominent is his habit of wearing big, loose white gloves. This isn't a superstition or an affectation, he says.

When he began to direct in Europe, he had to handle properties, cameras and all sorts of movie accessories and he took to wearing the white gloves merely to keep his hands clean.

Another thing you'll notice about Dieterle while at work is this: If a scene goes wrong, or doesn't satisfy him, he doesn't raise his voice to his players or technicians. He walks up to them and tells them what he wants in a voice that can't be heard on the sidelines of the set.

For that matter, there is very little roaring or shouting at movie players nowadays. Most all directors seem to

* * *

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1 "Be free and natural," Director Lloyd Bacon cautions in this scene from *Wings Of The Navy* with John Payne, Frank McHugh and Don Briggs.

2 "Action!" calls Director Ray Enright on the *Head Over Heels* set as Penny Singleton, Dick Powell and Charles Winninger do their stuff.

3 Director Edmund Goulding explains the script to Claude Rains and Jackie Cooper during the filming of *White Banners*. His next is *The Dawn Patrol.*

have learned that a quiet, whispered word is more efficacious. It was different in the days of the megaphones. But the megaphones are no more. When a director wants to talk to a large crowd now, he speaks into a microphone and a public address system carries his words far and wide.

Like most of his colleagues, Dieterle has a superstition. But it isn't the gloves—it's his script-cover. This is a battered old bit of leather into which is inserted the pages of action and dialogue that make up his picture-play. He began using it years ago in the Old World and will not abandon it.

■ ■ ■

Dieterle makes no attempt at speed when guiding the course of a picture. He will make a scene over a dozen times, or two dozen, until he feels completely satisfied with it. He says "Go-o!" when he wants his actors to start, instead of "Action!" as most others do. He usually works in a rather dingy sweater or sweatshirt and bedraggled flannel trousers. He is dark-haired, dark-eyed and extremely powerful.

Quite the reverse of Dieterle, in most respects, is one of the real veterans of the Warner lot, Lloyd Bacon, who is the middle-aged, gray-haired, gray-eyed son of the great actor Frank Bacon, who wrote and played in *Lightnin'* for so many years.

Lloyd doesn't make psychological pictures, as a rule. He is usually assigned to the fast action type. He recently returned from Pensacola, Florida, where he made the location scenes for one of these—an aviation drama called *Wings of the Navy. Boy Meets Girl* was his preceding job.

"One Take Bacon" is what he's generally called, because of his habit of being satisfied with a single shooting of a scene. Most directors will have their cameramen do the thing over two or three times, but not Lloyd.

This, though, does not indicate any carelessness on his part. He is a strong believer in a number of careful rehearsals preceding the actual photographing of the scene, and he saves a lot of expensive film and labor by his "one-take" system.

"I don't try to tell my principals what to do when they're making a scene," Bacon says. "Who am I to try to instruct accomplished actors like those in my present company—George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, John Payne, Frank McHugh, Henry O'Neill and the like?

(Continued on page 60)

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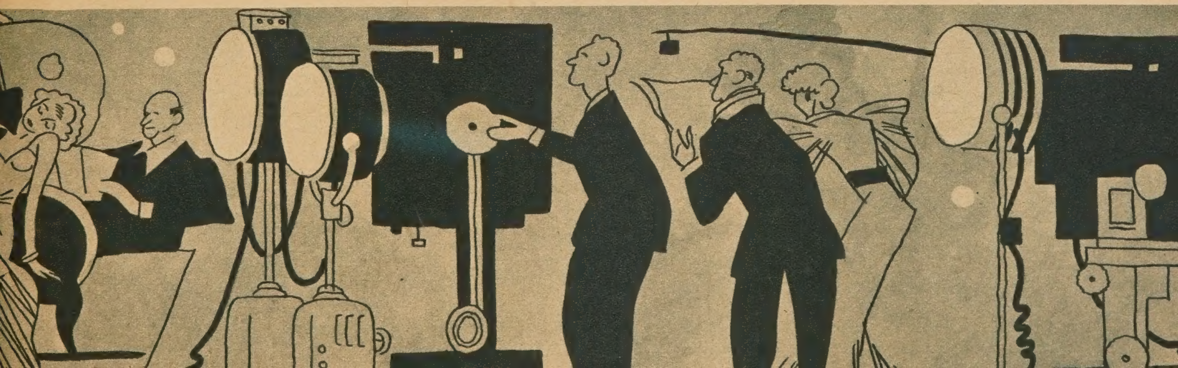


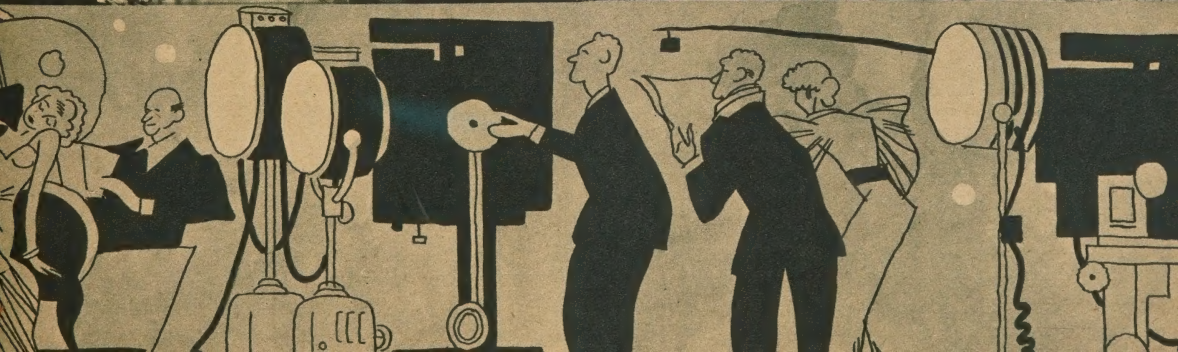
THE STARMAKERS

anatole litvak

A Russian by birth Director Litvak has none of the legendary Russian sadness in his manner or in his methods of directing. His most sombre moments are when he discusses comedy, for to him humor is no laughing matter and deserves as profound consideration as any drama. This is the result of his training in thoroughness during years at the Russian state dramatic school, where he became expert in dancing, now his only exercise.

THE SISTERS

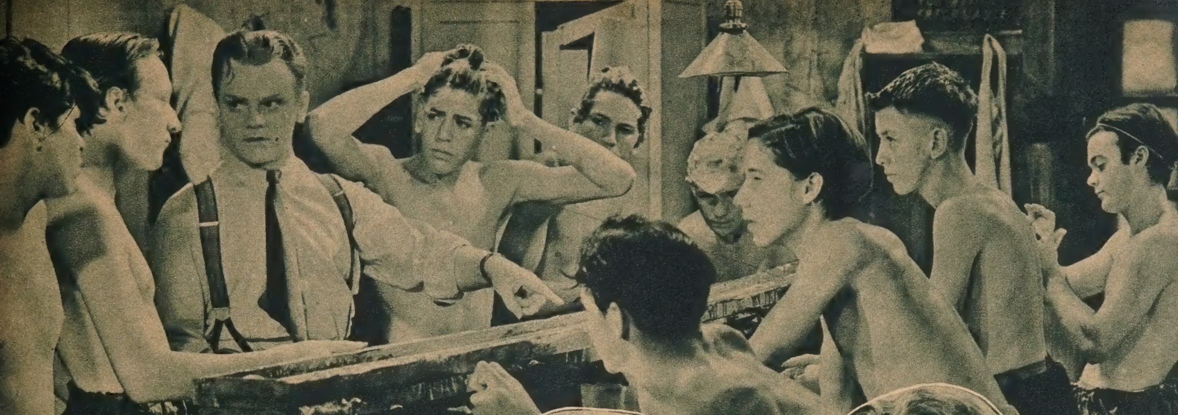
The subtle artistry of Litvak direction is well chosen to bring out all the hidden pathos of *The Sisters*, a poignant early 20th Century story of three small-town beauties. Louise Elliot *(Bette Davis)* craves love, romance, excitement, and weds a visiting newspaperman *(Errol Flynn)* after a whirlwind courtship. Her sister Helen *(Anita Louise)* yearns for luxury and marries wealth. Grace, the third sister *(Jane Bryan)*, just wants a home and willingly marries a discarded beau of her elder sister. Separated by distance and personal interests, they are still close through bonds of affection and understanding, ready to aid each other. Four years after the story begins they come home to aid Grace in keeping her home and husband; Helen, who knows now that riches do not bring happiness; Louise, who has found romance and great love can also mean a broken heart. A stirring film well done.



THE STARMAKERS

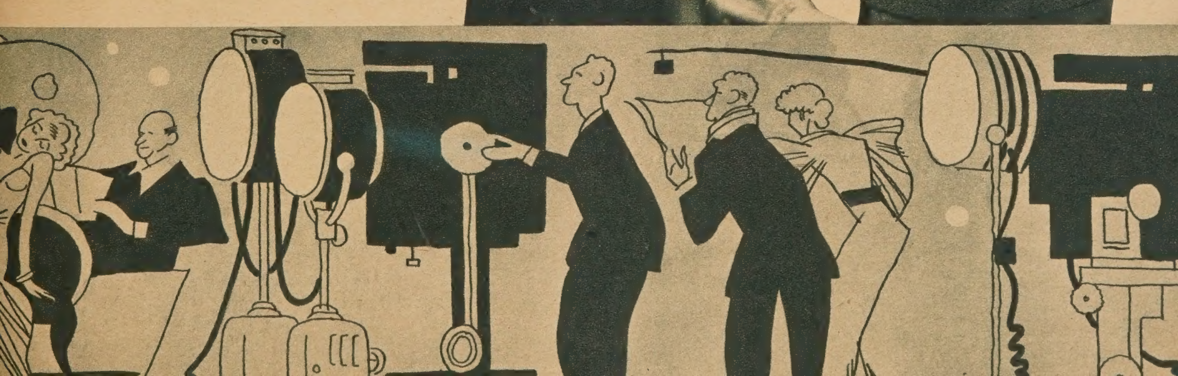
michael curtiz

The very cosmopolitan Michael Curtiz began his career in Budapest before the war. A powerful young man, he eked out expenses while attending the Hungarian Royal Theatrical Academy by acting as the strong man in a circus. After the war he acted and directed in all the capitols of Europe, and was discovered by H. M. Warner in Paris in 1927. Directed for Warners ever since.



ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

Here is a compelling drama of the breeding place for criminals—the slums. Rocky Sullivan *(James Cagney)* and Jerry Connelly *(Pat O'Brien)* grow up in the slums. Rocky becomes a top flight gangster and Jerry a priest who is determined to keep other slum boys from following in Rocky's footsteps. A deep affection lingers from their boyhood friendship between the gangster and priest but they fight each other when Jerry campaigns to clean up the town. Politicians plot his death. To save him Rocky kills the plotters; is sent to the electric chair. At Jerry's request Rocky dies "yellow" so that the slum boys will despise him rather than worship him as a real hero.



meet the winners

The three girls chosen by the judges in the Ideal Beauty Contest were Georgia Haefer of Cincinnati, Ohio; Darthy Carbury of Philadelphia, and Mary Jane Eaton of Grand Rapids, Mich. They arrived in New York by T.W.A. airlines on Tuesday morning, and enjoyed the following activities.

Tuesday—Hair restyled by Adolphe, at Manhattan General's beauty salon. Modeled hats at Screen Vogue Millinery. 4 o'clock cocktail party in their honor at the Biltmore to meet representatives of motion picture companies and news agencies. Supper at Billy Rose's Casa Manana.

Wednesday—Special panchromatic make-up by Miss Gloria Bristol, well known beauty expert. Posed for photographic illustrations for stories in PERSONAL ROMANCES magazine. Dinner at Versailles Club and supper at Rainbow Room.

Thursday—Sightseeing—a tour through NBC broadcasting studios, and Rockefeller Center. Portrait sitting at Criterion Photocraft Studio under supervision of Mr. Herbert Schwartz. Modeled evening gowns at Samuel Chapman showrooms, presented by Mr. Chapman with exclusive gowns. Modeled afternoon dresses at C. H. D. Robbins showroom, and junior dresses by Beverly Modes; presented with a dress of their selection by Mr. Saul Rothfeld of Beverly Modes. Guests at Rudy Vallee broadcast at NBC studios. Supper at the Stork Club; introduced to Walter Winchell by Chic Farmer.

(Continued on page 74)

LOVELY SCENTS

by audrey bailey

To capture the personality of a perfume in words is like catching stars in a net! So forgive us our descriptions. Instead, try to imagine—Flower-fresh fragrance . . . clean cut and spicy . . . brisk with crisp daytime fashions . . . tantalizing with evening chiffons. Or, a perfume with all the rhythm, fire and tempo that completes the throbbing mood that swishing skirts, tango music and Old Madeira wine begin.

That's the perfume news for Fall! And with this news from Paris comes the intriguing idea of making your perfume a part of yourself. Lovely scent, one and only one—used in your soap, bath salts, eau de cologne, talc, face powder, cosmetics and creams and then, as a final touch, the little drop of the same lovely scent applied, at the last minute, behind your ear lobe or at the tip of your nostrils.

All Hollywood has gone for this idea in a big way. Charming brunette Frances Mercer, ensconced in her lovely dressing room, following a day's work in her latest picture, *The Mad Miss Manton,* in which she plays a featured role as Barbara Stanwyck's debutante friend, is shown here applying her favorite perfume. Note her fetching dressing gown of warmly colored satin brocade, with which she wears a subtle touch of a subtle perfume.

The application of perfumes is an art in itself. Don't apply perfume directly to your clothes. It should be applied to your skin, either your ear lobe, nostrils, fingertips, or perhaps a light touch over your lipstick. And don't use too much at one time. A heavy application is not delicately feminine and it may be nauseating to your escort.

Selecting perfumes is a problem. A perfume that is not suited to your personality will detract from your entire lovely self and charm. It need not be an expensive proposition. When you go on a perfume shopping tour, take along a camphorated hanky. After inhaling each scent, inhale a little camphor so you'll not become confused with the various scents. You'll know when you have discovered the perfume for you. It will send you into ecstasies with a few "Oho's and Ah's." You'll probably want one for your more subdued moments, one for your frivolous moments and one for your sophisticated hours under the electric lights!

Would you like some more information about the enchanting new perfumes of the season, or some assistance in selecting THE perfume for you . . . ? Write to Audrey Bailey, Beauty Editor of MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48 Street, New York City, for her expert advice. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal answer. Keep romance alive!

Lovely Frances Mercer, R-K-O featured player, currently appearing in *The Mad Miss Manton*, a new picture starring Barbara Stanwyck, loves perfume and always has an array of enchanting scents on her dressing table at studio and home.

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what a life

(Continued from page 35)

also singing three new songs written for her by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the team who created Deanna Durbin's vocal hits.

Helen Broderick sauntered up with youthful Director Simon (he is only 27), Glenda Farrell and Alan Marshal.

"What do you call that?" asked Simon, inspecting Miss Hampton's script. "Look at this, Helen!" he exclaimed, tossing it to Miss Broderick.

The pages of Hope's script were scored and underscored with musical notes and cryptic signs written in her ornate hand, until the pages looked like something in Sanskrit.

"That is the musical interpretation of the way I should play my part," Miss Hampton explained to her bewildered fellow troupers. "Where I have written 'piano' under a word, it means that I must lower my voice. 'Fortissimo' means that I should bear down a bit. When the tempo should speed up a trifle, I score the notes under the dialogue accordingly. It helps a lot for a girl who has been living a musical life as exclusively as I have."

Hope Hampton's discovery that she had the voice which has made this musical life a Roman triumph, came in silent films. It was in 1928, when she was still well in her teens though a full fledged screen star. She was making a personal appearance tour after a picture. She was doing the usual thing on the stage, smiling and telling the folks how happy she was to be with them and then bowing off. She noticed that the audiences found this arrangement something less than perfect. They wanted entertainment, not smiles.

So at Reading, Pennsylvania, she sang them a song, "Rose, Fairest Rose." They liked it tremendously. They demanded and got encores. Hope added other songs as she toured the towns. They were all hits. Her success gave her the idea of trying grand opera. She went to the finest singing teachers in the land. With her customary daring she went after her new career boldly. In the summer of that very year, 1928, while vacationing in Europe, she tried out for the title role in *Madame Pompadour.* She won the part, scored a hit in her debut and then deserted the screen for bel canto.

Miss Hampton is a Texas girl, born in Houston. She has brothers and sisters, all like herself, happily married, but none of them have ever shown any inclination for the arts. In fact only one other Hampton in family history had any talent of that sort. This was Hope's granddaddy who was rather great shakes as a portrait painter.

Hope, however, wanted to be a movie actress as soon as she had seen her first film. Her parents made no objection to her choice. She made her debut for Metro when she was only 15 in *Love's Penalty.* Her entrance into pictures came as the result of Leonce Perrett, noted silent film director, seeing her in a high school play. She scored personal hits in such pictures as *Stardust, Gold Diggers, Light In The Dark,* and numerous others, before making the change to opera.

In addition to *Madame Pompadour,* she sang all the great roles of grand opera in Belgium, at Vichy and Aix-Les-Bains, France, at the Opera Comique, Paris, with the Philadelphia Opera Company, Chicago Opera Company and the opera companies of San Francisco, Los Angeles and Montreal. To-day she keeps the record of these triumphs in a jeweled bracelet. From a central platinum band depend miniature replicas of the opera characters she has sung. These tiny figures are wrought in diamonds, rubies and emeralds. There is also a miniature of the facade of the Opera Comique. Lifted from the hand, the little ruby windows seem to light up. The bracelet is the brilliant record of a brilliant woman, now blazing the trail of a new career. What a life, indeed!

The Last Frontier

A somewhat sentimental scene will take place in Hollywood when the last remaining landmarks of two pioneer picture-makers—all the existing Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sets—are demolished next week. The sets, which are nearly twenty years old, are being torn down to make room for a six-and-a-half acre setting for Samuel Goldwyn's next production, *The Last Frontier.* This set will be the largest one to be constructed in the film colony in the last ten years.

Gary Cooper, who returns to an outdoor role in *The Lady and the Cowboy,* will play another character of this type in *The Last Frontier.* He will portray a Captain of the Philippine Scouts in a story of the unsung heroes who fought to bring peace to the Islands during their turbulent history.

fashion flashes

Not what screen lovelies wear in their pictures but the clothes they choose for their off-screen activities are the true guides to their sartorial judgment.

Joy Hodges showed her excellent personal taste in clothes by reporting on the lot for a wardrobe call in a blue suede suit, which was exactly the color of a California summer sky. The skirt flared softly away at the hemline, while the brief, collarless jacket, hip length, buttoned snugly up to the neck in a curved, fitted line.

On her long, page-boy bob, she wore a skull cap of matching suede, gored into a peak, into which had been worked a fringed tassel of the same fabric.

Suede adapts itself well for all sport and casual wear. At any rate, Joy Hodges favors it, and her personal wardrobe contains a variety of separate jackets in many colors. She tops a white dress with a rose-color one. A vivid Kelly green she combined with a yellow frock of sharkskin, while a bright red sleeveless model is used with a navy slack suit.

For a recent luncheon engagement, she topped a black silk jersey frock with a rose color suede hat, of the new, wide, halo variety. Her gloves and bag matched the hat in color and fabric, and at the high neckline she wore a string of rose-pink quartz discs, which set off the sombre tone of her dress.

"I think the suede fashion with its luscious colors is about the most intriguing note that has hit the style world in many a day. As far as I am concerned, it's got so I can't resist anything made of suede. I'm completely under its spell."

If Joy weren't doing such a knockout job in her current Universal picture, *The Comet,* we might suggest a spot for her as Number One creator of attractive costumes.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy, starring in *Too Hot to Handle,* is proudly displaying a new coat for fall football season of sheared beaver, the very latest treatment of this again-popular fur.

Cut on swagger lines, with small stand-up collar and deep, inset pockets, the sleeves are square-cut at shoulder and very full.

■ ■ ■

Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing a tweed skirt in checks of mouse-gray and periwinkle blue, box-pleated, with mouse-gray wool sweater, over which is worn a suede jerkin of periwinkle blue, which buckles in back.

The M-G-M actress wears a little, roll-brim hat matching the skirt.

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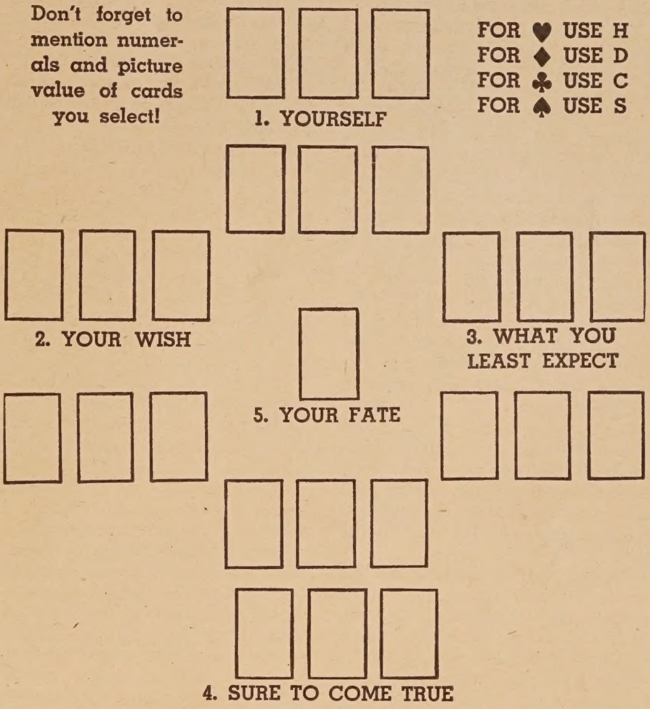
What does the future hold for you? Will success in business be yours this year? Is a new love interest about to enter your life? If you want to hear about marriage, finances, travel, and love, Vera will see it in the cards. Cross her palm with silver—a dime will do—and she will reveal a real gypsy fortune. Also enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to facilitate mailing.



Don't forget to mention numerals and picture value of cards you select!

FOR ♥ USE H
FOR ♦ USE D
FOR ♣ USE C
FOR ♠ USE S

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Dear Vera:

Here is a list of the cards that I have laid out. What do they mean? I enclose ten cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope for your reading.

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CITY .... State.........

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE......Sex...

SINGLE ...Married...DIVORCED...

BIRTHDAY .... AGE....

HOW TO LAY THE CARDS

Make a wish. Shuffle an ordinary pack of cards. Spread them out face down. Select twenty-five cards.

Lay out the cards in four stacks of six cards each. There will be one card left. This last card will be your Fate card.

Fill out the diagram above or place cards similarly on separate paper according to each stack of cards. The first stack refers to yourself, the second to your wish, the third to what you least expect, the fourth to what is sure to come true and the fifth to your fate. After you fill out the diagram and the coupon, send them with a dime and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Vera. She will send you, in a personal letter, your fortune as she sees it in the cards.

the star makers

(Continued from page 51)

I don't accept them as players unless I know they know their stuff. All I want is for them to do their best—and we'll get a picture."

Bacon is perhaps the most picturesquely-dressed of all the Hollywood directors. It is nothing unusual to see him attired in yellowish flannel slacks, blue flannel shirt, orange-colored scarf and blue canvas shoes. But you'll see him with only one sort of hat—the same hat always, as a matter of fact.

This is an ancient brownish-gray piece of headgear that he wore when he directed his first Warner picture nearly twelve years ago. It brought him luck, he says. He wears it through the making of each of his movies, and at the beginning of each scene twists it into a different shape. That's his only superstition, he avers.

"Make your camera do the work" is apparently the motto of the Russian-born Anatole Litvak (husband of Miriam Hopkins, by the way), who directed for Warners *Tovarich* and *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse,* and his latest *The Sisters.*

Let's suppose there is a scene in a big room with the lovers standing on one side of it and the male and female "menaces" on the other. What each couple is saying is very important to the action and clarification of the story.

The usual way of making such a scene would be to have a close-up or semi-close-up of the lovers, registering their actions and words, and then a "direct cut" (complete transition) to the other couple and their movements and dialogue.

But Litvak doesn't do it that way. He has his camera mounted on a "dolly" (a little hand-pushed, rubber-tired truck) and when he has finished with the first couple he will have his camera moved all the way across the room, taking in, as it progresses, the other persons who may be there, dancing, standing at the cocktail bar or what not. These other persons may be of no great significance to the play's action, but their presence adds a sense of flow and naturalness to a Litvak scene.

He wears ordinary business clothes, generally brown, and has no spectacular idiosyncrasies. But, like all directors, he has his superstitions. There are two articles he wouldn't work without. One is a little whistle with a stag-horn handle, with which he signals the end of a scene. This was presented to him by the players whom he directed in a French picture in 1932.

Litvak is a rather shortish individual with keen blue eyes and a mop of unruly, prematurely gray hair. He thinks *Mayerling,* which he directed in France, is the best job he ever did, although he was responsible also for that tremendous box-office success of a few years ago, *Love Me Tonight.* He is happily married to Miss Hopkins and has learned to love Hollywood.

Fastest-stepping, most excitable director at Warners is the tall, lean, dark-haired, dark-eyed Busby Berkeley. Buzz just can't keep still. Maybe that's an after-effect of his years in training choruses of dancers in musical pictures.

Berkeley came to Hollywood in 1930 to create and direct the dance numbers in Eddie Cantor's big musical show, *Whoopee,* for Sam Goldwyn. It was he who started the vogue for having his dancing girls form all sorts of symmetric designs—even in huge swimming pools. He joined the Warner forces not a great while after his arrival and has been with that organization ever since.

Nearly all the dance numbers in the various *Gold Digger* shows were his. In the most recent of that series, he directed not only the dances but the whole show.

When he was instructing his dancers, it was not merely verbally. Buzz would get out on the floor and show them the actual steps. Now that he's directing straight dramatic pictures—for example his current *Curtain Call* with Kay Francis as the star—he still shows his players, by personal demonstration, what he wants them to do. Very few directors do that.

He usually wears a white sweatshirt, white flannel slacks and—his superstition—the soft dancing shoes he has owned ever since he got into show business, which is a long time ago. In fact it was during the World War, when, as a young artillery lieutenant he was General Pershing's personal entertainment officer.

He's been in the theater ever since —dancer, dance director, stage director, actor and manager of stock companies in a dozen cities. He knows all the angles.

He's about as democratic a director as you'd find on any lot. Nobody would think of addressing him as "Mr. Berkeley." To every one of his players—and to all the hundreds of dancing girls he has worked with, he is "Buzz" and nothing more.

It seems rather unfortunate that most of the news stories you read, or the anecdotes you hear, dealing with the Hungarian-born Michael Curtiz have to do not with his ability as a director but with his funny-enough misuse of the English language.

You'll learn about the recent time—when he wanted to silence a mob of extras who were pretty noisy—that he said, "Anybody now that's got anything to say, pleece shut up!"

But Mike Curtiz is not merely a dialectician. He's a really great director, an intellectual, an actor in his own right—and once was a professional strong man in a circus. This latter job he had when he was working his way through the University of Budapest. Harry M. Warner, president of the company that bears his name, discovered Mike while he was making a picture in Paris, and signed him up at once. But before that Curtiz had made seventeen pictures in the French capital, Berlin, London, Rome and Vienna. Also he was associated with Max Reinhardt's productions in Austria.

Curtiz has a great pictorial mind. That is, he can stand and look at an empty set, then look at his players, and visualize precisely how the scene should turn out.

Mike wears dark-colored sweaters, talks in a moderate tone of voice and is married to Bess Meredith, one of the better women scenarists. His current task is guiding the making of a powerful melodrama called *Angels With Dirty Faces,* which co-stars Jimmie Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

By various routes do movie directors get to their elevated posts. One way is by promotion from the job of dialogue director. A dialogue director is the man who advises on the pronunciation and inflection of words, and who must be, naturally, an expert on voice.

That's how William Keighley, who is now guiding the making of *Brother Rat,* from the celebrated stage comedy, got to be a director—from the dialogue man's chair, although previous to this he had been through twenty-two years of dramatic experience, twelve as an actor and ten as a stage director. He gave up a highly successful stage career deliberately, so he might get into motion pictures."

He has made some extremely successful pictures, including *The Prince and the Pauper, The Green Pastures, God's Country and the Woman, G-Men* and *Valley of the Giants.*

His method of direction is to drill into his players the complete meaning of each scene—physical and psychological—even before the first rehearsal, and then to deal with them almost in whispered tones.

He is tall, lean, blondish, fastidious in his manners and his choice of words and always exquisitely attired, even in the toughest of scenes. You could probably call Bill Keighley the best-dressed director in Hollywood and the softest-spoken. Sounds pretty swell, doesn't he?

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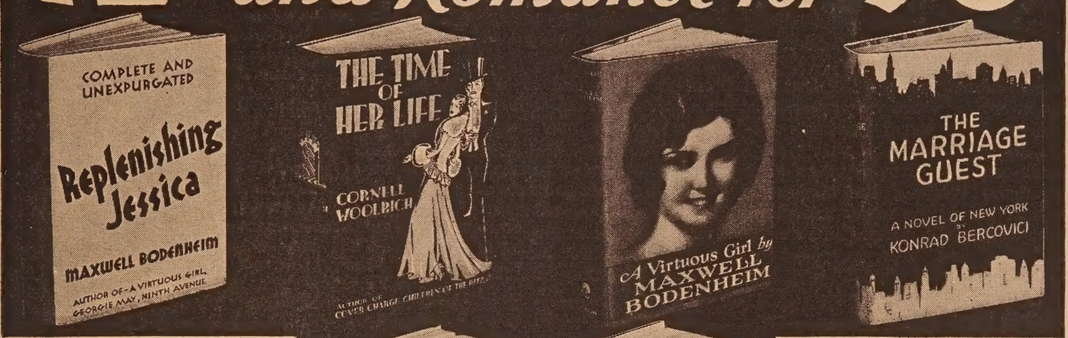
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PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE

J. Wesley Putnam

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crawford confesses

(*Continued from page 39*)

music. She will not discuss any other kind of Tone under the most subtle or urgent pressure. But he is there in her thoughts, receiving the strong currents of her sympathy, tenderness, and sincere regard.

Joan granted me this, her first and only interview since her separation, as one of those warm, generous gestures so natural to the real girl. I have known her for many years and I have never betrayed her confidence nor hurt her in the many interviews I have written about her. She remembered this, and with everyone else clamoring for "just a word" with her, she granted me the privilege of an afternoon spent with her in her dressing room. One of those warm, friendly visits we used to have, but I had to promise not to mention the separation—and I didn't, not *once,* although I absolutely suffered because I felt I could give her story of the break between Franchot and herself as she would want it given, with sympathy and understanding. I felt I could present it to the public in such a way that it, too, would understand and not criticize either of them.

Joan has been practically a prisoner in her home because of the insistent attentions of the press. If she pokes her nose out into her garden a cameraman is apt to pop up from the heart of a rose and snap a picture of that nose. She cannot move without being besieged by cameramen, reporters, interviewers, and an army of persistent men and women struggling for her "story."

Yet Joan welcomed me with open arms and heart to repay me for remaining loyal to her best self through the years. I always have liked Joan more than a little. I think I understand her better than a great many people, and what I understand about her is charming, lovable, fascinating and gracious. I think she knows how I feel and she knew if I said I would not ask about her break with Franchot, I would not.

Perhaps she will not object if I give my own version of the break as I see it. I shall show it to her and perhaps it will never appear in print, but I believe as long as Joan and Franchot live they will be fond of each other. I believe they have had a relationship that has been a fine, gay, joyous adventure to both. I think they want to keep it sweet, gay and beautiful in memory. They both are inordinate idealists, both love beauty, sweetness, tenderness and fine sentiments—and they worship individual freedom. They have felt something ugly, something hard and indefinable creeping into that relationship, destroying the beauty and inspirational quality that was the very life of its being—so they decided to keep the memories and remain friends. It hurt terribly. It hurt them both very deeply. But they cut it sharp and clean so that the wound may heal without leaving an ugly scar to mar the loveliness of what they had. Neither is at fault; neither wished it to happen; both are breaking their hearts wishing it need not have happened. . . . And there, in as few words as possible and quite as many as are necessary, is all there is to say about the end of the Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone marriage.

Personally I say, three cheers for Joan and Franchot Tone. They are both splendid persons, both innately fine, both darlings—so let's let it go at that and help them in this really brave gesture to keep a memory forever. Let's help them by a sympathetic silence and a kindly understanding. Let's give them a hand and make it as easy as possible.

Joan met me at the entrance to her studio dressing room. She put her arms around me and gave me a good healthy hug, quite like the Joan I knew a few years ago. She resembled a bronzed goddess in a pair of French blue shorts, her straight and shapely golden brown limbs supporting a body so perfect, slim and lithe that you looked at it and said to yourself, "I don't believe in it! Nothing in this world is so perfect!"

"Tell me, Joan," I asked, "is a career worth the personal price that must be paid for it?"

She looked up from her knitting and smiled defiantly. "It is worth every single heartache and personal sacrifice. There *is* no chance for a personal life in the building and sustaining of a career; no chance for personal happiness because you don't belong to yourself at all, but still I say it's worth it!"

"I was thinking about thousands upon thousands of young girls and young men who eat their hearts out wishing they were you, or Clark Gable, or some other great successful star in Hollywood," I said. "Do you think if they knew the personal price you have paid they would wish so intensely to be like you?"

"I do not believe they would," she answered honestly. "The person who wishes a career must feel just as I do about it, just as strongly as I do—that absolutely no personal sacrifice or heartache is too great to succeed—or he never should start on the road to fame. In the first place I doubt if he would get far on the way if he did not feel that way, and if he did get far the toll would be too great upon his spirit and he would lose everything within himself—even the joy in his career."

This explains Joan's sudden and fanatic adoption of singing. This was a new objective, a glamorous brightly-shining goal, and you may be sure if Joan took up singing seriously her objective would not be just a good or even an exceptional singer of blues or popular melodies—it would be the highest goal that exists—opera. She may never get there, she may never reach the top, but you may be sure it won't be because she doesn't sacrifice every personal energy.

And believe it or not, she has accomplished wonders in the year and a half of her study. She invited me to stay and hear her sing a duet with Johnny Carter, of the Charlie McCarthy-Don Ameche radio hour. Before he arrived she sang "The Rosary," "When Two Have Loved," "Lover Come Back To Me," and two operatic selections. Her pitch is low, dramatic, and her voice shows very rich promise. She sang with ease, and when she would make a mistake of some kind that only she and her teacher understood, she would wring her hands in her intensity—and go on. She sang kneeling at the piano at the side of her teacher, she sang standing with her hands on his shoulders, and she sang looking out the window and watching the people on the lot passing by. Twice she stopped in the middle of a song to call to someone passing, once to Robert Young and again to Clark Gable.

That Johnny Carter, my friends, has a voice! The world is going to hear great things from this boy some day—and not so very far away, either. He is destined for great operatic and singing heights. He and Joan sang beautifully together, and she was like a child at a tea party when the ice cream and cake arrives, in her delight.

Yes, Joan Crawford has changed. She is eager, excited, interested in everything and everyone again. She is still singing in the dark over a very deep gnawing hurt somewhere secreted within her heart, a hurt that is going to leave its mark forever and ever, and a hurt I am convinced she herself inflicted for an idealistic reason. If it is this hurt that has given us this new Joan—it is a good hurt and one that cannot do any harm to anyone, for it is a sincere and intense emotion that only can cause growth and a final mellowed beauty.

Good luck, Joan, and we're with you—and with Franchot, too—all the way. We have loved you both, and now that you have decided to shout "Kismet," we say it with you, and wish you both a new happiness and freedom.

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—MEDICAL TIMES.

CONTENTS

We regret that lack of space does not permit us to list the Table of Contents of this valuable book.

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by DR. MARIE STOPES

With remarkable frankness, and in simple, understandable language, Dr. Stopes explains the intimate and important details of wedded life. Point by point, and just as plainly as she would tell you in private confidence, Dr. Stopes takes up each of the many troublesome factors in marriage. She makes clear just what is to be done to insure contentment and happiness. She writes directly, forcefully, concretely, explaining step by step every procedure in proper sex relations.

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hollywood happenings

(Continued from page 9)

The Del Mar racing season got off to a salubrious start—and I *do* mean salubrious. Friday nights are preview night. A major film preview is run on the Jockey Club terrace. Saturday nights at the regular weekend dinner dance, Bing Crosby officiates as M.C., and to our way of thinking there is no better M.C. in the world! Bing sang Jimmy Monaco's and Johnny Burke's theme song, *Where the Turf Meets the Surf* at the opening and everyone is looking forward to the $3,000 Motion Picture Handicap race when only "big-name" thoroughbreds owned by Hollywood notables will compete. This is the only race of its kind in America and should be a big draw.

Olivia de Havilland gets a daily letter from Brian Aherne. Anthony Averill has temporarily (?) settled upon one flower—Dolores Tatum, a Southern beauty and heiress. Dick Purcell and Vicki Lester plan an airplane tour of the United States as a honeymoon trip after their marriage, and it looks as if the Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson marriage will come off after all. Marie Wilson should be able to take care of a very *huge* family if Warner Brothers reward her as they should for her performance in *Boy Meets Girl*, and that was all she said was keeping her from stepping to the altar.

And here's one for the books, girls. Most of Hollywood's masculine stars like their beauties au naturel. George Brent says any good looking girl ruins her appearance by using heavy make-up of any kind. He doesn't like mascara, too much lip-stick, and he prefers no cheek rouge. Hugh Herbert says when a woman uses too much make-up all a man can say is, "Whoo-whoo." Pat O'Brien hates red finger-nails. But Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson agree that if make-up gives a gal more self-confidence and makes her appear more glamorous and radiant they're all for it. So some do and some don't!

Bing Crosby never stops clowning. He has as much fun on the set as he has at home, on the radio, or on the race tracks; in fact anywhere and everywhere he has fun. He can no more help being just plain silly and clowning than he can help singing at any and all times. There is a collection of stills of Bing at Paramount that are priceless. Each time a still is taken to show where smears are on his face after a fight, or the position he was lying in, or how his clothes were twisted so that the next scene will match perfectly. He clowns, he crosses his eyes, or looks dumb and strikes the most amazing postures. The result, cherished by the studio still photographer, is a rare collection of poses, posture and comedy mugging by El Crosby.

Sonja Henie is another honey—with emphasis! Just before she left for Norway on her vacation, she remembered not to forget—and she did something mighty fine and quite typical. She had heard one of her girl skaters discussing vacation plans with the others. She said she hoped some day to be able to afford a car so that she might drive around the country and see America firsthand. So just before Sonja left, she remembered what this Belle Richards had said. Instead of putting her car in storage, as is her custom, she called Belle over and handed her the keys to her car to use until she returns in September. Pretty marvelous, what?

Fernand Gravet confessed the other day he gets very homesick every now and then. He declares he has found the perfect and only cure for him. He goes to the telephone and calls his mother on the farm in Belgium. He talks to her, asks about the farm animals, the crops, and usually she lets him talk to his dog, and he listens to him bark into the receiver. "Hearing mother's voice, and realizing everything is going on just the same at home, I get over my homesickness for a long time," he says. "Everything is so different here in America, sometimes I get to feeling very strange and lost—then I run to a telephone and get over it."

There were a lot of sets just before the opening of the Del Mar track that were kept busy night and day in order that everyone could get off to go to the races. Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo worked for sixteen and one half hours with only time out to eat at given periods, so that they might attend. There was nary a complaint out of them, and then they enjoyed the strenuous weekend afterwards as though nothing unusual had happened. These picture people are tough, and certainly can take it.

After the Del Mar races one of the nicest parties was given by the Lloyd Bacons at their Del Mar beach home in honor of Lieutenant Commander Hugh Sease, their house guest from Philadelphia. After the party everyone boarded the Bacon yacht and cruised to San Diego where Lloyd is directing a picture on location. Among those present were the Pat O'Briens, the Jimmy Cagneys, the Frank McHughs, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland, the Mat Allens, the Eddie Clines, and Anne Shirley and John Payne. Everyone had loads of fun.

Harold Lloyd asked Joe E. Brown to play host at a party to be given at his home. It was a party in honor of a group of touring fans. Harold had invited the fans to his home to a cocktail and swimming party, but he found he had to be in New York on the day of the party, so he asked Joe to take his place. Among those who greeted the fans, besides Joe, were Dixie Dunbar, June Lang, George Raft, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Williams, Wayne Morris, Johnny Davis, Rochelle Hudson, Johnny Downs, Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper and Jean Parker, George MacDonald and Johnnie Weismuller.

The premiere of *Algiers* brought out the elect of elite. Charles Boyer and Sigrid Gurie, appearing in the cast, were both ill and could not attend, but the newest glamour rave, Hedy Lamarr, was present escorted by favorite boy friend, Reginald Gardiner, who shared in the wild congratulations after the show. The audience went wild over this beautiful new star. Norma Shearer came with John Swope, Joan Bennett with Walter Wanger, Constance Bennett with Gilbert Roland, Loretta Young with John McLain, Francis Lederer and Margo, Freddie Bartholomew, looking very self-conscious in his first long trousers arriving with his aunt Millicent, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Bette Davis and Harmon O. Nelson, Messrs. and Mmes. Spencer Tracy, Henry Fonda, Gene Lockhart, Stanley Fields, and so on and so forth forever it seemed.

Hollywood big wigs are practically all adither over Myron Selznick's announcement that he is going into production with a share-in-the-profits plan of operation. He plans on paying his stars, directors and writers a percentage of the profits of the pictures they make. This is revolutionary and has caused a general uproar, for when Myron Selznick makes an announcement he usually *means* it. He has been the biggest agent in Hollywood so long that he has become a legend. He represents Carole Lombard, Fredric March, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, and Loretta Young among others and they all swear by him. Producers have sworn *at* him more than occasionally because he has been the most powerful influence in keeping the stars' salaries up where he feels they belong.

Sports events in Los Angeles and environs are giving the fans a veritable landslide of opportunities to see their favorites. At Wrigley Field in Los Angeles when the Comedians of Hollywood met the Leading Men of the Screen in mortal combat on the baseball field, cavorting about for anyone to see were: Joe E. Brown, captain of the Comics, and Dick Powell, captain of the Leading Men. Under their able guidance were to be seen Jack Benny, Leo Carrillo, the Ritz Brothers, John Boles, George Raft, Milton Berle, Andy Devine, Bill Robinson, and Lucien Littlefield.

And for the Fifth Annual Motion Picture Polo Game and Horse Show, at the Will Rogers Memorial Field it was a movie fan's dream. All the favorites were out in full force. Frank Borzage captained the Red and White team, sponsored by Ginger Rogers. Walter Wanger led the Green Team, sponsored, of course, by Joan Bennett. Jack Benny was master of ceremonies, and Joan Crawford was time keeper for the polo game. Jack Holt and Jimmie Gleason refereed from the stands. The teams were composed of the biggest and best known names in pictures.

Charlie Ruggles has decided that if a guy can't win on a horse either in front or behind, he'd better give up. Charlie tried for months to pick a winning horse in the races. Finally, he decided he could do better if he bet on the horse that would come in last. He seemed to be good at that. So he began to offer bets on the horse that would come in last. He had all the takers he wanted. Up to now Charlie hasn't won. And then there's Bing Crosby trying the Australian system of betting. This system advises you to bet on the horses with the most "I's" and "A's" in its name to win. Bing says he has kept track of it and it works. On paper anyway! He hasn't spent any real money that way, yet.

Jean Lucius, 16 year old Hollywood highschool girl, went with her mother and father to attend a radio broadcast. When they came out they dropped into a cafe near the Columbia studio for lunch. John Brahm, director, Sam Marx, producer, and Richard Sherman, writer of Columbia's *Girl's School,* were lunching in the same spot. Jean drew their attention because she was exactly the type they needed for a certain, as yet unfilled, part. Jean had never been in pictures, and hadn't given them much thought, but she agreed readily to a screen test. When that turned out as perfect as the executives of Columbia thought it would, Jean was given an important part in the picture. She is already working with Anne Shirley, Nan Grey, Doris Kenyon, Ralph Bellamy, and Noah Berry, Jr. Those breaks that happen once in a blue moon are what bring young hopefuls to Hollywood only to break their hearts—and usually their mothers' and fathers' pocketbooks as well.

Ginger Rogers' old dancing shoes have come to be looked upon as good luck charms by extras and chorus girls, and when the RKO studio recently announced that a collection of her old shoes worn in pictures were to be disposed of among a collection of footwear which had been cleared out of the storerooms, there was a stampede of girls to get a pair. This superstition came about because of Phyllis Kennedy, a dancer who obtained a pair of Ginger's old shoes as a souvenir nearly two years ago. Shortly after she got them she graduated from the chorus into featured comedy roles and won a three figure contract. Ever since then Ginger's discarded shoes have been better than a four leaf clover to aspiring players.

It's better to announce your business immediately at any studio. Delmar Ramirez found that out. He interviewed Howard Hawks fourteen months ago, for the part of *Gunga Din,* that Hawks was slated to direct. Hawks told him to let his hair grow long and to come see him when they were ready to start production. Ramirez reported to the studio day after day and asked to see Howard Hawks, but he would not divulge the nature of his business. Finally after about a year had passed, Ramirez's patience snapped and he exploded, "Mr. Hawks must be here! *Gunga Din* has started. Just tell him it's Delmar Ramirez, and that my hair is long now!" However, Hawks was not directing *Gunga Din.* George Stevens was producer-director of the picture. When he heard the story, and of the fourteen months' long hair, and the patient vigil, he gave Ramirez the part of a native servant—but he had to cut his hair!"

Seen at the Tia Juana bullfights were Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Gloria Stuart, Arthur Sheekman, Louise Hovick and Robert Mizzey, Marjorie Weaver and Bill Davis, Marjorie Lane and Brian Donlevy, and the Ritz Brothers and their wives. Richard Greene seems to be concentrating more than usual upon Arleen Whelan, and Joan Valerie and Richard Carlson are a rather faithful twosome.

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why can't i make love

(Continued from page 23)

"I want to see all the globe before I'm through, and that really is one of the reasons I'm willing to work hard in pictures. I've done four in the last ten months, as well as thirty-six weekly broadcasts, and that doesn't leave much time for play. Don't misunderstand—I enjoy my work. In fact, I try to have fun in whatever picture I'm making. But I'm tied down to Hollywood, and I have that bothersome desire to also see things in China, Bali and Egypt, as well as in Europe.

"I suppose you might call my feelings for beauty, sensual ones—for they really stir me deeply. A flashing sail on the horizon . . . a glimpse of a laughing young girl . . . a man intently painting on a canvas his conception of loveliness."

And this from the man who has been the screen's villain so many times! Perhaps his ability comes from study of contrasts—for certainly a man who knows when things are beautiful, must also know its opposite . . . ugliness.

"I work hard, as you know, but I'm fundamentally a lazy person. I'd just like to sit and watch the things that interest me. I can study them that way, and know their worth in the scheme of things." Mr. Robinson doesn't look like a lazy person—but then, one never knows from outside appearances! Probably that is also a sensual feeling—for I guess laziness is essentially a complete relaxation, and giving way to enjoyment of whatever one is watching or feeling.

"My type of laziness would take the form of travel if I had my way, at many times. Eventually that is what I am going to do. I'm saving some of my money each month for just that purpose. I realize that on the far sides of the globe there must be things of beauty that I can never realize until I see them for myself." I launched off into stories of tropical islands I had visited, and from then on Mr. Robinson was interviewing me, instead of the other way around! I could hardly get a question in edgewise regarding the things I wanted to know about this excellent actor.

It is rather amusing to contemplate the fact that here is a man who above most others in Hollywood, has proven that he knows beauty in all things—in his home and in his work—and yet he is always brought before us in the opposite kinds of roles.

I watched him work on the set of his present picture, however, and you're going to find him far away from the realm of gangsterdom, for here he is a college professor! In fact, at luncheon I was greatly interested in the fraternity ring he wore, and the Phi Beta Kappa key that swung from his watch chain. They were part of his costume for the part he was portraying.

"Oh yes, I'm quite an elegant chap in this picture," Robinson answered my queries. "I even have a wife in *I Am the Law*—and *almost* a love scene. But still I'm not given a chance to tell her, in so many words, that I love her. But honestly, I actually know how to say it!"

There is an impish quality about this star's smile that is most intriguing. In truth, I think it would be very nice to have it directed at me personally. But alas—there is Mrs. Robinson—and she does seem to fill the romantic needs of his life!

It was fun watching the actor at work on the set. The scene was in a nicely furnished home, which at the moment was filled with police and newspaper reporters—and Wendy Barrie in a most luscious looking white fox cape I'd like to own. In this particular spot, Mr. Robinson goes to meet her and take her away from the crowd—looking up at her on the steps above with a quizzical smile. His gesture of reaching up to help her descend was most natural, and done with a grace that could only be inherent. Here is a man who is consistent about the nice things of life—if it be only in a small gesture of politeness expressed towards a young lady.

Since all of us are anxious to know the attributes that make a man a successful lover—and Edward Robinson has proven in private life that he can create a more than ordinarily happy home and family—we can personally learn a great deal about love by analyzing this finest of all character actors.

First, he is essentially a man who appreciates beauty and who is an artist in his heart and soul. Second, through his appreciation of lovely things, he is of necessity a tender and considerate husband and father. Third, he has a dominant personality which attracts people to him, and makes him beloved by his friends and family.

Now if this man was only handsome and romantic-looking, he would not have time to develop his love of pure beauty. He would be too busy posing for other people's admiration to have time to admire anything but himself. He would expect a girl to adore and cater to *him* all of the time, instead of wanting to do nice things for her. And while his personality might be dominant, it would be so thoroughly egotistical, that while other people might admire his appearance, they certainly would not love him for himself.

An actor of the Robinson type moreover, doesn't have to spend his time flaunting his romantic good looks all around in the popular public places such heroes must usually appear. He can depend on his artistic ability on the screen to keep him always in demand by the public—and can use his own personal time doing the things he enjoys, and expressing his love at home.

The things Robinson enjoys, include a great deal of reading of the world's finest literature. In fact, since Robinson is an ardent disciple of George Bernard Shaw's writings, he has become one of the authorities on this playright in Hollywood. And if he weren't an actor, he might be a musician. I also have an idea he would be able to express himself with paints on canvas if he tried.

"But I get too intent on things sometimes," Robinson said to me in a revelatory remark. "For instance, I got thoroughly interested in photography. But I soon found that I was concentrating so much on getting a good picture, and in achieving an effect with a camera, that I was forgetting to enjoy the whole living picture around me. I was intent on only one phrase, and losing the whole. So I gave it all up, to study things with my eyes." He talks so logically!

Yes, that would be the way the mind of this artist would work. He would much prefer to thoroughly enjoy the whole, rather than just to take a part of life.

It is tremendously interesting to watch the face of Mr. Robinson at close range. It is extremely mobile and expressive—and with those vital assets, he can mold it as he wills, from that of a scowling, hardboiled gangster, to the esthetic intelligent face of the professor he is now portraying.

Long years of good, stiff training have gone into this artist's genius—stock company work where an actor must portray everything, under all conditions—Broadway until he achieved its heights in the Theater Guild—and years in Hollywood.

Perhaps if he was allowed to act on the screen the fine type of lover that he is in actual life, we would lose the tremendous genius he has for etching a character in the raw.

There are many actors in Hollywood who can look handsome, romantic and exciting. But how many are there who can create so perfectly the range of characters Robinson has given us from Little Caesar to Professor John Lindsay? Such a person has something far greater than good looks to offer the world, based on the gift of deep understanding and delicate perception. Acute sensitiveness is required in an actor, and in a man, to be able to pass on these gifts to all the rest of us.

Again I questioned Mr. Robinson on the remarkable relationship that has marked his marriage. To maintain love throughout the years is a much more important, and a much more difficult thing to do, than just falling in love when one is young and all the universe is rosy.

"Our marriage, as is necessary in any real love affair, *is* successful and permanent because it is based upon mental and spiritual companionship and understanding. Other things may pass into a quieter tempo—but those mutual qualities have made Gladys and myself extremely happy for thirteen years. Those really are the things of which perfect love is made, you know."

Perhaps we'll never hear Edward Robinson tell a beauteous young star he loves her in the movies . . . we'll leave that to the male sirens of the screen. Personally I've learned from this fine star a much greater lesson on the perfection of love in actual life.

But just imagine for yourself, moonlight . . . THE man in *your* life . . . and then let the echo of Edward Robinson's words drift into your heart . . . "I Love You" . . . IN SIX LANGUAGES! It's a gift!

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indomitable dominic

(Continued from page 37)

good idea. After all, wasn't it the steadiest kind of acting job?

He went to Chicago, on what might have seemed a pretty thin chance to most people, and got a job on *The First Nighter's* program. It didn't pay much money in the beginning but it was steady and there was enough for eating and sleeping and a little fun as well.

With money in his pockets things were different. There were parties, of course, and he began to meet girls. Every once in a while there was one who seemed different from all the others, and sometimes he thought he was in love. Funny, that it was at those times he used to think of Honore and remember the fun they'd had. Gosh, he'd been so happy then! Things weren't so exciting and gay any more. But that's what happened when a man grew up. He saw life for what it was, not as a perpetual Christmas tree. But gee, weren't things great when you were a kid!

There were red-headed girls, brown-haired girls and dark ones, and yet, a shy smile, dark blue eyes and hair so yellow it looked like daffodils in the sun had a way of coming between him and the girl of the moment. Sometimes he wondered if Honore were really that pretty or if he was just remembering a boyish dream.

There was the day when he saw the posters in the window of a travel agency and stood there with his heart thudding madly. He remembered telling Honore about Italy and how he had always wanted to see the country where his father was born.

What was it he had said that day? "Someday I'll take you to Europe, Honore." Only it was that crazy kid, Dominic Amici, who said it, believing the world was his oyster. Not the hard boiled actor Don Ameche who had taken plenty of knocks and knew what it was all about. But all the same he didn't feel so hard boiled just then looking at those posters and remembering.

It wasn't long after, when an old friend asked Don out on a blind date. When he saw the girl coming towards him with the serene eyes and the lovely yellow hair wound about her hear coronet fashion, Don decided he liked her. She laughed and he felt his heart warming towards her. She spoke and suddenly he knew why he had liked her so much right from the start. She was Honore.

And then without trying at all, without even thinking about it things were just the way they used to be. Just as exciting and gay and mad as if there weren't all those years in between, as if they hadn't gotten any older at all.

They danced and she told him how she had been almost afraid of carrying out the gag his friend had planned. She just couldn't have stood it if he hadn't remembered or if he had been indifferent or maybe bored. But she had wanted to see him again.

Don knew then that the crazy kid Dominic had been right and things didn't have to change and love could go on forever.

Before she came back into his life he had decided that security was the most important thing in the world. But now he wasn't giving a thought to security and begging her to marry him.

"Of course." She accepted him just as casually as that. But her eyes or her voice weren't casual. And afterwards she said, "In every story I've ever read you were the hero."

Don thought he had kicked the jinx right out of his life. But he hadn't! For it popped right in on his wedding day when the fur coat he had bought as Honore's wedding present was stolen. But somehow it didn't matter so much.

"After all, I don't have to have a fur coat," Honore said practically. "My last year's coat is almost as good as new."

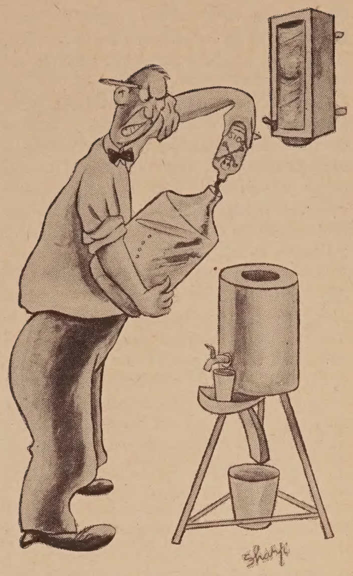
Don decided then that a jinx can't get you down if you refuse to allow it. From then on he was going to be in the driver's seat. When the jinx appeared he was going to make it help him, not hurt him.

Donny, his first born, was two years old and Ronny, the baby, had just arrived in the Ameche household when Don decided he had gotten himself into pretty much of a rut professionally, and it was up to him to do something about it. *The First Nighter* had become one of the most popular radio programs and Don was the principal reason for its success but he wasn't satisfied. The time had come for him to try for higher stakes.

He went to Hollywood for his vacation and one of the major studios took a screen test of him. Don had staked a lot on that trip and it was an awful blow when he heard his screen test hadn't gone over.

It wasn't easy to go back to Chicago and tell Honore that he had failed. But he did and turned it into such a funny story that when he had gotten through telling her about it they were laughing like a couple of kids.

They laughed over it so often that it was almost an anti-climax when the telegram came from Twentieth Century-Fox saying they were interested



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in him and would he have a test made at their New York Studio.

"Well, anything for a laugh," Don thought as he boarded the plane for New York.

No one was more surprised than he was when the test went over and they were actually trekking toward Hollywood.

Hollywood adores Don even though it doesn't understand him. He doesn't do any of the things others stars do. Men whose salaries can't compare with his, have built palatial homes, own polo ponies and racing stables and smother their wives in jewels. But the Ameches built themselves a rambling, comfortable ranch house in the San Fernando Valley and instead of swank they have trees and flower gardens and a swimming pool designed for comfort rather than allure.

And with marriages crashing all around them, they've gone right on being happier than human beings have a right to be.

But being successful has its drawbacks, especially when there's a jinx hanging around.

This summer when he planned a real vacation and worked overtime for weeks so that he could have extra time off, he was like a kid when he came dashing home to Honore with steamship tickets actually in his hands.

"I'm taking you to Europe, Honore," he shouted.

But neither of them really believed it until they were actually on the ship and saw the shore line of New York fading to a pencil line in the distance. They read travel books all the way over and every day they added a new name to the places they were going to visit.

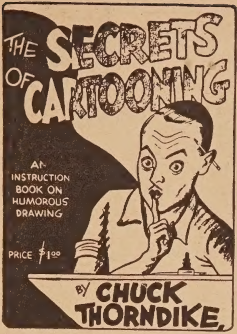
Then the jinx bowed itself back into their lives. This time it masqueraded under the guise of appendicitis and Don was stricken in Holland a few days after they landed.

It was a hard time for Don and still harder for Honore.

Afterwards she knew she had been foolish to have been so afraid. After all these years of fighting with him Don wasn't going to give in to his old enemy the jinx. What difference did it make if their trip was swept out from under them as long as Don was going to be all right? What if they were going to spend their vacation in a hospital room instead of all the far away places they had dreamed about. There are things more important than vacations, more important even than jinxes. Such as two people loving each other so much that nothing else matters.

Such as Don reaching out his hand for Honore's and laughing at the joke the fates had played on him.

"Someday, I'll take you to Europe, Honore," he said.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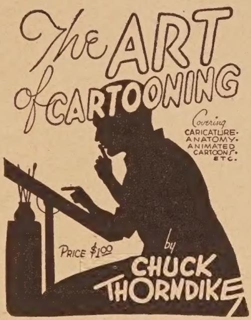
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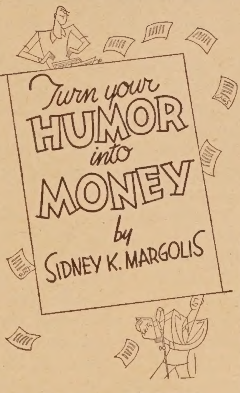
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(Continued from page 41)

prospect had been dragged out into the light of day and had been hashed over," she recalled, "we decided to get married anyway, expecting the worst but determined not to let that separate us. Now whatever happens we simply say, 'Well, we expected it, didn't we? And we said we could take it. So are we licked? Not on your life!' And that's how we've weathered the Hollywood turmoil."

As the screen's No. 1 wife, Myrna Loy has found that the actions giving her that title in reel life are exactly what she does in real life as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. She sums up her policy in one sentence: "A home should be a place that can be lived in. Suppose hubby does drop ashes on the living room rug, park his feet on the davenport and let the Sunday papers fly all over the room—what of it? It's his home too, and why should he have to regard it as an exhibition hall where nothing may be touched or moved. My husband can turn our house inside out if it makes him happy. It is all right with me. I'll set it right again when he goes out and I won't grumble, either."

Maybe her portrayal of so many swell screen wives is so realistic because she is really being herself and not playing a part. Surely the gleam in her eyes and the wise tilt of her head are strictly Myrna Loy and no product of a scenario writer. Certainly she was being strictly herself when she thought of giving her husband a chafing dish for his birthday so that he could make the Crepe Suzettes he boasts about. And after puttering about with pots and pans, she doesn't let him get that let-down feeling by insisting that he clean up the kitchen later. Catering to a man's little conceits yields big dividends, she finds, for she says: "I think every woman realizes, sooner or later, that being a wife is more fun than any other job in the world. And it's much more permanent if she sets out to make it so by fashioning a chain whose links are made up of love and kindness. I'm working at making my marriage last."

Anyone who knows them would unhesitatingly declare that the Gene Raymonds, Bing Crosbys, Dick Powells, Melvin Douglases, Edward G. Robinsons and the Joel J. Pressmans are each entitled to the title of "happily married couple." The reason they are is because each has a definite program to insure continued harmony in their domestic relationships.

Declaring themselves "so happy, we're afraid to talk about it," Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald nevertheless are great believers in privacy as an aid to marital happiness. So, whenever Jeanette has the urge to be alone, she can retire to the "princess garden," a portion of their Beverly Hills estate that Gene has had exquisitely designed by a landscape architect and which he lovingly set aside for her exclusive use. So overjoyed was Mrs. Raymond by her husband's thoughtfulness that she turned one of the large rooms of the house into a den where he may browse in solitude to his soul's content.

Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel J. Pressman are convinced, that no matter how much a husband and wife are interested in each other's work, much of the tedium of married life can be attributed to "talking shop." For that reason they set aside certain nights on which they discuss only subjects which are totally divorced from either medicine or movies. And if either breaks the rule, because something important has come up which can't wait for discussion night, that one has to talk about something else when the regular session comes.

You wouldn't think that easy-going Bing Crosby and his wife had given much thought to what makes their marriage such a success. But they have, and Dixie and he have come to believe that marriage has twin perils: seeing too much or too little of each other. To escape them both, Wife Dixie and Husband Bing have set aside one day a week for constant companionship with each other and two days a week "off" during which neither sees the other. What do they do the other four days? Why that's when they have friends around them, partying at their own or other people's houses.

If you can laugh it off when things go wrong, there's small chance you'll be telling each other off in a divorce court. So say Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Says Joan: "One of the things I want to teach our new daughter Ellen is a rule whereby neither Dick nor I are angry at the same time. If one of us is mad, the other tries to make him snap out of it and in the end we realize that it's better to laugh than rage over what can't be helped. But it is also just as wise to know how to cut the clowning when the other isn't in the mood. If Ellen can learn that, she'll be as happy as her ma and pa."

"Swelled head is also cause for discord," pointed out Dick, "and we've got our own antidote for that poison. We each have a very elegant portrait photo of the other on our dressers. On the glass covering my picture Joan has pasted some gawd-awful candid shots showing me yawning, and on the glass covering her picture I pasted some really cute snapshots showing my glamorous frau in pigtails, with her eyes crossed and her knees knocking against each other. One look at those pictures will keep our feet on the floor."

When I asked Melvyn Douglas to tell me what made his marriage to Prima donna Helen Gahagan "take" he immediately assured me: "I don't want to pose as knowing all the answers for happy marriage. I don't. I simply know what works with Helen and me. In addition to mutual love, respect and outside interests, a man has to remember that his wife is an individual and not a personal possession. Similarly, she's got to bear in mind that her husband is a living, independent-thinking mammal and not a gadget for her charm bracelet. Each has to allow the other mental and spiritual freedom. Then the marriage can get some place. I think the biggest single thing that destroys the unity of marriage is the desire of one partner to boss the other. It's a first-rate cause for divorce. In a professional family such as ours, we have found it best to maintain a friendly interest on a strictly hands-off basis with regard to the other's work. Advice is given when asked for, but no one is forced to follow it."

Better matrimonial manners make for better marriages, according to Edward G. Robinson.

His wife, the former Gladys Lloyd, is a musician of note and through her he has become interested in fine music.

Lovely Virginia Bruce is firmly convinced that her marriage to Director J. Walter Rubin is bound to be a success because they earnestly want it to be and never think of their relationship except as a permanent one. "Ours is an old-fashioned marriage," she told me, "because it is based on the old-fashioned virtues of tenderness and consideration. To us they are more than mere words in the dictionary. They mean that we take the words of the wedding service very seriously and that our vows are a real and living covenant between us. One of the things we promised was that we loved each other 'as is' and one wasn't going to try to make over the other. So many people try to make over their partners; few succeed and those that do are sorry they have, for the made-over person is never the same as the one with whom you fell in love. The result is that you find yourself married to a stranger and the first thing you know you want to get unmarried. Old-fashioned consideration would permit us to take our mates as we married them and if more of this quality were applied to modern streamlined marriages they would soon get off the dizzy merry-go-round and get a solid footing on the good earth."

With honeymoon dew still in their eyes after their elopement last June, I asked Frances Langford and Jon Hall to tell me if they were finding it difficult to stay happy while married in Hollywood. The wisdom of their reply shows to what extent the film colony is giving serious thought to the business of staying married. According to Jon, "Divorce is pretty much the same in Hoboken as it is in Hollywood. It isn't the locality that gets divorced, it's the people, only in Hollywood we hear more about it. Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Al Jolson, George Burns, Joe E. Brown, Andy Devine and a great many others are some of the happiest married men in the business, but they don't make sensational copy because they lead sane, normal lives. But let two crackpots meet at the races in the afternoon, decide to elope while having cocktails at the Trocadero, and if a week later they decide it was all a mistake and the fault of bad liquor—that breakup hits all the front pages and everyone says it's typical of Hollywood. It isn't, for we aren't like that."

"We certainly aren't," agreed Frances. "In fact, I feel like any other bride of a few months. I'm sensible enough to know that there will come times when Jon and I will disagree about something, but to avoid hard feelings we have decided that the way to settle it is to make the sort of decision that will spare one person displeasure rather than give the other pleasure. For instance, if one of us thinks that going to a certain party would be a bore while the other thinks it might be fun, we just don't go. Thus it would be better to sacrifice a possible pleasure than to risk an almost certain annoyance. We believe so much in each other that though we've only been married a short time, we are already making plans for a charming old age together. I guess we're not afraid to look so far ahead because in addition to being in love, we actually like each other. That helps a lot."

From the looks of things, even though Lloyds and other insurance companies wouldn't think of insuring happiness in Hollywood, the couples there—as elsewhere—who really want happiness in marriage are providing their own insurance.

A common sense attitude on what to do in various marital emergencies is the best assurance that dreams will have plenty of time to come true during a long run of matrimony.

And that holds true for Hollywood or around your own homestead. Happy landings!

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life as i like it

(Continued from page 19)

"What's just the point?"

"That. Your editor should be like I am now—relaxed. You should be relaxed. Look at you now. You're so intent upon getting this story, you look as though you're bound by wires. Lie down in the sand. Take some time out to look at the ocean. Relax!"

Now I assure you I was trying desperately to relax, but darned if I could. It was a swell place to forget about everything, but I was too busy to do anything but pump Cary. However, to lead him on I decided I'd meet him half way. I'd lie down on the sand.

"Look at that blueness of the ocean. Look at the sand glittering under the sun. Look at all—" (Now Cary was going poetic!)

"Cary," I began with as much patience as I could muster, "I've been in California a good many years now, and I'm just as firm a devotee of its beauties as you are, but I'm trying to forget about all that now. All I want is a few simple statements from you, and then I'll enjoy the sand, the blueness of the ocean, and everything else."

Cary turned over to get his brown back tanner.

"All right. Point number one in living—learn to relax. I've been neglecting that prime requisite of life for some time now, for I've been doing little but roasting under hot lights and working before the camera. Of course, I like hard work, and I like pictures, but anybody has to stop working once in a while. Anybody has to take a deep breath and relax occasionally. That's why I like the beach so much. It's one place that defies any sort of nervous strain. That sun beating down on you, the coolness of the water make you want to just say, 'To hell with work. Let's enjoy life!' "

Cary's eyes began to close. Already he was indulging in relaxation too much for my own good.

"None of that dozing off, Cary!" I said hastily.

"Oh, I'm just resting my eyes," he replied.

I wonder if he heard me mumble, "Oh yeah!" But on to the interview.

"Since you think relaxation is important in living, I'd like to ask you how you come to that conclusion when you're always on the go yourself? Why are you considered the happy-go-lucky fellow about town and yet the hardest worker and most serious thinker in Hollywood?"

"So now I'm happy-go-lucky too, am I?" he asked. "I'm rather tired of that definition. I'm not the hey-hey type at all. I do have my serious moments. I only feel that to enjoy living, you must take advantage of every chance to have fun in life while you're here. After all, you only get one crack at this business of living. Why not make it worthwhile?"

"Well, then how do you have fun living?"

"By working when I have to work, by playing when I want to play, by having the consolation that I have swell friends. I don't ask for a lot of friends. I merely want a few, those who can talk with me about serious matters when I feel in the mood, and those with whom I enjoy going hunting, fishing, swimming, and dancing. In other words, I value the right kinds of friends. All I ask of them is that they can laugh with me and be serious with me when the time demands seriousness. No, I don't go through life entirely by drinking champagne from ladies' slippers. That isn't living any more than drudgery is. That's being a scape-goat for superficialities."

"Then you are serious at times?"

"Certainly. But not to any great extent. That is, I don't overdo this idea of being continually proper and sensible. You see, I used to catch myself absorbing each and every minor tragedy. We've all, no doubt, gone through that highly impressive and mostly emotional stage when the trials and tribulations you and your friends go through affect you too deeply. But finally I began to wonder. Was it wise to avoid fun? I think not. When you take things too seriously, you're more apt to lay yourself wide open to hurts and disappointments. So—I advocate taking life by the horns, getting the ultimate possible happiness out of it, so that when your time comes you can say, 'I've had a full life.' "

Either the last few remarks were softer, or else Cary was becoming drowsy. Or maybe I was a little dopey. Anyway, the exact words were more or less hidden in a haze. But I did gather that Cary is, at heart, a sensitive fellow, and one who enjoys and values friends and complete living as few people do. I had heard that he was very conscious of what people thought of him. That he was easily hurt by a stray remark that might affect him in a certain way. And I could now detect under this underlying carefree attitude, that there was an amazing depth of character, firmness of decision, and a desire to be the kind of a fellow whom everyone likes.

I took a few minutes out to study this fellow I was interviewing. This chap who has climbed to unprecedented heights by his great performances in such pictures as *Holiday* and *The Awful Truth*. Here was really a complex person—a mysterious one, but a likeable guy.

"Isn't it possible," began Cary suddenly, "that the people who joke outwardly and who are always gay, are the unhappiest inside? There's a point for your story!"

"Does that mean that you fall in the category?"

"I didn't say that."

"Well, bluntly, are you unhappy?"

"How can I be?" he answered slyly. "How can I be when I'm alive and so darn glad of it!"

As Cary rolled over again to vary his sunning, I wondered about him. Was he really unhappy at times? Was he really haunted by memories? I don't think anyone will ever know. That's a secret which is apparently locked up within his heart. After all, let the fellow have a few privacies!

I started to continue my questioning, but Cary had actually gone to sleep. To him, the interview was over. There was nothing more to be said. But I couldn't end the story so soon, for if I did I know darn well the editor would return it for added material.

Gosh! Cary looked comfortable. I'm really sleepy myself. But up and at 'em. Time's a-wastin'.

"Cary!" I called.

No move. No sound.

"Cary!" Again.

This time the Grant figure stirred uneasily.

"Huh?"

"I'm still interviewing you."

"Oh." And that was all.

"Then don't fall asleep."

And I knew Cary would say, "I'm not asleep. I'm just resting my eyes."

"Since living is tied up with sleeping," I continued undaunted, "and since sleeping is your favorite pastime now, what do you think about this art of drifting into unconsciousness?"

Mumbling, he replied, "It's great!"

"Yeah, I know. But what about it?"

"What about what?"

Double talk now!

"The what about what has to deal with sleeping. You know, I asked you about that all of one minute ago."

"Oh yes, I remember. Time does fly, doesn't it?"

Cary grinned at me. The stories this man gave!

"Well, I figure I spend about one-third of my life in bed. Therefore, the important thing is a good bed. I used to sleep in a little two by four, and I never could understand why I always felt like a pretzel when I woke up in the morning. I'd often find my legs curled up around my neck, the covers around my head, my feet frozen, and my spine twisted. Suddenly I thought I'd better get a big bed, so I could sprawl around easily and with comfort. I told an architect what I wanted, he designed the biggest bed I ever saw for me, I had to tear most of the house down getting it into my room, but at last I'm enjoying real comfort! It's really a great feeling to be able to spread all over the bed. I even enjoy getting lost at times in the space."

"Yes, I've heard about that bed. Drawers for magazines on all sides of it, lighting for three indirect lights above it, places for candy and cigarettes."

"It's practically a living room by itself," laughed Cary.

"And that's your idea of sleeping, eh?"

"Yes, it is. But, of course, this sand is pretty comfortable too."

Cary immediately assumed that fatal restful position again. I was about ready to remind him he was supposed to stay awake when I thought, "Oh, what's the use. I might as well lie down again and be comfortable too."

A few minutes went by, during which I tried hard to get back to the interview. But this talking about sleeping had affected me too.

"Oh, Cary," I mumbled.

"Um—um."

"What?"

"Um."

What a linguist!"

"Well, anyway what do you think about going out to night clubs and what do you think about dancing? Do you get pleasure out of night life?"

"Maybe. I'd rather go hunting or fishing, though. I feel too much on display in a dress suit."

"Yes, I've heard about your fishing expeditions. Wasn't there a story once about your catching fish better than everyone else? And wasn't there a little episode about sea-sickness? Weren't you—"

"Yes, I was."

"You were what?"

"I was the guy who thought I couldn't get sea-sick. I was the guy who laughed at Randy and the others who were feeding the fish. I was the guy who suddenly became sicker than anyone else. I was the guy who had to be taken care of. Oh yes, I'm a marvelous seaman, but I sure like to go fishing."

And that took care of fishing. I started to ask him about hunting, but he merely said, "Oh, that's been talked about too much." Then I thought of marriage, but somehow I was afraid to put that certain question to him. However, since he seemed completely relaxed, and since we were both drowsy by this time, I didn't think it would matter much. Maybe he wouldn't even know what I was saying and would just say anything. After all, I thought, if he answered the question or if he didn't answer it, I could go to sleep too. And I was tired!

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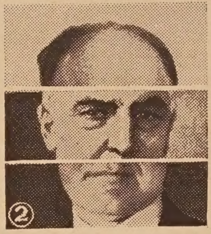

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"When are you going to get married?"

Cary turned over again.

"Who said I was going to get married?"

"Oh, I'd heard rumors about that."

"Well, they're just rumors. How do I know I even want to get married? After all, I'm an impulsive fellow. If I feel like telling it to a preacher, I will. But you can be sure I won't until I feel like it."

"What about the reports of your engagement?"

"They're rather silly. After all, how does any couple know in March that they will still want to be married in August? Maybe they won't be able to get married then. Maybe they won't want to. This idea of announcing a marriage for August 2nd during March is like saying there's going to be a tornado at 5:30 tomorrow morning. How can you tell? No sir, when I feel it's time for me to marry, I'll get married. There'll be no long engagement and there'll be no waiting. I'll recognize the feeling when it comes, and when it does, I'll be the first one at the license bureau. Right now, I'm not even sure I ever want to get married."

And that's Cary's idea of his future matrimonial status. He wants to be sure it's the one thing for him. He doesn't want to make a mistake. And can anyone blame him?

Nothing was said for some time. Cary had dismissed the marriage question, had taken a deep breath, and was already pretty much lost to the world.

As for me, weren't there some more questions I wanted to ask? Yes, I suppose so, but I would take a nap and then ask him. Hmm—that heat felt good. I was more comfortable than I had ever been. Then thoughts began racing through my fading mind . . . Cary is a swell fellow . . . conservative . . . he's one of the most natural chaps and one of the best liked in Hollywood . . . he's frank and honest . . . he's . . .

I was rudely awakened by a slap on the back. It was now quite late in the afternoon, but that slap brought me back to a stinging earth again.

"Going to stay here all night?" It was Cary grinning at me.

I started to get up, but oh! What a back! I felt like a broiled lobster.

"You know," said Cary jokingly, "if I hadn't seen you a few hours before, I'd say you were certainly on fire."

"That's the general impression I'm getting now."

"Come over to my gymnasium, and I'll fix you up."

Painfully I walked to his house. For the next twenty minutes, I was oiled, greased, and thoroughly saturated with every known sunburn remedy.

How I ever managed to think about the story during those trying twenty minutes, I'll never know. But somewhere—somehow—I began to think.

"Cary, I'm wondering what makes living worthwhile."

"You sound like a broken record," he said between lubrications. "My idea, however, is to take advantage of everything that you confront, whether it's trouble, happiness, discouragement, or fun. Live your life so that you feel you're not wasting a moment. And live it, as you can, on your own income. Be congenial, don't be over-serious, don't take everyone's troubles too much to heart, and don't think that money is the only road to happiness. And, above all, when you go to the beach, have enough good sense not to get sunburned."

I thought, at that present moment at least, that the last advice was the most plausible.

And so one of the most casual interviews on record ended. I didn't know what kind of a story I had. I only knew that the next time I interviewed Cary, I was going to wear a fur coat!

meet the winners

(Continued from page 56)

Friday—Special make-up by Miss Gloria Bristol for a portrait sitting by Ira L. Hill. Then a visit backstage at Radio City Music Hall. Talent interview with Mr. John Powers. Dinner in the Hawaiian Room, Hotel Lexington. After the theater supper at Leon & Eddie's.

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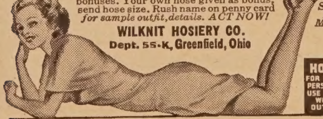

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her heart on ice

(Continued from page 17)

image and try to fit a man into it. Poor man . . . I ask only one thing of him, that above everything else he keeps his word. And," with one of those emphatic gestures that spice her conversation, "I'd like him to laugh with me and at me. It is good for a woman to have a man find her amusing . . . he is more apt to overlook any little faults she may have!"

Now where did she have time to learn that bit of profound wisdom in her crowded twenty-four years?

But Sonja is full of surprises. For example, she has a Romance Code that certainly was not conceived on ice! Some of it undoubtedly came from that spirited Irish ancestress; some—well, perhaps those flying Valkyrie maids have a word for it and passed it on. It has so much *ummph* to it . . .

For instance, point number one in Sonja's Code is: *Don't let yourself fall in love with the first boy that comes along.* Go Places, do Things, to meet as many as you can. And don't pretend a ripe interest where there is none, she adds firmly. (Sonja, God bless her, has no patience with the scalp-collecting type of female!)

It was natural enough that the first Big Moment in her life was one of Oslo's outstanding athletes. A speed skater and skiing champ. She was sixteen and he had attained the advanced age of twenty. It was a case of love at first strike. She was practicing on the municipal rink when he came streaking towards her, a blond Viking in a red toboggan cap. *Cr-rash* . . . they whirled together in a dizzy spin. That started things.

"But at the end of the year he went off to the university and I went to London to study ballet with Madame Karsavina," explained Sonja. England was a second home. For generations the Henies had been furriers to the Court of St. James—her great-grandfather had furnished the ermines for Victoria's robe when she was crowned Empress of India. But it remained for his dashing little descendant to furnish the Court with thrills! She gave a command performance for King George and Queen Mary.

But how to know the real thing?

That, she conceded is the problem. And *that's* where the Code comes in—to help you tell. All you have to do is answer "yes" or "no" to the following. And then check up on your score to see where you stand!

1. Are you as interested in him in old clothes (changing a tire on a hot road, say) as you were last night when he was at his best?

2. Do you get absolute JITTERS if he doesn't put in an appearance or telephone when expected?

3. *Is he the kind of man who makes you want to keep your nose powdered? Your best foot forward?*

4. If you've been on an outing together all day, do you feel it's been perfect plus . . . instead of being just a little bit bored? ("If I wish the day had never ended I say to myself, *Sonja, you're slipping!*" she chortled deeply and made a motion of going *boom.*)

5. Do you ever feel lonely anymore?

6. When you're buying a new hat or frock, do you catch yourself thinking, "Would *he* approve of this?"

7. Are your Impulses to CONFIDE in him as if he were your best friend as well as the boy friend?

8. *How does he meet your family?* Nice and naturally instead of being overly anxious to please?

9. Do his ideals—and ideas—match yours? ("Imagine what would happen if *he* liked hotel life and you adored a home, for example," Sonja pointed out. "Or if he went to sleep at concerts and you lived on music. They say such things can be adjusted after marriage. I don't think so. They're the very things that bind you together.")

10. Does his career interest you as much—or more—than your own?

11. Have you felt *for at least three months* that he was the one and only?

12. If you *didn't* marry him—could you be happy again? ("When I can honestly answer 'No' to that," said young Miss Henie, "I'll take my heart off the ice!")

Now here's the way to check up: Give yourself *10 points* for each of the following to which you have answered "Yes"—1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

And *10 points* each if you've answered "No" to 5 and 12.

Now add 'em up. If your total is between—

100 and 120—It's *LOVE!* No Mistake!
75 and 100—Danger Zone. LOOK before you LEAP—it may just be infatuation.
50 and 75—fun—but only a Fancy!
0 and 50—Better get another Boy Friend. . .

"You see," finished Sonja, "it is this way—you meet a boy and have a lot of fun together. But after a while you realize it isn't love at all."

"In Norway, a good husband and a good home are considered the most important things in a woman's life. I have traveled all over and I still think they are!" And who doesn't?

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hose-conscious hollywood

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That's the revelation of Willy de Mond, former extra who has long been Hollywood's No. 1 entrepreneur of exotic hose to the stars and studios.

"The Hollywood studios alone spend upwards of $350,000 a year on stockings for their wardrobe needs," says de Mond. "The rest is the cumulative personal bills of the stars.

"And you can gather the emphasis the studios place on good-looking legs from the fact that stockings may sometimes be the most expensive items in a star's wardrobe.

"For example, in the picture, *Sing You Sinners*, Ellen Drew, the pretty little working girl who was chosen for the role opposite Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray doesn't wear a single dress that cost more than $6.98. It's a typical working girl wardrobe. But her stockings cost from $3 to $25 a pair.

The man who counts among his personal clients Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Martha Raye, Joan Crawford, Gail Patrick, Betty Grable and most of the top ranking feminine stars of the screen also reveals that the average bill for sheathing a star's legs is between $1500 and $2500 a year.

"This," explains Willy, "is because none of them will wear anything but an ingrain stocking—one in which the threads have been dyed before the stocking is made." Most stockings, it seems, are made first and dyed afterward.

"Another thing," he adds, "is that most of them want the embroidered, or jewel-clocked, or hand-painted variety, costing $25 and can be worn only once." Costly? What do you think?

studio close-ups

(*Continued from page 42*)

And while on the subject of these football pictures, one of the laughs of the week was caused by a clerk in the Paramount business office in figuring up costs for the picture *Touchdown Army*. The Producer looking over the cost sheets noticed that the clerk had figured on only nine men on a team. He got the business office on the telephone at once and said, "I just wanted to tell whoever made out these costs sheets that if he can get by with nine men on a football team, I'll make him director of the picture!"

✦

George Raft came on the huge Paramount tank stage for work in the Alaskan Salmon picture, *Spawn Of The North*. He wasn't very happy at the prospect of a full day's work in the cold water of the tank. He said as much to Director Henry Hathaway. Hathaway, feeling playful, said, "You won't mind it once you get good and wet. I'll help you." And he gave George a push which sent him sprawling into the tank. Raft came up sputtering, but instead of being riled he stepped up onto the stage with a broad grin on his face. Dripping, he stood at the side of Hathaway and putting his hand in his pocket he said, "You left this in my dressing room, Henry. I was just bringing it out to you." It was Hathaway's $175 watch!

✦

There are female bailiffs and court clerks in Reno. We discovered this when we went on *The Road To Reno* set and expressed our astonishment at seeing a woman playing the part of bailiff. Randolph Scott and Hope Hampton were fighting out their matrimonial differences in the picture, in a comedy courtroom scene. Hope Hampton explained that Renie Riano, the comedian playing the woman bailiff, won the role because she bellowed louder and more convincingly than any of the men applicants, and she said it would fit into actual conditions in Reno court rooms as well —or better. "There are quite as many women in the courts of Reno, as men," she laughed. "Reno is practically run for and by the women."

✦

It would have been a perfect take of Claudette Colbert's dialogue in *Zaza*, if actor Rex O'Malley's false mustache had not slipped awry and brought shrieks of unsiren-like laughter from *Zaza*.

✦

They were deeply puzzled on the *Paris Honeymoon* set when we arrived. They were trying to take a dialogue scene between Franciska Gaal and Bing Crosby at the top of a castle staircase and then immediately after a scene of her talking with Akim Tamiroff at its foot. They had tried to do it all at once to save time and film, but the maneuvering of the camera was too awkward and Franciska Gaal had become exhausted trying to run down the stairs quickly enough. Suddenly, with a delightful little giggle she called, "I have eet!" —and gathering her voluminous skirts about her she slid down the bannister to Tamiroff—and thus all difficulties were solved—and the altogether charming and lovely Franciska had some fun to boot.

✦

We happened in on a good gag put over on "Red" Golden, excitable, conscientious assistant director on the *Great Waltz* set. A dramatic scene with Fernand Gravet and Miliza Korjus was being rehearsed. On the side of the stage were the portable dressing rooms. Here Luise Rainer was entertaining some friends. Suddenly there was a sound of scraping, pounding feet. "Quiet!" shouted Red. "Stop that tramping around!" "Shhh!" cautioned Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert from the sidelines, "That's Miss Rainer and her friends." Red subsided with a blush. At annoying intervals during the rehearsal the sound was heard again and again. Red was wild but he was afraid to do anything about it. Everyone, including Luise Rainer was onto the gag, but Red. Lionel and Hugh with a few others sitting around, were making the noise with their feet, and Luise Rainer was enjoying Red's discomfiture more than anyone else. "It was such fun," she giggled. "Red was getting so dreadfully mad—until he found out for himself he was being—what you call it—ribbed?"

✦

Watching Melvyn Douglas do some very nifty high jumps at the Uplifter's Club for *That Certain Age*, we were truly thrilled by the dangerous performance. Standing by our side was young Peter Gahagan Douglas, five-year-old son of Douglas. When it was over we asked, "Now, aren't you proud of that dad of yours? He's a fine rider, Peter." Peter smiled with superior patronage and pity for our ignorance. "You ought to see Gene Autry ride, if you think my dad is good," he said. "He's much better." When we told Melvyn later he sighed, "I'll have to take up horse opera if I want to be a hero in my son's eyes."

Being a funny section fan of no mean proportions, we asked to see how Buster Crabbe is carrying on for Red Barry, the super-sleuth. We found him carrying on with five lions in a steel cage. He was wrestling and struggling valiantly with them all at once. It seems as Red Barry, Buster goes back stage at a theater in an attempt to capture a gang of international bond thieves who are cloaking their nefarious activities by an animal act. The trainer orders his lions to attack the stalwart Crabbe—and they do—and how! Crabbe upon coming out for air—and while they set up new camera locations for the same scene, told us it was his third day playing, "now you chase me" with the big fellows. "While they know as well as I do that it is all for the good of the cinema art, I am never quite sure when they might be tempted to try a hunk of Crabbe meat," quipped Buster. But we assured him Lions did not like sea food. Isn't that *awful?*

✦

Max Baer thinks he is a cinch to beat Joe Louis now because the wardrobe department at MGM sent over the white trunks he was to wear in Pete Smith's Specialty, *Fisticuffs,* and they turned out to be the very ones he wore in *The Prize-fighter And The Lady* back in 1933. They'd been hanging on a peg in the wardrobe department ever since. "Remember what I did to Carnera after I was finished with that picture" gloated Maxie. "Well, don't you see this makes me a cinch to do the same thing to Joe Louis? I can't help but polish him off, with an omen like this!" You might remember it when you're picking your man to back when the time comes!

✦

Clyde Elliott, who directed *Bring 'Em Back Alive* with Frank Buck declares you can't keep defying the jungles and its dangers without getting into trouble sooner or later. He has just finished *Booloo* for Paramount, and while they were filming scenes in the jungles near Singapore, Mr. Elliott tells us of a close call his sound engineer had with a 250 pound python. The snake was supposed to fall out of a box, and while filming the sequence, Kegl got too close. The snake was raising its head three or four feet and striking blindly in every direction. Suddenly it saw Kegl, and with the swiftness of lightning, it lunged straight at the window where he was looking in. It shattered the glass like so much paper. Kegl had time only to raise his arm to protect his face before the python fastened its big jaws onto his forearm. The impact knocked the man to the floor and in a flash the python coiled its powerful body around Kegl. It took fifteen natives 20 minutes to break the python's hold, and pull him to safety.

fighting for freedom

(Continued from page 21)

the making of motion pictures is becoming more and more just a business. I am speaking as an individualist. But they won't let me be one here. They take a person and make him or her like other persons of money-making reputation, at least they try to do it, with the result that all run to types. In this way individuality is utterly destroyed. But it is not like that on the stage. There the actor is a distinct and definite individual. He stands or falls by what he does in his own particular way. In one night, by one performance, he is judged. There can be no appeal from the judgment of that audience sitting out in front. It is stern, but just. But I want to face it, for I must *know."*

She stared into her coffee, as though to find the answer in its brown depths.

Miss Rainer had brought her cup into the living-room that morning and asked me to have one. On saying I'd already had breakfast, she remarked, "This is *my* breakfast." That was all, no food. Even so, she never touched it; let it turn cold. It was impossible not to wonder what kept her going and marvel at the tremendous vitality tireless in that small body, burning in those great eyes. Nerves? No, they would be bound to wear themselves out. Courage? Yes, that was it.

"A stage performance done well is a thing of beauty," was her high appraisal. "I am particularly anxious to do this here because America, awakening to some kind of romanticism, makes you see a beautiful life. I am happy that I came to this country so young and could learn those things which are part of it. Its youth goes into the blood. Although America hasn't the mellowness of Europe it has great health, and that is the basic stone on which all development rests. But at first I did not realize this. I remember that when I came to Hollywood a woman took me around to show me houses for renting. She was very matter-of-fact. I didn't like that then, but I do now, for I see that with matter-of-factness there can be real beauty. Better work can be done with greater variation and for much more money. America has done great things for me. And now I will tell you a secret. In a short time I will become an American citizen."

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"I have yet to study more for my examination," she solemnly added, dropping back into her chair. "It is not easy, and there are many things I must learn before I can pass it. But that will come. This is going to be my home—if they will let me make it so. I feel it should be, for in the three years I have been here my whole life has changed."

It was changing even then, with her marriage turned into divorce. But in the action brought by her there was no bitterness, only regret that clash of temperaments had made this necessary.

"I still love my husband, but I do not know that I may never love anyone else. You see," and there was an impish twinkle in her eye, "I have been in love since I was six, and I shall always be in love—anyway, I hope so. Love is the key to everything, opening both the heart and the mind, and not only to the one who is loved but to an ideal. It creates in you a tremendous feeling and a marvelous beauty in which the moon is the moon and the stars are the stars. Love is the greatest, the primordial passion, the one force which drives you along, sweeps you forward. It ties people and countries together. By this I do not mean a little flirtation, or even the sincere love of a man and a woman, but a love for all the things that are good. We never know what new love may come to us, bringing a new happiness and a new zest for the work we are doing.

"Without love nothing is ever really accomplished by the actress. She must feel it in her work, for it is the one thing that humanizes her, the highest expression of feeling she can reach. The greatest actress is both the greatest lover and the greatest loser. Remember poor Duse, who gave everything—her life, her career—to love, and in losing was left to go to her end in pitiful loneliness? So love may bring both happiness and tragedy. It goes to the two extremes—I know it has with me. Yet out of it comes the creative power, like electric vibration or strong fire, that is necessary to creative work. We go from the heights to the depths of feeling. I can be just as happy as I am sad. In either case the ability to love and the ability to act have a great deal to do with each other. They are the twins of inspiration."

She went slowly to the window and gazed out over the purple hills.

"This," flinging wide her arms, "is what I first loved here, the beautiful country. Then it was the people. Whenever possible I would go away by myself. The country and the people were good and kind and restful. They made me think of an old peasant woman I once talked with in Italy. Her cottage was on the slope of Vesuvius, and I asked her why she went on risking the great danger of living there. 'It is home,' she said. That told everything. But I never dreamed America would one day be my home. I knew no English at first, only French and German, and I never expected I would even be in an American picture. I felt sure that at the end of my six months' contract they would send me back to Vienna, considering me utterly hopeless. It was just as though I were on a vacation, that was all."

She turned a wondering face and brushed back the black wing of her hair.

"If we are sometimes unhappy," she went on thoughtfully, "maybe we do not think of other people's unhappiness, especially today when there is so much misery in the world. I know I have been blessed, and every night I get down on my knees and thank God for it. Silently I pray. Gratitude is in the heart; it cannot be told by the tongue. I am grateful for everything in the past, and now new possibilities are opening to me. Whether I will realize them I cannot tell. But I do know that already I have gained much from American pictures. And now I am to have my chance on the American stage. What I make of it rests entirely with me. But the one thing I feel sure of is that the next step in my life will take me to something lasting, make me part of this country for the rest of my life. Then I will celebrate by flying an American flag, and it will mean this is the home not of the old Luise Rainer, from Vienna, but that of Luise Rainer, the new American."

some speed!

Shirley Ross sung for a speed cop the other day, and thereby escaped getting a ticket.

After stopping Shirley, the policeman got a better look at her. "What's wrong, officer?" she asked. "Speed," he replied. "But say!" the copper beamed, "didn't you and a fella sing *Thanks For the Memory* in a picture I just saw? A very snappy song."

"Sure, I'm the gal," answered Shirley, "see—"

And then she sang a bar of the music. "Go ahead, go ahead," the policeman urged when she halted. So Shirley sang the whole song. At its conclusion, the law drawled, "I guess I was mistaken about your speed."

hollywood hobgoblins

(Continued from page 32)

beans, which she loathes, will work up a nice little case of disgust for Anita Louise, while for terror, she just remembers the time she was nearly kidnapped during a trip to Europe when she was a little girl.

Both Joan Crawford and Paul Muni use the mood-music technique of silent picture days to work themselves up to the proper emotion. If he has to denote grief, before he steps onto the sound stage, Muni has a violinist play the funeral march or something else just as sad. If he has to storm and scream at another character, he puts a lusty Wagnerian record on his phonograph and at its completion he can yell with conviction. Joan has had the same music boy for years and he knows her moods so well that without asking he puts on a phonograph record that will carry out the feeling of the scene she is about to enact. If heavy drama is called for, he picks a symphony orchestra. But for light drama and comedy he invariably plays Bing Crosby recordings.

Before going into a scene, Eleanor Powell does a short dance routine which she calls her "lucky star step" and just before stepping into camera range she will invariably click her heels together smartly and say, "This is for luck." Nelson Eddy swings his arms several times before he steps in front of the microphone to register his songs, because he says this helps loosen his back and chest muscles. George Raft has something of the same trick. He does a bit of shadow-boxing with his side-kick Mack Gray. When he is bounding around lightly on his toes, he feels keyed up to act. Spencer Tracy chews a piece of gum whenever he is preparing to go into a difficult scene; it's the only time he goes in for gum-chewing. Lionel Barrymore feels better if he can light a cigarette, take one short puff, and put it out right away before he starts acting.

Anxious to see for herself how she looks when doing a scene, Greta Garbo rehearses before a full-length mirror. Before a particularly important scene she takes a long walk around the sound stage and upon returning, listens to her favorite recording of "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone." The trait that sets her apart is the game of hide-and-seek she plays on the lot. It's one of her deep-rooted superstitions not to see or talk to her leading man until the first day's shooting, and she often has to do some swift stepping to avoid such a meeting.

Mary Astor laughingly admits to the same conviction, adding: "I think it is good luck to work in a scene, even the most ardent love scene, with an actor to whom I have never been introduced."

You know how you feel when something goes wrong with your work. You either want to kick yourself when you pull a boner, or else you feel so ashamed that you want to crawl away until everyone forgets all about it.

When Claudette Colbert blows up in her lines repeatedly, she lets off steam by sending out a hurry call for a pianist to play selections from French operas for an hour or so, until her jumpy nerves quiet down. W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie have identical ways of cooling off. They look at the grinning director who knows what is coming. What's coming is a long, sizzling razzberry, after delivering which they will leave the set and go for a long walk.

Perhaps the two most even-tempered stars in Hollywood are Bing Crosby and Harold Lloyd. There is a tradition in Hollywood that neither has ever spoken an angry word to a fellow worker because things went wrong on the set. When mistakes seem to gang up on him, Lloyd hies himself to a tennis court for a couple of sets. When he has worked all provocation out of his system, he comes back ready for work, flashing his famous smile. "Groaner" Crosby never says a word when he finds himself saying the wrong things. He simply heads for the studio golf course and plays a couple of rounds until he feels all the kinks are straightened out. Then he comes back, kidding all and sundry, and ready for work. Wot a guy!

Marsha Hunt seldom errs, but when she does her face turns a vivid red and she bites her fingernails. Roscoe Karns puts on a blank and innocent look as he turns his back to the camera and begins reciting nursery rhymes. Villain Basil Rathbone walks off the set scowling darkly and muttering to himself; he doesn't say a word aloud, but a lip reader might be shocked if he could watch the famous bad man mumbling to himself. I was and I don't shock easily.

Which brings me practically to the end of my little story. In parting, let me remind you again that since the stars have practically the same fears and hobgoblins about their jobs as you have about yours, don't let anyone's teasing about your inhibitions get you down. And now, as I hop back to my Jack-o-lantern for another year, I want you to know I enjoy my hobnobbing because it gives me the chance to collect, for you, interesting Hollywood hobgoblins.

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She was tired of hardship and poverty—She wanted peace and freedom from care. How could she know that the glitter of gold would turn to tarnished brass?

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stricken by guilt

(Continued from page 25)

tunity to speak to her host alone. "You know," she said "I don't think I understood your secretary properly. I was rushing when she called—you know how it is—and I heard only half of what she said."

The producer frowned. "That's decent of you, Gail," he said "but this isn't the first time that girl has garbled things. I'm afraid I'll have to let her go. She's involved in some kind of an unhappy love affair, and it doesn't help to increase her efficiency."

This didn't help Gail's conscience at all. She could imagine the secretary impatient to clear the wire for the telephone call she had expected all day. She knew how unimportant the social activities of strangers must seem to a girl whose mind focused only on one man. And so, although all this happened many moons ago, it still troubles Gail.

"It may be that I've done other things both before and since for which others would severely criticize me," she says, "but that's one thing I haven't yet forgiven myself."

In the past few years Bette Davis has been involved in all manner of difficulties, some of which have taken her to court. She has gone on strike at her studio and refused to play the roles assigned her. Much of the time Bette has been right. Much of the time she has been standing by her convictions and her ideals. Inevitably, however, some of the time she must have been wrong. And being wrong in equations as important as this costs you dearly. However, it's none of this that Bette regrets. It's something that happened when she and Harmon Nelson were in the Yosemite on a holiday that causes Bette to plant rue in memory's garden.

She and Ham had promised themselves this holiday for ages; but always when one could get away the other was tied up with an abundance of work. Then, without warning, their schedules coincided and they packed themselves and their luggage into an open car and started off.

It was good to have the sky swinging overhead, to feel the sun warm on their shoulders, to watch the contours of the hills that had been hard and green during the day turn soft in the twilight, and still to drive on, grateful now for the warmth of their great coats.

"It was all perfect," Bette says "until we reached Yosemite.

"We couldn't get rooms at the hotel. We'd been superstitious about making reservations lest one of us be called back. And it never occurred to us that the Sewer Makers of America would choose that time and place for their holiday too.

"At Camp Curry nearby there are tents and bungalows. We went there. I was out of sorts because we couldn't get into the hotel but I determined I'd make the best of it and not ruin things for Ham. But when I learned we had to get tickets for our meals and stand in line I forgot my good intentions.

"From where we stood in line I could see a table in the corner that had no reserved sign on it. I asked the head waitress if we might have it. She shook her head, *in a very superior manner*. That finished me. Ready to burst with fury I stalked off that line, leaving Ham to take the lifted eyebrows, the whispered comments, and to eat alone or follow me and go hungry.

"It was inexcusable bad temper. And I can only hope it has taught me a lesson. For it certainly would have been much easier to have controlled myself and kept things smooth than to be filled with sick humiliation every time I see or hear the word Yosemite or when, for no apparent reason, the episode pops into my mind."

Men and women, it would seem, are different. In fact I've sometimes wondered if they weren't totally different races of people. Women fuss over little things; it's trifles that steal away their peace. Men's eyes and minds, on the contrary, usually are concerned with practical considerations. And this brings us to George Raft . . . George can't forgive himself for the days he spent at the Jamaica track . . .

"I was doing all right for myself," he says "I was making two hundred and fifty a week dancing. But I had afternoons on my hands and I began dropping in at the track. The afternoon I came away with two thousand, five hundred dollars in my wallet they pointed to me as a big winner. As a matter of fact I was ruined—as time proved. The next day I won another thousand and that made it just too bad."

George put his dancing shoes away and decided to live off the horses. It looked easier, much easier. He bought the Morning Telegraph and began to dope out the horses for himself. And he had amazingly good luck.

"They wait for you to get smart—and in deep," he says "and then they take you. One afternoon I went out to the track with six thousand dollars in my pocket. When I think about it now, I'm sure I must have been nuts. At the time, however, I was sure I was a wise guy, on the inside. The odds on a certain horse were tremendous. He wasn't the horse I'd figured to win but

I had a TIP. And when I admit that I put my last dollar on that nag you'll know I was sold on the tip being the malarkey.

"He came in third, with my six thousand riding on him. And to make it worse, the horse I'd really figured on winning came in first.

"I felt like a chump. And it was a darned uncomfortable feeling. Outside, on my way to my car, I took a long look at the place. I knew I wouldn't see it again for a long time—if ever. I knew I had to go home, get out my dancing shoes, and start all over.

"No one beats the track," he concluded. "The percentages are definitely against you. And you can't beat percentages. I thought I could. That's what burns me most—having been a sap!"

It takes no great store of imagination to see the stars in the circumstances they describe; which is psychologically as it should be.

Deanna Durbin's story is as young as she. One afternoon Deanna went to the movies with a girl friend. This was several years ago, before she was in pictures and when her dream, even as it is now, was to sing at the Metropolitan. Deanna hadn't planned to go to the movies after school that day but it was the afternoon of her mother's bridge club so she was sure there would be no one to worry over her absence.

"It was a wonderful picture," Deanna explains. "My girl friend and I sat way up front so we wouldn't miss anything, and we parked our school-books under our seats. We had a bag of chocolate marshmallows too, I remember.

"We waited to see the beginning again. But the picture was almost over when I felt a hand on my shoulder and, turning, found Daddy beside me. I knew by his face that I'd caused a lot of trouble. Mother hadn't gone to her bridge club. And when four o'clock came and I hadn't returned she had begun telephoning all my friends and then searching the neighborhood for me."

Deanna looked very serious. "No one scolded me. If they had it probably would be easier to forget the whole thing. As it is I still get that empty feeling inside of me when I remember the fearful anxiety I caused everybody.

"But I must say," she added "that I still can't understand how the time passed. It was long after seven o'clock when Daddy and I got home. He telephoned mother from the theater lobby, of course. She was almost crazy. And it didn't seem to me—or to my girlfriend either—as if we'd been in the theater nearly that long. Really!"

I can see Deanna in that dark theater, her eyes raised to the screen. It must have been at times like this that she absorbed the technique of acting. For there is no other way to account for the instinctive knowledge of acting she possessed soon after when she entered the studios as a tyro and proceeded to give performances worthy of a seasoned trouper.

Now we come to Virginia Bruce. Virginia may look like a madonna but she can be a little spitfire. All of which makes her doubly fascinating.

About a year ago when Virginia was cast in *Bad Man of Brimstone* she learned a newcomer named Dennis O'Keefe was to play opposite her. She didn't like it. And it wasn't long before the High Moguls who occupy the big executive offices knew it.

"Dennis meant nothing whatever to me as a human being," Virginia explains. "He was a new name, that's all. And from a business point of view he threatened to be a handicap."

The clear sense there is about everything Virginia says is always surprising. For you're never prepared for tones as soft as her's to hold such intelligence and reason.

Dennis O'Keefe represented a very definite handicap to Virginia. First of all it gives an actress a certain prestige to play with a man whose name counts for something. Secondly it's an accepted fact that it helps a player to work opposite a skilled performer.

"I protested loud and long," Virginia said, smiling, as she drew a pale blue thread through her needlepoint cloth. "But it did me no good. For all my protests Dennis got the part. And when I met him for the first time, he became an individual to me. I learned how conscientiously and capably he had been working as an extra; how Clark Gable and others qualified to judge an actor's potentialities, had urged the company to place him under contract. I learned, too, how very much the chance to play in *Bad Man of Brimstone* meant to him.

"And remembering the things I'd said in the front office—concerned with my own interests and thinking of no one else—I was horrified. I still am whenever the incident comes to my mind—which is unbelievably often."

Gail Patrick blurting out a complaint about an inefficient secretary . . . Bette Davis letting her temper ruin a long anticipated holiday . . . George Raft being a chump at the track . . . Deanna Durbin, entranced at the movies, while a frantic family searched the neighborhood for her . . . Virginia Bruce protesting that a young actor not be given his chance, in her picture . . . Human failings, little sins all of these things. Nevertheless they weigh heavily on the conscience of the stars and remain the things the stars would retrace their steps to undo.

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roses and razzes

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

I would like to toss a few of the fairest roses in the direction of a fine "old man" of the screen—Lewis Stone. Stone has never achieved stardom in the accepted sense of the term, but his splendid character acting has certainly aided many others to achieve and maintain stardom by making the production better.

He lends dignity and rugged solidarity to any production in which he appears and when I see his name in the billing, I go to the movies confident in the fact that the general merit of the picture might not rank so high, but I will see top performance in Lewis Stone's role.

Mrs. L. Morris Davis,
Springfield,
Ohio.

JUNIOR HE-MAN!

Since Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney have grown up, the rough-and-ready type of boy seems to have lost favor in Hollywood.

Today's juvenile heroes are—in the parlance of Main Street—just plain "sissies." Curly-haired, with refined voices, are Freddie Bartholomew, Tommy Kelly and Bobby Breen. Apparently a REAL boy hasn't a chance to get on the screen.

Studio publicity departments are always ballyhooing the he-mannishness of their adult male stars. Can't we have some "He-boys" for a change?

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Louise A. Baldwin,
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

A BLAST AT TITLES

Of all the stupid titles with which to saddle a picture of eighty-five minutes of good, clean fun with that born natural, Mickey Rooney, bringing down the house, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer takes the cake with *Hold That Kiss.*

Recently, while I, a stranger, was visiting in Baton Rouge, no less than six people told me they were NOT interested in that silly titled cinema. But our youngsters saw the short review of it, on the screen, the day before, and knew it was as funny as a barrel of monkeys, hence, the visiting family took it in, to their delight!

Ireland's four-leaf-clover, Maureen O'Sullivan, lives up to her true Irish wit and is a cute trick in her nifty models while the new Gable find, Dennis O'Keefe, surely went 'round in circles, like a squirrel in his cage, putting on the dog which leads me to another star Buck, the St. Bernard who is intelligent as a police dog and his keen acting with Mickey is one of the high spots of this rollicking farce.

Sincerely yours,
Edna L. Maddocks,
Ruston, La.

THREE ROSES

Here's a whole carload of roses to three swell actors—Ralph Bellamy, Craig Reynolds and Paul Kelly. Each one does the best he knows how with any role he is handed and despite the fact that some of the parts aren't anything worth mentioning, plugs ahead and overshadows some of the stellar lights! Take Ralph in *The Awful Truth* for instance—who noticed anyone else when he was around, and that, too, despite the fact that he did comedy, a new venture on his part! And, Craig—well, everyone knows him as soon as they see him—and he surely deserves the best after starring in *The Footloose Heiress!* Paul is one of our most versatile actors and I'm sure if he were given a crack at a real leading role or co-starring with Jimmy Cagney or Spencer Tracy, an Academy Award would be his reward! Maybe if we all wish hard enough these things will come true—here's hoping!

Yours, very sincerely,
Jeannette Mendro,
Chicago, Ill.

A POKE AT PREVIEWS

With a double feature program, why couldn't the previews of coming attractions be cut merely to the name of the picture and the names of the players appearing in it?

In small towns where a complete program change is made three or four times a week, it's really too much to sit through those three or four "previews."

And for mercy's sake, pass a law to ban local "ads." They may pay the theatre adequately, but if they bore the patrons to the point of staying away—?

Helen Cook,
Sedalia, Mo.

VIVA VALENTINO

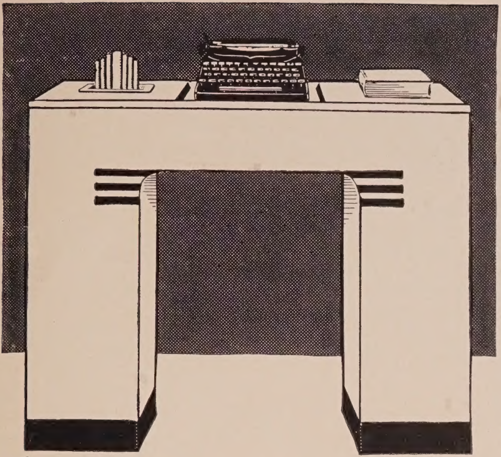
It's "on with the old and off with the new" if one may use a recent Seattle poll as a criterion.

When questioned as to how they liked Rudolph Valentino after seeing him again in *The Sheik* and *Son of the Sheik,* the bulk of the feminine fans voted him as still being the greatest heart-throb. This, despite the over-acting, the exaggerated make-up and gestures!

Spencer Tracy was acclaimed the favorite leading man of today—*after* Valentino.

What of the male fan vote? How would Agnes Ayres compare with our present-day glamour girls? Is Myrna Loy the people's choice? Or Hedy Lamarr?

Sincerely yours,
M. F. Doner,
Seattle, Washington.



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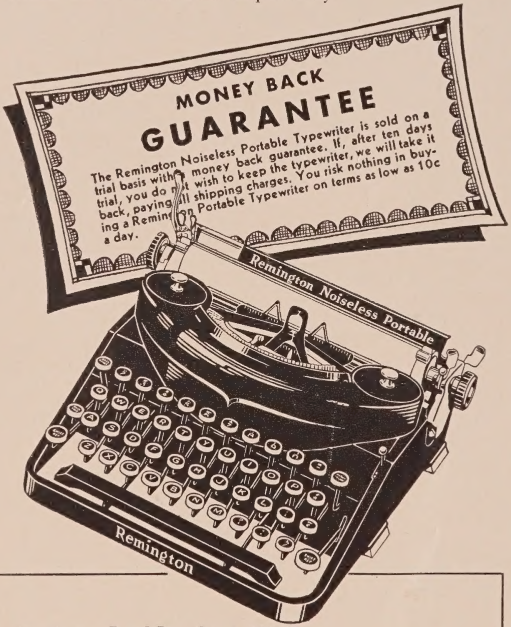

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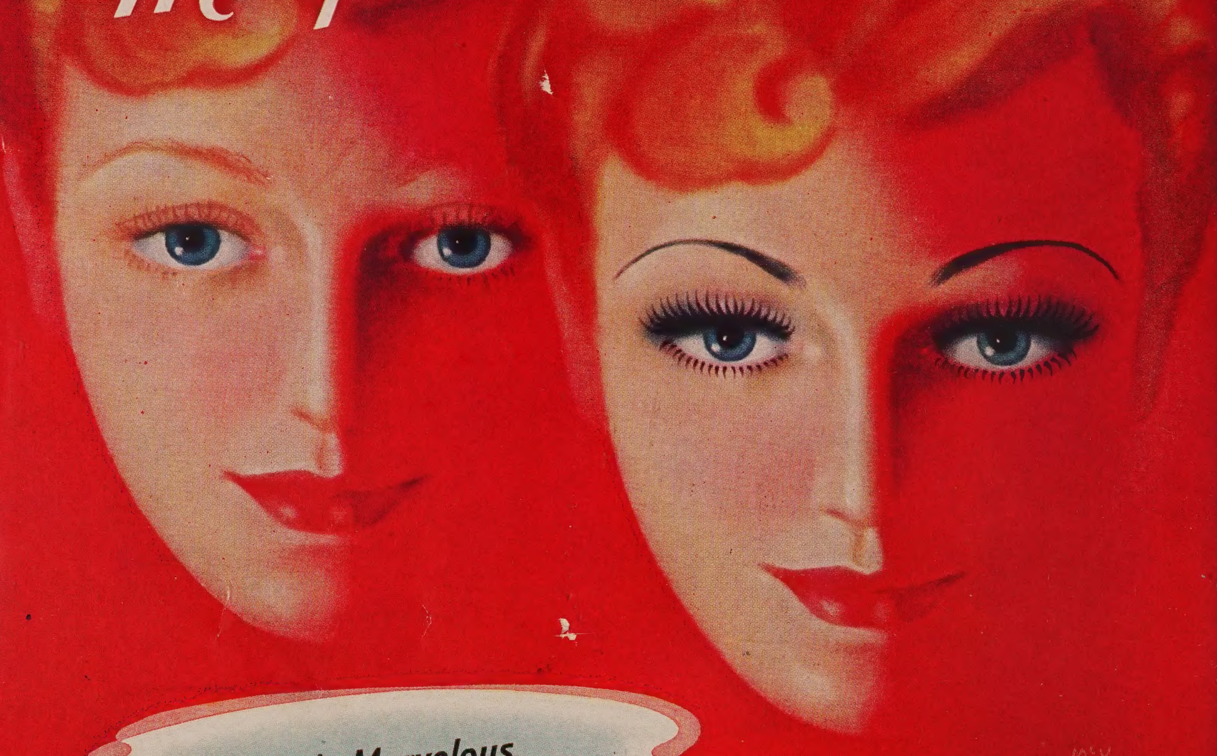

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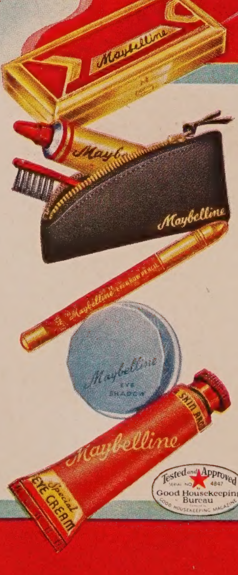

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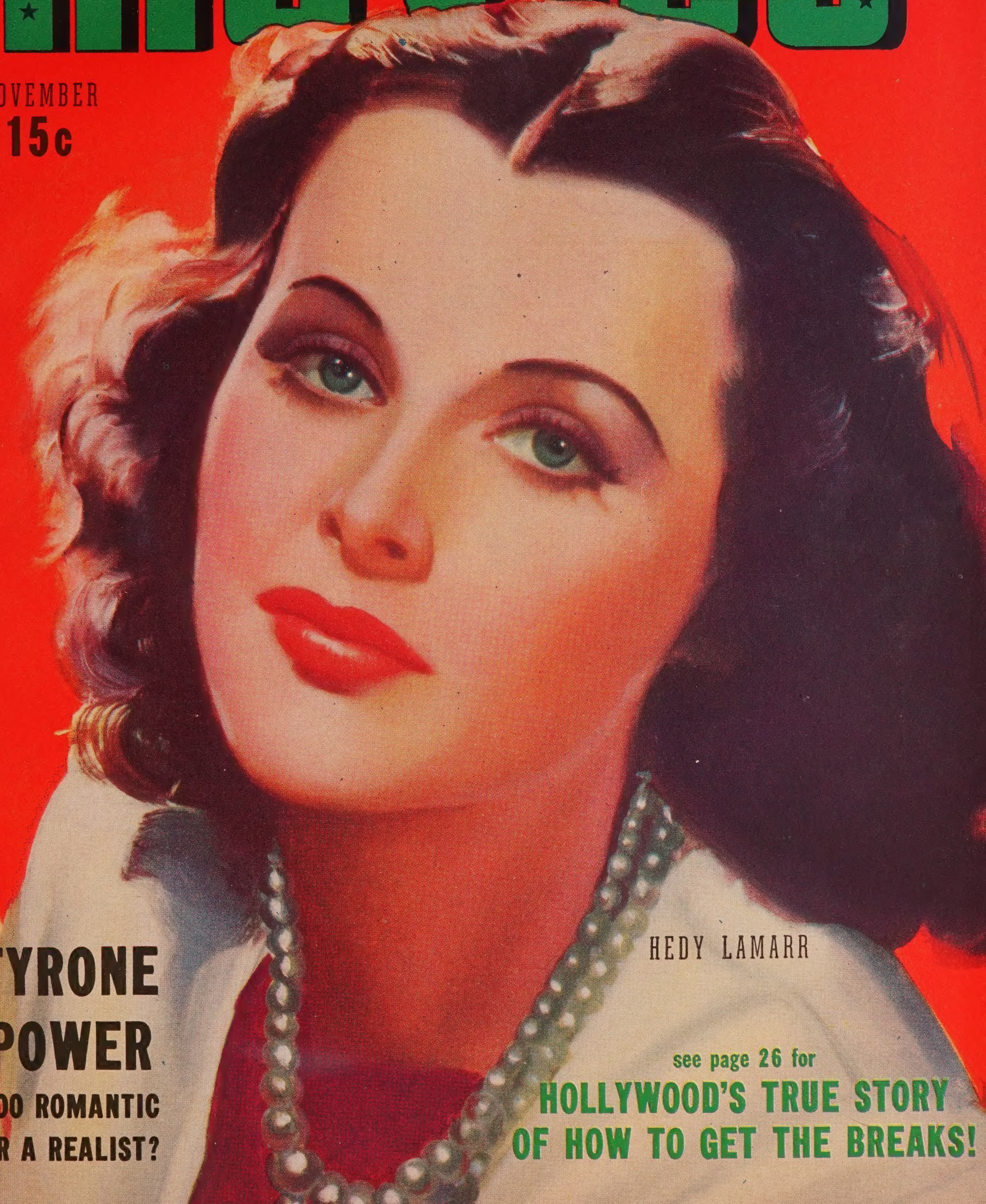

HEDY LAMARR

TYRONE POWER
TOO ROMANTIC OR A REALIST?

see page 26 for
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november, 1938 volume 2 no. 5

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★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

J L Warner

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President*
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

Frank McHugh
Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250.000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

May Robson
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Lenore Coffee
Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture

Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.

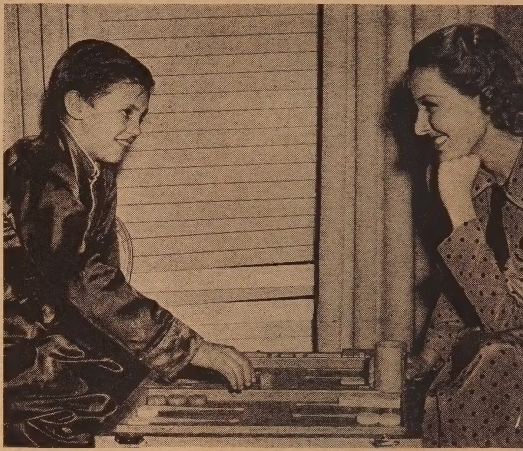
How many of these real names of famous Hollywoodites can you recognize? Virginia Katherine McMath, Frederick Austerlitz, Laura Gainer, William Henry Pratt, Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, Joe Yule, Jr., Ruby Stevens, Mae Greene, Myrna Williams, and Jose Paige. In order they are Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Janet Gaynor, Boris Karloff, Merle Oberon, Mickey Rooney, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Parker, Myrna Loy, and Don Alvarado. I'll bet half of 'em have forgotten they ever were those peeples!

✦

Paramount wins this month's preview presentation championship. The studio chartered a special train to carry the press to Bing Crosby's Del Mar race track. It was a wery, wery swank train, too. It had parlor cars, lounge, club car, diner and half a dozen coaches. A delicious buffet lunch was served immediately upon arrival and a center section of the grandstand at the track was reserved and turned over to the members of the fourth estate. A bang-up dinner was served at the Del Mar Turf after the races, after which the previewers returned to the grandstand and *Sing You Sinners* was projected upon a screen erected at the finish line. At the conclusion, a half hour National Broadcast took place with various players and press correspondents being interviewed. There just ain't no Master of Ceremonies like Bing Crosby. He's *tops! Sing You Sinners* is one grand picture, too. One of Bing's best. Don't miss it.

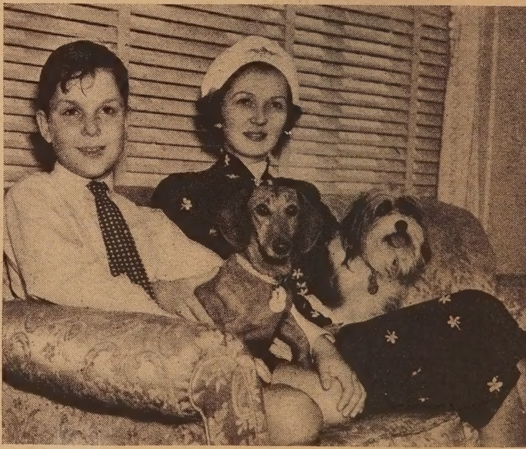
✦

The Columbia Studio's preview of *You Can't Take It With You,* was something to remember, too. It took up two full stages. On Stage 9, the entire building had been turned into a huge modern cafe, and here from one to two-thirty a delicious and very artistic buffet luncheon was served. At two-thirty everyone moved into Stage eight which had been made into a picture theater for the occasion. It was well it was a sound-proof stage, for roars of laughter and applause thundered to the rafters at many points in Frank Capra's magnificent comedy achievement on the screen. The entire cast was present in *(Continued on page 81)*



1. **Champion Calibre? Yeah! Florence Rice and little Terry Kilburn indulge in a round of backgammon between scenes of MGM'S *Sweethearts,* just for practice. Looks like Florence hit the goal line.**

2. **Racetrack ruffians are Wallace Beery and Mickey Rooney in *Stablemates.* The story concerns a former veterinarian who turns track bum because of false murder charges. A stableboy is his pal.**



3. **Irene Castle McLaughlin and son Billy arrive in Hollywood for *The Castles,* a saga of her life with Vernon Castle. Irene is acting as technical advisor, costume designer, and writer for RKO.**

hollywood happenings

Lamarr at leisure! M-G-M's Hedy Lamarr, exotic lady from Vienna, has a marathon bout with a handkerchief to work up an appetite for dinner. Hedy has lost a lot of weight.

"See your hair as others see it," says Danielle Darrieux, beautiful French star who will soon be seen in *Rio,* her new pix for Universal.

Brush it up!

BY HELEN STEWART

Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head. What shall the owner do to control it? This, a slight adaptation of the ancient parlor game, might well be the theme song of the girl with a mop of heavy, unruly hair.

Hairdressers, so sympathetic with the girl possessed of straight, thin locks, take a "be glad you have all that hair" attitude with the heavy-headed sisterhood. For, back in the early days of any kind of soap for shampoo, the results were disastrous, both to health and beauty. Years went by and our grandmas, stubborn souls, simply refused to learn. Or, maybe they weren't to blame. They didn't have all the marvelous shampoos, tonics, brushes and methods for keeping that great mop of hair with which they started out in life. And in their earnest and misguided efforts to acquire clean scalps, they consistently defied all rules of Nature and as consistently lost the decision.

Out in Hollywood it soon became a matter of dollars and cents. The screen stars were carefully scrutinized for beauty of hair as well as for beauty of face, figure and talent. The demands that the camera placed upon their heads gave chemists ideas and it wasn't long before our huge market was swamped with hundreds of ideal products for beautifying hair. And it didn't take grandma long to snatch up their ideas, either. Of course, by that time it was generally too late and grandma died at a ripe old age with little or near to no hair on her head. Think of it! And today, the grandmothers of this younger generation have a "crowning glory" that they are proud to show to the world!

Helen Stewart, Beauty Editor of MODERN MOVIES, will gladly help you with your beauty problems. Whether your problem is too much hair or too little hair, oily or dry scalp, Miss Stewart will give you expert advice. Write to her in care of MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th Street, New York City. For a personal reply be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The average life of a hair is from two to four years, then it falls out. But when this happens in a healthy scalp, a new hair is already pushing its way through to the surface. Hence, no need to worry. But, if your hair is rapidly and continually falling out, due to excessive oiliness, excessive dryness, or for some other reason, then it is time to take stock of your own methods of caring for it.

The new little doll hats that will be so fashionable this winter, demand a luxuriant growth of hair. They also demand *sheen, softness* and *buoyancy,* the three words which vividly describe a beautiful crowning glory. Look at Danielle Darrieux's luxuriant head of hair. This glamorous screen star who hailed from Paris not many months ago, and who soon

(Continued on page 62)

YOU are your own best Movie Critic

IT IS TO YOU, the world's best critic of the motion picture, that the industry owes its greatest debt of thanks.

You decide who, among all the actors and actresses you see, shall become stars. It is *you* who single out from among all the directors and screen writers those destined to become great.

It is *you* who develop, through your applause or the withholding of it, the new types of stories, the new twists of action, of camera work, of pace and tempo that alter and improve picture-making from month to month and from year to year.

It is *your* dislike of the spurious, the inaccurate, that sends camera crews to the ends of the earth to film pictures with the unmistakable realism of authentic locales — and eminent historians and scholars to search the museums and libraries of the world to make sure that each picture will be authentic to the spirit of its time and its place.

The motion picture industry depends on *your* judgment and welcomes *your* challenge to fresh endeavor, to constant research and experiment.

Therefore, as you enter the theatre, remember that you and those around you are the judge and jury.

And the more you exercise your privilege of criticism — the more you voice your praise or disapproval to the theatre management — the better pictures will be.

Depend on your own judgment! Make it heard, make it felt. In a very real sense you and the producers and exhibitors of motion pictures are partners. Make yours an *active* partnership.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now — on the eve of the Golden Jubilee of motion pictures — there is ready for you a remarkable array of new productions — the finest that have ever been presented in a single season.

There are, as you will see from the list below, pictures of every kind — to suit every taste and match every mood. Some will give you thrilling adventure — others tender romance. Some will give you tense, gripping drama and others beautiful dancing and catchy tunes to whistle as you leave the theatre. Some will bring you tears — and some, side-splitting laughter.

This fall, one after another, these fine pictures are coming to your favorite theatre. You helped create them. See them. We think you will be proud of your share in their making — as we are of ours.

$250,000.00

5,404 CASH PRIZES

LIST OF PRIZES!

1st Prize	. . . .	$50,000
2nd Prize	. . . .	25,000
2 of $10,000 each	.	20,000
5 of $5,000 each	.	25,000
5 of $2,000 each	.	10,000
10 of $1,000 each	.	10,000
40 of $500 each	. .	20,000
40 of $250 each	. .	10,000
300 of $100 each	.	30,000
5000 of $10 each	.	50,000
5,404	TOTAL	$250,000

FREE! FREE!

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Hurry! Hurry! Beautiful 32-Page Book For a Limited Time Only!

FREE—your copy of this 32-Page Movie Quiz Contest Booklet at your favorite theatre—contains complete information about the $250,000 Movie Quiz Cash Prize Contest PLUS all the news of forthcoming hits—pictures of your favorite stars—a contest entry blank. Just ask for it—IT'S FREE—and you're on your way to one of the 5,404 cash prizes totaling $250,000. Get *your* copy today — at your local theatre.

Watch for these new season's pictures at your favorite theatre:

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY
Shirley Temple, George Murphy
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS
Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison
PROFESSOR BEWARE
Harold Lloyd, Phyllis Welch
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE
Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor
THE CHASER
Dennis O'Keefe, Ann Morriss, Lewis Stone
BAREFOOT BOY
Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones
ALGIERS
Charles Boyer, Hedy LaMarr, Sigrid Gurie
BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA
John Howard, Heather Angel, H. B. Warner
GATEWAY
Don Ameche, Arleen Whelan
I'M FROM THE CITY
Joe Penner, Richard Lane, Lorraine Krueger
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen
THE CROWD ROARS
Robert Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan
MR. CHUMP
Johnny Davis, Lola Lane, Penny Singleton
KEEP SMILING
Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart
PAINTED DESERT
George O'Brien, Laraine Johnson
RICH MAN—POOR GIRL
Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Ruth Hussey
THE MISSING GUEST
Paul Kelly, Constance Moore
THE TEXANS
Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, May Robson
RACKET BUSTERS
Humphrey Bogart, George Brent
THE GLADIATOR
Joe E. Brown, June Travis
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche
BLOCK-HEADS
Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy
GIVE ME A SAILOR
Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Betty Grable
SMASHING THE RACKETS
Chester Morris, Frances Mercer, Rita Johnson
BREAKING THE ICE
Bobby Breen, Charles Ruggles
DARK RAPTURE
African Jungle Feature
MARIE ANTOINETTE
Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power
SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour
SPEED TO BURN
Michael Whalen, Lynn Bari
BOY MEETS GIRL
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson
UNDER THE BIG TOP
Anne Nagel, Marjorie Main, Grant Richards
CAREFREE
Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers
FOUR'S A CROWD
Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland
FRESHMAN YEAR
Dixie Dunbar, William Lundigan
I AM THE LAW
Edward G. Robinson, John Beal, Wendy Barrie
MY LUCKY STAR
Sonja Henie, Richard Greene
SING YOU SINNERS
Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew
THREE LOVES HAS NANCY
Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery
BOYS TOWN
Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney
IN OLD MEXICO
William Boyd, Russell Hayden, George Hayes
SAFETY IN NUMBERS
The Jones Family, Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane
THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL
Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball
THE COMET
Wm. Gargan, Joy Hodges, Andy Devine
SECRETS OF AN ACTRESS
Kay Francis, George Brent, Ian Hunter
THE LADY OBJECTS
Lanny Ross, Gloria Stuart
JUVENILE COURT
Paul Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Frankie Darro
HOLD THAT CO-ED
John Barrymore, George Murphy
RENEGADE RANGER
George O'Brien, Rita Hayworth
SONS OF THE LEGION
Lynne Overman, Evelyn Keyes
THE ROAD TO RENO
Randolph Scott, Hope Hampton
TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly
VALLEY OF THE GIANTS
Charles Bickford, Claire Trevor, Jack LaRue
DRUMS
Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson
CAMPUS CONFESSIONS
Hank Luisetti, Betty Grable
FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT
Frank Albertson, Eleanor Lynn
LISTEN DARLING
Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland
THE LAST EXPRESS
Kent Taylor, Dorothea Kent, Barbara Read
TIME OUT FOR MURDER
Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen
FOUR DAUGHTERS
Claude Rains, Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane
WANTED BY THE POLICE
Frankie Darro
GIRLS' SCHOOL
Anne Shirley, Nan Grey
KING OF ALCATRAZ
Gail Patrick, Lloyd Nolan, J. Carroll Naish
MR. WONG, DETECTIVE
Boris Karloff
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore
ROOM SERVICE
The Marx Brothers, Lucille Ball
STABLEMATES
Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney
SUBMARINE PATROL
Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly, George Bancroft
YOUTH TAKES A FLING
Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea, Dorothea Kent

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Youth...**EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!**

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!

SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY

PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

and

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

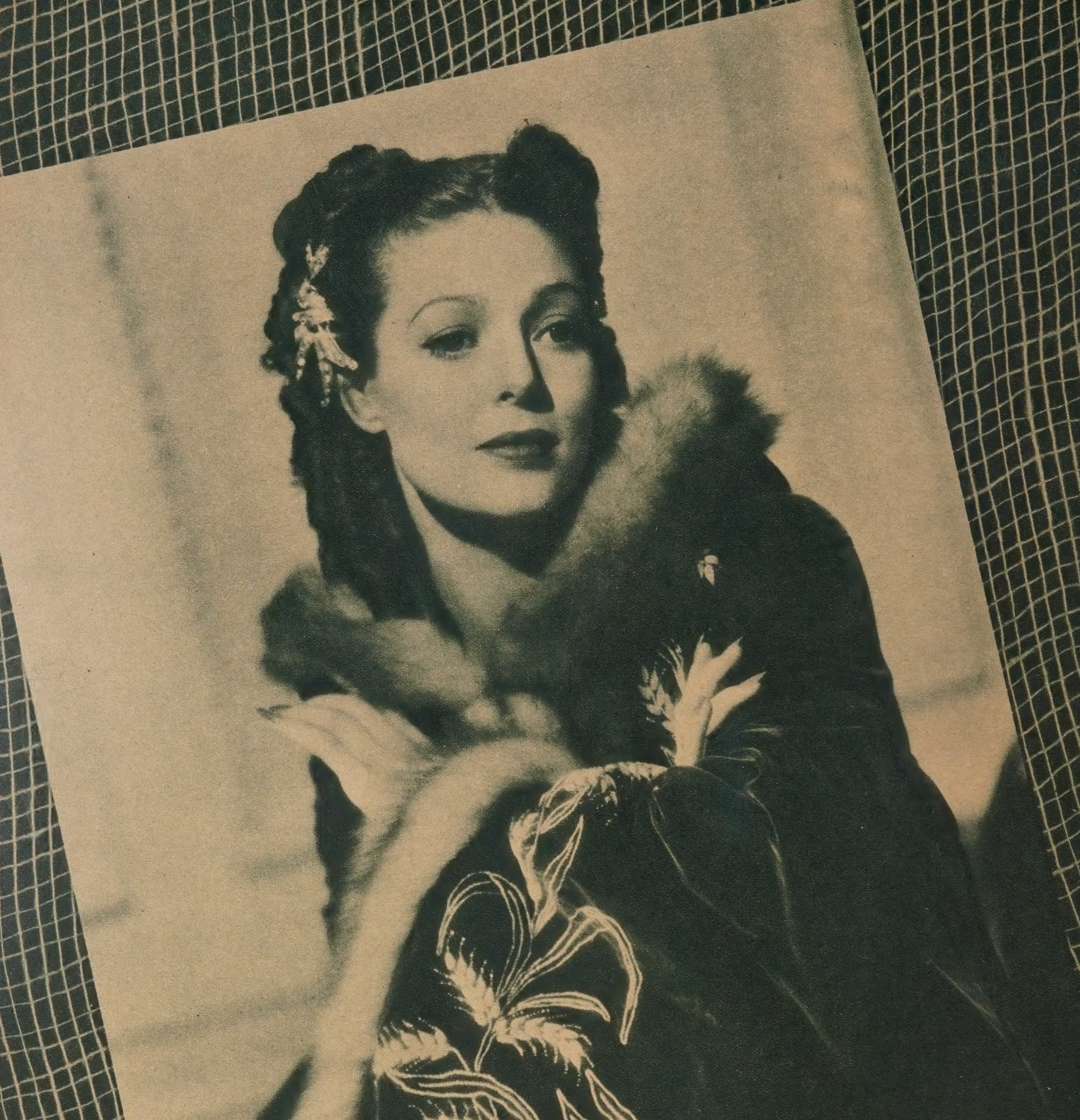
Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

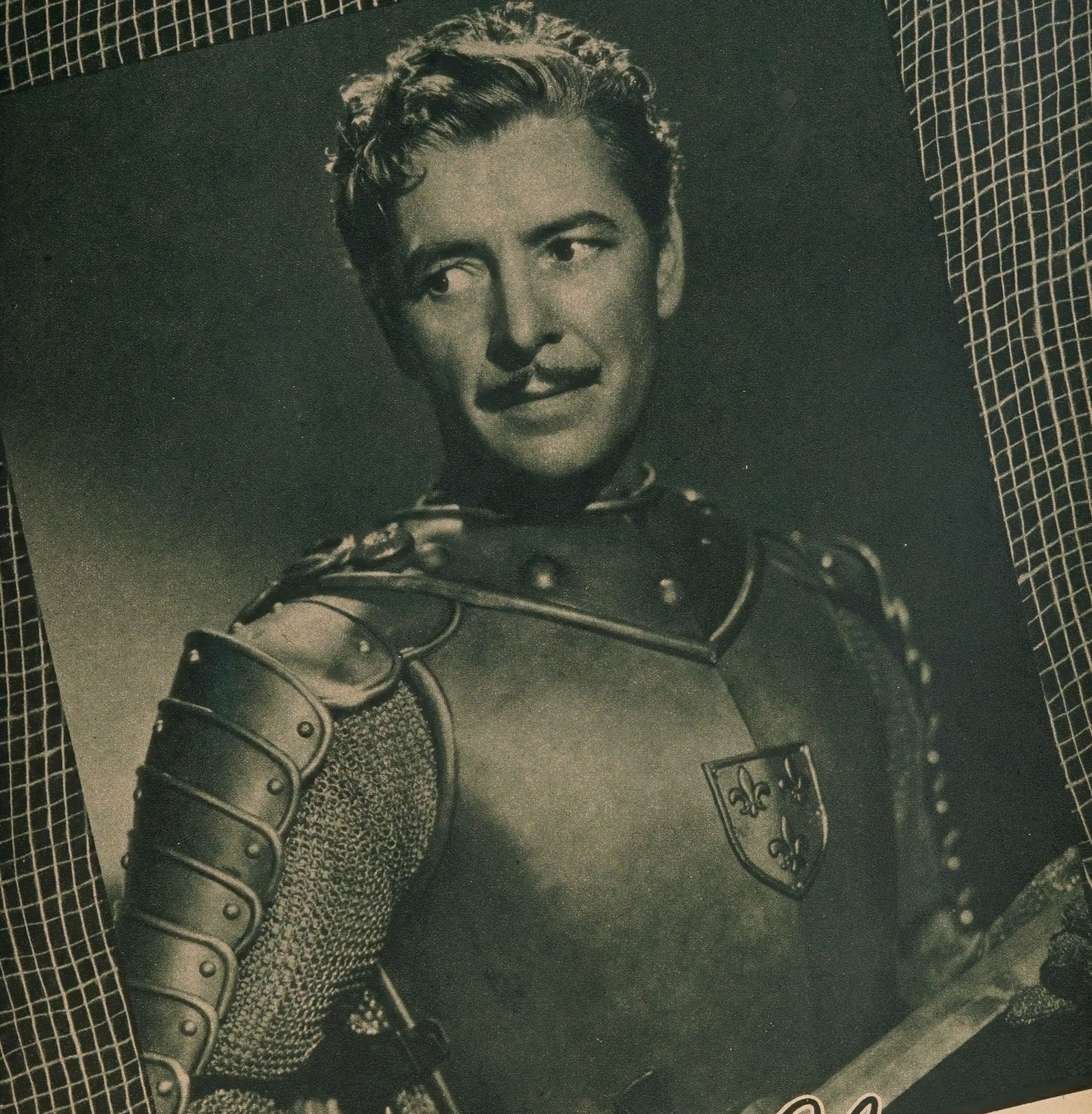
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

Nelson Eddy



Loretta Young



Ronald Colman

20th Century-Fox's Tyrone Power chats informally with reporters on his recent visit to New York.

Power

Hollywood spells glamour for most people but you'd never get Tyrone Power to agree with them.

He's seen the other side of the movie town. He knows the hardness that lies beyond the tinsel and the heartbreak that hides behind the gayety. It took him six years to discover that Hollywood can be as hard as it is alluring and as long as he lives he will remember those years.

"I find Hollywood a town where you work like a galley slave and go home at nights usually too tired for any bright lights," Tyrone says. "A town where the glamour is for visitors and not for those who punch a time clock on movie sets."

But even without the struggle, even without the politely indifferent, cold shoulder Hollywood once gave him, it is doubtful if he would have been bowled over by the spell of this famous town. After all Tyrone was born to glamour. From the time he first began to be conscious of individuals his world was peopled by a cast of celebrities. Stage stars were as familiar to him as Uncle Bill and Aunt Susie are to you and me. He came from a long line of actors and his great grandfather, grandfather and father had all been matinee idols before him, on the legitimate stage.

HOW DOES TYRONE POWER REACT TO THE

Ty is nonplussed at Annabella's devotion in this poignant scene from *Suez*, new $2,000,000 film.

Ty basks in the radiance of the Empress Eugenie as portrayed by bewitching Loretta Young in *Suez*.

ON PARADE

by elizabeth petersen macdonald

He had seen his father lionized and had seen his father die leaving nothing beyond the glory of his name. A boy can't go through that and still be impressed by the superficial.

Tyrone was only seventeen that day his father died in his arms. They had grown close to each other the summer before when they had gone on a vacation trip to Canada, and even closer after that when the boy had become a member of his father's company and gone on tour with him. They had come to Hollywood where the senior Tyrone Power was to play the leading role in *The Miracle Man* and it was in Hollywood that he died just before the picture was to be made.

That day was probably the turning point in the boy's life. For years his father had been hardly more than a name to him for he was only a few years old when his mother, alarmed at her son's health, had taken him and his sister to California.

Patia Power did much more than raise her pale, thin son to robust manhood. She gave him other things besides glowing health. An awareness of life as it is, a sense of values, humor and all the other qualities that gave him the perseverence to go on and to keep that young head of his so squarely on his shoulders after he arrived.

"My father who was a great actor taught me the ways of the stage," Tyrone says today. "My mother who is a great actress and a wonderful woman gave me the courage I needed."

It was the courage that was to serve him best.

He needed it badly those days after his father died. It was a shock to discover there was no money at all, remembering his father's enormous wardrobe and his expensive cars and the way he had always stopped at the best hotels. But of course that was the reason there wasn't anything.

Tyrone was only a kid but he knew family responsibility rested on his square, young shoulders. At first he thought it would be easy to find work. After all he was the son of one of the greatest actors on the American stage. And his father's friends were influential on Broadway and in Hollywood. But weeks went by and he began to wonder. Months went by and there were times when he had to draw on his reserve courage before he could force himself to face another day.

"I've never believed in starving," he

(Continued on page 76)

ECHO OF PUBLIC APPLAUSE? ROMANTICIST OR REALIST—WHICH ONE OF THESE IS TY?

Warners' Margaret Lindsay, resplendent in baguettes and rhinestones, takes a shine to Anita Louise's b. f. Bob Abbot, at the Tailwaggers Ball.

Debonnair Ian Hunter and Kay Francis, a vision in sables, go forth to taste some night life off the *Curtain Call* set, dramatic epic of a stage career.

Candid camera-conscious? Warners' two top-notch proponents of arch-skullduggery get together. Ed Robinson smiles as Humph Bogart adjusts his aim.

A bonnet binge! Glenda Farrell regularly buys 20 new hats for her wardrobe, 15 of which are introduced in each *Torchy* film.

Marie Wilson and her fiance Nick Grinde were among those present at the Tailwaggers Ball, a society of dog lovers. *Broadway Musketeers* is her next.

Star Stuff

Bette Davis, President of The Tailwaggers, enjoys the ball festivities with Director Edmund Goulding. She is working on *Dark Victory.*

Olivia DeHavilland enjoys activities of the navy fliers while her coiffure gets a final twirl for *Wings Of The Navy* a stunt-flyin' pic.

Basil Rathbone and Son, Rodion, go into a huddle over their scenes in *Dawn Patrol* a lavish flying spectacle of the early World War.

The Eliot Sisters as portrayed by Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Jane Bryan in *The Sisters.*

The girls run hurriedly through the script while Director Anatole Litvak attentively listens.

"Let's elope, darling," pleads Errol Flynn, the dashing newspaper man who's in love with Bette.

BATTLIN'

"INCONSISTENCY" DE-
RACTER AND AN ANTI-

CURLED up in a deck chair on the terrace of her mother's summer home at Manhattan Beach, and with her hair blowing about her face, Bette Davis looked like a carefree school girl. Here was no *Jezebel!* No hardened *Marked Woman,* or cheap cockney *Mildred* who gripped us in *Of Human Bondage!* Suddenly, it occurred to me that one who could portray screen roles so completely contrary to her own temperament, should be tops in real-life inconsistencies. So, I put the question to her.

"Of course, I'm inconsistent," Bette's reply blazed with vehemence. "I'm glad of it, too. Wouldn't it be boring to always know what your reactions would be?"

"For one thing," she continued, "if anyone takes too much for granted, assuming that I'll do something, that's exactly what I don't want to do. If I'm told I must work late at the studio, I'm furious. But if they come and ask me, explaining the urgency, I'll work all night without a whimper. No downtrodden, self-sacrificing roles for me in real life. I don't yearn to be weakly feminine, I prefer being independent, equal to standing on my own feet. To *battle,* if necessary. Battling is damn good character development—you don't do it unless you want something *terribly.* Or for something that is *right!*

"I'm naturally economical," she continued, "and I believe in getting full value out of every cent I spend. That's part of my New England heritage, yet, I'm not saving. I even have extravagences—such as my home. But I'd live in a hut and have but one dress rather than go without books and a car. They aren't extravagances to me, they are necessities. As a little girl I passed up candy bars and soda pop to buy books, and as for a car, even when I didn't have a cent, I always managed to borrow enough for some kind of a machine. I'd bargain for an old wreck, then turn it in for a better one. Maybe, I inherited a horse-trading talent from some ancestor for I always made a good deal.

"I'm extravagant in light and heat for my home, I won't skimp by running around turning off lights, or keeping the heat so low everybody must sit around bundled up in a sweater. Back in New England, when I was a child, most of the rooms were shut off so they wouldn't have to be heated. I've never forgotten that discomfort and to this day I hate closed doors. I want everything wide open and I'm positive, a gloomy house and petty economies lower the friendly family atmosphere.

"Flowers I must have, even if I have to miss a meal, and I've done

Bette

CLARES BETTE DAVIS, "IS A SIGN OF CHA-
DOTE FOR BOREDOM."

by maude cheatham

To be in correct focus, Bette stands on a raised platform for added height against Errol's six ft. two.

just that, many times. Efficient servants are also, on my 'demand' list for I like smooth domestic machinery and haven't the time to attend to it myself. Another thing, I always buy good food for my pets and it makes me wild to see many who profess to love their dogs, giving them inferior meat to eat."

Bette admits she won't spend money on expensive rooms at a hotel. Then, she gaily told about a visit to New York, when her mother wired ahead to have a personal maid at the hotel to look out for her. The first morning after her bath, Bette carefully washed out the tub and soap dish, which so astonished the maid that she felt obliged to explain that her mother taught her as a little girl, no lady would ever leave a ring around the tub, and that she must always leave the bathroom exactly as she found it.

"As for my economies," resumed Bette "I'm definitely no attic collector. I'm not even a string saver. I have a passion for cunning bottles and odd shaped boxes, but I never keep them if not in use. I dislike old clothes around, too. In fact, I adore throwing away everything the instant its day is past. Mother always says that whenever I have a cleaning-up spell, she searches the waste baskets to rescue the treasures I toss aside.

A moment's hesitation, and Bette added, "Here's a glaring inconsistency I never thought about before; I gleefully part with everything—except *magazines*. I actually hoard them! I've every issue of my favorites for the past five years, piling them here and there, and filling several closets.. As I'll never have time to reread them, I suppose it's foolish."

"Very foolish," commented Mrs. Davis, as she joined us. "Now," she added, with a laugh, "I'll tell you some of Bette's inconsistencies. She's hypersensitive regarding her home and worries if everything isn't exactly right. Menus must be perfectly selected, meals correctly served, with flowers, linens and lights appropriate for the occasion, even just for

(Continued on page 77)

Disillusioned Bette collapses in her mother's arms, played by Laura Hope Crews. Lee Patrick is Flora.

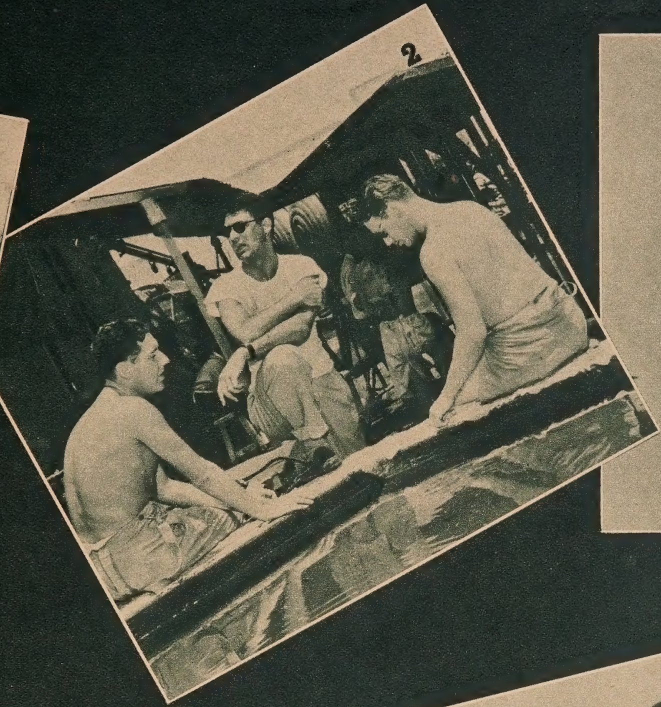
Director Litvak, Bette and Errol exchange pleasantries between scenes. *Dark Victory* will be Bette's next.

A man's meal! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Cary Grant and Bob Coote visit the RKO cafe during a lull on the *Gunga Din* set.

ON *location*

With the snow-capped peak of Mt. Whitney as a background, RKO's picturization of Rudyard Kipling's famous ballad *Gunga Din* is being filmed. A huge set has been built to represent the village of Tantrapur, in Northern India, and Director George Stevens assembles the cast for a battle between 250 men representing Indian tribesmen and English cavalry. Prop men walk among horsemen and Indians distributing blank cartridges to be used in the forthcoming shooting sequence. Then action!

Rehearsal? Douglas is the lucky gent being embraced by Joan Fontaine with Director Stevens as the mirth-provoker.



1 Crack cavalry! Douglas, Cary and Victor McLaglen and a few aides are besieged by tribesmen. Blanks are fired by the two sides and at spaced intervals men topple over dissembling death.

2 A memory lesson! Robert Coote, Cary and Douglas hurriedly run through their lines for the next scene . . . a gathering of officers at the barracks where they discuss plans for attacking the Hindus.

Putting on the heat! The *Gunga Din* locale is plenty hot under the sun's sizzling rays. Cary and Doug cool off on orangeade.

STAY AT HOME *Stanwyck*

Barbara Stanwyck, one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic sportswomen begins the day with a few brisk sets of tennis.

Barbara and her adopted son Dion enjoy an intimate chat on the spacious grounds surrounding her farmhouse of Irish architecture.

Part owner of Marwyck Stables, Babs has become an equestrienne of considerable note. She is shown riding *Reno,* her prize stallion.

Between shooting on *The Mad Miss Manton* for RKO Barbara spends hours at the concrete freshwater pool on her estate, with only Terry, a little Boston bulldog for company.

Roamin' Roz

Rosalind Russell revelled in farm life at Buckinghamshire while working over in England on *The Citadel.* Kinda cowsy!

Poppin' the question! The procedure is explained by Director King Vidor to Roz and Robert Donat. The setting is a rural road in Wales.

Roz with Robert Donat who was the unanimous choice of both A. J. Cronin, the author, and Producer Victor Saville for Dr. Manson's role.

Roz goes roaming around the enchanting rose gardens at her Tudor farmhouse near Denham Studios. What a spot for romance!

BLAENELLY
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIET
BLAENELLY
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIE

Roz as Schoolteacher Christine Barlow cycles to work in Blaenelly. The 60 sets used for this picture required fourteen days to construct.

James Cagney and the Missus, the former Frances Vernon, who danced with Jimmy in the chorus of *Pitter Patter*, their first Broadway musical. He attributes his success to her courage and loyalty.

Jimmy goes back to a crook role in *Angels With Dirty Faces* but he is a hero to the ragged urchins from his neighborhood, ably played by all the kids of *Dead End* fame. Swell drama!

A romantic interlude, with lovely Ann Sheridan as the brightly burning flame in Jimmy's heart. Padre Pat O'Brien is very much interested in the happiness of his closest friends.

On your mark! Jimmy is all set to show Frances a few ping pong pointers at their home in Beverly Hills. It's a long way from those lean days when java 'n crullers was ambrosia.

MONEY hadn't gone to his head, hadn't caused any visible swelling inside the old hat-band. Even a lynx-eyed income tax collector would never have recognized in him the landed proprietor of Beverly Hills and the gentleman farmer of Martha's Vineyard. Perhaps it was because of having lately shaken down the bountiful Warner Brothers with fruity results that James Cagney slyly suggested nothing so much as a small boy who had gone through an apple orchard and come out innocently unaware.

With his disarming boyishness, the everlasting Jimmy in him, Mr. Cagney now was filled with an eagerness bright as his hair to consider the ways and means of Young America and argue one of the social questions dear to his proletarian heart. That is, having just made *Boy Meets Girl* into modern romance for the screen, he straightway went back to his own small-change days to weigh the financial problem of the boy of today in meeting not only the girl but expenses.

"That's a cinch, and do you know why?" he demanded. "It's because of the girl. In the old days the boy footed the bill and the girl looked sweetly unconscious when the waiter sneaked up with a check that made slow starvation seem a pleasure. But now they go Dutch and the boy doesn't go broke. The girl gives the lad a break. That's the way it should be. There's more honesty in it, it's absolutely on the level. The boy loses nothing by it, none of his self-respect to leave him feeling like a heel, and the girl gains something of first importance to her—independence. Neither is throwing a bluff. Both start off with a fair and sensible understanding, instead of waiting to reach it after they're married. The girl deserves a lot of praise for bringing about the greatest boy-and-girl change this country has ever known. While she may play on her femininity to gain her own sentimental ends, she is too proud to do this for any materially selfish reason. In this respect she wants to be, and is, thoroughly independent. As I see her, the modern girl is a living Statue of Liberty."

Turning to the window of his dressing-room, the chivalrous Mr. Cagney seemed to be gazing down the bay from lower Manhattan to The Lady of the Torch standing free as air and water as the symbol of American young womanhood.

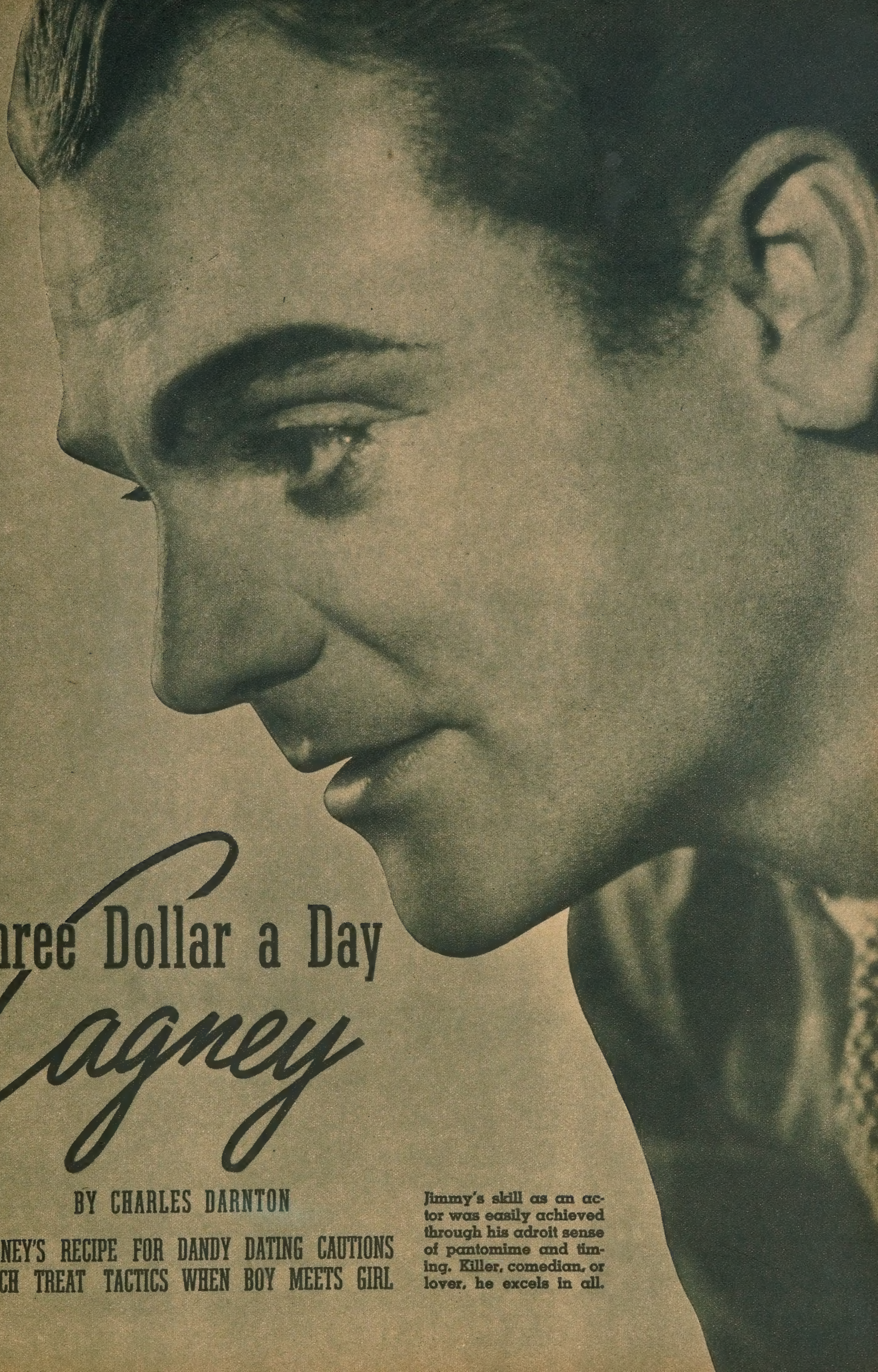
"Of course," he made clear, "I'm talking about the average boy and girl, not those who have money to throw to the birds of prey known as headwaiters. Free spenders go to places where the cover charge alone would set back most kids for a week or two. But right here in the side streets of Hollywood there are lots of small cafes where there is no cover charge at all and the cost of an evening's entertainment doesn't compel mental bookkeeping. When I was a kid in New York I didn't go to restaurants of any kind—couldn't afford 'em. On Friday nights I'd take a girl to the movies, a dark corner of the last row, and on other nights I'd take her for walks—long ones—that killed time and us. But that wasn't the case with a brother of mine. He'd take a girl out with thirty cents in his pocket and come back with more money than he had when he left home. What his system was we never discovered. His financial genius was, and still remains, the great family mystery. I had to be careful, so my spending sprees never grew wilder than two ice-cream sodas at the corner drug store."

From his thrifty caution it (Continued on page 72)

Three Dollar a Day Cagney

BY CHARLES DARNTON

CAGNEY'S RECIPE FOR DANDY DATING CAUTIONS DUTCH TREAT TACTICS WHEN BOY MEETS GIRL



Jimmy's skill as an actor was easily achieved through his adroit sense of pantomime and timing. Killer, comedian, or lover, he excels in all.

Stay Away From Hollywood

MGM's Walter Pidgeon after an unsuccessful session at the Coast returned to the stage and was rediscovered.

Irene Dunne in discussing poise, stresses attention to posture and carriage. She's now doing *Love Match* for RKO.

Bob Burns and his bazooka made a hit on the radio before Hollywood recognition. *I'm From Missouri* is his latest.

I have to laugh when I think about this Hollywood situation. It has been going on since pictures began and I've been in the middle of it for the last ten years, but it was only recently that I realized how funny it was. Now, I have to laugh when I think how Hollywood is crying for new talent and new talent is crying for Hollywood. . . . And how the twain just can't seem to meet.

Yet it is too bad, especially for those lads and lassies who really have what it takes to make good on the screen and can't get themselves noticed. As for the producers needing new personalities to keep their business alive—and they certainly do—it is at least partly their own fault, since everybody knows that even for a potential Greta Garbo to secure an interview with a mere sixth assistant to the second assistant to an associate producer is like threading the well known camel through the needle's eye, only harder.

The fact is, Hollywood producers, despite their need for new screen material, almost never have and very likely never will recognize talent which seeks recognition. It doesn't make sense. It seems ridiculous. But that's the way it is. They apparently prefer to "spot" their own talent, said talent usually being busily and successfully occupied with another career. Maybe it's ego. Maybe they like to have the satisfaction of saying, "I picked her out. She made me a million last year." Maybe it just isn't feasible to set up extensive testing units right here in Hollywood, although no one seems to be able to tell me why not. Anyway, you can count on the fingers of one hand the stars who reached the top in talking pictures by asking a studio for a job . . . Jean Harlow thought it would be fun to do extra work, not caring whether she succeeded or not; was noticed on the lot and got her big break in *Hell's Angels.* Clark Gable wore out the seat of more than one pair of trousers on the benches in M-G-M's casting office and, after he finally was signed for stock at $50 a week, waited around a couple of years before John Public acclaimed him and made him a star. If his studio had "discovered" him somewhere else, he probably would have been pushed, but it took outsiders to find him where he was.

Anyway, Jean and Clark were exceptions. The general rule embraces a very different situation—a situation wherein Hollywood producers, represented by those industrious individuals known as talent scouts, are searching high and low for new faces, new personalities, new life blood for the motion picture industry—but only casually if at all among the hordes of would-be players who are storming Hollywood's very gates. Instead, the talent search headquarters of every major studio is three thousand miles away . . . in New York City!

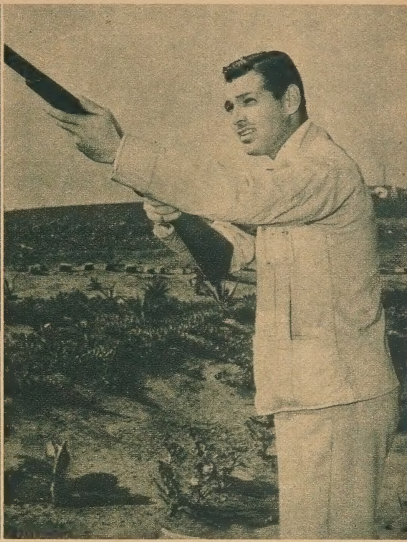
All of which brings me to the paradoxical conclusion that if I were looking for a job in pictures, I would stay away from Hollywood. But definitely! If *I* were looking for a

by marian rhea

HELPFUL HINTS FOR YOUNG HOPEFULS WHO SEEK THE RIGHT ROAD TO A MOVIE CAREER

Shirley Ross was just another girl until she sang with Gus Arnheim's orchestra. *Thanks For The Memory* is her next.

John Howard played the lead in a college show when spotted by a talent scout. He's busy on a new Drummond thriller.



Clark Gable haunted the casting offices of MGM, but he failed to click until stage acclaim labeled him a film find.

job in pictures, I wouldn't broach the idea to a single soul, but would make Hollywood come to me. If *I* were looking for a job in pictures, I would get to be such a success at what I was doing in the theatrical line *away* from Hollywood, that only a pret-ty fancy screen offer would interest me!

In other words, I'd be cagey. I'd be indifferent. I'd turn up my nose at Hollywood and snap my fingers. . . . *That* for your picture job! And then because Hollywood seems to love indifference, turned up noses (figurative ones), snapped fingers and being told "that, for you," I would almost surely get one, provided I had what it takes to be a screen success. These are the kind of would-be stars I am talking about, of course. . . . Those boys and girls who are potential stars, if they could only be "discovered."

It might prove interesting to groom yourself for stardom. It might prove fun. It might be worth a lot, even though it didn't work out. If I were still in my teens and weren't cross-eyed, bow-legged or ugly in a hopeless way; grotesquely tall or incredibly short, I think I should try, especially if I were the kind of a person who seems usually to be the center of attention, although perhaps for no particular reason. In other words, if I seemed to have that indefinable something which, for want of a better word, we still call "personality," I think I would go to bat.

But, as I say, I would not go to Hollywood. I would begin my campaign right in my own home town. You bet!

First, I think I would take stock of myself. What have I to offer the movies, I'd ask myself. Youth, health, at least a fair education, at least a certain amount of "personality"? Fine. I would go on from there.

If I were still in high school, I might very well concentrate on high school entertainments as the first step in my training. I would try for the next school play and in preparation for this tryout would study like fury. The chances are, therefore, that being already more than ordinarily familiar with the part I wanted, I would get it. Then, of course, my work would be just beginning. I would try to put myself into the role; to understand the character I was to play; to make my performance real. I would practice intonation, diction; walking across the stage again and again so as not to appear self-conscious. I would rehearse sitting down, rising and standing at ease.

There would be someone to help me. There always is. Often it is a teacher well trained in the fundamentals of dramatic art who would be only too glad to pass on this knowledge.

Comes the night of the school play. Weeks of preparation haven't been a picnic. I have put my whole soul into this play; have worked like the proverbial trouper. And as the curtain rises the fruits of that effort probably will be apparent. It's a thrill.

(Continued on page 54)

A MODERN *Zaza*

ZAZA TEACHES A LESSON

IT isn't quite true to say *Zaza* goes modern. It is more exact to say the modern world has caught up with *Zaza*.

"Strange as it may seem," says Claudette Colbert, playing the title role in the Paramount screen version of this sixty-year-old favorite of the stage, "although this is supposed to be a costume picture of the early 1900's, I am afraid my costumes will look more like a forecast of what the well dressed woman will wear in 1939. With their puffed sleeves and full skirts, slim waists and flowing lines, they express in full detail the present trend of mode. Even my hairdress, piled in high curls in the Gibson Girl manner, is already being used at the beauty parlors as one of the newest and smartest hair designs for fall.

"And while the *Zaza* Can-Can may be an old-timer in the realms of naughty dances, it has all the

TO THE WIVES OF TODAY ON HOW TO HOLD THEIR HUSBANDS

by dorris denbo

challenging rhythm and jitterbug appeal of the Big Apple, the Dipsey Doodle and the Shag. It combines all the struts and poses of the modern dizzy doodles of the dance floor. The saucy flirtation and naughty back fillip has all the early elements of the cake-walk, which is definitely the forerunner of truckin' and the Susie-Q."

Sally Rand may know her artistic stuff for fan teasing, but she definitely missed a trick in not performing the *Zaza* Can-Can. Claudette, who was not afraid of spoiling any artistic reputation for altruistic beauty in her rendition of the dance, went to town in a big way in her performance of this old-fashioned rendition of modern rhythm trends a-la-jitterbug. I have this from experts: Andre Charlot, the Ziegfeld of London, and technical advisor in the theater sequences of *Zaza*, and LeRoy Prinz, Paramount's dance director.

Even the story, though written so long ago, is modern. It will never grow old in theme because it is based upon a fundamental situation that will be an emotional social problem as long as there are men, women, and marriage—and predatory women who declare open season on men.

It is the story of married and illicit love. Every man strives to keep these two entirely separate in his heart and senses, but it seldom works out that way. One or the other love must gain ascendancy. A man's loyalties and sense of personal possession and pride make him fight for the protection and sanctity of his married life, but the freedom and unrestrained companionship and emotions, as well as the amusing caprices of his inamorata, keep him dangerously intrigued. And if the lady involved really is in love with him, she is apt to capture *more* than his senses and amusement. Then trouble starts. And when the man must make his choice—we have drama. Such fundamentals of human emotion are portrayed in the story of *Zaza*.

And while we are on the subject of modern angles, this popular old play has a very modern lesson to teach to the smart wife of today. It should point out to her the necessity for reflecting all the virtues and studied charms of the perfect wife, with a fair share of the broad outlook, caprice and lure of the siren. The modern woman with her avowed freedom from conventions and inhibitions has a fine opportunity to keep her husband altogether intrigued and deeply in love by a combination of these two types of women. If she does this she has solved the marriage problem, providing, of course, they really are in love.

Herbert Marshall said, "My role of Monsieur Dufresne, in *Zaza*, is such an amusing characterization of a prosperous and prominent business man of background and social standing. He has everything

(Continued on page 79)

The Cowboy and the Lady

Here is a Western with a new angle, starring Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. It is a torrid love story and quite a departure for stoical cowboy Cooper to passionate wooing. The story opens on an evening when Merle as a pampered rich girl is at home alone. Bored, she wanders into the kitchen, overhears the maids making a blind date and for a lark asks them to include her. Her date turns out to be a cowboy from an itinerant rodeo and they fall violently in love. When he leaves town by boat the next day she goes to see him off, stays on board the Galveston-bound freighter and they are married at sea. As she is *sans* wardrobe, she wears his clothes, and Merle in one of Gary's checkered shirts, tucked in to make a cute sports suit will no doubt start another fad among the shorts fans. When the first heat of romance cools Merle finds herself disallusioned with Wild West life and goes home. The adoring cowboy goes West to build a home for her, only to get a letter saying she wants to call it all off. How Gary gets girl is a surprise. Patsy Kelly and Walter Brennan supply the comedy. *United Artists.*

Film Facts:—This is the first time the MacDonald-Eddy team appears together in a contemporary picture, wearing current fashions instead of period costumes. 15,000 yards of cirred satin were used to make stage drapes for one scene. It took W. S. VanDyke 1 month to find 80 members of the musician's union large enough to wear the uniforms borrowed from the Marine Band.

Sweethearts

This sparkling, sophisticated comedy of backstage life, with musical interludes, gives Jeanette MacDonald as Gwen Marlowe, and Nelson Eddy as Ernest Lane, broad scope for their satirical and vocal talents. Gwen and Ernest are the pampered *Sweethearts* of Broadway, a stage couple who, like Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in real life, are married, teamed in shows and happily adored by a host of enthusiastic fans. Entrenched on Broadway they withstand the lure of Hollywood, until their 6th wedding anniversary when they become weary of the repititious routine they follow day in and day out parading their domestic bliss before the public. They decide to sign a movie contract. Their producer Lehman is desperate and in an effort to stop them gets the playwright, Leo, to read his play about a wandering husband to Gwen and lead her to believe it is based on her husband's infidelity. This makes the couple quarrel, separate and call off the film contract. They go on the road with different shows and not until play is produced and they read reviews do they realize they have been tricked. They rush back to New York and each other, remain loyal to Broadway and open in Lehman's new musical.. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Lemp Family! And well represented by Gale Page, Lola and Rosemary Lane, Jeffrey, Priscilla Lane, May Robson and Claude Rains in *4 Daughters.*

PRESENTING A NEW LIGHT ON THE HOLLYWOOD HORIZON . . . HANDSOME JEFFREY LYNN!

He never saw a motion picture until he was 15!

He never saw a stage play until he was 17!

He never saw the Big City until he was 18!

He never reached Broadway until he was 24—and then only as an usher!

He never acted in a professional play until he was 25!

Yet, at 28, he is the rising star on Hollywood's brilliant firmament—the young man whose name will soon take its place in your heart as the new romantic star of the screen.

I give you: Jeffrey Lynn!

* * *

"That world up there is the one I want to be mine!"

The young college student could hardly take his eyes away from the stage long enough to make this remark to the dignified professor beside him. His voice held a throb in it—his eyes reflected a vision of glory. This observant instructor in dramatics was the first to sense in young Jeffrey the divine spark that is acting genius—and took him to Boston from the small New England college of which they were part, in order that his protégé might see his first professional play.

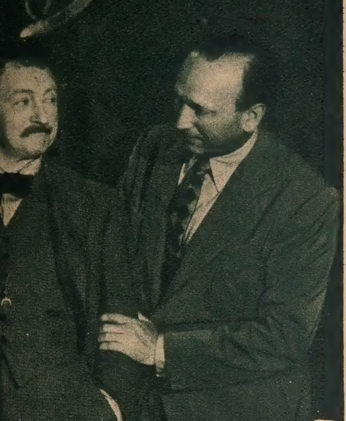
It was Eva LeGalliene they were watching, and how fortunate it was for Jeffrey that his premier glimpse of the world had this marvelous introduction! It was more than the average boyish thrill to watch a beautiful star of the stage perform, that swept through the lad. It was a feeling that here was a familiar world he was glimpsing—one to which he could never remain a stranger.

Just imagine, if you can, what it must be like to have never seen a movie until you were almost through high school! For years before that, most of us have had our screen heroes and heroines, and have known every detail of the stars' personalities.

But that was not true in the very strict life that had been Jeffrey's in a fine New England family. Tradition still marked anything that was even a faint part of the theater, as an "instrument of the devil."

However, that doesn't mean that life had been dull for this wide awake boy in Auburn, Massachusetts. Existence couldn't be anything but vital and exciting in a family where there is an intelligent father and mother—and four brothers and three sisters!

When I met Jeffrey Lynn I was immediately impressed with the fine etched outline of his handsome face and with his marvelous physique. Those things come from generations of strong heritage (Swedish and New England blood) and from a personal life that is built around outdoor life, sports, and study. He is tall, very brown, has wide shoulders, slim hips, twinkling eyes that (*Continued on page 64*)



jeffrey jumps right in!

BY GWEN DEW

Jeffrey was stage-conscious since his high school days in New England. A screen test boosted him for a lead in this film. Even Priscilla delights in his charm. His next is *Dark Victory*.

Hello, HOLLYWOOD!

Universal's *Service De Luxe* brings some rib-tickling comedy and gay repartee by Constance Bennett and Helen Broderick.

Vincent Price, known as Prince Albert in *Victoria Regina* with Helen Hayes, was recruited for the male lead opposite Connie.

Vincent is a Yale grad; played in stock for several summers; and captured London theatre-goers with his outstanding performances. Hello Vincent, smooth sailin'!

Helen swaps anecdotes and views off the set with Vincent and Mischa Auer, who gives one of his inimitable characterizations of a Russian noble in this film.

bye bye burbank

1 Kay Francis, after a lucrative five year contract with Warners', contemplates a farewell to films with the completion of *Women In The Wind*, featuring William Gargan and Victor Jory, for a marital career.

•

2 Kay flashes her dazzling personality in the direction of John Litel for *Curtain Call*. From private secretary to the highest salaried star on the Warner lot was accomplished during a period of six years.

•

3 Kay, devastating in white brocaded satin and diamonds gives her love to Ian Hunter in *Curtain Call*. She plans on marrying Baron Barnekow, who's just taken out his first citizenship papers. Adios, Kay. Good luck!

Close harmony! 20th Century-Fox's Alice Faye and Husband Tony Martin give a convincing example. Her career began at 14.

Tyrone Power, Alice, and Don Ameche make the headlines in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, the hit sensation over the nation.

ADVENTURE FOR *Alice*

ambitious alice faye embarks on a trip into the realm of dramatic art

BY JOHN F. DEVINE

AMONG the two hundred thousand New Yorkers who live out in New York Bay, in the isolated little Borough of Richmond, there is a handsome young law student who is earning his way through school by working as a waiter in what might be called—if Sherman Billingsley didn't own all rights to the name—Staten Island's Stork Club.

A night club on Staten Island may seem like a long way from Hollywood and our subject, but Mike is important to this tale. Mike is our law student-waiter, and right now, whether he likes it or not, he also is being pointed out as a symbol.

A lot of small talk is shuttled across the long mahogany during an evening, and as Mike's two bosses think less of profits than they do of conviviality the house buys every third, or at the most every fourth drink. Sometimes the conversation gets around to movies, and this is where Mike comes in. Mike is just an average movie fan, with the average number of likes, dislikes and pet abominations. He takes most movies and most movie stars in his stride, without letting them send up his blood pressure. If you happen to strike a harmonious chord on some picture that he also thought was exceptionally good, or particularly putrid, Mike probably will show his approval of your good taste by slipping you a few extra tumblers of your favorite refreshment.

But, let a customer mention Alice Faye. You could whisper that name down at the other end of the long room, and it's two to one that Mike would be at your side in a split second, demanding:

Well! What about Alice Faye?

If you happened to know Miss Faye, and could talk interestingly about her you could wet your whistle all night, without once reaching for your wallet. Mike would take care of that. Mike, we repeat, is a symbol; he is just one of a constantly increasing horde of fans who think Alice Faye is the ultimate in movie stars. This coterie has had four years and fifteen pictures in which to grow, and shortly there will be a sixteenth film, which is bound to bring in a new contingent of worshipers.

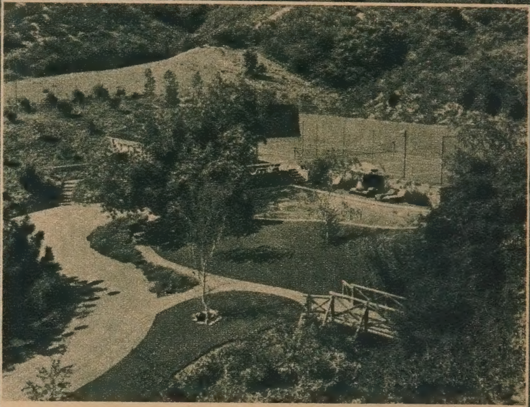
Ever since the day that Baton-swinger Rudy Vallee won an argument with Producer George

(Continued on page 68)

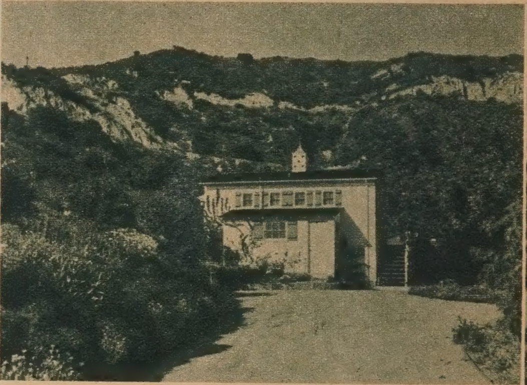
A tense moment from *The Girl From Brooklyn*, in which Alice proves her dramatic ability with Warner Baxter, Chas. Winninger, Keye Luke, Art Treacher, Doris Lloyd.

Alice and Warner Baxter are together again as the love team in this exciting, punch-packed melodrama laid in the Chinese interior. Watch Alice do her stuff!

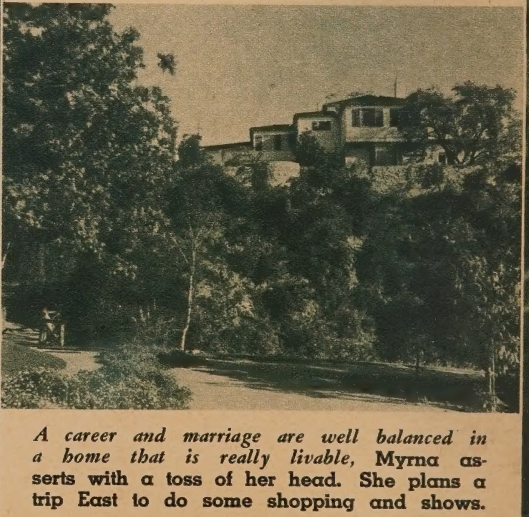
On Land



A queen's castle! Myrna Loy, an advocate of the *own your own home* idea, spent much time planning the rancho to be built atop a knoll overlooking 4½ acres of woodland.



Myrna's duties as hostess also came in for consideration when this charming guest villa was built. All furnishings from dishes to rugs were personally selected by Myrna.

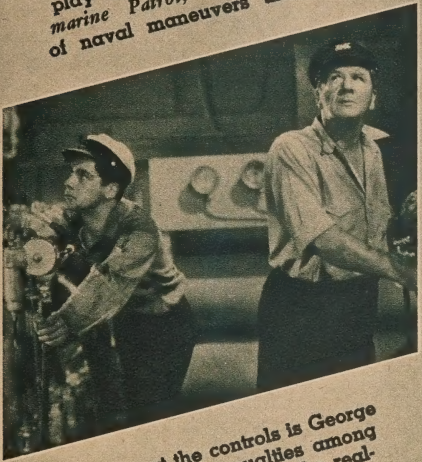


A career and marriage are well balanced in a home that is really livable, Myrna asserts with a toss of her head. She plans a trip East to do some shopping and shows.

At Sea

Richard, a son of riches turns chief engineer of a sub which he understands from fo'c's'le to sternpost. Then he finds love and is all at sea.

Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene play the romantic leads in *Submarine Patrol,* a gripping film of naval maneuvers under sea.



The man at the controls is George Bancroft. Many casualties among the cast were caused by the realistic action of storms and raids.

Richard and Nancy exchange vows of constancy. Two 110 ft. submarine chasers, nautically correct, float in a huge tank on Fox's lot.

MGM's Myrna Loy has a difficult time to applaud the antics of a fightin' buckaroo who is under the influence of liquor.

Paramount's Dorothy Lamour is definitely off males who go their merry way sans garters. Off the set it's horses for Dot!

Hollywood HATES

Joan Crawford detests men who insist on calling gals *honey.* For *The Shining Hour* Joan combines 5 dances in 1.

W. C. Fields explodes if anyone alludes to his nose. His next is Universal's *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man.*

Ginger Rogers puts the bee on guys who insist upon parking at 4 a.m. She's busy on *The Castles* with Fred Astaire.

ASIDE from hobbies and favorite amusements, movie folks all have their pet hates. Yes, even at this season of the year when it's customary to count your blessings—the most important of which is a renewal on the last option—you'd be surprised at the little things that can ruffle the tempers of the gayest as well as the most serious of stars. The oddest thing is that many of these touchy points go undiscovered for a long time, while others are so evident that they may let the actor in question in for many an uncomfortable ribbing.

Take Herbert Marshall, for instance. Suave, cosmopolitan, you wouldn't think there was a thing in the world that could annoy him. Yet there is. He simply can't abide phonetic spelling of any kind. Like "nite" for night, "laff" for laugh, or "telefone" for telephone. "Shoppe" for shop also causes him extreme pain.

Why? I asked him, and he confessed: "I believe this antipathy is an offshoot of my desire for formality. I dislike sloppiness in all forms and I consider phonetic spelling just a slipshod way of getting out of learning the right way to spell these words."

Perhaps you want to laugh that one off lightly. That's all right with me. But I wouldn't advise any light laughter about the principal sources of irritation of Mae West and W. C. Fields. Mae's free-wheeling walk is not only part of her stock-in-trade for the screen, it's actually the way she walks all the time. So, if anyone on her set lets out an off-stage laugh about that famous walk, her remarks soon let him know of his folly. Similarly, Fields' prominent nose is a well-known screen trademark. No matter how much fun is poked at it, he can take it—if it's in the script. But let anyone make any freelance allusions to his big, round, red proboscis that he isn't paid to grin and bear, and Fields will run a temperature with resentment.

Be careful with your hands when you're around George Raft, because one little gesture of the wrong kind and he's off you for life. Seems like he simply can't stand having his hair mussed, either on or off screen. It riles him, so no matter how you are tempted to pat down an unruly forelock, just remember that the penalty is a rift in your friendship with Raft. On the other hand, Fred MacMurray doesn't like being told to comb his thick, curly locks. His hair is what he likes to call a studied disarray, and he likes it that way. And who are we to question these gentlemen's taste in the matter of hair-do?

To continue, that isn't all the pet hates that Hollywood has tucked away in its collective heart. Joe Penner, who once made the nation duck-conscious, ought to be able to make an amiable response to the question that he himself has been tossing at listeners' ears for years. But, sad to relate, he can't take it. Take a tip from me, pal, and if you meet Joe steer clear of our feathered friends. Don't ask him if he wants to buy a duck. He simply flies off the handle if anyone hands him back his famous comedy line and in a few pithy, scorching, and well-chosen phrases he outlines all the reasons why he isn't in the market for a duck. By that time you wouldn't want to sell him one, either, even if you had one to peddle.

Come to think of it, you probably know as well as I do just which stars are a whiz on the tennis courts, a fish in the water, or a crack shot on the golf links. But until now, you've probably never heard of the little in-and-outdoor sport called "knock knock" at which all the film folks seem to excel and which they play whenever two or more get together for a few minutes. It's a sort of game of truth in which the girls usually give their descriptions of the men they'd love to leave far, far behind them and the boys give facts and figures on the girls they think they've seen too much of, if they've seen her only once.

Testimony from Carole Lombard *(Continued on page 78)*

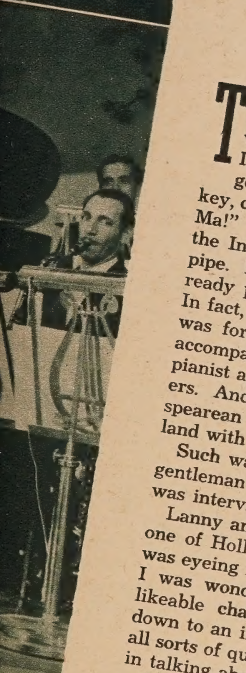
WHAT ARE THE MANY HARRYING AVERSIONS THAT DISTURB THE SERENITY OF OUR SCREEN STARS' LIVES? DO YOU SHARE THE SAME DISLIKES? ▪ ▪ ▪ by ruth arell

Lanny Ross makes a screen comeback in Columbia's *The Lady Objects* with charming Gloria Stuart as the feminine lead.

Hors d'oeuvres? Who cares about food at a time like this? A cozy corner and Gloria is Lanny's idea of a perfect evening.

Skoal! Lanny blends his golden tenor in a rollicking 'varsity refrain. He will sing many other tuneful melodies in this film.

What's this? Is Lanny wavering in his affections? And who wouldn't with an armful of pulchritude like Joan Marsh snuggled close!



RESTLESS *Lanny Ross*

WITH A COMPLETE LACK OF EGO, LANNY ROSS CONFESSES: "I FEEL I HAVE SOMETHING TO OFFER HOLLYWOOD, AND I'M READY TO SHOW 'EM!"

by jack holland

THERE'S a guy in Hollywood who, as a tot, used to sit in the woods near Seattle and watch his mother trade vegetables with the Indians. No, Lanny Ross' parents didn't go around saying, "How's the corn whiskey, comin', Pa?" or "Git the vittles on the fire, Ma!" His mother may have been a friend of the Indians, but she didn't smoke a corn cob pipe. His Dad may have been a rough and ready person, but he didn't "chaw terbacky." In fact, his mother, an accomplished musician, was for several seasons the great Pavlowa's accompanist in London, besides being a concert pianist and teacher of many professional singers. And his father was a renowned Shakespearean actor who toured America and England with repertory companies.

Such was the auspicious background of this gentleman of the radio and the screen that I was interviewing.

Lanny and I were having a spot of lunch in one of Hollywood's most exclusive cafes. He was eyeing me, and I was eyeing him. In fact, I was wondering about him. A thoroughly likeable chap, but the darndest guy to tie down to an interview. Here I was asking him all sorts of questions, and all he was interested in talking about were the funnies.

"Jiggs and Maggie are interesting," he replied in answer to my question about what he thought of Hollywood. "They really do things. And there is always a goal. That goal is Jiggs' constant attempts to find some way to get his corned beef and cabbage, and he gets it by hook or by crook. As for Flash Gordon, he is impressive as a splendid figure, he awes one by the impossible things he does, and he is surrounded by majestic sets, but yet he never accomplishes anything. Besides, he makes me wait until next week to see what happens. Nothing makes me more impatient than that. I like my funnies to start and finish on the same page."

And there, my friends, you have a picture of a Hollywood celebrity who can talk about funnies with a vengeance! And if you think I'm a little batty for digressing into the more infantile—or is it?—sport of reading, don't blame me. Lanny's infectious that way!

Here he was with a nice fat contract from Columbia Studios tucked away in his files. His first picture on this new contract, *The Lady Objects*, under his belt. And still he wouldn't talk!

In a minute he had me going again.

"You know, among such hobbies of mine as stamp collecting, hunting and fishing, and the collecting of first editions, I have one pet favorite—getting my hair cut. There's something about sitting in a barber's chair and watching the extra adornment fall on the floor that soothes me." Then with a slight chuckle, "Silly, isn't it?"

He had me there! I just didn't have any possible answer.

"Speaking of first editions, John McCormack, with whom I've been studying, is leaving Hollywood, and he's given me the prizes of his musical library. He's always given me songs no one could sing, because he thinks they are interesting. I had to tell him finally that some of them were 'stinkeroos.' Then I had to explain what that choice word meant. We've had a great many laughs out of our pet expressions. Mr. McCormack is already a tradition to me, and even though I am not collecting autographs any more, the autographed pictures he has given me will always be among my dearest treasures."

Lanny leaned back in his comfortable chair, blew a smoke ring, and said, "I feel I have something to offer Hollywood—and now I'm ready for it!"

You could have blown me over with his smoke ring! I'd been trying to get him on the subject without success, and now, suddenly, he comes through without my even asking him a question.

Calmly, without any attempt at the sensational, he continued.

"So many people come to Hollywood with the impression that Holly- *(Continued on page 66)*

Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Archie Mayo are in the thick of cameras and technicians prior to shooting romance under a full moon!

Love on a park bench! Joel McCrea and Andrea are lost in mutual admiration as well as to the tramps' innuendoes in *Youth Takes a Fling*.

four men and a girl

by gene schrott

"FOUR men made me what I am today."

In this single sentence Andrea Leeds, one of the loveliest of filmland's newcomers, sums up her success formula in the realm of the cinema. A tawny, star-eyed girl who walks blithely through life with a chip on her shoulder and the memory of a hectic childhood strongly imprinted in her impressionable mind, she knows exactly what was responsible for her appeal to the public.

Andrea Leeds is not the sort of girl to call a spade by any other name. She doesn't go through life under a mental or optical illusion. And she knows it's not what you want to be but what you are that really counts.

"The trouble with most people," she confides, "is that they can't make up their minds about themselves. Lots of them wander through life wanting to be one thing when they aren't suited for it. If they only knew there was something else for them, equally important in this world and for which they are better fitted, they would be far happier. All the gloom and disappointment would vanish and life would be so much more pleasant."

"Take myself as an example. The last thing in the world I ever expected to be was an actress. But as long as my destiny led me into the field, I've made up my mind to accept it and to concentrate every effort on making myself as nearly perfect as possible. When I see myself in the movies it's awfully hard to believe the person on the screen and the one sitting in the audience watching, are really one and the same. The facial expressions and the emotional gymnastics are strange to me and I find myself being more critical than usual. If someone had told me, a few years ago, that someday my name would be flashed across hundreds of screens throughout the country and I would be running the gamut of emotions for the entertainment of the vast movie public . . . well, I just wouldn't have believed it."

Oddly enough, this talented young player had to be coaxed into becoming an actress. She wanted to be a writer and concentrated her entire efforts and education along that particular line. But even long before she ever faced a camera, before she had even seen or heard of one, Andrea Leeds had lived through grim drama and had watched sardonic comedy unfold before her startled young eyes.

For those experiences, so rare in the life of an American girl, Andrea has to thank the calling of her father, a mining engineer. Until a year ago, his work kept him in Mexico where his interests still center. Except for the winters when she attended grade and high schools and later the University of California at Los Angeles, Andrea lived in the Southern Republic with her parents. And during her residence in mining camps below the border, Mexico went through the most troublous years of the nation's history.

Rebel raids were rather commonplace. Marauding bands often swooped down on the camp and made off with all the food and valuables. All night long mysterious noises of men and horses broke the silent surroundings. During the day, there was always the fear of stopping the lead from a renegade's rifle. Though her recollections are studded with bandit invasions and kidnapping scares, Andrea Leeds acquired a wealth of *(Continued on page 74)*

WHO ARE THE FOUR VITAL VALIANTS THAT AIDED ANDREA IN HER FIGHT FOR FAME?

Attractive Andrea Leeds studied journalism in the hopes of becoming a writer. This was prompted by memories of happenings in Mexico.

Andrea maintains that beauty is secondary in an acting career. Dramatic ability and understanding are the real lasting elements.

★★★★ STAR STYLES ★★★★ STAR STYLES ★★★★ STAR STYLES

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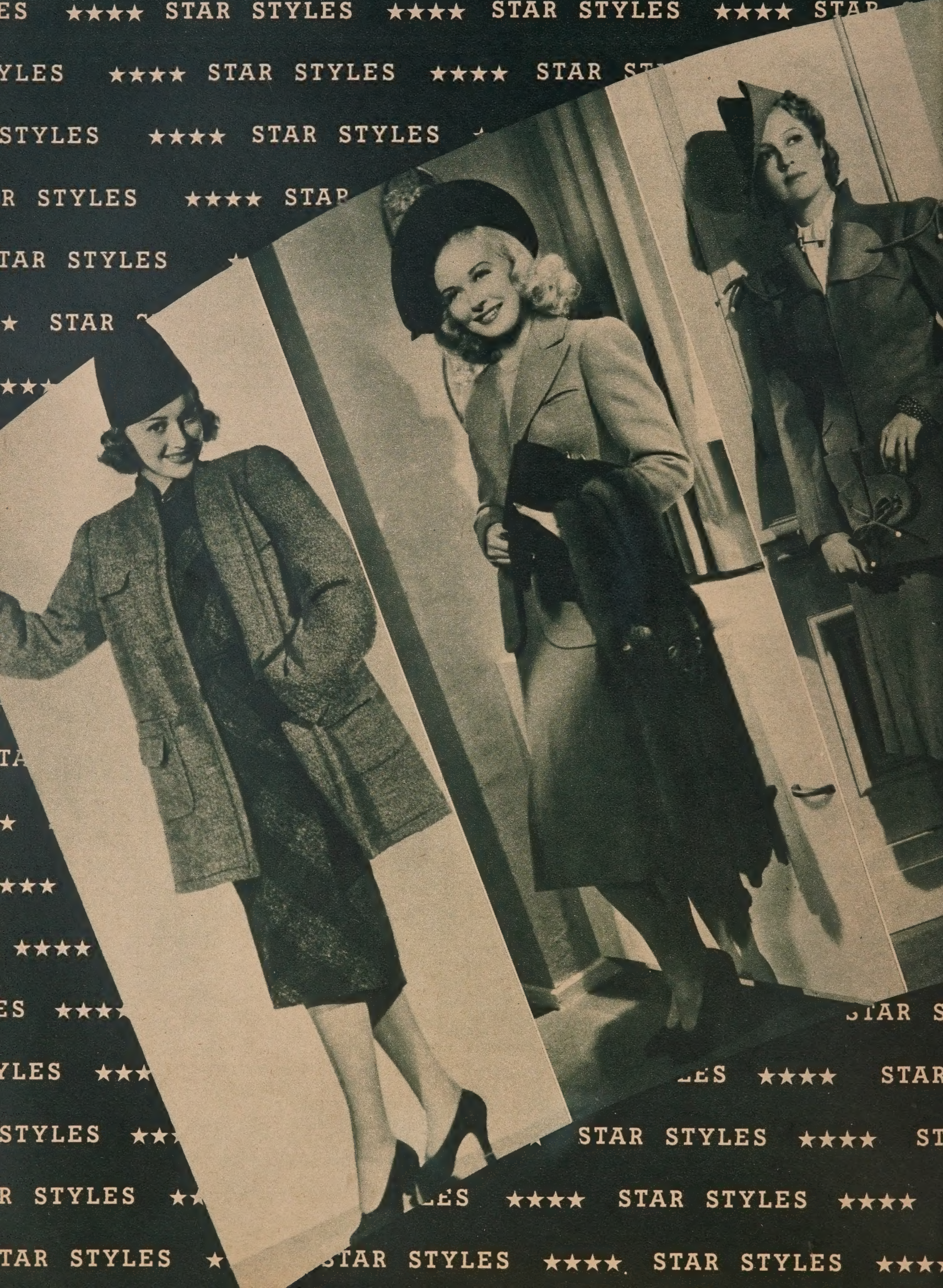

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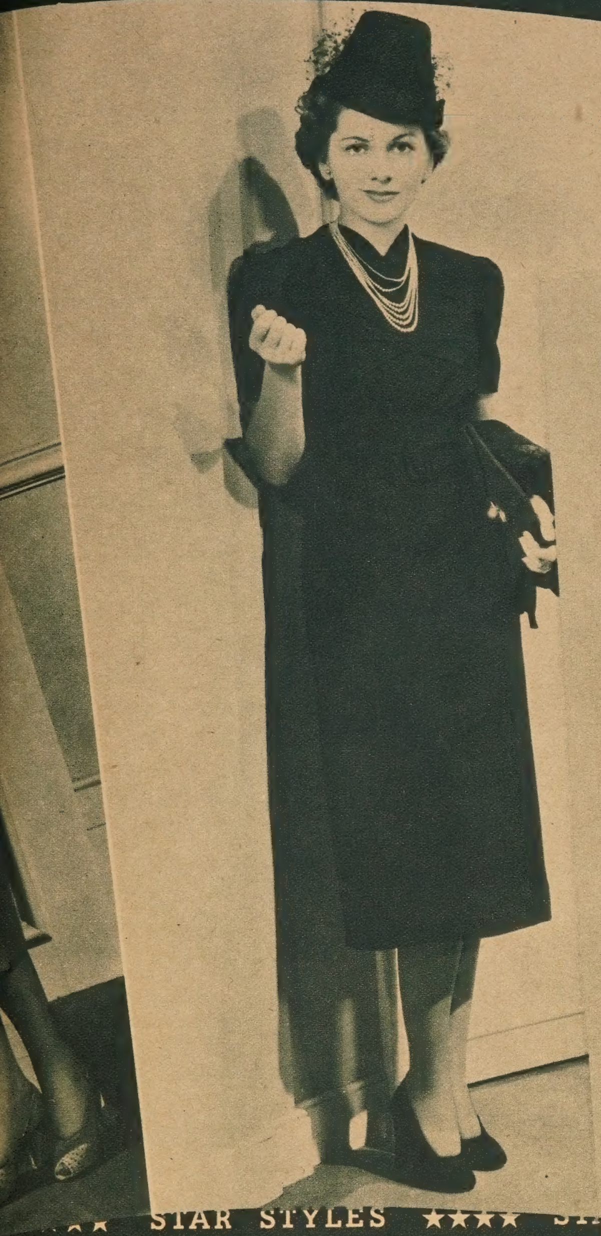


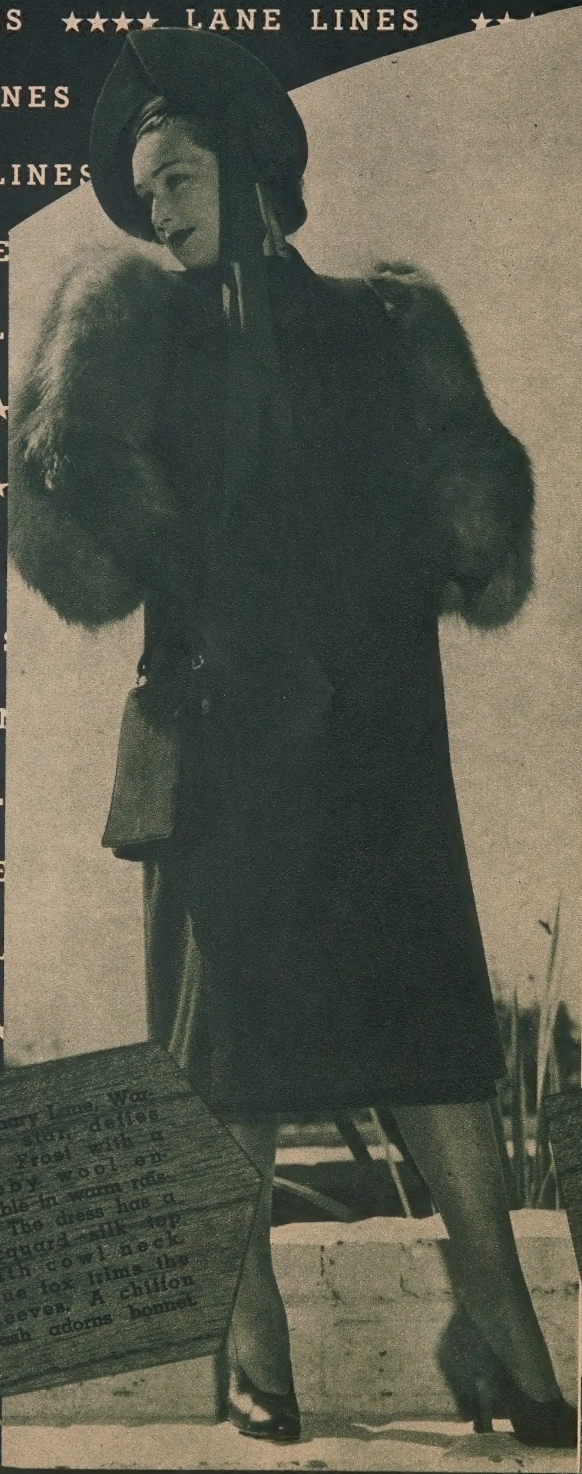
1 Warners' Olivia De-Havilland goes walking in this swank swagger outfit of brown and tan plaid with a box coat, single-breasted and collarless. The fez hat is tucked brown antelope as are the stitched gloves and shoes.

2 RKO's Vicki Lester chooses azure blue tweed for doing the town. The jacket is severely tailored with rounded corners, and the swingy skirt falls gracefully below the knee. Six beautifully matched sables and accessories of black top it.

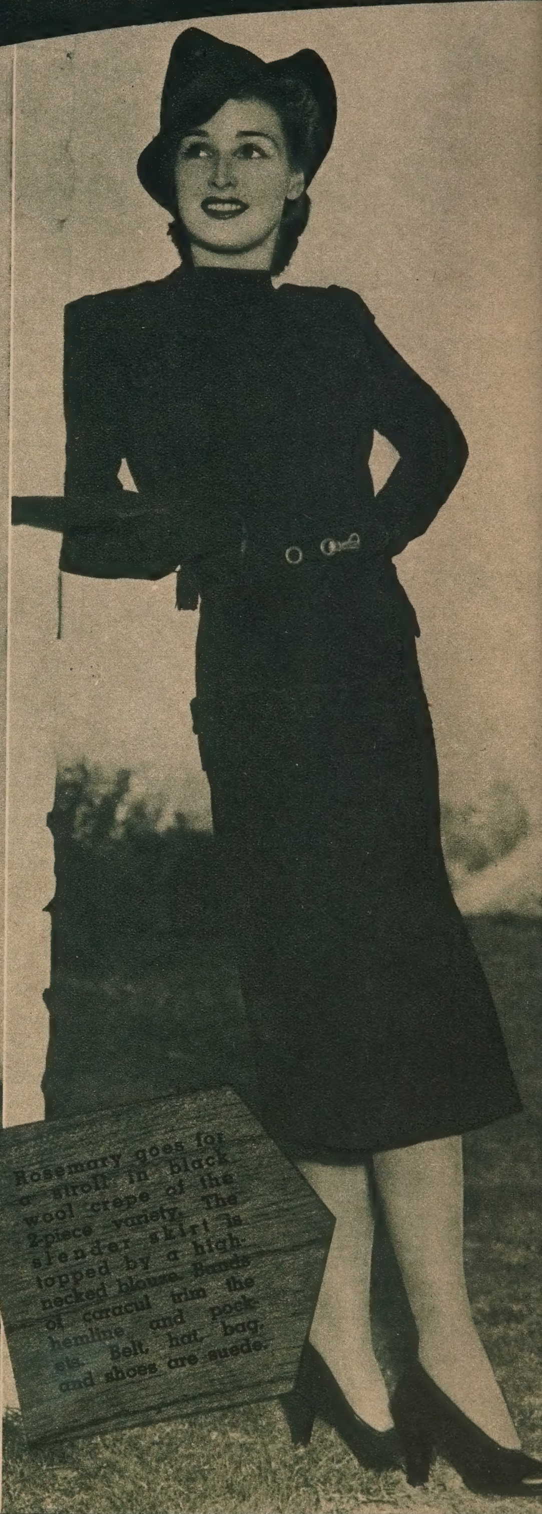
3 Red, white and blue! Jeanette MacDonald matinees in this smart ice blue ensemble with revers and shoulder cords of claret suede. Her rakish hat is ice blue with touches of claret. Bag and shoes follow this theme. The scarf is white taffeta.

4 RKO's Joan Fontaine greets the autumn sunshine with a black sheer wool frock of silhouette design. Tucks and shirring add a dressy note to the waist and a bolero with beaver epaulets is worn when chilly. Hat, bag and shoes are antelope.

★★★★ LANE LINES ★★★★

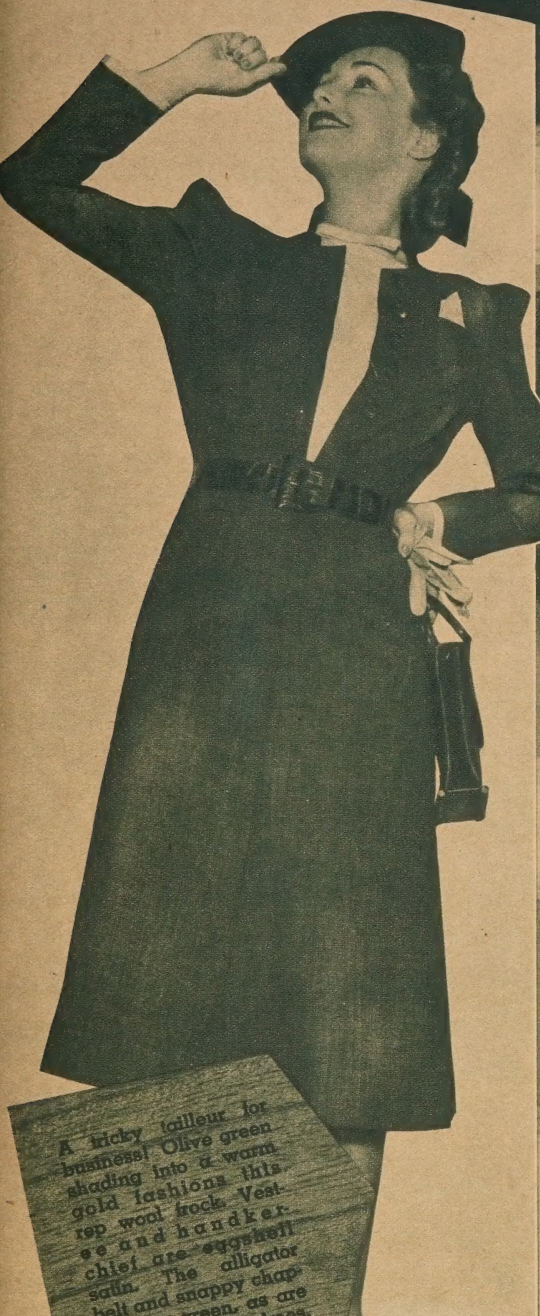


Rosemary Lane, Warners' star, defies Jack Frost with a nubby wool ensemble in warm raisin. The dress has a jacquard silk top with cowl neck. Blue fox trims the sleeves. A chiffon sash adorns bonnet.

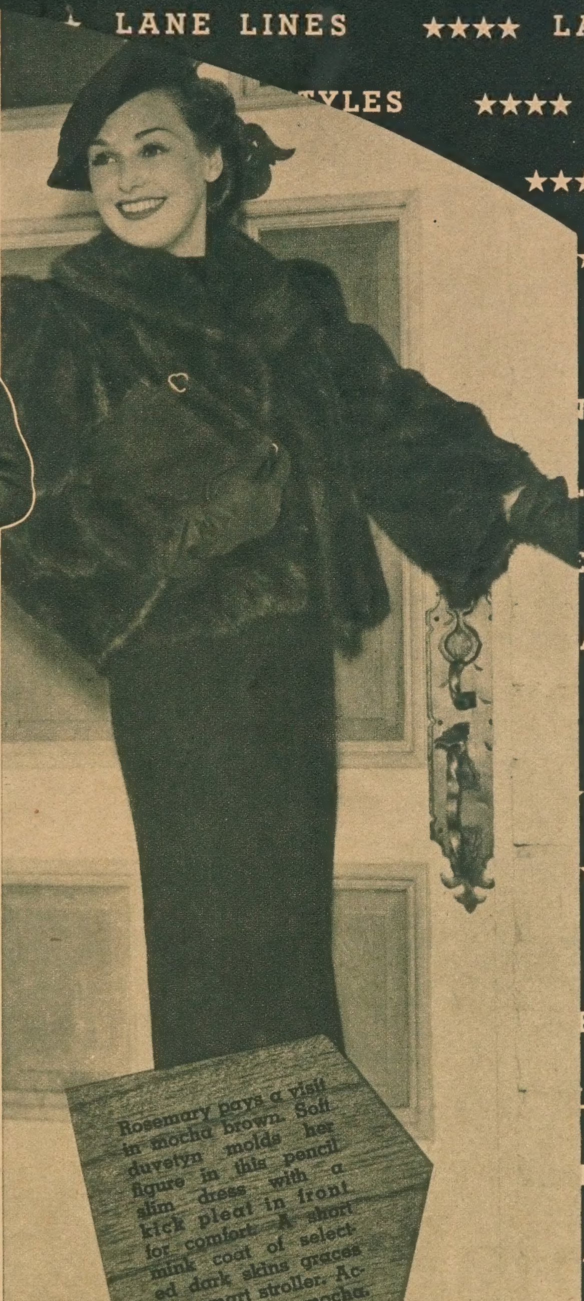


Rosemary goes for a stroll in black wool crepe of the 2-piece variety. The slender skirt is topped by a high-necked blouse. Bands of caracul trim the hemline and pockets. Belt, hat, bag, and shoes are suede.

★★★★ LANE LINES ★★★★ LANE LINES ★★★★



A tricky tailleur for business! Olive green shading into a warm gold fashions this rep wool frock. Vestee and handkerchief are eggshell satin. The alligator belt and snappy chapeau are green, as are kid bag and shoes.

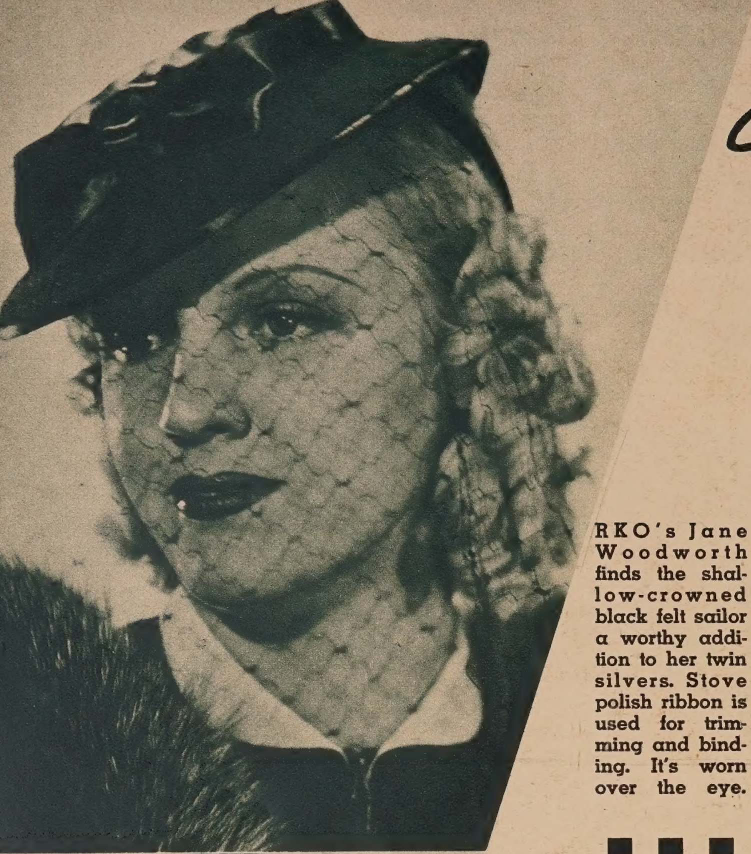


Rosemary pays a visit in mocha brown. Soft duvetyn molds her figure in this pencil slim dress with a kick pleat in front for comfort. A short mink coat of selected dark skins graces this smart stroller. Accessories are mocha.

LANE LINES ★★★★ LANE LINES ★★★★ LANE LINES ★★★★

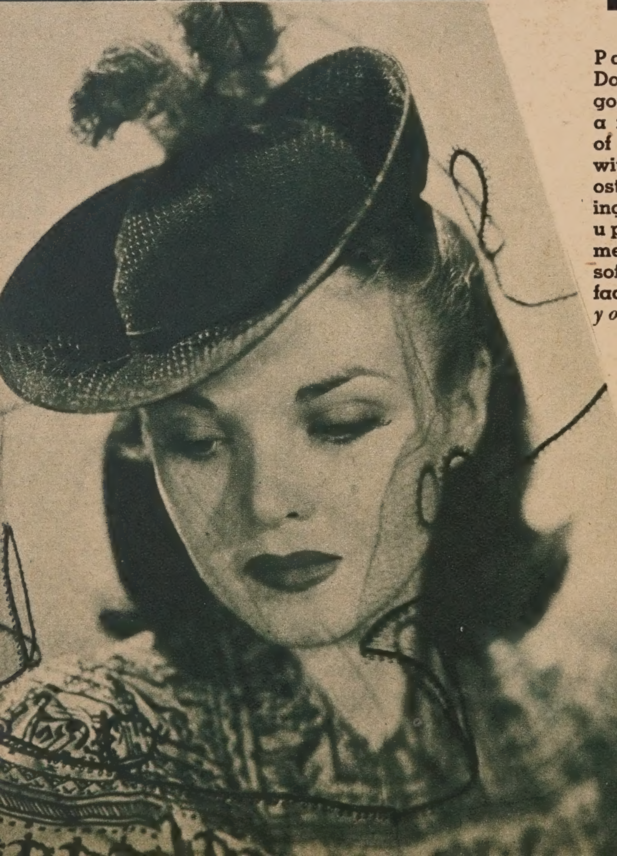
Win

a screen vogue hat



RKO's Jane Woodworth finds the shallow-crowned black felt sailor a worthy addition to her twin silvers. Stove polish ribbon is used for trimming and binding. It's worn over the eye.

■ ■ ■



Paramount's Dolores Casey goes dining in a rolling tipster of black felt with contrasting ostrich tips giving a dressed-up look. A mesh veil falls softly over the face. Mm, how'd *you* like it!

MILLINERY designers are outdoing themselves in an effort to give femininity hats that will complement the flattering high hair-dos. Gay miniatures stuck on a corner of the forehead—Victoria bonnets gone very sophisticated—are right in keeping with the hourglass figure and luxurious fur-trimmed garments, of ebony black, claret, and blush mauve. When smartness is a byword, SCREEN VOGUE HATS comes to the fore with new toppers that are tops in style. Our Ideal Beauty winners found this to be so when they selected bonnets for night life in New York. Winner Darthy Carbury selected a black felt tam with jaunty velvet bows; Georgia Haefer stepped out in a black guardsman with a flattering veil; Mary Jane Eaton wore a rounder in black with blue ostrich tips. But now comes a chance to go forth in true Screen Vogue fashion by winning one of the stunners pictured at the left! Twelve swanky models to twelve winners and it's easy as ABC. Merely write a reply to the question: "Which hat do you like best and why?" Giving your reason in ten words or less. Then paste the coupon below on a penny postcard and mail to Screen Vogue Hats, MODERN MOVIES, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y. Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be the Editor and Staff of MODERN MOVIES and their decisions will be final. Contest closes November 5th, 1938. Don't miss this swell opportunity!

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Orders from Foreign Countries 9/S in advance.

stay away from hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

"Here is a girl who stands out; here is a girl who has something," people perhaps will be saying. With the final curtain I may be acclaimed the hit of the evening, with friends crowding around to congratulate me and new people wishing to meet me. Perhaps the next day I will be written up in the local paper in glowing terms.

But I wouldn't let this triumph turn my head. I would remember that this is just the beginning and would therefore keep on working harder than ever. I would become identified with the local Little Theater movement if there were one, or perhaps would start the movement myself.

In the interim I would study and read plays; would pay attention to habits of posture and carriage. Speaking of carriage, Irene Dunne gives a bit of good advice in the matter of walking correctly. "Walk," she says, "as though you were looking over a hill, but not a very high hill."

Gradually, but almost certainly, my small successes in the entertainment line will grow larger. Perhaps I may become identified with a theatrical group that not only presents plays or entertainment in our own town, but travels to others, thus widening the scope of my local fame.

Perhaps I may win a chance to do a radio broadcast or two. When visiting celebrities are entertained by the Chamber of Commerce and such I would try to be on the reception committee, making in this way valuable contacts and forging another important link in the chain that may ultimately connect me with Hollywood.

All of this will probably take two or three years, maybe more. But if those years are well spent, the time will probably come when, a leading celebrity in my own community, I will be "spotted" by a scout and offered a test.

Talent scouts look for star material in a great variety of places, some of which might not occur to you. They cover all important theater first nights, cafe and night club openings, operas, radio broadcasts when new personalities are being introduced, little theater performances, summer theaters and myriad entertainment features within a wide radius around New York. They also travel extensively, attending big events in all parts of the country such as the Chicago, St. Louis and Minneapolis opera seasons and various summer festivals. Even plays and festivals in foreign countries.

They search through hundreds of magazines and newspapers for "good screen bets."

Oscar Serlin, the famous talent scout for Paramount and later for David O. Selznick, "discovered" Frances Farmer through a newspaper photograph; Olympe Bradna dancing in a French show at the Chicago World's Fair; John Howard in a students' play at Western Reserve University. Other talent scouts have "discovered" other players under similar circumstances.

But, the point is, *they* do the discovering. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is they who have taken the initiative and they who have made the advances. It just seems to work that way and if anyone tries to buck the formula—well, it can't be done.

Fred MacMurray couldn't do it. He nearly starved to death within sight of Paramount Studios, trying to get into pictures. He even tried to be a studio carpenter so he could at least see what a movie set looked like. But it was not until he gave up and, returning east, got himself a job on the New York stage, that he was "discovered" by a talent scout.

The same thing happened to Bob Burns. He tried his best to get into the movies before he ever thought of radio, but an Arkansas drawl and a bazooka meant nothing to Hollywood—until he grew to be a big shot in another field. Shirley Ross, a Hollywood high school girl, camped on the benches of every casting office in town, but it wasn't until she forgot pictures and became important to Gus Arnheim's orchestra that she got a bid.

Walter Pidgeon tells a similar story, and so do Gladys George, Phyllis Brooks, Craig Reynolds, and dozens of others. In every instance, they were here in Hollywood, underfoot, so to speak, but they weren't recognized until they had turned their backs on our fickle, unpredictable town. Then the studios came a-running.

That is why I have to laugh. . . . Because Hollywood really needs new stars. Even Joseph Schenck, President of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, admits it. He says there aren't enough of the favorites to go around, as it is, and also points out mournfully that "as the industry grows older, naturally, early favorites step out. . . ." Meaning that the Moving Finger writes swiftly in this town and that the stars of today will be has-beens tomorrow.

Well, someone must be found to take their places—some Mary Brown or John Smith of Keokuk, Tallahassee, Klamath Falls or points north, east, south or west.

But as I say, if I wanted to be a screen star, the last place in the world in which I should elect to try would be—Hollywood!

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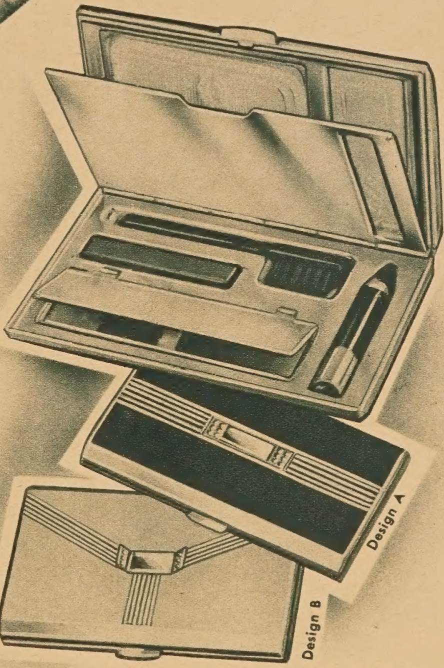

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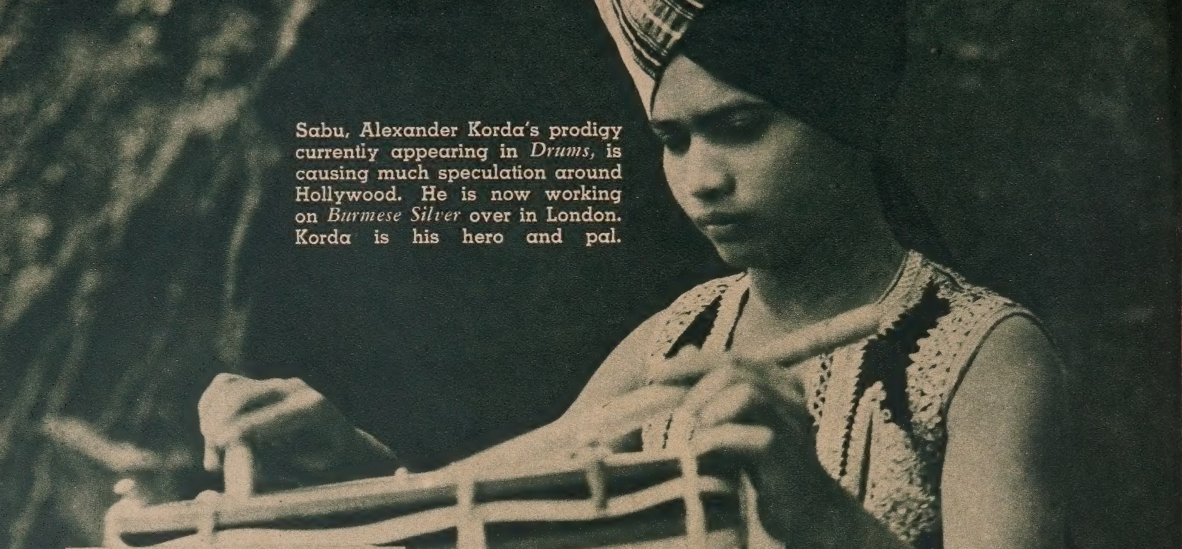

Sabu, Alexander Korda's prodigy currently appearing in *Drums,* is causing much speculation around Hollywood. He is now working on *Burmese Silver* over in London. Korda is his hero and pal.

aladdin of the jungles

BY GERALD SPENCER

MOST people look toward their fortieth birthday as the beginning of the dangerous age. Anxiously and with a feeling of trepidation, they watch its approach and prepare elaborate defenses for warding off any folly that may accompany it. With producers and motion picture folk, the dangerous age is not forty or fifty but the ages between ten and fifteen, the ages when the golden-haired juveniles and winsome cherubs whom they have signed up under iron-bound contracts suddenly begin sprouting awkward, stringy arms and long, gangling legs and when their facial features assume proportions that are neither man's nor child's.

In Hollywood, Shirley Temple's emergence from the "cute" stage is awaited breathlessly and with much conjecture. Jackie Cooper has taken the change gracefully and Mickey Rooney has made it serve a useful end in his series of "Judge Hardy" films. But when so far-sighted a producer as Alexander Korda actually picks a youngster right smack in his adolescent teens, there must be more than the usual motive behind his action.

Ignoring all the dire warnings about the dangerous ages and the losses generally incurred in building up a youngster only to discover, on second glance, that the youth is all arms and legs and squeaking falsetto, Alexander Korda, who has god-fathered so many celebrities on the road to success, went calmly ahead and selected Sabu as his latest appointee for public adoration.

Unless you have seen *Elephant Boy,* the name, Sabu, might mean anything from a patent medicine to a new kind of breakfast food to you now, but according to all predictions, in a year or two the name will be as well known as that of Jackie Cooper or Mickey Rooney. Hollywood has already sniffed the vast potentialities of this young East Indian lad with his "sunrise" smile and his piercing black eyes. He will next appear in *Burmese Silver,* to be made over in London.

Aladdin with his wonderful lamp never saw such magic wrought as did this youngster who until last year was living in the jungle of Karapur where the nights are alive with excitement and danger. A ragged little orphan boy who existed on a few handfuls of rice and never knew any other clothing but the two yards of turban he wore swathed around his head and the half yard of loin cloth about his middle, he roamed the lion-infested jungles always in danger of being struck by a deadly rattler or a hidden panther. Today, at a three-figure weekly salary, Sabu is one of the highest paid

(Continued on page 70)

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Keep physically fit!
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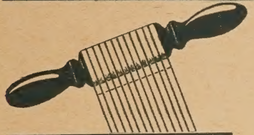
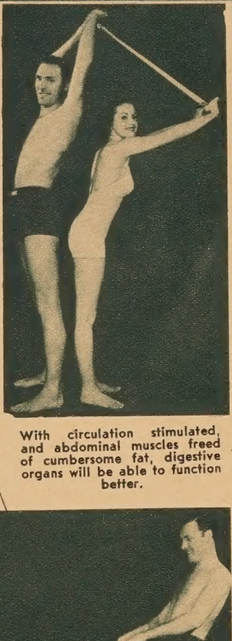


Lots of fun and wonderful for reducing waist and hips!



With circulation stimulated, and abdominal muscles freed of cumbersome fat, digestive organs will be able to function better.

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IT ISN'T "work" when you exercise with your roommate, your girl friend or your wife! Here's a simple new exerciser designed by the famous physical culturist, Joe Bonomo. It incorporates the best features of the rowing machine and the pulley weights. It combines fun and exercise because it is made for two people to use at the same time. TWO people benefit from its stretching, limbering, strengthening assistance.

Only 10 minutes a day!

It takes but little time and will help to keep you feeling "fit as a fiddle." Watch the energy, pep and vitality come back. Watch the new sparkle in your eyes, the fresh color in your cheeks. By the end of a week you will count those ten minutes a day as time well spent.

Marvelous for Constipation!

With the "Companion" exerciser you will get just the waistline "Toning up" that is needed to keep your digestive organs functioning properly. Help your system to free itself from toxic poisons! Relax your tense nerves and muscles! Start to really "live"!

FREE! If you order at once we will include, FREE of extra charge, special Exercise chart; also a large, illustrated Health chart. Shows you what foods to eat . . . what to do to get more out of life. Contains 12 rules for health and a perfect figure.

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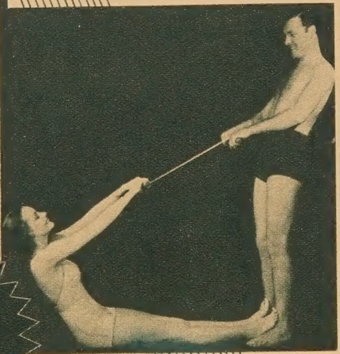

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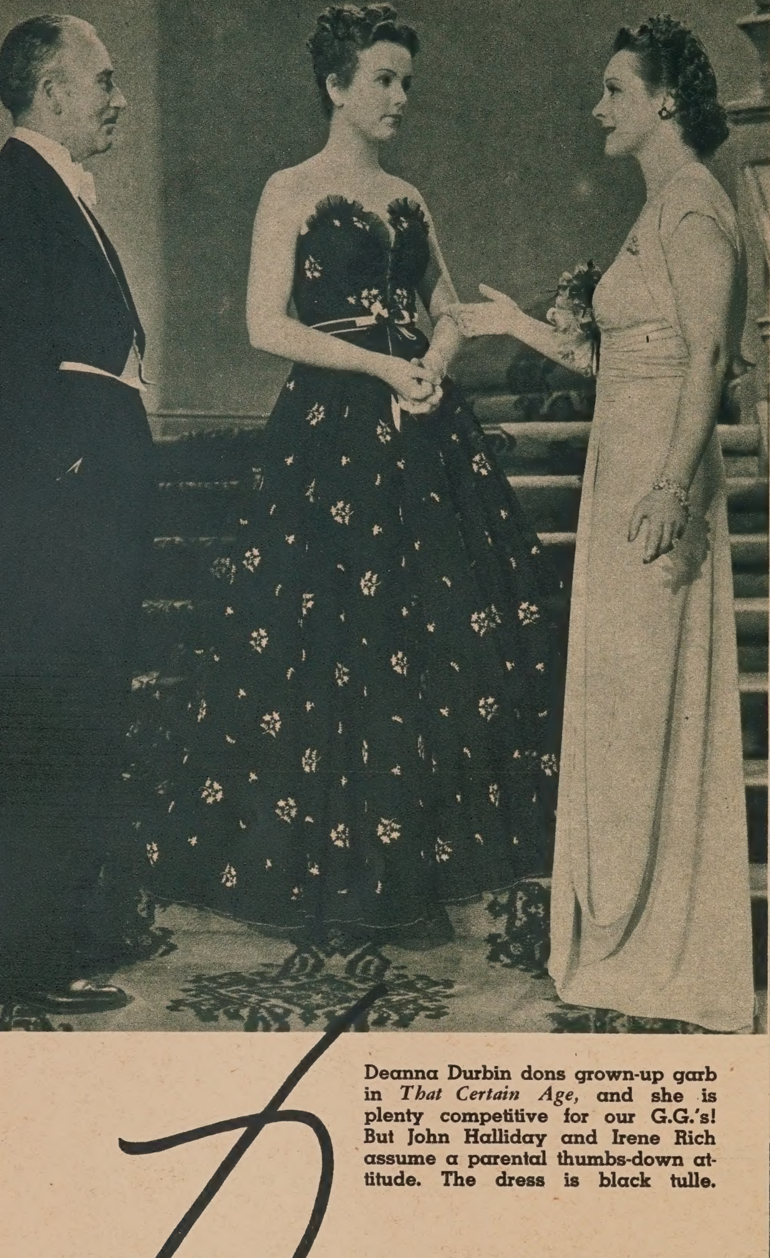

Deanna Durbin dons grown-up garb in *That Certain Age,* and she is plenty competitive for our G.G.'s! But John Halliday and Irene Rich assume a parental thumbs-down attitude. The dress is black tulle.

Behind the eight-ball! Swain Jackie Cooper gives vent to the green-eyed monster while Deanna silently adores Melvyn Douglas. Pert Peggy Stewart plays the other girl in Jackie's life. Wonder who wins???

The plot thickens! Melvyn conspires with Deanna's friends for a neat get-away from her home. The goin' is gettin' tough. Among the principals are Juanita Quigley, Peter Ellis, Flo and Buddy Pepper.

Deanna

REACHES THAT CERTAIN AGE

Peckin'! Don't be bashful, Melvyn, Deanna's only dishing out a little birthday cheer. Ruth Weston is the well-meaning friend in shiny sequins.

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Cleaner teeth than ever before, a brighter smile, a fresher mouth . . . all yours if you use **BOST.** For this is the toothpaste that dissolves superficial stains (caused by tobacco or foods) with bland, gentle oils. It just washes them away, leaves your teeth lovelier because they're thoroughly cleaned. And when we say "beauty for sale" we mean not only the visual beauty of a gleaming smile, but the allure of a mouth that is cleansed, pure, sweet.

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Studio Close-Ups

by d. d. eddy

We were amazed and discomfited when we went onto the *Brother Rat* set and saw Wayne Morris standing off by himself in bathing trunks, throwing a pitcher of lemonade up in the air and showering the contents all over himself. He did it over and over with absorbed concentration. He didn't seem to mind at all. We thought his condition very pitiable. It was a hot day and there was every possibility of sun stroke and all that sort of thing. But Priscilla Lane explained that for scenes in the picture, Wayne had to douse the contents of the pitcher on his white uniform, but he must not shower Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan or herself in the scene with him. As the supply of white uniforms was limited it was suggested he practice in the condition we saw him until he could juggle the pitcher and hit a dime at five paces. He soon came grinning triumphantly to the set and announced himself ready—and we must say he had become an expert lemonade aimer and spiller!

✦

And we must tell one more funny one that happened later that day. Wayne pulled Priscilla Lane's head against his breast for a love scene. "Hear that noise?" he demanded, speaking the lines of the script.

As if on cue there was a terrific roar as a passing plane's pilot gave his engine the gun overhead. "That," grinned Wayne as the company roared with laughter, "was my heart."

✦

We visited the *Painted Desert* set at RKO Radio. We wanted to see one of our favorites, George O'Brien. While George was working in a scene they told us about the three boys in Mojave who heard George was shooting at Red Rock Canyon, a full 26 miles from town. They arose at four one morning and finally arrived where the company was shooting on location. George couldn't get over their walking across the desert in that broiling sun, so he tried to make it worth the effort. That is like George O'Brien! He posed for pictures with the boys, had them as his guests for lunch and that evening drove them home in his own car. The next morning when he arrived on the set —there were the

(Continued on page 80)

Annabella doffs sophisticated apparel for the colorful garb of a gamin in 20th Century-Fox's *Suez.* Her lounging pajamas are red-hued.

Have that even golden TAN *that . . . enhances your Beauty!*

FREE TRIAL !

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$1.00 DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

A BEAUTIFUL, golden tan body may be yours regardless of where you live or what the weather! No need to wait for a vacation or sunny week-ends at the beach and then perhaps burn your winter-sensitive skin to a painful lobster red! Now you can get your lovely, attractive tan quickly yet without burning, with the new Health Ray Sun Lamp.

MEN PREFER A HEALTHY TAN!

Your personal appearance is either a distinct social asset or a handicap. In a recent survey, 95% of the men questioned, named "good health" as one of the three main feminine attributes that appealed to them. Start now to accumulate that healthy bronze tone that attracts admiring glances and is the envy of your friends. A daily sunbath in the privacy of your own home will keep you looking as though you spent every day in the seashore sunshine—yet there will be no "bathing suit pattern" in white across your shoulders!

BEAUTY IS BUILT ON HEALTH

Your daily bath with ultra violet rays does far more than enhance your beauty. These rays actually help to stimulate many important glands. They are a great aid in cases of surface pimples and in some forms of skin disease, in destroying germ life, and in building up resistance to the common cold.

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Compact, convenient, easy to operate. Tested by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be one of the greatest investments you ever made!

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Build up resistance and vitality so that your system will throw off germs and poisons. Insure yourself against illness the sunshine way! Start NOW by mailing the coupon TODAY!

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roses and razzes

Do you like to express frank opinions on motion pictures and players? Well, we offer a prize of $5 for the best letter received and $1 for each additional one published. Lengths should be limited to 200 words. Address: Roses and Razzes, Modern Movies, Suite 1003, 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

ride 'em cowboy!

I think one GOOD western picture is better than two ordinary pictures! I don't mean pictures like *Cowboy From Brooklyn* and *I'm From The City.* Those kind of westerns are a farce! But a good earnest western picture with a plot that is reasonable, tops them all in my opinion.

If the producers would only give us a real western film—one that doesn't have the hero wearing a fancy outfit that's worth a fortune—nor is it necessary to have giant scenes—we want only a good, gripping, old fashioned western! What think ye producers? Can we have them?

Timothy F. Donovan,
Lewiston, Me.

admission slashes

Give us lower priced movie admissions!

If it takes a little slicing of stars' salaries, they can take it. The rest of us have. If it means less expensive, less elaborate sets, okay—we've been fed on super, super-colossal stuff so long, it is no longer super, super-colossal.

Good movies have been produced at low cost and can be produced again. It takes more gray matter and less spectacle.

Lower priced pictures should mean lower priced admissions. That would mean more of us could go to more movies—and more fun for all.

Geneva Davis,
Springfield, Ohio.

the blarney stone!

I have long been waiting a chance to praise *Robert Montgomery*—too long! Having just seen *Yellow-jack* I am as enthusiastic as ever about him. Why don't the studios realize what an actor they have in Robert Montgomery? . I think he's just too good to be true, and why he isn't cast in more hit stories on the screen is beyond me!

Jeanne Duran,
Los Angeles, Calif.

brush it up!

(Continued from page 8)

will appear in *Rio,* a Universal picture which supplies her with *three* leading men, suggests that you try to see your hair as others see it. Then, brush it up! Danielle doesn't mean for style alone, but for beauty. Brush, brush, then brush some more, to stimulate your scalp and keep it healthy—the foundation to the loveliness of your hair!

So much mystery appears to surround your hair that you believe it difficult to care for it. Simply follow the advice of those in the "know." Keep it clean, brush it strenuously, massage it well with your fingertips, give it occasional hot oil treatments and protect it from the heat of the glaring sun, except for drying, and you will not have to worry about anything else. Your hair will take care of itself from that point on.

The average woman does not know how to brush her hair! To begin, you must use a narrow, lightweight brush. It is much easier to manipulate and much less tiring to use than the old-time heavy type. An ideal brush has widely spaced bristles set in wave-like rows. This unique shaping of the bristles strands your hair, penetrates readily, and assures a satisfactory scalp stimulation. Never, never use a wire brush. It will break your hair and probably wound your scalp.

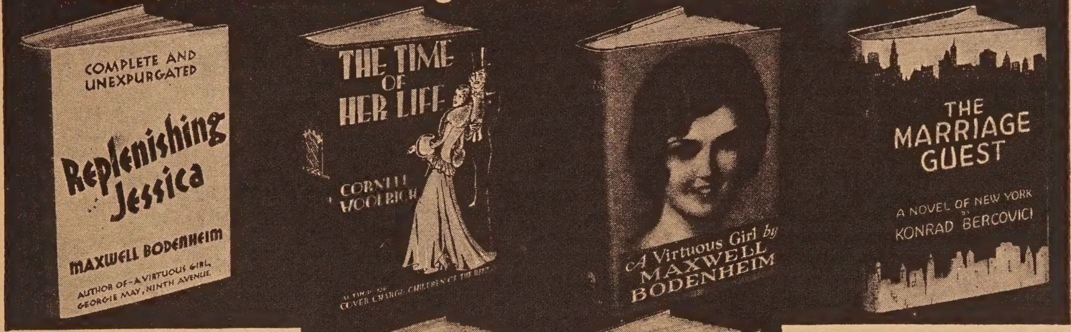
To get the best results you must hold your brush properly. With a light, deft movement, place the brush on its side against your scalp at the back of your neck. Describing a semi-circle with your wrist, roll the brush on your scalp. You can feel the penetration of all the bristles as they sweep through the hair. Vibrate the brush through to the very tip ends. Never brush your hair with a downward stroke. Brush it up and outward. This raises your hair so that the bristles easily reach your scalp. While using your brush, always wipe it on a towel several times during the treatment. This frees your brush of the soil particles and dust which it has picked up and you run no chance of brushing them back into your hair.

Oily hair and scalp need brushing to strengthen the too relaxed oil glands as well as to remove excess oil accumulations. Dry hair and scalp demand brush friction for stimulation and to encourage normal activity of the oil glands.

After a brushing treatment your finger wave and permanent look twice as pretty as ever before. A new softness, flexibility and lustre are given to your waves and curls, and they fall in place with a naturalness that dispels any idea of their having been set. A brushing treatment of ten or fifteen minutes once a day is sufficient. Even a five minute systematic brushing shows results. Then a shampoo for your hair once a week, twice a week if you live in a smoky manufacturing city. Always use a mild, non-caustic shampoo. Liquid is best, for it thoroughly penetrates your hair and saturates your scalp, and in addition it is easy to remove from the hair shafts. I'll gladly send you the name of a grand shampoo, made up in two types, for the two types of hair—oily and dry—that is extremely economical to use. And the beauty it brings to your locks is amazing!

A final touch to your hair. An entirely new brilliantine, tinted a soft, lovely blue. A delicate liquid, scented with a famous perfume, it gives your hair a charming, elusive fragrance that does not seem too heavy or cloying even on the warmest day. It adds a delightful sheen, helps to hold upswept curls and waves in place, and . . . it does not make the hair sticky or greasy! This unique blue tone is perfect for white or gray hair, and unexpectedly effective in enriching the color and gloss of black or brown locks, or lending lustrous lights to ash-blonde or blonde hair. It comes in an attractive square, two-ounce bottle and is priced at only $1.00. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for its name! You'll love it!

$12^{00} Worth of Thrills and Romance for 98¢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jeffrey jumps in

(Continued from page 34)

are fascinating, a lean interesting face —as well as a very determined cut to his New England chin and mouth. Good-looking, no end!

Here was a new star to whom I was talking, and I didn't know a thing about how Jeffrey Lynn had come into being! Nor do you, for he is comparatively unknown to Hollywoodland—a superb find of Warner Brothers—and so I just started asking questions from the beginning so that we all might get better acquainted.

"Well, I just grew and grew as a boy," Jeffrey smiled at my question. "I always used to work during school vacations, usually on a farm or on a horse breeding estate. On one job I used to pedal two miles on my bicycle each morning to work for a 'Yankee' produce farmer. But I also swam and sailed, and did all the things boys do in New England.

"Sometimes when I was digging weeds in a field, a big limousine belonging to some summer vacationists, would go whizzing by on the road. I'd look up from my work, and I was envious when I realized that anyone didn't have to toil all day, and could have time to drive around without working constantly for it.

The beginning of the fine physique was gained in those long hours in the fields, working outdoors in the sun and rain of lovely New England. It began to show outwardly while he was in high school in Worcester, when he began to win medals as a half-mile runner.

"I went to Bates College in Maine, and graduated in 1930. But not before a great many things had happened to my thinking processes. I had time there to work and play, and had a chance to gain a glimpse of the future that I wanted for mine.

"I began to be very interested in dramatics, and became a member of the Bates 4-A Players. I read and studied everything I could find about players and the stage." Young Jeffrey is still near enough those college days, to remember vividly the avid young student who began to dream then about the strange and wonderful world of the theater!

"And I got some grand acting experience one summer selling magazine subscriptions throughout New England! You've probably heard of salesmen who claim they are college boys working their way through college, and perhaps thought they were fakes. But college students really do that, and there was a whole group of us working at it one summer."

Jeffrey's smile shows the whitest, evenest teeth that one could desire. "We were always having someone open a door, and almost before we could speak, say 'No, I don't want to buy a magazine from you. I did last year, and the boy wasn't a college boy, and we never got the magazine.'"

"Well, how *did* you meet that remark?" I queried.

"We'd get our foot inside the door, and register the greatest surprise," Jeffrey answered. "Why, madame, how can you say that? I'm working with these boys, and they are all grand college chaps. Why, one goes to Princeton, one to Harvard—and I myself am trying to get through Bates College."

"I had the funniest experience near Boston," related the new Warner star who's probably won your admiration in *Four Daughters.* I knocked at the door of a house on a big estate, and a very snobbish English butler came to the door. He looked at me as though I was the plague when I announced my business. Nevertheless he took me to his master." (Jeffrey was selling subscriptions for Pictorial Review!)

"Apparently this old man, who was over seventy, had from time to time sent boys through Harvard, his alma mater. So he always talked to the college men who came to his door. He wanted me to stay and play croquet with him, but I had to move on."

There is a fine quality of tenderness in young Lynn's expressions and it appeared as he related this quaint story to me. "The poor old man was lonesome, despite his riches, and I wish I could have stayed to play with him. Later he sent a note to my hotel, phrased in very formal, old-fashioned language, saying he 'hoped me very well,' and that I would come to call on him again."

College days went rushing on, filled with extra-curricula activities, for Jeffrey always wanted to jump into anything interesting around him. He was a half-mile runner, and a member of the cross-country team. In his senior year he won the half-mile, and was a member of the two-mile relay team which won the championship at the 1930 Penn Relays.

He also liked to use words to express his feelings and desires, and at one time contemplated being a writer. He gave active vent to that idea by working on the college weekly paper, the Bates Student, of which he became editor in his senior year.

It was during these college years that he had the first glimpse of the stage I mentioned before, and the thrill that possessed him then about theatrical activities has never deserted him.

"I knew it was to be my world, but I didn't see how I could possibly reach it," he confessed to me. "It was so far beyond anything I had ever known! You can realize how far away it all seemed from my New England background."

"I realized very dramatically what I was up against, on my first trip to New York. The college track team was taken there to race. We went Friday afternoon, and returned Saturday night, and this was my first glimpse of the Big City."

I'm sure Jeffrey wondered if I would understand the tremors that went through his young heart as he looked for the first time at this City of all Cities. I *could* understand—for I was about the same age when I first looked up at New York's skyline, and found it glorious and unbelievable.

"Friday night, after all the millions of lights were on, I walked up Broadway, until I came to Broadway at Times Square. It was at the height of prosperity, and every light was twinkling—myriads of them. Taxies were full, rushing customers to the theater, night clubs and hotels. The stage was filled with fine plays, and every signboard held some name that was magical to me. I watched the ebb and flow of that spot, and was so moved I could not say a word. It was all too glamorous and magnificent, for the boy from a little New England town to grasp. I only knew that I felt a part of it—and would return to claim my share someday!"

Jeffrey finished college. Although he had intended to study law, the offer of a job in the telephone company several months before graduation determined him to go to work at once, in order to earn money with which to study dramatics. For two years while he worked in Providence, Rhode Island, and Brockton, Massachusetts, he devoted his evenings to amateur theatricals. Then he was a schoolteacher for a year!

That is indeed a new background for a star of the screen. What heartbreaks he must have caused among young feminine students as they recited to this tall, slim instructor! He taught English, and coached dramatics, thus never altogether leaving his dream of being a part of the stage.

Suddenly the determination to prove to himself that he really could do something about these ambitions gripped him. He felt that if he dreamed too long, he would never actually accomplish his aims.

So Jeffrey jumped right into New York!

"I was just another small town young man landing in New York with lots of ambition and determination, but no actual experience. And certainly I had no 'pull', or even any letters of introduction to help me."

"Where on earth did you start then?" I demanded.

"Well, first I had to earn my living, for after all one must eat and sleep. So I got a job working in the Embassy Newsreel Theater on Broadway during the afternoon and evening. At last I had landed on Broadway, even if it was only as an usher!" We both chuckled at the idea of starting a glamorous career by saying "Ticket, please," for hours on end.

"I really didn't know where to begin, but it did seem that the main thing was to get started at something actually connected with the theater. So I enrolled in a dramatic school, the Theodore Irvine School of the Theater. I won some scholarships, and then finally got my first actual professional job. It was at the famous Barter Theatre of Abingdon, Virginia. I got grand experience there, and we had lots of fun too."

My slightly raised eyebrows brought the answer.

"You see, in this unique theater, people paid to see us perform with potatoes, jelly, meat, vegetables, or any salable articles. One man even brought us a calf one night. But he was too amusing to kill, so we kept him as a pet, and he grew up to be a very good bull—worth quite a lot more than the 75c ticket he originally represented!" This was amusing

It won't be long before *you* will be paying cash, and loving to do it—to see this same Jeffrey Lynn take romantic leads on the screen. I'm quite sure you'd be willing to trade your best Sunday dress for the opportunity, too!

"My first Broadway job gave me quite a scope of experiences," Lynn continued. "I understudied the juvenile lead, was a bit player, assistant stage manager, and helped with the publicity! The next play I was in folded up in a week, so I was extremely happy to get a tiny role in Walter Hampden's production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. I toured with this for six months."

Jeffrey's experience from then on has been duplicated by many young actors, except that hundreds of them have not had the gumption to continue despite countless disappointments. He lived in a grim brownstone front house in the west forties in New York, which is filled with struggling actors, clerks, discouraged people without jobs, and those who thrive on the tawdry night life of a big city. To some the section acts as a drug which drags them down —to the Jeffreys of the world, it acts as an incentive, so they may climb up out of this noise, grime, and despair, until they are sitting on top of it—and the world. Determination wins!

Jeffrey acted in stock the following summer, but when no job came with the fall, he clerked in Macy's. Up he jumped again however, in the road company of *Lady Precious Stream.*

Then came the big chance that a young actor always hopes will come his way—the lead in the number one road company of *Brother Rat.* That was the first shining bead on the string of Jeffrey's success, for it lead the company to Los Angeles, where a talent scout for MGM asked him to make a test.

But it was Warner's who snatched this talented young man when they saw the test, and immediately wired him an offer to Chicago, where the troupe had gone in the meantime.

The need for acting experience before the camera, led him to play parts in *Cowboy from Brooklyn, When Were You Born,* and *Out Where the Stars Begin.* They weren't leads, but they were fine training for whatever big chance might come along.

Then Errol Flynn went on a vacation, and was delayed in his return to Hollywood for the leading role in *Four Daughters.* Warner's needed someone immediately with the romantic appeal of Flynn.

So Jeffrey jumped right in all ready to become your new hero of the silver screen—only four years after he first appeared on Broadway—as an usher!

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

★ 60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE ★

restless lanny ross

(Continued from page 45)

wood has something to offer *them.* They like the large salaries, the glamorous setup, the chance to be hounded by the social whirl. But too many of them don't stop to ask of themselves, 'What have *I* to offer Hollywood?'

"I know when I first came here several years ago, I had the impression that my youth and, to an extent, my personality were things adaptable to the picture industry. And the fact that I was given leads in my first big productions seemed to substantiate this idea. But I soon learned differently. I found that Hollywood can fool you. It demands patience and slow progress. I wasn't prepared to give it the patience that a successful picture career demands. My work didn't seem to ring true to me all of a sudden. Then I realized I was starting too high. That things were happening too quickly for me and for my own good. So I left."

"Just why *did* you feel that you weren't progressing in the right way?" I asked, for I remembered he had made quite a dent on the screen in a film known as *Melody in Spring.*

"I just knew I was too young for the job that was being thrust on me. In my own mind, I was just a kid trying to buck an older person's business. Fortunately, I knew my shortcomings. In other words, I left to acquire age—and experience.

"Now that I notice my jowls forming and my hair growing slightly, I think I'm ready. I have no intention of leaving pictures at all now, for I've just been signed by Columbia for a series of productions. Besides, I'm no longer afraid of my chances. I know I can crack Hollywood this time! I've aged enough to convince me of that."

I looked at his young, lean face and chuckled. So here was Father Time himself. It was to laugh! Lanny has more youth and zip than most sprouts that are opening the gates of Hollywood. Maybe he has matured as a Hollywood product, but he's certainly no antique—not by a long shot!

Suddenly, as I was thinking about Lanny, I wondered why he ever wanted to make pictures again. After all, he's an outstanding success in radio and concert, and he's made plenty of money. It couldn't be money that made him want to try again—or could it? I decided to ask him whether he, too, was drawn to the kleig lights by the often misleading glamour of "Hollywood dough."

"Money, definitely, has no place in my decision to return to films," he said defiantly. "In fact, I make more money on radio than I do in pictures. That's one reason I left the first time. I'm not in the least impressed by the 'easy money' that is erroneously associated with Hollywood. I'm back—and I'm going to stay here as a Cinemaville product—because I want to prove to myself that I can make the goal. I don't want any second best tied on me in anything I set out to do."

I had to believe him, for in the next breath he told me he had been doing summer stock in the east for a price that was practically nothing in comparison to his picture and radio remunerations. Money isn't Lanny's god at all, for if he wants to do a thing badly enough, he'll do it, regardless of the pay involved. His playing in summer stock, for example, was a pleasant interlude to him. It brought back memories of his first appearance in stock several years ago. It gave him a chance to reminisce—and to relax.

"In fact," began Lanny seriously, "it was money that set me off on the wrong track in Hollywood. It is too much the standard of success here. When I tried to forget my salary, I found myself looked at in amazement. You just can't seem to forget money and not be criticized in Hollywood."

Lanny looked off in the distance momentarily. His eyes seemed to search the ceiling. Then, slowly, gradually, he turned to me, a broad smile covering his face.

"You know, I've found how to get along in Hollywood. In fact, it brings a story to mind. I once knew an old man who said to me, 'I used to be like you. I had a straight figure and curly hair. Now I've no hair and a curly figure.' That's what I want to be here. Sort of an old man who can sit back and chuckle at myself. Then I can say, 'You're crazy, Ross, but you're lucky to be here.' I won't take myself too seriously then, and as long as I can laugh at myself, not even Hollywood can throw me."

"What have you learned is the only successful way to get on in this town?" I asked after a pause.

"To look upon Hollywood as one of those funhouses at the beach. Once you've started going through it, you've got to finish the trip. The upsets and spills you meet are merely the problems involved in the price you must pay for success. And to remember it's not nearly as bad as it is painted."

And so a newcomer and an old friend looks upon the town that once hit him in the solar plexis and is now feeding him cake. The lapse of years between visits has mellowed him, has given him a perspective. The interim has taught him more about Hollywood than any close contact could. That—and his wife.

About three years ago, it happened. A young lady, known to New York and Hollywood as Olive White, was Lanny's press agent. She boosted his stock so well, that he felt sure he also needed her services personally. She told such convincing things about him to the press, that he felt she was the one person to push him along. And Olive knew Hollywood. She knew what was going on in his mind about the town. What he thought of his career. Business and newspaper blurbs, strangely enough, ripened into love. And so they were married.

Now, Olive is merely Lanny's wife—and a darned good one too! She's still concerned over his career, but as a wife now.

As Lanny and I talked about Olive, I realized that this little lady was always behind his every move. That, without his knowing it, she was guiding him wisely and carefully. But, odd as it may seem, the one thing that she is not in favor of is his reentrance into the motion picture game.

"Olive wants me to forget pictures and concentrate on radio," Lanny commented with a sly grin, "but I'm out to prove to her that I'm going to be one of the few singers in pictures who can really stand on his own. She's been so used to writing about me and my radio work, she feels lost when it comes to my being a motion picture product. You see, she's heard that the more successful you are in Hollywood, the unhappier you are. I'm out to show her a side of her husband she hasn't yet discovered."

"Do you agree with her that success here can bring unhappiness?" This argument has been advanced so often, I was particularly anxious to get Lanny's opinion of the age-old question of career vs. happiness.

"No, I don't. After all, success can bring happiness or unhappiness in any kind of business. It all depends on whether or not the person can keep his sense of values and begin to consider himself as just a part of the industry, not as its favored child. As for me, I couldn't be unhappy no matter what happened. I've too much to be thankful for and to be happy about. Certainly any success I may achieve as an actor won't make me unhappy. And as long as I'm progressing, especially in a new field, Olive won't have any sleepless nights. She still has her printer's ink eye on me!"

"Does Olive mind being turned into a house wife? Doesn't she often get lonesome for a career again?"

"No, she doesn't. She's perfectly contented. When we were married, I asked her to step out of the business life, and she did. Not that I didn't like the idea of her going on with her job, but I just thought it seemed unfair for both of us to be working. Two careers in a family are not so good, and they inevitably lay you wide open to too much criticism. This business of husband and wife fighting to forge ahead as fast as the other is very unsatisfactory to me."

With the background Lanny has, with musical and theatrical parents, it is no wonder he fell in with music and acting. His mother found a place for him in the choir of a Seattle church where he became a soloist, and then he went to the famous choir school of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, where he spent several years and became soprano soloist at the age of fourteen. As Lanny gratefully admits, his mother and father did everything to further the career he wanted and the career that they were already familiar with! In fact, he even had to sing for his supper at the ripe old age of seven when he lost his money while on his way, alone, to a boarding school. And at four, he was acting with Ben Greet's Shakespearean company. No wonder he had sympathizers in his family!

As the years went on, Lanny entered Yale and soon became leader of the glee club. It was at this time that he became a well-known runner. When the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam rolled around, Lanny wanted to go. But he also wanted to sing at night, and that made him break training rules. The track coach couldn't let him participate in the Olympics, but Lanny *did* go—as leader of the Yale Glee Club!

This wasn't his first trip across the briny blue, for in the years of '26 and '27, he made an inauspicious beginning of his consequent extensive traveling. Besides washing dishes, he became a chaperon of 225 persons from the Yale Travel Bureau. He had to supervise their personal needs, while he fussed with baggage, deck chairs, and other kitchen duties.

Then came radio and recognition and the decision to forget his interest in law as a career. It was on Christmas morning in 1928 that Lanny Ross auditioned at NBC, sang one song, and was on his way. The rest is history.

Now Lanny is back "in the fold" again. He hopes for a lot from his second try at Hollywood, and it's my guess he can't miss. He's taking his new attempt in pictures very seriously, and he just won't be stopped! After all, nothing has ever stopped him yet, and very definitely Hollywood is no bugaboo to him. It's just another field to conquer with flying colors. So on with the amazing career of Lanny Ross, a guy who accepts only perfection in everything! A guy you can't describe. You can only say, "There's a fellow who never rests."

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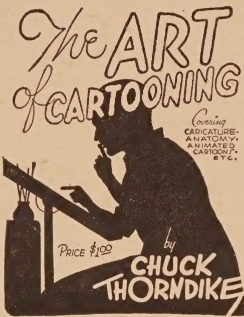
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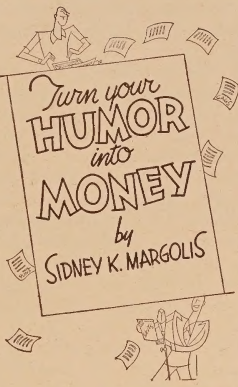
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adventure for alice

(Continued from page 39)

White, and Alice won the opportunity to sing *Oh, You Nasty Man* in the first film edition of Mr. White's *Scandals*, the blonde New Yorker has been regarded primarily as a singer who also acts. Henceforth, if Alice has her way—and when hasn't she?—she'll be known as an actress who sings—occasionally.

Although she achieved stardom in something less than five years, Alice earned her success "the hard way." It was a process of development rather than a publicity "build-up." She had to fight to prove that she was good enough to sing a feature song in her first picture, and she has had to work her way laboriously and painfully up every rung of the Hollywood ladder of fame.

Alice had worked for George White in New York, but she had been a chorus girl in his *Scandals*, and the dapper little producer didn't think she rated a song all by herself in his—and her—first picture. Alice thought she did, and Rudy Vallee thought so. Rudy went to bat for her, and she did so well that she was given the leading feminine role when Lillian Harvey quit the cast.

But one picture doesn't make a glamorous career, and even Alice thought her chances of gaining fame and fortune pretty slim, for she immediately was relegated to that type of film which Hollywood calls "Class B," and which the public so often knows as "Class Z." For the ensuing several months she worked in such little gems as *She Learned About Sailors, Music Is Magic* and something called, of all things, *365 Nights in Hollywood.*

You probably don't remember any of those, but Alice does. She had been a dancer in a night club floor show, in a big movie house and in the *Scandals;* she had sung with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, but she never had had a lesson in elocution or in acting. All the other players with whom Alice was competing for recognition in pictures had had long experience on the dramatic stage or in Hollywood. Therefore, those "B" pictures served as a combination dramatic academy and stock company for the ambitious little singer.

She learned the tricks of the dramatic trade by watching others, and she practiced them before the cameras in her own films until she reached a point where Darryl Zanuck gave her a chance in *King of Burlesque*. She clicked, and she has given at least one memorable scene to every picture since then.

She first made the movie-going public sit up and take notice when she played with Adolphe Menjou, in *Sing, Baby, Sing*. Shirley Temple was the star of *Stowaway,* but few of the millions who saw it can forget the shot of Alice Faye standing in the doorway of the ship's cabin, singing *One Never Knows, Does One?*

On the Avenue had a flock of stars, including Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll, the glamorous Britisher. But, think back to that picture, and I'll bet your first recollection will be of Alice Faye warbling *This Year's Crop of Kisses.*

When an actress, in these days of mass production pictures, can make you remember individual scenes for a year or two, she definitely has something. That's why Alice went on to bigger things like the Winchell-Bernie film feud, *Wake Up and Live;* the saga of the O'Learys' cow, *In Old Chicago;* the remake of that old favorite, *Sally, Irene and Mary,* and then into 20th Century-Fox's extravaganza, *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*

Until the latter production, which was essentially a song picture, Alice has sung less and less as her career has progressed. For the past year she has been working toward the goal of dramatic, non-musical films. She reached it in *The Girl From Brooklyn,* in which she is co-starred with Warner Baxter.

A story of the savagery of war, as manifested in China, it has no place for sentimental ballads or flip ditties. Here, Alice is staking her entire reputation on her acting ability, and that is just what she wants to do.

"I love to sing," she says, "but I'd like also to be recognized as an actress. As long as I continued singing, however, that was almost impossible because most people thought of me only as a singer. Now they will have to judge me strictly on my merits as a dramatic actress, and that suits me perfectly."

If you're like Mike, our law student, you'll want to know something about the off-screen Alice Faye. She's a gay gal who has tantrums if anyone dares to register anything less than adoration for Tony Martin, her husband. Pictures have given her plenty of luxuries, as well as plenty of hard work, but she hasn't "gone Hollywood" nearly as much as many lesser lights.

For a couple years now she has been on the receiving end of a one-sided feud with Rudy Vallee. She still likes him, but he won't speak to her. Vallee gave Alice her start as a singer after hearing a record she had made at a party. Then, as has been recounted, he got her into pictures. Rudy and his *Connecticut Yankees* were playing at Manhattan Beach while Alice was vacationing in New York a few seasons back, and he asked her if she would sing with his band once more, for old time's sake. Alice agreed, and Vallee advertised the fact that she would be on his program.

Alice's studio learned of her plans, however, and forbade her to appear. Alice tried to explain to Rudy, but he has never forgiven her.

Like most movie stars, Alice has a house of her own, but her reason for acquiring it was unique. The majority of people take houses, I'm told, to have a place to live. Alice took one to get a home for her dog. She was living in an apartment, and had a Dobermann-Pinscher, one of those highly nervous dogs which are supposed to possess almost human intelligence. Alice thought an apartment was too confining for a dog of that type, so she moved to a house in Beverly Hills, where she lives with her mother and her two brothers, Bill and Charles. Bill is Alice's business manager, and Charles is an assistant director at 20th Century-Fox.

The Dobermann-Pinscher is gone, however, and the only dog around the place at this writing is a white Peke, named Chin Chin. Probably there will be at least one more—collie, Great Dane, St. Bernard, or Russian wolfhound—by the time this appears in print. Alice likes dogs.

She doesn't care for jewelry, but loves to deck her five-foot, four-inch frame in beautiful clothes. She bought a Packard when she got in the money, but she doesn't drive it herself. A professional gourmet would throw up his hands in horror at her choice in foods.

Her favorite meal consists, she says, of caviar, followed by chicken livers; pot roast and spaghetti, with a glass of milk and a dish of strawberry ice cream for dessert.

Peculiarly enough, that menu in itself gives a pretty good picture of Alice Faye's character. There are few dishes more soundly American than pot roast and strawberry ice cream. And Alice's ancestors, on both sides, have been Americans since Colonial times. The caviar isn't American, of course, but it serves perfectly to reflect her taste and desires for the best.

Alice Faye wanted to be a dancer when she was a small girl. She became one at the age of fourteen. When her interest turned to singing she made good as a vocalist. Now her heart is set on recognition as a dramatic actress, so you can be sure her star is still in the ascendancy. But, instead of losing a favorite singer, you, and Mike and I have gained an actress.

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aladdin of the jungles

(Continued from page 56)

juvenile stars in England, owns his own midget car and lives in a well-appointed flat in the West End.

Born fourteen years ago in India, Sabu lost his mother when he was too young to remember or to realize the meaning of maternal affection. His father, whom Sabu worshipped, was a mahout—an elephant driver—as had been his father and the father of his father. He was a proud man for he was in the service of the Maharajah of Mysore. He was proud of his young son and hoped some day to prepare him to take his place.

For nine years life was good to little Sabu. It gave him the little he asked of it. Then returning one evening to his home behind the Elephant Palace, he saw a crowd of people at his door. His uncle was there and so were the meager handful of distant relatives. They took him aside and gently imparted the sad news. His father was dead. He had died honorably in the jungle in the service of his royal master.

According to the strange custom, Sabu must not be sad. He must be proud for here was honor and glory and he loved his father dearly and even today speaks of him with great pride and reverence.

"He was a brave man," he says with poignant simplicity, "and the animals loved him."

It was a brave little orphan son who was left to face the world alone with a pension from the Government of two rupees a month—a ward of the elephant stables.

Life for little Sabu now became a disappointing struggle. One day he decided to run away from Mysore and struck out toward the jungle where his uncle lived.

The fringe of the jungle was at least forty miles away from the elephant stables, but the boy made the journey, sleeping in the open and finding food on the way.

When Sabu's uncle caught sight of his pathetic nephew, dusty and weary from the long trek and wearing only his loin cloth, he thought the boy must be the vanguard of a party from Mysore. But when to his amazement, he learned that the boy was alone, he scolded him for attempting the dangerous journey all by himself.

"Why did you do this?" he demanded.

"They sent me to a school," Sabu answered. "School is no place for the son of a mahout. My business is in the jungle with the wild elephant herds."

For the short time, he stayed with his uncle, Sabu saw another side of life. He learned the ways of the jungle folk and the hardships they are forced to endure. Everywhere he saw poverty, sadness, misery and dirt. When the rains came, his uncle sent him back to school in Mysore and Sabu took up the life he had interrupted before his escape. These were dreary days and during the months that followed he spent every moment of his spare time in the elephant stables. There was only one thing left to live for and that was to become as great a mahout as his father.

Then one day in the summer of 1935, the hottest that Mysore had known for years, Sabu was dreaming as he worked in the stable of his favorite elephant, Irawatha . . . dreaming of the day when he, like his late father, would become the most famous mahout in all India.

Suddenly he was startled into reality by his nine year old friend, Ali, who rushed in panting with excitement. A party of white sahibs had arrived in town. They were arranging a great "keddah"—an elephant drive. They were going to take pictures. They were looking for a small boy to sit on one of the elephants. All this he announced in a single breath.

Sabu was immediately alert. His midnight black eyes flashed excitedly in their white eyeballs. And even though he had never heard of Kipling or his famous "Jungle Book" from which the story of *Elephant Boy* was taken, he understood that he could take the part of the boy who was needed to drive the large herd of elephants before the white sahibs. His excitement knew no limits. If only . . . if only he might be chosen! He would show how skillful he could be!

Forsaking his sacred duties for the time being, Sabu followed the motion picture unit wherever it went, along with twenty other would-be elephant boys.

One afternoon as he was innocently scolding one of the huge beasts, Osmond Borrodaile, chief cameraman for the unit, saw him. He soon discovered that Sabu was a mahout, born and bred, fearless with elephants and with unusual powers over them. These attributes together with his perfect physique made Sabu ideal for the part. After the usual tests, there was no doubt about his suitability. The little orphan boy showed an outstanding maturity that amazed everyone in the unit. Before the rather frightening cameras, he was confident and entirely at ease, his courage amazing.

The first "rushes" showed that little Sabu had a remarkable natural flair for acting. Though he could not speak a word of English, he was so intelligent that he put over the lines he did not even understand with as much appeal and "rightness" as an experienced star. He was never shy and his sense of drama was astounding.

Then and there it was determined that Sabu should return to England and make other films, that he be given every chance to make the screen his career. Thus in mid-summer of 1936, Sabu's life suddenly became entirely revolutionized. From among hundreds of boys of his own age and type, Sabu was plucked from the ancient, tradition-bound East and transplanted into the bewildering bustle of the West.

From being a poor orphan, living on a few rupees a month, he was to become overnight—to his mind—fabulously rich. He was to earn almost as much money in his thirteenth year as his father had earned during an entire lifetime. When Sabu was told he was to be allowed to return with the white sahibs over the seas to the land of the King-Emperor, he was too thrilled to utter a reply.

When papers had to be filled in and signed, it was suddenly found that nobody, not even Sabu himself, had the remotest idea of his age. Eventually the problem was solved by one of the mahouts who remembered that on the day of little Sabu's birth, one of the Maharajah's cow elephants had calved. The Palace books were consulted and it was ascertained that he was twelve years old. But the books showed that the calving of an elephant was far more important than the birth of this destined star and was considered of sufficient significance to merit an official entry whereas Sabu's birth went unnoted.

The voyage to Southampton, England, was one Sabu will never forget. "I had never seen the sea before in all my life. But here were days when we floated in a palace without sight of land for days. Here, too, was food such as only graces the tables of rajahs and princes. And at the journey's end, what an unbelievable place! A climate such as I had never known, strange animals, smooth black roads, great railway stations bigger than a village, a gigantic city swarming with motor cars, buses, glittering shops, towering buildings and multitudes of hurrying, bustling white sahibs."

"But how," he wondered in those early days—"how could all these people exist and earn their bread without the help of a single elephant?"

In the studio, he met Alexander Korda. From that very first meeting, there developed a relationship that has become very important in Sabu's life. There sprang up within him a hero worship and trust that is now unshakable. But Alexander Korda has earned that trust and the interest he has shown this orphaned, Indian youngster has filled the spot in his heart previously reserved for his father. The loneliness of Sabu was something the stoic youngster would never divulge. His sleepless nights in a strange, unfamiliar land were never revealed. The strange people and the life so topsy-turvy and vastly different from anything he had ever known, proved confusing and bewildering at first. He felt the need of a strong, guiding hand together with a gentle, powerful force. And though everyone was kind and helpful, none filled the great emptiness so completely as did Korda. To Sabu, he was friend, adviser, father and god—all in one—and to the end of his life, Sabu vows he will never forget him.

Ever since completing *Elephant Boy*, Sabu has been in London adapting himself quickly to the strange new civilization that had formerly filled him with awe. But he has assumed his new mode of living with an ease that speaks eloquently for his intelligence. He attends a private school for boys where his tutors are amazed at his agility for grasping new subjects. He pals around with the older boys and has become an excellent football and hockey player. To see him engaging in these activities and dining with film stars and directors, it is impossible to think that only a short time ago he had never seen a table cloth and did not know what a knife and fork were.

But now that his salary has introduced him to new luxuries, he lives in a fashionable London apartment, has his own servants and drives his own cars. He has discarded the loin cloth of two years ago for the more conventional garments of the civilized world and even boasts proudly of his array of Bond Street clothes.

There is something almost magnetic in the power young Sabu exerts over animals. Small as he is, he is master in command at making huge, bulking pachyderms obey his orders. In *Drums* he learned to ride a stallion in only three days and at the completion of the picture, the horse was so devoted to the boy that it would leave its own master at the youngster's call.

"The saddest time I had during the making of *Elephant Boy*," Sabu relates now that he can express himself in English, "was when Irawatha, my pet elephant, went musth—that is he contracted an illness that drives elephants mad."

"Suddenly while the great creature was walking in file with a dozen other elephants, with me perched on his head, Irawatha bellowed and charged

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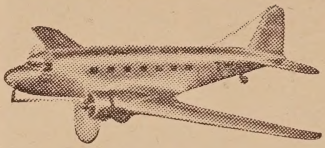

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the bull in front of him. Immediately there was pandemonium! I struck him again and again with the goad, but for once Irawatha did not respond and only the bravery of the chief mahout saved the situation."

This youngster talks of elephants as any other boy would of his pet dog. The first time, Robert Flaherty asked him to climb up on an elephant, he jumped up onto the back of a wild tusker with as little show of concern as though he were boarding a taxi. He signalled to the animal and it dashed off at a lumbering pace right into the middle of a fast-moving river!

Sabu clung to the elephant's back, though to those on the shore all that could be seen was the animal's trunk. When Sabu and the animal finally landed they were a mile downstream. By the time the harried Englishmen had come up, Sabu was stretched out easily on the great beast's back, gently stroking its nose. Flaherty seeing this, was convinced Sabu was a "natural" for the role of *Elephant Boy.*

In London, Sabu's favorite recreation aside from swimming, canoeing, playing tennis and skating is to visit his pet mongoose which he brought from India and which is housed in the London Zoo.

"I like the sounds and the smell. I think I feel just right here because it makes me remember Mysore and the jungles and Ali. I do miss Ali."

In the elephant house, Sabu always proves his extraordinary powers with the great beasts. For a brief spell, he forgets everything. His eyes grow larger and darker. A strange expression comes across his face. He feels as if he is back in the Elephant Palace at Mysore. He completely forgets his surroundings and nostalgia again overtakes him. He is utterly unaware of the iron bars and the confined surroundings of the huge beasts. He talks to them in a language strange to everyone else, but it is obvious that the elephants understand him and are eager to do his bidding.

When asked what he intends to do when he grows up, his ready answer is, "I want to continue working for Mr. Korda. I want to be an electrician in his studio. But when I get my holidays I would like to make a trip back to Mysore to see Ali and the Elephant Palace.

"But if Mr. Korda does not want me to be an electrician then I will become a famous mahout like my father. And one day, perhaps I will ride Irawatha in the great Delhi-Durbar before the King-Emperor."

Sabu utters these words without thinking what his trip to America will mean. He doesn't know what miracles are wrought in our own Bagdad and that Aladdin's wonderful lamp is nothing when compared with the magic that Hollywood can effect.

3 dollar a day cagney

(Continued from page 24)

was assumed that perhaps his mother had advised him to save his money.

"What money?" queried Mr. Cagney, with a quizzical smile.

When that one had gone by, he recalled:

"My enthusiasms then were the same as they are now. They usually led me to a seat—I didn't have the price for two—in the gallery of a Broadway theater. I'd sit up there and eat up a play. I then thought John Barrymore the best actor of them all, and I still do. It was not until Chaplin came along that I had any real appreciation of the movies. He was nobody then, just a little fellow running in and out of scenes, but doing it as no one had ever done it before. From him I got an idea, though not consciously, and years later it grew into a habit of saving myself words. Raymond Griffith, now a producer with Twentieth Century-Fox, did that beautifully, too, when he played a gangster in *Go and Get It.* He didn't try to be tough. He merely suggested the killer by walking up to his intended victim with a knife and cutting the buttons off his coat. *That* was telling it, very effectively!"

And now Mr. Cagney told it graphically by sauntering across the room and nipping off imaginary buttons with adroit fingers. In that bit of pantomime he revealed one of the methods which have made him an actor of expert skill, graceful charm and lightning effect. But he threw out the instant disclaimer:

"What little I've done has been due entirely to a girl—one who always paid her half of the bill. My luck began when I met Frances Vernon, who beat the modern girl to the share-and-share-alike stakes by at least fifteen years. We were in the chorus of *Pitter Patter,* our first Broadway show and a floppo. When it closed we were out of jobs and stony broke. But we celebrated my twenty-first birthday by getting married."

"I suppose," grinned Mr. Cagney, "we figured that two could starve as cheaply as one. Anyway, we did have beans—canned. You see, once before when I was out of a job, I went over to Jersey and built a cabin for Will Crawford, the artist. He paid me three dollars a day, a lot of money. I lived in a shack and stocked it with beans. It was a lonely place near Plainfield. One night, after the cabin was finished, Crawford suggested I stay in it while he went to New York. His furnishings included a bamboo table on which stood a human skull. Crawford called it Yorick. He was very fond of the thing, but I wasn't so hot for it. Along toward midnight I was reading *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and had just reached the hair-raising point where the gorilla is glaring through the window when bang, bang, bang! The bamboo table went off like a gun and the acrobatic skull shot up into the air. Now I like a good snappy show, but that was too much of a good thing. Something told me I'd got myself into a haunted cabin, and I was out of it and under the blanket in my shack before the clock struck twelve."

It may have been emotion, or perhaps an actor's sense of suspense, that gave Mr. Cagney pause.

"On his return Crawford was delighted to hear of the wild doings," he resumed. "It seemed he'd been longing to live in a haunted house, but hadn't been able to find one in New York, where everything's too crowded for ghosts. As Will shrewdly pointed out, a ghost needs plenty of elbowroom. He felt highly flattered to have a suburban spirit put up with anything so small as a cabin. At first he was inclined to the theory that his place was haunted by a union ghost because it had been built by a non-union carpenter. But he thought we ought to do something about it, so I joined him after nightfall in jumpy investigation. As we sat for hours on either side of the hair-trigger table watching that trick skull everything was as quiet as a New Jersey mosquito in winter quarters. Then, just before midnight, things cut loose. The table fired three or four rounds and Yorick went up in the air like an actor going up in his lines. 'Leave it to me, Jimmy,' said Will, and I left it on the lam. Well, in time Crawford worked out the solution of the spooky mystery. It was a simple matter of expansion and contraction. While the cabin was heated the table expanded, holes in the bamboo widening and taking in a full quantity of air. But when, late at night, a chill settled down the holes narrowed and forced an explosion of air which gave Yorick the bounce. It was a great relief to me to have the mystery explained."

Unwittingly, Mr. Cagney had explained an interesting and uncommonly human side of himself in revealing the three-dollar-a-day Jimmy. But he still was to tell of his starving honeymoon.

"It was equally remarkable," he glowed. "As a splendid gesture to my achievement as architect and builder my artist friend had assured me that at any time I was out of work, out of luck and out of dough I could consider the shack my home. Accordingly, I proudly led my trusting bride to Free Acres. There I bestowed upon her beans left over from my moneyed days. As Crawford had gone away and locked up his cabin, there was nothing else to eat. We got along somehow till I got a job. We worked out there getting such week-end dates as we could find at vaudeville houses in neighboring towns. Mrs. Cagney was a very good dancer, and I hoofed for dear life. But it was such tough going that as soon as we got to a theater I put the bee on the manager. We started out one morning without breakfast for Kankakee or Frankfort, Indiana, and I had just eleven cents in my pocket. When the candy butcher came through the train I bought a bottle of Coco Cola for Mrs. Cagney and a bag of cookies for myself. Dancing makes you much hungrier than acting, so when we got to the town we made a bee-line for the theater and I hit the woman manager for an advance, saying we were a little short. 'They always are,' she dryly remarked. But she was a good egg and came across with a five-spot. We chased over to a restaurant and got the trouper's routine breakfast, ham and eggs, then rushed back to the theater and did our stuff."

"But if anybody tells you those were the good old days don't you believe it," he advised. "We were always wondering what to do to keep eating. Not that Mrs. Cagney minded. I'd have gone mad as well as hungry if I hadn't had the right sort of girl. No matter what we were up against she took her half of it without a murmur. The odd thing about it was that I'd be out of work for weeks, then get three or four offers at once. After taking the one I thought would last longest I'd tip off friends to the others. But I always picked the wrong one. It got so I didn't believe anything would last. Even when I came to Hollywood I thought it was only for a three-weeks' job; that all they wanted was for me to play a rat in *Sinners' Holiday*. At that time all the juveniles were pretty boys and that let me out. The fear I felt then—the one thing you've always got to fight in Hollywood—kept up for years, but at last I've got it licked. I'm sure, though, I'd never have been able to do that alone. It was only that I had the right girl with me. I've been very lucky in this business and I'm very thankful for it. But I'd never have got anywhere if my girl hadn't strung along with me. So now I'm all for the modern girl who meets the boy half-way. She's a great help and a great gal."

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four men and a girl

(Continued from page 46)

material for exciting stories and with this thought in mind she fortified herself for a writing career with a Bachelor's degree.

"I never really wanted to act," she explained, "though I was interested in motion pictures and the stage—as what girl isn't. But I was interested in them because they might prove helpful in my chosen career as a writer."

"As a result of too much snooping and prowling about in places where I had no business to be except to gather more material for writing, I awoke one fine, clear morning to find myself being hailed by the critics of the country as a "rising star." Of course, it did my heart good to read all the lavish praise and beautiful comment on my performance as *Kay* in *Stage Door.* But I'm having trouble fulfilling the promise displayed in that picture."

"You remember how Katherine Hepburn did *Alice Adams.* Well, every girl who saw the picture knows just how *Alice* felt and every one of them probably thinks she can play the part to perfection. But let me tell you something, that's the most difficult kind of a part to put over. You really have to live it in order to get its authenticity."

Andrea Leeds is no shy, retiring creature basking modestly in the spotlight. You can't help liking her for being so real and honest. You find yourself admiring her frank, outspoken manner and her sensible attitude toward life. She is everything you expect the typical American girl to be and you like her for those very qualities.

She is a brunette with reddish brown hair and vital brown eyes that have a fuzzy softness in them. Her lips are lusciously red and perfectly shaped in the best classical manner. Her skin is soft and velvety and makes you want to run your fingers over its whiteness. When she walks, you are reminded of the languid feline grace of a panther. You think her every movement is premeditated, but Andrea says it's only proper coordination. She radiates a warmth and geniality when she talks in her rich, languorous voice with its soft, soothing nuance. Her well-bred manners and charm testify to her careful training and cultured background. In short, Andrea Leeds is the sort of girl men fall in love with at first sight.

"But to get back to the four men," Andrea reminded as her large brown eyes assumed a mischievous twinkle. "The first one was Howard Hawks, the director. He's the one who is really responsible for my getting into motion pictures. You see, while I was at college I studied amateur dramatics—just to help me to get the "feel" of the spoken line for use in my writings—and in this course we made an entire picture. When Mr. Hawks saw the film, he was impressed by what he calls my potentialities. He showed it to Samuel Goldwyn who was also impressed and before I realized what was happening to me I had been signed to a long term contract and cast as Edward Arnold's daughter in *Come and Get It.*

Andrea relates this with a calm, naive sincerity, but the story all Hollywood knows has a slightly different version. Instead of contenting herself with a part in the film, she tried to persuade Mr. Goldwyn to put her to work writing instead of acting. And even in Hollywood, such a departure from the usual procedure was shocking. To want to write when one was offered an acting part was nothing short of treason—or madness!

"My first part in *Come and Get It* didn't exactly bring the world to my feet," Andrea admits. "But when I was offered the part of the "heavy" in *Woman Chases Man,* I just couldn't accept it. It wasn't the type of part I could carry through.

"Yes, it was then that I did the second thing unprecedented in film circles. I refused a part. You must understand I was really a nonentity when I did it. Usually, you have to go begging and pulling strings if you are not well known and want to break through. And here I had the audacity to reverse the entire order. But perhaps, it was for the best because shortly after I heard that *Stage Door* was going to be filmed and I made Mr. Goldwyn take me over and introduce me to Gregory LaCava. Of course, he didn't know why I wanted to meet him. But as soon as I was presented, I lost no time in telling Mr. LaCava I wanted to play the part of *Kay.*"

"Mr. LaCava was the second of the four men responsible for my career. He taught me a great deal about acting and initiated me into the finer points that one so seldom learns. He taught me how to understand the character thoroughly and even made me go to the psychopathic wards of several hospitals to prepare myself for the interpretation of the role. Then he helped me boil the entire part down to fit in with my own personality. To him, I owe much thanks for the effort and trouble he took with me but it is gratifying to know that his teachings have not gone unrewarded."

"Jimmy Ryan was the third man in my career. To anyone who needs the proper word of encouragement when things look black and hopeless, I recommend Jimmy. After tramping the boulevards of Los Angeles trying to land some sort of writing job, it was Jimmy who didn't let my ambition die. He was really responsible for steering my ambitions from writing to acting. But more than that, he always proved himself a friend to whom I could pour out my troubled woes."

"William K. Howard, whom I met through mutual friends taught me a great many things about the acting business that I didn't even realize existed. They were little things, but very important to one who sets out to be successful. For instance, I couldn't let myself go before the cameras. I knew I had the stuff it takes but I couldn't get it across. Finally, William K. Howard took me aside and had a heart-to-heart talk with me. He told me I was too completely cluttered up with inhibitions to become a good actress. He told me I would have to get rid of them if I wanted to make good. He said I had a certain . . . . oh, what did he call it . . . . oh, yes, a certain warmth and if I succeeded in putting it over, I would make good."

"Well, there was nothing else I could do about it. From that day on, the shy, reserved Andrea perished and I took her place."

Don't get the impression that Andrea Leeds goes about flinging vases and breaking furniture, expressing herself like a problem child in a new-method school. When she talks about not being shy, she limits herself strictly to the screen. She is a quiet, placid girl of the dreamy, romantic type in spite of what she may say to the contrary. She still writes poetry on the sly and sneaks out to look at the moon. And she even dreams of a Prince Charming who will someday ride out of the sunset on a white charger and carry her off as his wife.

Andrea lives with her parents in a modest Beverly Hills bungalow where she spends most of her leisure time in the company of her persian cat and her black cocker spaniel, Tiny Tim. She goes out quite a bit but mostly to play bridge or visit friends. Occasionally, she is seen at the Trocadero or Cocoanut Grove but those are gala events, believing as she does that eight hours of sleep are necessary for her even disposition and unruffled temper. And speaking of temperament, she just doesn't believe in it. Whenever she finds herself inclined to become irritable or out of sorts, she just shuts her mouth and refuses to speak.

"It has worked wonders. After all, if you are working all day long under the glare of lights and everything begins to get on your nerves and you feel hot and tired and sometimes even disgusted, you are tempted to fly off the handle. But my remedy has proven successful thus far and I'm trying to get along without temperament."

Every time she is seen in the company of another Hollywood blade, the gossip columns immediately brand the casual date as a serious romance. The truth is that Andrea is not seriously thinking of marriage or romance at this time. First, she is determined to make good at what she started.

"After I become a really polished actress, I might settle down and get married. Of course, it will mean giving up my career because I'm still old fashioned in that respect. I don't think marriage and a career form a successful combination for happiness. But if the young men stay away from my doorstep, my life won't be empty. I can always be contented as a resigned spinster if I have a career to occupy my attention."

"So the next time you see me in the company of a handsome leading man, don't call it romance. My entire life was spent in the company of men, you remember. Wherever we have lived, mother and I were the only two women in the presence of hundreds of men."

Andrea is not athletically inclined and doesn't favor too much indulgence in sports for girls who are anxious to keep their figures soft and feminine. She weighs 110 pounds and is five feet four inches tall. She wears size 4B shoe, which is a sample size.

At present, she is working over at the Universal lot but she is not averse to the idea of being loaned out to other companies. She considers it valuable experience.

Unlike most actresses, she doesn't rehearse her parts too much before appearing before the cameras. "You are apt to go stale before the scene is shot," she explains. "What I do is study the role very carefully and then when the time for shooting arrives, I understand the character thoroughly. I merely put myself in her place and try to capture the mood and emotional response required. Otherwise the wear and tear on the emotions would be too much for me."

This technique is the same used by Paul Muni and has proven its effectiveness time and again.

When you leave Andrea Leeds, you carry away an impression that is slightly on the sentimental side. Her warmth and beauty, her vivaciousness and common sense, all combine to annex a favorite spot in your heart. Like everything else about this young, brown-eyed girl, the appeal is unique and like rare old wine, the impression of her mellows pleasantly with the passage of time. Watch Andrea!

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power on parade

(Continued from page 15)

would tell himself and go on from there. And with Patia's own humor he would write to her for she had been in Cincinnati for some years now and make a joke of the way he was living.

Luckily his father's manager was a lawyer who handled receiverships for he allowed the boy to stay in apartments under litigation until legalities were completed. Tyrone lived that way for months, moving from one apartment to another, dreading the day when there might be none available, never knowing when he left in the morning if he would have a roof over his head at night. But somehow he could always make it sound funny . . . on paper.

There weren't any jobs. It seemed as if his father's name hindered him rather than helped him. Hollywood had grown callous to famous men's sons looking for jobs. Few of them had ever made the grade.

"I remember Hollywood as the town that once kicked me out," Tyrone said just before he left for New York to attend the premiere of his latest success, *Alexander's Rag Time Band.* "People were awfully nice to me after my father died but naturally the town thought I was trading on my father's name whenever I applied at casting offices. They all liked to reminisce with me about my dad. But a job? No! Emphatically, no!"

"Experiences like that do things you can't forget. They keep you from being swept off your feet too easily and they keep you from feeling yourself. That's the reason I don't want to forget them . . . ever. So when I go back to New York in a few days I'm going to stop off in Cincinnati and visit the drug store where I used to jerk sodas and buy a ticket for the theatre where I once ushered. And in New York I'll take one of those long, hot tramps over the pavements, just to remember the days when I was getting first hand training in emotions. And let me tell you right now, life has taught me more about drama than any book, play or coach ever did."

Life did teach him a lot in those days. Such things as knowing one job doesn't necessarily mean success. He wanted to believe it so much then, that when he was offered a job in *Tom Brown* at $150 a week he was sure he had arrived. So sure that he wired his mother and sister in Cincinnati to come out to Hollywood and join him. But when the picture was finished the old unproductive routine started all over again.

He was getting absolutely nowhere. One day he got on the train and left for New York. He sat in the day coach and ate apples. But he didn't get to New York just then. Friends met him in Chicago and one of them said: "Do you want a job?"

He got the job. It was in a concession at the Chicago World's Fair and Tyrone smiled ironically when he discovered what he had to do. From morning until late at night he acted before a filmless camera showing visitors how movies were made in Hollywood. He thought it was funny even then.

New York came afterwards. It was queer there, almost like living two lives. Michael Strange and her husband Harrison Tweed, family friends, offered him a room in their apartment. So he lived in the gracious, luxurious apartment part of the time and tramped up and down Broadway the other. Friends opened their hearts to him and when he wasn't eating alone in the cheapest cafeterias in town he was dining at lavish tables or eating caviar canapes at swank cocktail parties. He still likes to tell of the night he made New Yorkers gasp at the sight of a young man, faultlessly attired in white tie, top hat and tails strolling down Broadway . . . barefooted.

"My shoes pinched," he explains, "and I was so broke I didn't have a nickel for the subway."

It's a long way from all that to the Tyrone of today. But he remembers every step of the way that finally brought him to Hollywood.

The beginning was a job with Katherine Cornell's company. Guthrie McClintock, her husband and manager, gave him a job as understudy. He bought clothes for himself and felt pretty swell with the feeling of security a weekly pay check gave him. He thought of Hollywood and it no longer seemed formidable. When he went there on a vacation he had just about decided to give up his job and try the town all over again.

He was feeling pretty much on top of the world when his mother opened the door for him but at sight of the question in her eyes he suddenly knew he wasn't being so smart after all.

"Okay," he laughed. "I know it's only the beginning. But just watch me from now on!"

Even after he had made *Lloyds of London* and all Hollywood was acclaiming him as a new star, Patia Power wasn't prouder of her son than she was then. It was so gratifying to see that awareness in his eyes, to know that he knew what it was all about, to see that he was going back with the company again.

"It's merely a suggestion," she said

taking his arm. "But what do you say we go in and jump up and down on the sofa to celebrate?"

Tyrone's apprenticeship in the School of Knocks was just about completed. But he didn't know it then. He had gotten wary. When a movie scout sought him after a performance and said: "Maybe I can manage to get some sort of a spot for you," Tyrone didn't miss a pulse beat.

"Maybe you can," he said.

Waiting almost a year after that more than paid dividends. A real opportunity came. A movie test was made then and he came out of it with reservations on a sleeper plane for Hollywood and a seven year contract.

And from there he went on to *Lloyds of London* and success.

All those things are the reason Tyrone isn't swayed by the glory that has come to him. All those things are the reason for the power that is the boy himself. And he has proven that power again.

Of course, the really critical time came with success. Many a man has not been able to take it. But Tyrone has taken it as gracefully as he once took failure.

So don't be fooled by the Tyrone Power you read of squiring Hollywood's glamour girls to this place and that. And don't be fooled by his easy charm as he smiles at you from the screen. For Tyrone himself isn't fooled by them one minute.

He won success the hard way and that's the way he intends to keep it.

battlin' bette

(Continued from page 19)

her husband and herself. Yet away from her own home, she slips into any informality and enjoys it. Severe with herself and anything for which she is responsible, she never criticizes other people. In fact, she's the least critical of anyone I know.

"Bette likes clothes," she continued, "but they aren't important enough to spend much money on them. She shops around and delights in bargains. Her wardrobe consists chiefly of sportswear and evening gowns, and she buys only as she needs them, never going in for dozens of hats, or rows and rows of shoes. She stints on gloves and has them cleaned again and again. She's conservative in her sports clothes and modest with her beach suits which are never overly abbreviated, yet she adores wearing extreme evening gowns, the more daring the better.

"She has little jewelry, and while she has a passion for rare stones, she wouldn't buy one if she had a million dollars because she believes sentiment gives them their real value; therefore they should be gifts. She doesn't waste money on costume jewelry, yet she insists on wearing a heavy bangle bracelet that makes a lot of noise.

"Bette detests to shop and usually turns the commissions over to me and not once, in all these years, has she liked anything at first sight. There are always heated objections, but twenty minutes later, she stages a complete turnabout, raving that everything is perfect. Recently, I purchased an adorable antique desk and placed it in her living room between two stunning candlesticks. She gave one look and excitedly exclaimed, 'What have you done to my beautiful room, you've ruined it, that desk doesn't belong to my precious antiques!' Being accustomed to these preludes, I wasn't disturbed, and within ten minutes she was on the floor examining the intricate maple inlay, and exulting over its beauty.

"It's the same with her work. By the time she starts a new picture she is already living her role, then along comes the first day before the cameras and she comes home discouraged, declaring she's terrible, *terrible!* Her husband (young Harmon Nelson, who went to school with Bette, and married her some six years ago) takes the outburst calmly; he knows the exact cue and tells her to wait a day or two and she'll feel differently. The very next day her enthusiasms return and she's completely happy in creating the new character.

"All this, I believe," said Mrs. Davis, "is because while she has confidence in herself, and knows in her heart she can do whatever she's called upon to do, it is still a little unbelievable and she protects herself from possible disappointment with this veil of pessimism. Sincere and frank, she has no pretenses and always speaks her mind. She has a flaming temper but it is over in a minute, and she never holds a grudge. She has a terrific 'drive' and can be stubborn and calculating—for her career. Injustice is her pet aversion and she'll not only fight her own battles but anyone's battles on this score. Fair and honest, she never hesitates to admit she's wrong, but Bette is never, *never* humble!

"From the first I never interfered with her career, she made it possible through her own perseverance and emotional pliability, and when people ask me what I think of some of the roles she's played, I always say that as long as she gives them honest and intelligent interpretations, I'm satisfied. Personally, I don't know how she

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does it. I'm always amazed to see her portraying a woman so totally apart from her own background and experience, so opposite to her own lovable self. It must be that her sincerity, her utter lack of false vanity, gives impetus to this creative ability!"

Bette's first big extravagance came in the flush of a newly acquired financial independence when she reached the Broadway stage. One day, she saw a perfectly matched pair of silver foxes in a swanky shop near 47th Street, and impulsively, bought them. Hardly had she reached home than she regretted it, and was so panic-stricken, that she worried for weeks before she could enjoy the furs.

"That experience taught me a valuable lesson, and one I've used every day since," said Bette. "I learned to change my mind all I wanted to before I made a decision, but once it is made, to stick to it with no regrets. Vacillation—wavering between *I will* and *I won't*—is fatal. The screen is a crazy, excitable business and one must learn to weigh all sides, then decide.

At the moment, Bette has two absorbing interests; her career which is brighter than ever before, and the new home she and her husband recently leased in Beverly Hills, with gardens, swimming pool and tennis court. It's a grand place.

"Ham is definitely, the head of our household," explained Bette, "and he's not overly impressed with my screen rating. He has his own musical work and both having our own ambitions, we have faith, trust and perfect congeniality.

"One must be selfish to succeed in anything and the screen demands giving up many phases of personal life that may interfere with professional achievements. I'm willing to do this, I *love* to do it, because success means so much to me!"

As to her career—she's madly in love with the Gibson-girl role she's playing in *The Sisters*, suffering nobly in stiff-boned corsets and pompadoured hair—with the compensation of a flaming romance with Errol Flynn as the hero. She's thrilled with her next picture, *Dark Victory*, which will take her out of picturesque costumes and into modern clothes.

"Then," exclaimed Bette, "comes *The Phantom Crown*, in which I'll portray the ill-fated Carlotta, *a crazy Queen!* Doesn't that spell *terrific drama?"*

Startled, I again looked at the girl curled up like a kitten in the big chair beside me—the serenity of a quiet sunny afternoon as the background, and tried to visualize her as the *crazy Queen* living *terrific drama!*

hollywood hates

(Continued from page 43)

shows that she absolutely puts thumbs down on the gent with dirty fingernails and unshined shoes. What kind of a necktie he wears makes no difference and she doesn't care if his suit is a snappy $20 hand-me-down or a $200 hand-tailored number. But, as far as Carole is concerned, his name is mud if he neglects to use a nail file and shoe polish in the right places.

As far as a high polish goes, it may go all right on shoes, but not on fingernails, for in no uncertain terms Jack Benny lets it be known that: "Anything I hate real awful are those blood-red fingernails on women. They look like hawks' talons after a big feast."

And as far as George Burns is concerned, his pet peeve is all tied up with his work. Says he: "If murder is ever justified, it is against the girl who lets you tell what you believe is just a jim-dandy story and when you finish she states, 'Oh, that's all right, but the way Joe Doakes tells it, it is much funnier.' Then she gives his version and, darn it, it is!"

Ginger Rogers puts the Indian sign on the guy who thinks a night club check is a receipt for a necking party, while Dorothy Lamour finds fault with the male who won't wear garters. "And the worst offenders in this respect," she has found, "are the very ones who make sarcastic cracks about girls who can't keep the seams of their stockings straight."

Still want to play? O.K. Hang on and we'll go knock-knocking away.

Eleanor Powell finds the biggest bore in the fellow who just knows he could run any business, the city, the state or even the nation a lots better than those now in charge. Say, he must be first cousin to Alice Faye's pet abomination, and that's the bigmouth who is always telling you how he told his boss where to get off. But according to Lana Turner, who can cause plenty of head-turning herself, she just can't bear the brute who thinks he's so handsome that women have eyes for him only—even neglecting to look at her fashionable frocks.

And now to let the boys put in a few words, Jimmy Stewart can't find a single redeeming virtue in the girl who is always telling a fellow how he should save his money and then blandly runs up a night club bill of $125 for a single evening's entertainment. Lew Ayres announces that he never comes calling a second time for

The foliage has donned its autumnal robes of gold and scarlet—The frost is on the pumpkin—And a good magazine is the perfect companion for those long, chilly evenings.

Lovely Joan Marsh greets you from the cover of November PERSONAL ROMANCES, with a toast to its unusually fine assortment of thrilling, true life confessions. PERSONAL ROMANCES is hitting a new high in reader interest because it is timely as well as engrossing. Briefly, here are a few of the reasons why:

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the gal who promises to be ready at 6:30 and is still powdering her nose at eight bells. Dick Powell dodges women who collect movie stars and try to shine in the reflected glory. If you go around saying "you bet" or call everything and everyone "ducky," you had better duck out of Pat O'Brien's sight.

Lisping gals leave Cary Grant limp with rage, while the female who drenches herself so much with perfume that he has to gasp for breath as he pilots her around the dance floor, makes Tyrone Power wish the book of etiquette would give him the power to tell her what he thinks of her and still be called a gentleman. Robert Taylor avoids gals who are seemingly never satisfied with the paint job and go in for frequent retouches from their compact, in his presence. And Wayne Morris is emphatic that: "Girls who smoke should carry their own matches and not bum them off me because they are too lazy or too forgetful to provide their own."

Martha Raye can't stand men who try to impress her with their importance by making a point of dragging in their business and social connections into every casual conversation. Myrna Loy finds it difficult to get enthusiastic about a man who fancies himself a Jack Dempsey when he has a few drinks under his belt, while Joan Crawford thinks the world would be a better place to live in if less men found it necessary to address all girls as "honey." As for Bette Davis, she admits to an instantaneous and lasting prejudice against men who wear monogrammed handkerchiefs or shirts.

As for Edward G. Robinson, he lets you know unmistakably that he's glad he's made such a hit in gangster pictures because then there's little chance he'll ever be cast in a sea picture. "I had all the decks I wanted during the war," he declared, "when the powers that be decreed that the only way I could make the world safe for democracy was by scrubbing the decks of a battleship. Talk about housemaid's knees, mine ache even at the remembrance. After I left the service I toured in vaudeville and having to do six shows a day and then ride all night in a train to get to the next theatre can work up quite a peeve against any more extensive travelling than from between home and the studio."

By now you probably get the idea. And that is, the boys and girls who flit so glamorously across the silver screen are just as human as you and I. Like us, they have their favorite diversions, but they also acknowledge that they possess pet aversions. But, as we pointed out before, one of the nicest things about many of these peeves is that in a great many cases by cherishing them they are really giving thanks in reverse. With the coming of success they might easily have forgotten them. Instead, they chose to keep in mind these early irritations so that no matter how far up they go, they will still remain level-headed and keep one foot on the ground. And when a hate can keep the Hollywoodites from going Hollywood, it's something to which they all want to hang on and for which they are all gratefully thankful. They're very human!

a modern zaza

(Continued from page 29)

he can wish for, apparently—but there is something very vital missing. He knows this and he is afraid of women like Zaza. He tries to keep out of trouble and avoid her, but finds it practically impossible. When a clever, unconventional woman without inhibitions of any kind decides she wants a man—look out! Love without benefit of culture and social niceties is apt to be pretty intoxicating to a man steeped in polite society, for we are all fundamentally more than a little primitive in our emotions and reactions, try as we may to preach otherwise. So right at the point of winning his battle against her best wiles —he takes her a bouquet of roses!"

"So she gets him?" we suggested.

"So she gets him!" nodded Herbert Marshall with a grin.

"And they live happily ever after?"

"Wouldn't that be too much to hope for?" he smiled. "Wait until you see the picture and you'll find the only solution possible to such a situation."

So you see *Zaza* has a very real reason for living on through the years.

Nazimova, the emotional dramatic star of such Ibsen plays as *War Brides,* and *Salome,* and now dramatic co-director on *Zaza,* says, "After my repertoire of Ibsen dramas with their intellectual and emotional subleties, after playing long seasons of restrained and psychological roles, it was actually fun to play *Zaza.* She could be painted with such a broad brush, with such a daring breadth of characterization, and all the drama involved is of such a fundamental, definite nature one need not fear any audience anywhere in the world would miss the full import of her problems.

"Unlike *Camille,* the play every great dramatic actress desires to do because of the soul-searing gamut of dramatic emotions it runs, *Zaza* is a

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favorite of great actresses because it is so down-to-earth, so spirited, so filled with delightfully amusing comedy and capricious charm.

"Ever since the first introduction of *Zaza* by Mme. Rejane, then France's most beloved and famous actress, it has been produced here and there in theaters all over the world, in many languages and forms. Mrs. Leslie Carter toured America and Europe in *Zaza.* I played it in Russia, and in other countries in Europe, and Mme. Rejane played it in Europe up to the time she died. Pauline Frederick and Gloria Swanson played it in silent pictures.

"Now I truly believe you have the almost perfect *Zaza.* One of the most human, dramatic and charming productions ever given. Talking pictures permit the use of all the suggested color and drama of the stage play. On the stage you never actually see Zaza dancing or hear her singing. You cannot follow her in detail in her most dramatic moments. Yes, I feel quite sure Claudette Colbert's *Zaza* will be one of the best." And this from Nazimova, the great emotional artist of the stage and screen, was tribute and recommendation indeed.

It is interesting to note that Bert Lahr, he of the funny face and funnier laugh, is playing what is said to be his first "straight" characterization in this picture. He plays Claudette's vaudeville partner, friend and advisor. Claudette's lively sense of humor tripped her on numerous occasions when Bert was playing his "straight" role opposite her—but after all Bert Lahr is Bert Lahr, and how can he play anything "straight" or otherwise, without being very, very funny?

And there you have practically everything of interest in the production of *Zaza,* except that it brings a bit to Duncan Renaldo of *Trader Horn* fame, that ill-fated picture, the stars of which have been dogged with bad luck ever since its production. We sincerely hope the chain of unfortunate events that has been Duncan's lot will be broken with his appearance in *Zaza,* and that this old tried-and-true favorite will bring a new tide of affairs in his life—all good.

studio close-ups

(Continued from page 60)

three boys—and twenty-one other Mojave youngsters who had been told of George's grand behavior of the day before. In order to avert worried mothers George signed autographs for the bunch and loaded them on a studio bus and sent them home.

✦

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was telling us about the close call the camera crew had while shooting scenes for *Gunga Din* at the foot of Mt. Whitney. A sudden windstorm swept the location scene and the camera crew were atop a 35 parallel. The first blast broke two of the supporting guy-wires. The tower rocked crazily. Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Doug, and the entire ground crew rushed to hold the tower firm. Cameraman Joe August and his assistants were frantically trying to disconnect a large umbrella that had been fixed up there to shield them from the blazing sun, but which was acting as a sail in the terrific wind. "For fifteen minutes it was nip and tuck," said Doug. "But then the wind lulled enough for the men to climb down to the ground. We certainly thought they were goners for awhile, though."

✦

We watched them load $200,000 in gold and $75,000 in furs onto a Mackenzie River Boat. The boast rested upon a studio lake into which had been dumped 1500 pounds of blue vegetable dye. Patric Knowles and Harry Cording were overseeing the loading of the valuable cargo of the River boat. "Technicolor?" we asked pointing at the sapphire blue water. The answer was "yes"—and then we found out about the 1,500 pounds of vegetable dye on account of tap water ain't blue enough for technicolor. This was all for scenes in *Heart of the North.* More and more we are being impressed by the beauty and color of the sets today, practically fifty percent of the pictures are being made in color, and the percentage is increasing with leaps and bounds.

✦

And this is California! Believe it or not for an orange grove sequence for *Fugitive For a Night,* the entire company including Frank Albertson and Eleanor Lynn spent an hour long after midnight tying the contents of 22 orange boxes onto trees. Frank says it happened this way: They finished shooting at the Studio about eleven o'clock and everyone decided they would finish the location orange grove sequence that had been scheduled for that day, anyway. They arrived at the orange grove about midnight and discovered, due to a misunderstanding, the entire orchard had been carefully picked the day before. A frantic prop man had to round up boxes of packed oranges—and the entire company had to tie them onto the trees. It was a weary bunch by the time the scenes were shot.

hollywood happenings

(Continued from page 6)

person with the exception of Spring Byington who sent a wire from Chicago saying she could hear the cheers from there. Some people declared this was Capra's best. Everyone agreed it was 100% entertainment.

◆

Rosemary Lane refuses to condone lateness in her dates. Whenever her escort arrives late he finds a "Back Tomorrow" sign on the front door and no one in the house dares answer the bell. That's tellin' 'em in no uncertain fashion, gals and boys!

◆

Wayne Morris and Johnnie Scat Davis had a funny time traveling east making personal appearances in tourist camps imitating Wayne Morris and Johnnie Davis. They said we'd be surprised—and I'll bet they were, too—how many places they got by with it! People always told them they were "simply wonderful," and that they "really *should* go to Hollywood and put on their act—that if they did, they would be absolutely *certain* to get stand-in jobs for the stars, if nothing else!" Such is fame!

◆

Errol Flynn will buy the Brooklyn Bridge someday! He sank $17,000 in a non-existent gold mine, a while ago. Before returning home in his new yacht this summer, he was cruising near Miami, Florida. He had his attention called to an old cannon on the ocean floor. He was told pirates of old when threatened with capture often stuffed their booty into the mouths of cannon and heaved them overboard. He was also informed this old cannon could be raised from the bottom for about $2,000. Flynn fell for it hook, line and sinker. When the cannon was finally raised, he found it heavily stuffed with dime store jewelry—and, some practical joker had had his fun to the dirge of 2,000 bucks!

◆

Clark Gable suddenly emerged from the forest concealing the handsome Gable mug for so long while he was working on *Too Hot To Handle*. We cheer lustily. "It's the first time I've shaved in three weeks," he grinned, "And boy, I feel like a nudist!"

◆

W. C. Fields will appear in his own original story titled *You Can't Cheat An Honest Man*. He will portray a circus short-change artist. Bill tells us this is only one of two starring pictures he will do for Universal in the next few months. This must be a funny one—Bill admits it is! And from what we could gather from him it will have plenty of the Bill Field's inimitable humor and dialogue.

Norma Shearer saw Truman Bradley's picture in a newspaper two years ago. She also heard him on a broadcast. She called him to the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives, but nothing happened. Recently she again noticed his picture, and once more she sent it to an executive. This time Bradley was given a screen test and an immediate contract. So that makes Norma Shearer a discoverer of Truman Bradley by proxy, though she has never seen him.

◆

Groucho Marx was telling us he and his brothers are sure that *Room Service* will be a hit because their most devoted fan, Herman Franks, salesman for a New York woolen outfit has sent them a battered old hotel register. "Everytime he sends us something appropriate to our pictures, the thing is a success," say Groucho. "When we were making *A Day At The Races,* he sent us three torn-up parimutuel tickets. When we were making *Duck Soup* he sent us a can of soup; and when we went to work on *A Night At The Opera;* he sent us a pair of ten-cent-store binoculars. Cocoanuts came bouncing in when we were making *The Cocoanuts,* and a feather duster cheered us no end while we were working on *Horse Feathers,* and so now with the old hotel register safely in our possession we look for a grand picture in *Room Service.*"—I looked down and saw he had his fingers crossed—well, he has a right to be on the safe side!

◆

And while we are on the subject of Hal Roach studios, they will do a feature of cave men, dinosaurs, and all the weird animal and reptilian specimens that once made life interesting for primitive man. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the Anthropological Division of the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C., has been signed to assist in the preparation of the animals and the film story.

◆

Asta, by the new name of "Atlas," will be featured with Constance Bennett, Roland Young, Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray in *Topper Takes a Trip*. Connie will materialize and dematerialize as she did in the latter part of *Topper*. She teaches this astonishing feat to Atlas, but according to the script Atlas is a very lazy little dog, with the result he usually dematerializes only half of himself.

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Fan Club News

PHYLLIS SALYER, President of DICK'S CADETTES, announces that this club is being conducted for Dick Powell. It is unique in that it is the only club operating that has been formed with a picture as the basis. *Flirtation Walk* was considered the club's favorite film with Dick. Although they have been organized less than two years, they have members from twenty-two states and their own orchestra. Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien are honorary officers. Next to boosting Dick, the club concentrates on social activities. Some of the events named are bi-annual dances, pot-luck and progressive dinners, card, and hayrack parties. Members attend all previews of Dick's pictures.

■

LORRAINE MASON, Vice-President of THE STARLYTE SYNDICATE OF FAN CLUBS writes us in rather lengthy detail . . . but for the primary purpose of announcing facts and figures about the BASIL RATHBONE EUREKANS CLUB. Dues are 50c per year and the club is ably supported and recognized by Mr. Rathbone. Martha Ferguson directs club activities.

■

Miss Ferguson also puts plenty of hard work into The Errol Flynn Sirrocco Club and the Official Bette Davis Club. Her Journal, BETTE, met with the enthusiastic acclaim of Warners' Publicity Department. All of these clubs charge 50c per year for membership.

■

Miss Mason concludes that she has been "fan clubbing" for the past ten years and in all her experience has met with very few instances where clubs have not operated legitimately. Here's to bigger and better fan clubs!

■

MARY MUNGER, President of THE LANNY ROSS CLUB, was thrilled to see her picture in Fan Club News recently. She is all agog, too, over her visit to New York where she is to be Lanny's guest at a rehearsal and broadcast of YOUR HIT PARADE sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes. The current issue of CHIT CHAT, their club paper, is newsy and well set-up.

■

Did you know there was a BOBBY BREEN FAN CLUB in existence? Well, we just received an S.O.S. from Peggy McDermott, President of the organization, giving us the lowdown. She spent the day of June 11th with Sally and Bobby, getting full permission to proceed with club activities, and watching him make scenes for *Breaking The Ice*. Eddie Cantor and Sally Breen are honorary members.

■

Big doin's in California! Terry Lennard, President of the BETTY GRABLE FAN CLUB, spent one perfect month in the balmy climate of our movie colony. She was the guest of Leo Gorcey, one of the *Crime School Boys*. Their mothers have been friends for years. Among the stars who entertained Terry are: Bette Davis, Frieda Inescort, Marie Wilson, Eleanor Powell, Betty Grable and hubby Jackie Coogan, Patricia Ellis, John Beal, Otto Kruger, and many others too numerous to mention. Luncheons and dinners at Sardi's, The Green Room, The Roosevelt Grill, and additional well-known spots were among the winin' and dinin' on Terry's schedule. She visited the sets of *The Sisters* and *Angels With Dirty Faces*. Never a dull moment and all the screen celebs treated her like a queen. Isn't it grand? We ask you!

■

And here's a blast from MELODY LANE, a club formed in honor of the Lane Sisters (Lola, Priscilla and Rosemary). Jane Greenberg is President. 200 members are behind the movement . . . lock, stock and barrel. August 14th marked their third anniversary, which they celebrated with a tea party at the home of their president. Dues are fifty cents a year, in return for which each member receives a card, bi-monthly news, and other privileges as time marches on. Come on fellers . . . If you like The Lane Girls . . . how's about joinin' up?

■

GEORGE WHITE, President of The Bing Crosby Fan Club, contributes a word or two on his club. Membership dues are 25c per year—foreign countries 50c. Club privileges include a card, photo of Bing, and The Crosby Journal. Honorary members include: Dixie Lee Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Benny Goodman, Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy, Glen Gray, Joe Penner, Jimmie Dorsey and other exponents of swing! Membership mark has hit 350 . . . 'n still goin' strong!

■

Now for some word on The Evelyn Venable Fan CLUB. Margaret A. Connell is President. This outfit was four years old in June. Dues are 50c annually. Evelyn is thoroughly co-operative in every way as is her husband Hal Mohr. Miss Connell visited Miss Venable in Hollywood and will never forget the delightful time she had.

■

Another Nelson Eddy Club! Victoria Mason is President and it is located down in Delaware. Members come from all over the globe . . . England, Canada, Egypt, Belgium, New Zealand, Japan, China, France, et cetera. THE EDDY VOICE is the club paper.

■

We, here, are anxious to see that all authentic fan clubs are publicized, and those operating illegitimately are forced out of circulation. Therefore, if you are being asked for contributions other than membership dues by the fan club to which you belong, let us know immediately! Please send in your criticism of any unauthorized action on the part of any club! We want to hear of it! May we count on you?

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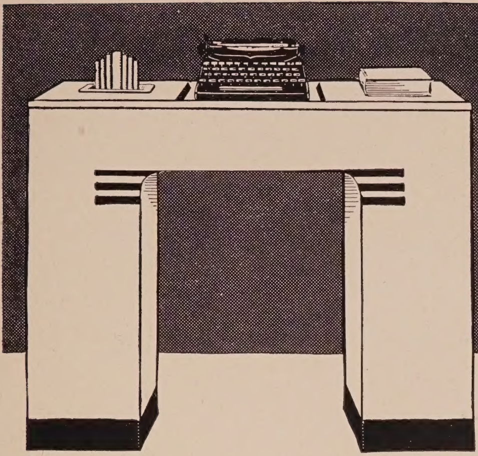

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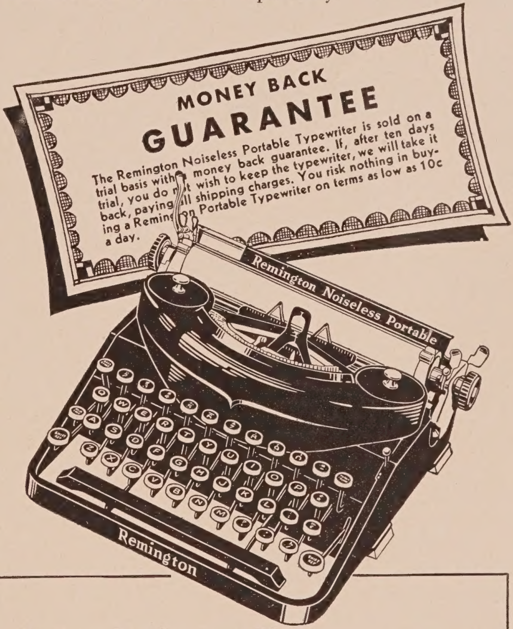

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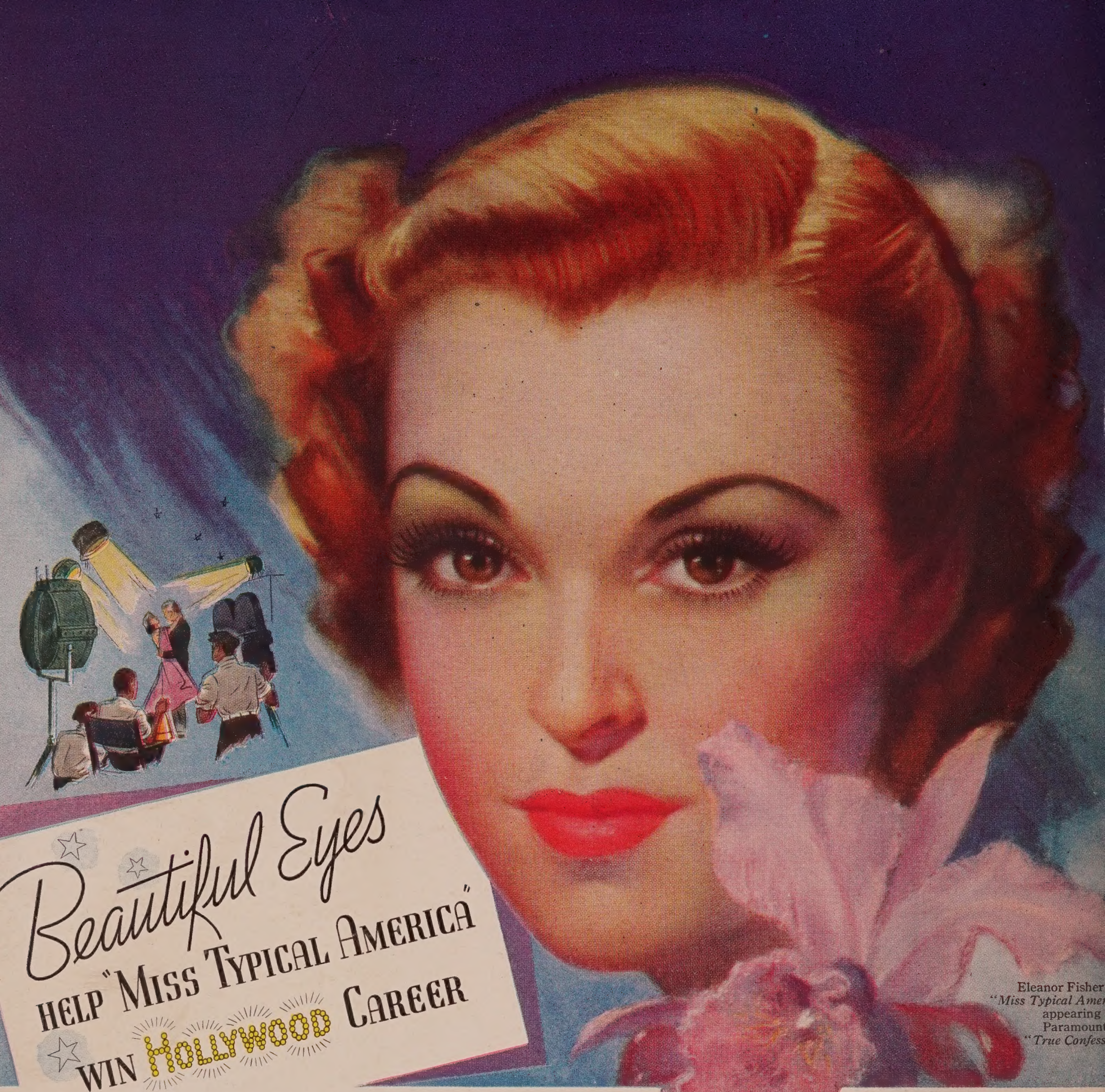

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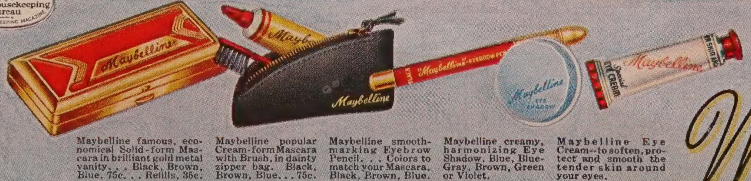

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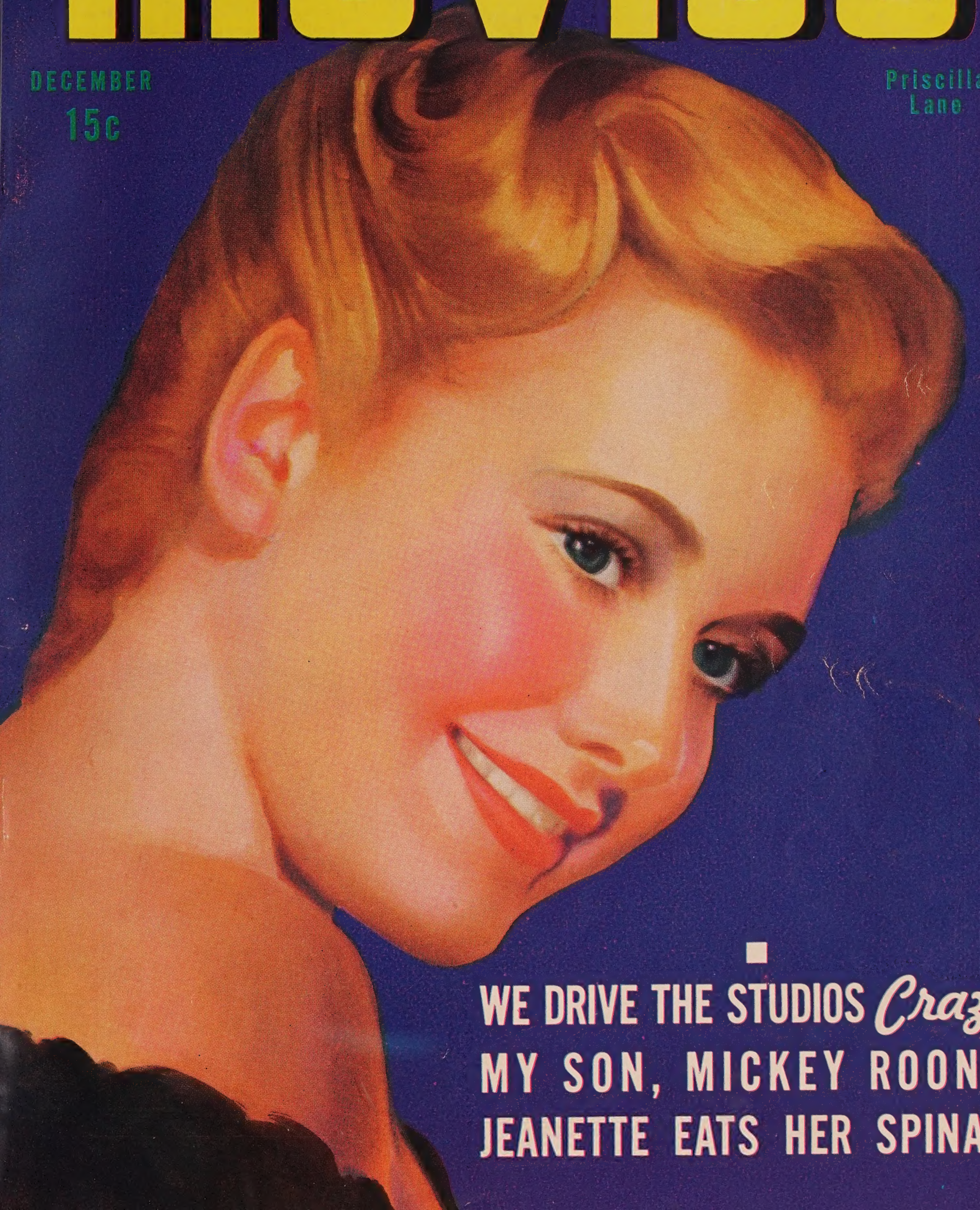
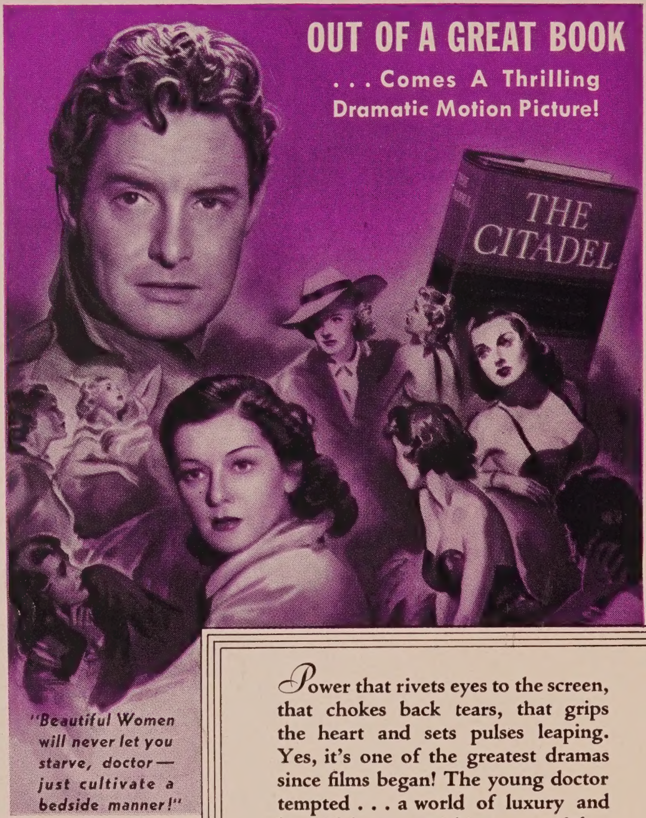


Priscilla
Lane

WE DRIVE THE STUDIOS *Crazy*

MY SON, MICKEY ROONEY

JEANETTE EATS HER SPINACH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The LION'S ROAR

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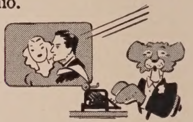
★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!

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SCREEN FORECAST
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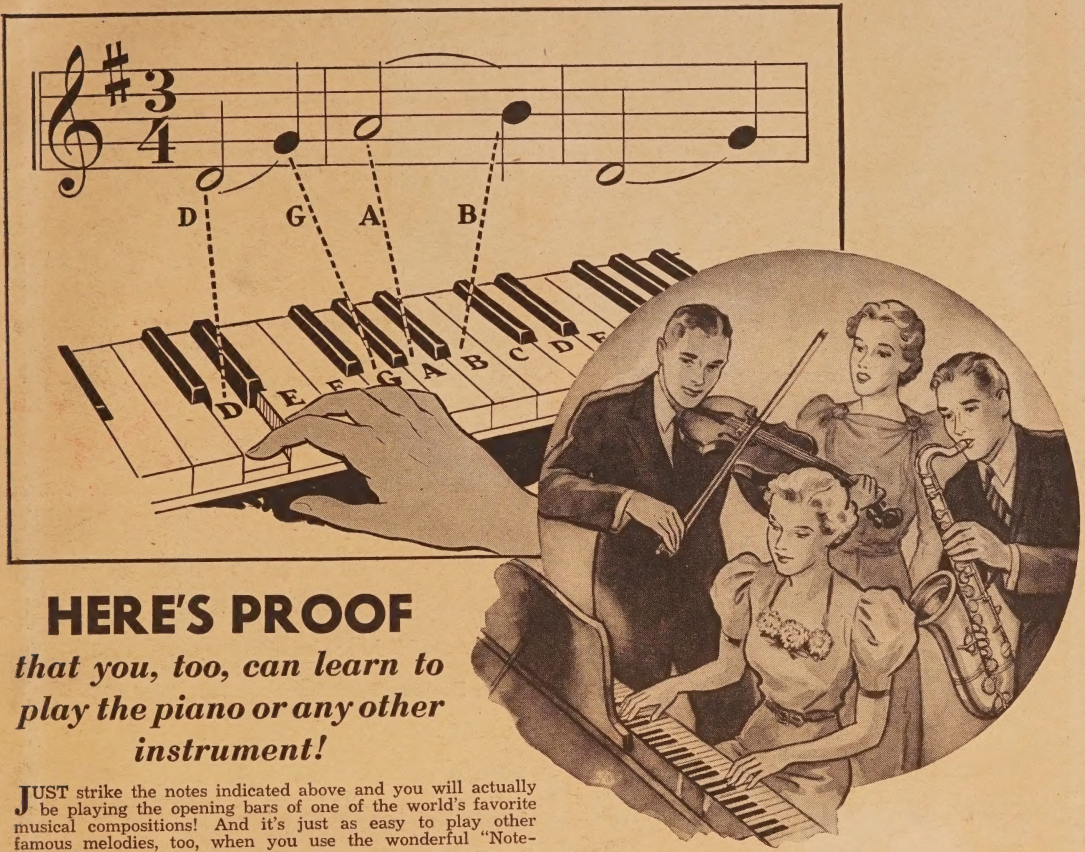

D
G
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D E F G A B C D E F

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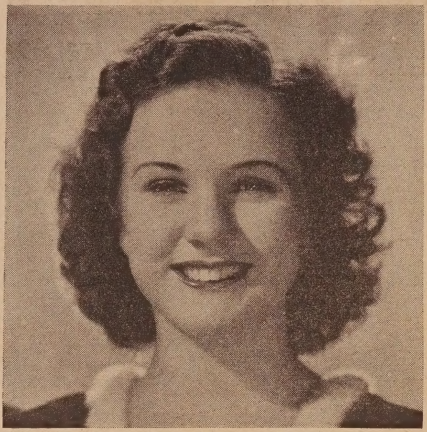

Don't miss the exclusive pictures of Deanna Durbin's new workshop in Universal City! Watch for *A Bungalow For A Busy Star* in the January issue of MODERN MOVIES.

December, 1938 Volume 2 No. 6

Modern Movies

MAY C. KELLEY
editor

John Abril Lamarque
Art Editor

Dorris Denbo
Hollywood Editor

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These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky..."Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!

PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly..."Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves... Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece..."Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

ANN SHERIDAN *as Laury*..."I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff · From
A First National Picture

WB

Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown · Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.

A treasured Christmas gift is this dreamy scented eau de cologne, "A La Cocarde de France," the favorite of Empress Josephine. Lovely Arleen Whelan displays it!

gifts for glamour

THE IDEAL COSMETIC CORNER FOR CHRISTMAS TO ASSIST YOU WITH YOUR SPECIAL GIFT PROBLEMS

by helen stewart

* *

ALL the world loves Christmas, and all the ladies love glamour. There's no time like Yuletime to give or to receive all the exquisite gifts that you and your friends have been wishing for all year. A look at the cosmetic offerings is enough to thrill the hearts of all our lassies, but for our fair maidens to wake up on Christmas morn and discover that Santa Claus has left all the glamorous things that they have longed for, is a thrill unsurpassable. Beauty attained and beauty maintained is a gift that is everlasting. Make it a joyous Christmas for yourself and your friends. Give a glamour gift! It'll be the Beauty of a Merry Christmas to you all! Aren't these perfect gifts?

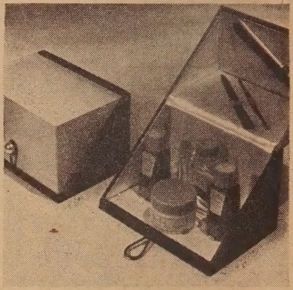
*

Duart's beautifiers make very desirable gifts for Christmas. Creme of Milk Creme and Lipstick and Oil of Milk Lotion come in creamy white jars with Christmasy red labels. Intriguing?

DUART
LOTION
DUART
creme

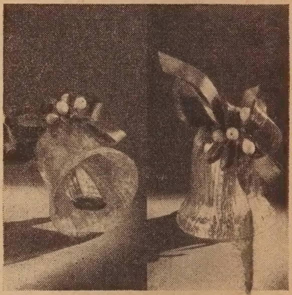
*

A Revlon Manicure Kit that holds all a girl could wish for to keep nails well-groomed. The two-tone case is a striking color contrast and lends a real Yuletide atmosphere!



*

A Jolly Christmas for femininity is presented by Elizabeth Arden in the form of crisp white cellophane bells — decorated with mistletoe — that conceal Blue Grass Perfume!



*

As exhilarating as champagne, USA FOAM MILLION BUBBLE BATH is an ideal gift if you do not know what to give. Available in two scents, pine and bouquet, and in crystals or liquid!

*

Delicate gardenias and fragrant lilacs are Luxor's choice of scents for this fine dusting powder. Packaged in a pale green box with the most luxuriant puff, it's Ideal for HER!

Luxor
DUSTING POWDER

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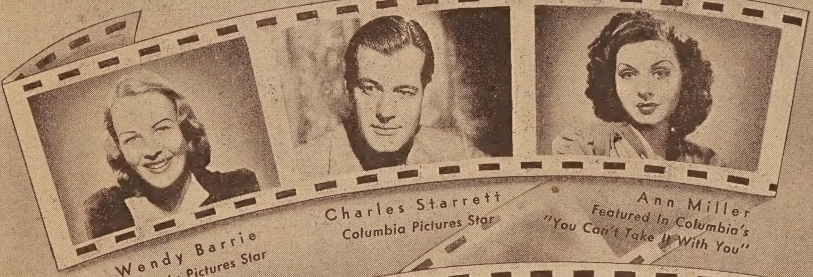


Wendy Barrie
Columbia Pictures Star

Charles Starrett
Columbia Pictures Star

Ann Miller
Featured In Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You"

Jon Hall
United Artists Star

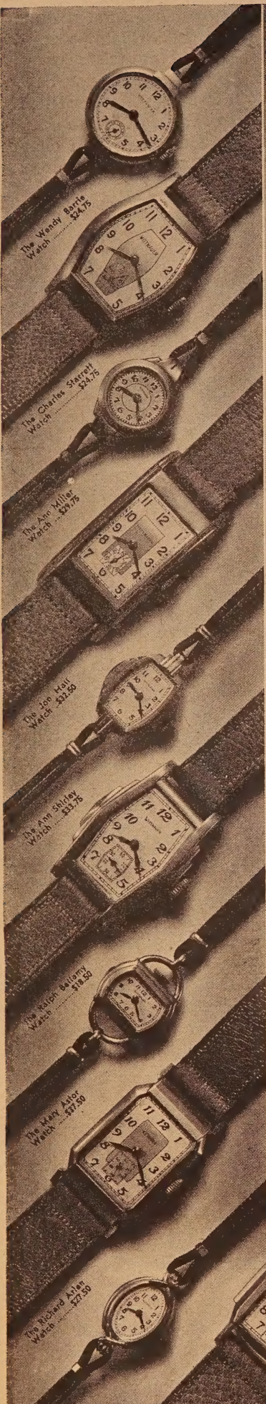
Ann Shirley
Featured in Columbia's "Girl's School"

Ralph Bellamy
Columbia Pictures Star

Mary Astor
Columbia Pictures Star

Richard Arlen
Columbia Pictures Star

Ella Logan
United Artists Star



The Wendy Barrie Watch $24.75
The Charles Starrett Watch $24.75
The Ann Miller Watch $29.75
The Jon Hall Watch $32.50
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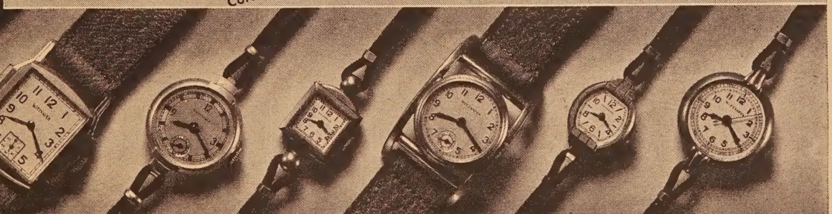
The Mary Astor Watch $37.50



The Richard Arlen Watch $27.50
The Ella Logan Watch .. $34.50
Harvard L $27.50
Spencer A $19.50
Bryn-Mawr A $39.75
Tuxedo $27.50
Goucher G $45.00
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Fan Club News

THE SQUARED CIRCLE, the official publication of WAYNE MORRIS PROMOTERS CLUB, comes out with a swell fall issue. We enjoyed its contents from beginning to end. For example: Bette Davis writes an interesting letter of acknowledgment in accepting an honorary membership in behalf of Wayne. Errol Flynn followed in Bette's lead. And here's a little ode that applies to you and everyone:

RECIPE

We cannot all be famous
If we were 'twould cheapen fame
We cannot all be rich enough
To give ourselves a name.
We cannot all expect to be,
Distinguished from the rest,
But some reward is certain,
For the person who does his best!

■ ■ ■

THE COMET, house organ of THE BETTY FURNESS CLUB, is chock full of letters from popular film stars and newsy items that are really interesting. There are juicy bits concerning such stars as Rosalind Russell, Kent Taylor, Olivia De Havilland, Ruth Chatterton, C. Aubrey Smith, et cetera, et cetera.

■ ■ ■

Here's a sweeping blast for membership to all Jeanette MacDonald fans! Miss Mary Miller, President, of the newest branch of the MacDonald fan clubs up Canada way, states the following facts:

Dues are 50c annually; members are entitled to all club privileges which include . . . a personally autographed photo of Miss MacDonald; a membership card; A Fan Journal; contests, etc. Foreign members pay 75c. Gene Raymond is Grand Honorary Member and takes active participation in club activities. Sounds like a right nice organization. What do you think? Want to join?

■ ■ ■

Alice Darrow of San Diego, California, writes us a note stating that permission has been granted to form a Billy Halop Fan Club. Remember him? Yes, he's one of the DEAD ENDERS! The rest of the kids will also profit by the formation of this club. Membership dues are five cents per month. Sounds very reasonable! Want to give the KIDS a break? It's up to you!

■ ■ ■

Some more good news! A club has been formed to boost Jimmy Stewart. Hooray! It has just been put into effect. Dues are 50c per year. Helen Stevens, who will head the movement, states it'll be a dandy club. Jimmy is excited over the prospect and is being very cooperative in getting things started. Here's to Jimmy and his charmin' characterizations. May the membership of this new club assume a grand proportion. Cheerio!

■ ■ ■

Here's word from dear ole Lunnon! The RAMON NOVARRO FILM CLUB puts in a bid for space in these columns. The club was originally formed in 1927, by a Miss Marguerite B. Steins of Buffalo, N. Y. Then, becoming partially blind, the management of this club was turned over to London. Members hail from the British Isles, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Africa, Malta, France, Germany and Holland. Fifty cents per annum helps the club to defray expenses for membership cards, Christmas parties for the poor; photographs of Mr. Novarro, etc., etc. Good huntin'! If you are a Novarro fan and would like to join this English club in his honor . . . here's your opportunity!

■ ■ ■

Helen Slone, says "hello" for the JOHNNIE DAVIS FAN CLUB . . . in New York. The primary purpose of the club is to step up Johnnie's popularity. The Chicago President of this unit is editor of a newspaper and therefore edits the club paper . . . JOHNNIE'S TRUMPETEERS. Any offers? Johnnie's an allright lad!

Comes a newcomer! Yes, sir, Robert Coote is the name. He appeared in *A Yank At Oxford* and will appear in RKO's *Gunga Din.* From there he returns to 20th Century-Fox for further adventures in The Mr. Moto series. President Ena Cornwell is in charge of the organization and they already have 100 recruits. Congratulations, Miss Cornwell and Mr. Coote! May your club go to town with more members and plenty of activity!

■ ■ ■

Here's a message to all fan club presidents! If you have any interesting items on your club or club activities worth printing in FAN CLUB NEWS, send 'em along. We are anxious to give our readers the latest developments in fan clubdom, and we are relying on your cooperation to make this possible. Send in your blast on an interesting situation . . . TODAY! Early birds will make the January issue!

■ ■ ■

Bonny Bergstrom of BARBARA STANWYCK BUDDIES, says "hello" to all Fan Club News readers! This organization has been in operation for six years and the members love Babs more than ever! Club bulletins are issued several times each year. All those in favor of Babs can join up with this fan club through this department. Let's go!

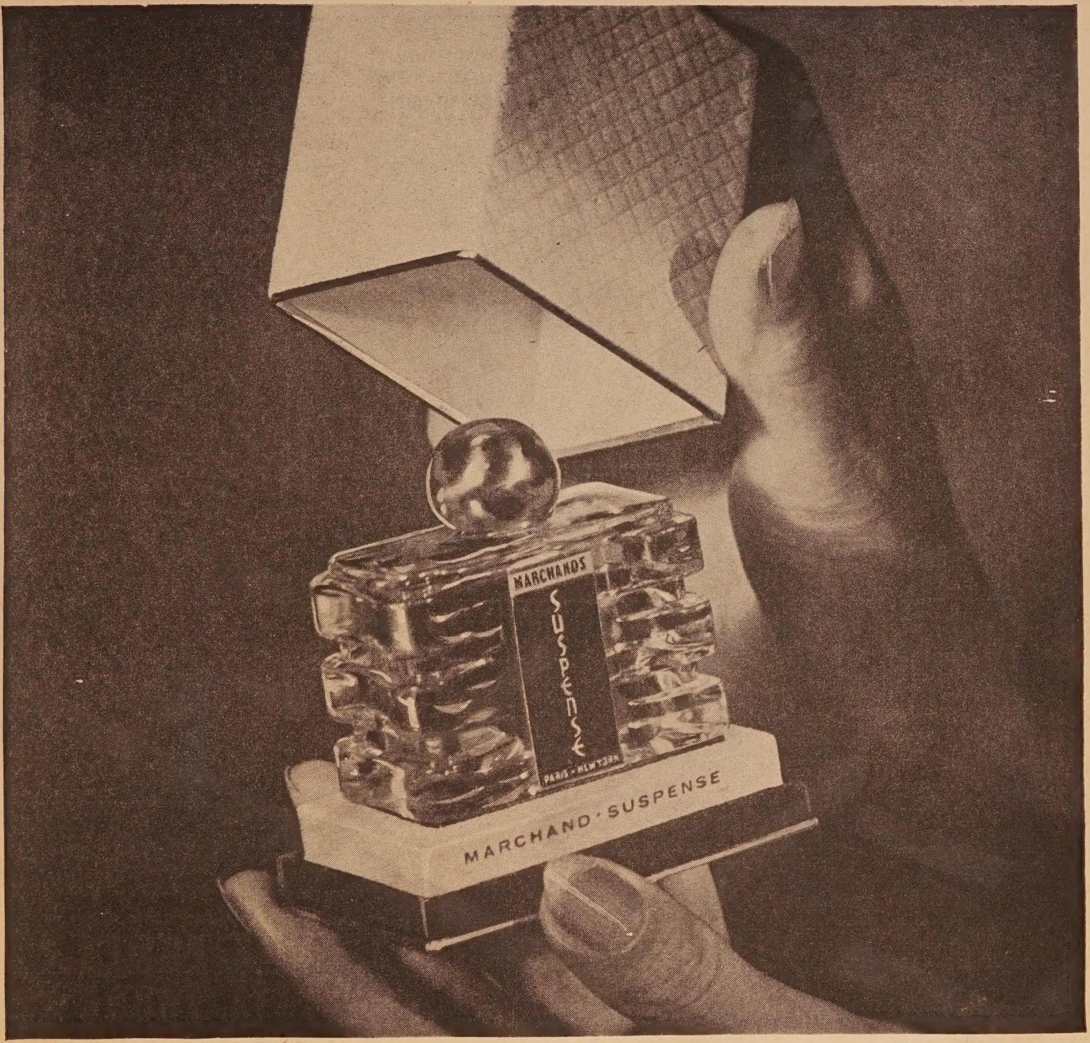
■ ■ ■

Eleanor Morgensen of the ELEANOR POWELL FAN CLUB, sends in a squib for these columns. Miss Powell is beginning a new item in the club magazine, i.e., space devoted to her activities on the lot and thank-you notes for articles submitted by various members. And, yes, Director Mark Sandrich has just become an honorary member! Fan Club News is cited for commendation by Miss Morgensen and Eleanor Powell for the publicity we are giving all clubs. We are glad to do it!

■ ■ ■

We, here, are anxious to see that all authentic fan clubs are publicized, and those operating illegitimately are forced out of circulation. Therefore, if you are being asked for contributions other than membership dues by the fan club to which you belong, let us know immediately! Please send in your criticism of any unauthorized action on the part of any club! We want to hear of it! May we count on you?

A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO FIRST-HAND INFORMATION AND HIGHLIGHTS ON FAN CLUB ACTIVITIES



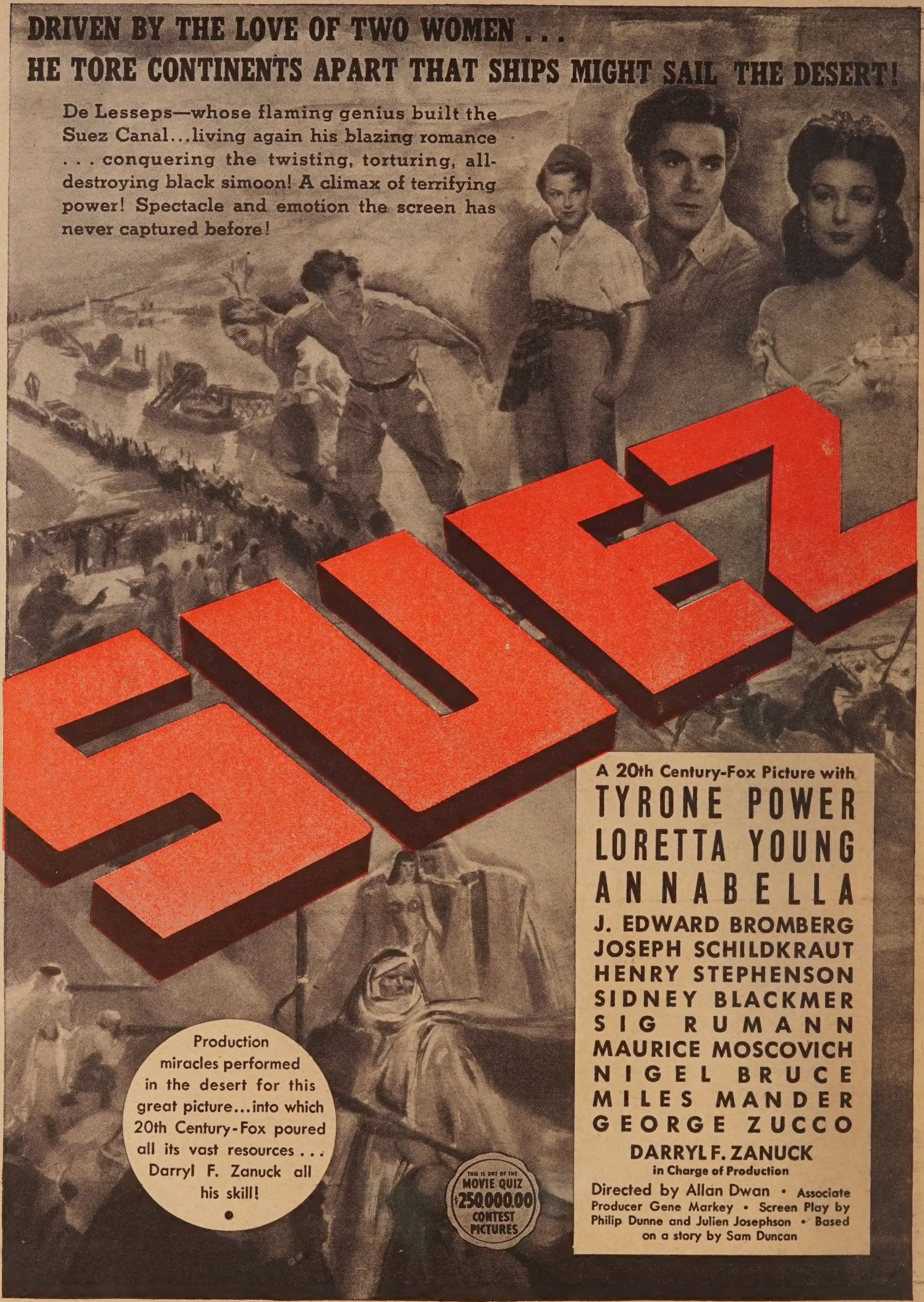
Presenting "SUSPENSE"...

A luxurious new Parisian perfume . . . created by Marchand's with the help of one of France's foremost parfumers . . . imported in a strikingly beautiful package available through this introductory period at an incredibly low price for so exquisite a fragrance . . . only $3.75 for a full ounce.

Marchand's Parisian associates call "Suspense" the most exciting perfume to come out of France in years. It is different, hauntingly different . . . a fragrance for these tumultuous times when the world is living so dangerously.

Christmas is not far off . . . "Suspense" would be an ideal gift . . . something new and different and economical.

Ask at your cosmetic counter for "Suspense" by Marchand's—Your dealer can get "Suspense" for you if he does not have it in stock—Or send $3.75 (check or money order) to Charles Marchand, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City and the imported ounce package will be mailed to you.



DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

● bette davis

● rosalind russell

● richard greene

On the button! Carole Lombard is a whiz with a shootin' iron on the skeet range. Her latest is *Made For Each Other*.

hollywood happenings

With Garbo back in town, the dress parade is lining up. We may find out about a lot of things. We *may!*

✦

Martha Raye and David Rose staged a preview of their elopement for the ladies and gentlemen of the press. They put on the full marriage act, with Mexican extras throwing rice and jumping beans 'n' everything, right in a Hollywood parking lot. Ensenada, two hundred miles away, is a trip too long for busy newsreel and still cameramen, so all the atmosphere was created at the preview. Elopement interviews were given immediately after the pictures of the secret ceremony were taken, and then Martha and David left town to do it again in earnest. Jimmie Fidler and his wife were attendants, and members of the Rose and Raye families played atmosphere. You'll have to admit it isn't exactly corny—it is definitely *advanced!*

✦

On the other end of the scale were the Benita Hume-Ronald Colman nuptials, just exactly what you'd expect a Ronald Colman wedding to be—quiet, dignified and exclusive. The groom won't admit it, but according to informed sources it was one of those cases of love at first sight so far as Ronnie was concerned. Everybody knows that neither had eyes for anyone else from the moment they met, although they steadily declined to admit impending wedding bells until a few hours before the ceremony.

✦

Is it possible that Cesar Romero and Joan Crawford are having a serious romance? They are seen everywhere together. Joan was scheduled to arrive at a kiddie party with Cesar—but he appeared alone. Just a few minutes earlier Franchot Tone had strolled in sans kiddie garb *(Continued on page 64)*

A new wrinkle! MGM's Joan Crawford stands by while the creases disappear before going on *The Shining Hour* set with Mel Douglas.

Jascha Heifetz with kiddies Josepha and Robert, salutes the sun between shooting on Samuel Goldwyn's *The Reckless Age.*

MGM's Maureen O'Sullivan greets winter weather on skis, in a gabardine outfit of teal blue. She is now busy in *Spring Dance.*

JEANETTE MAC DONALD ASSERTS: "RULES AND REGULATIONS ARE PART OF MY ROUTINE BUT WHY INFLICT THEM ON MY FRIENDS?"

by katharine hartley

MGM's Jeanette MacDonald plays the piano and sings for a half hour each evening in her Music House . . . an all-white domicile with MacDonald plaid furnishings.

Jeanette eats her spinach

Everyone remembers the Great California flood—oh, it wasn't so long ago, the G. C. Flood of 1938, that was, last spring. Torrents swept the streets, torrents swept some homes right down to the sea. The whole place was a maelstrom. Not only did kids whoop because they didn't have to go to school, but quite a few grown-ups, too, found it an excuse to close offices and cancel all business appointments. Everybody who had anything to get out of, promptly got out of it. No one in his right mind would venture anywhere in the midst of all this.

In a small studio building just off North Highland Avenue, Grace Adele Newell, a famed voice teacher and coach, stood in the window, peered out through the rain, watched the mud spill down the street, said to herself: "Well, this is one morning when I catch up with my correspondence." At eleven she heard a familiar step outside; of course, she must be dreaming; she had so often heard Jeanette MacDonald there at this hour, week in, week out, that habit was just playing tricks on her. She went right on with her writing.

"What's the matter with you, darling?" asked a gay voice, over her shoulder. "Don't I receive a welcome anymore? Or have you forgotten me . . . me, Jeanette . . . eleven o'clock . . . you know, singing pupil!"

There she was, all rigged out exactly like a New England mariner. Rain streaming from her sou'wester. Her rubber boots completely mud-coated. "Hope I haven't dripped up your floor too much," she apologized gayly as she emerged from her oilskin. "Now let's see, you know what I feel like this morning? *Puccini*. We haven't worked on him for a long time!"

And Puccini it was, in a few minutes. Miss Newell at the piano; Jeanette trilling through Madame Butterfly; Jeanette MacDonald having her daily singing lesson as usual. *(Continued on page 60)*

The bagpipes is another MacDonald accomplishment. She recently delighted CBS radio listeners with her Scotch arias. Jeanette was a famous dancer on the stage.

Jeanette and Hubby Gene Raymond are numbered among Hollywood's most ardent equestriennes. Dogs, too, are a MacDonald favorite. Five of 'em grace her house.

MGM's Joan Crawford recently caused a furore when answering a cameraman's signal by blasting a siren that resounded blocks away.

we drive the studios crazy

WHO ARE THE MADCAP MISCHIEF-MAKERS AND PRANKSTERS THAT LEAD THE PARADE OF HOLLYWOOD GAGS, GADGETS, GIGGLES AND GROANS?

by jack holland

The Ritz Brothers started a riot on the *Straight Place And Show* set by giving Director David Butler the "hot seat," a lighted candle on the chair.

Errol Flynn held up production on *Dawn Patrol* by disappearing for a telephone call and returning sans his tie. He's the nemesis of all script gals.

SO YOU think your film favorites are just glamour boys and girls, do you?

In the words of Webster—"Phooey!"

Sure they are interesting people who flicker back and forth on the screen amid decidedly glamorous settings. Sure they seem almost mysterious on their lofty planes. But you don't know the half of it. To you they're just too, too wonderful! To the studios, they're often just a pain in the neck!

Think I'm kidding, eh? Think I'm trying to be sensational, do you? Well, you've forgotten *one* point. That is, that the stars may be idols, but they are also, unfortunately, human. And you know what is involved in human nature! "To err is human—" and so forth. Well, the boys and girls of the Hollywood lair do their erring in amusing and often exasperating ways.

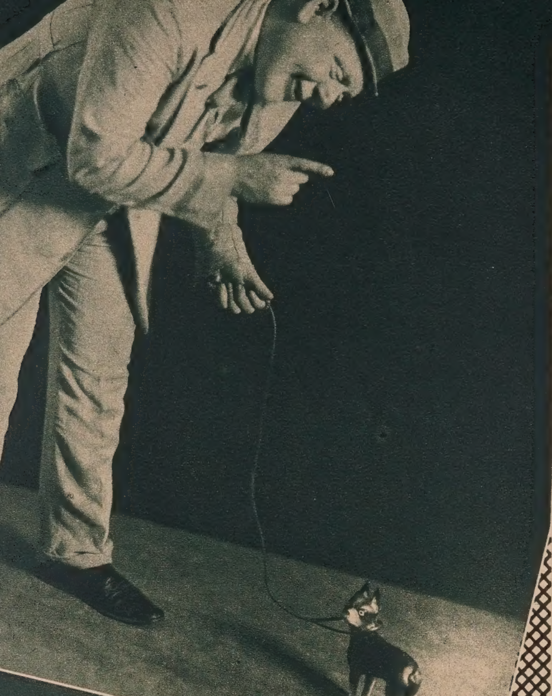
To visit any set in Hollywood is like taking a deep breath and saying, "Let come what may." You never know when some star may suddenly decide to do a little gagging. Or when some star may forget his lines or his wardrobe and turn the set into an uproar. In other words, their little unexpected antics and slips of mental normalcy drive the studios crazy!

Probably the prime gag was pulled on Mischa Auer during the making of Frank Capra's *You Can't Take It With You.* Mischa started playing pranks on everyone the first day he went to work in the picture. Days passed and Auer was still enjoying himself at the expense of the others. Ann Miller, particularly, was the victim of his little antics. His favorite diversion, you see, was to trip her while she was dancing for a scene.

Finally the worm turned and bit Mr. Auer—but definitely! A new movement of "Get Auer" began to gain impetus. Naturally, Ann was at the head of the *(Continued on page 78)*

Retribution hit Mischa Auer for one of his prime puns in the form of an effigy hanging in his room. His next is *Service De Luxe* with Charles Ruggles.

Gary Cooper twirled his lariat around too many people on *The Cowboy And The Lady* set, so Merle Oberon et al served him buckshot to eat instead of beans.



1

my son, Mickey Rooney

BY JOE YULE

as told to frank cunningham

Carefully climb down a narrow flight of stairs that cuts through the floor from back stage at the Follies Theatre in Los Angeles, to the cellar-like dressing rooms. Stroll across the many angled, rough finished area and peer not at the mascara-scarred cubby holes where dwell the voluptuous strip tease dancers, heavy with body powder.

Enter a plaster boarded space eight by twelve, hot with the sweat of the building as though the heat of the earth permeates through the walls. Avoid the yellow glare of dusty electric bulbs screwed in paint chipped sockets. Sit at the long dressing table which faces a slack wire strung across an end of the room; a wire loaded with a dozen fantastic costume changes for a burlesque funny man, a wire that is as alive as a telegraph line and stretched over the trade mark of the stage performer, the wardrobe trunk.

Now you're in any comedian's dressing room in any

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"LURE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS AND THE SOUND OF APPLAUSE WERE BORN IN MICKEY AND ME," ADMITS JOE YULE.

of the "girl show" houses. From the stage thuds the sound of the "ponies" feet as the chorus girls prance before a restless audience; an audience as varied as kaleiodoscopic mirrors. Well dressed men sit next to leathery Chinese whose thin moustaches are trails of snow against their yellow skin; young men from the C.C.C. contrast their brown uniforms with the murky white of coatless and tieless hulks of men.

Soon the pat pat of the dancing feet on wooden planks will die, the upstairs will go quiet as the audience sits on edge, eagerly following the movements of a straw haired stripper as she peels off her slinky costume.

Now that all is silence above, save for the occasional blare of a hot trumpet, pick up the two tinted pictures in the most prominent spot on the make-up smeared table; the pictures that make this dressing room different from all other comedians' dressing rooms.

One of the photos is of a dark haired boy sitting on a fence. An ardent movie fan will recognize him as Mickey (Himself) MacGuire, the cigar smoking toughie of nearly eighty Mickey MacGuire comedies. The other picture shows a smiling youngster with a giant key; a key bigger than he is and a key to the heart of Kansas City, Mickey's adopted home town. *(Continued on page 76)*

1 Mickey Rooney's father, Joe Yule, is a king-pin among burlesque comedians. His two great loves are his son and the theatrical world. Mickey as Sonny Yule began acting when only four years old.

2 Little man, what now? Mm. it's Mickey at the tender age of six all decked out as a man about town for a session of madcap comedy with his dad on the vaudeville stage. His unique style drew lots of laughs.

3 A dynamic threesome! Judy Garland, Mickey, and Deanna Durbin just a few years ago. All of these kids have made great progress and are still rarin' to go. Mickey's next picture is *Stablemates.*

4 A star's routine! Mickey's all dressed and on the set at nine a.m. sharp for a final brush-up of his lines. His Andy Hardy portrayals have become so popular that a new series of these homespun comedies is under way.

they've got the air!

DAYS ON THE SET AND NIGHTS AT THE MIKE KEEP OUR STARS AT TOP SPEED SUCCESS!

By Ruth Arell

Once upon a time it might have been the size of their swimming pools or the number of options in their contracts that set the social status of cinema stars. But, like the face on the cutting-room floor, that's out of the picture now. With the 1938-39 radio season well under way, you only need a twist of your dial to tell you that a new measure of a film favorite's popularity is the number of his appearances in broadcastland. In fact, so important is the radio chore that clauses in movie contracts definitely state how much time the star may have off in which to rehearse for an ether offering.

To the roster of such radio veterans as Nelson Eddy, Jack Benny, Claire Trevor, Martha Raye, Frank Morgan, Fanny Brice, Edward G. Robinson, Burns and Allen, and Bing Crosby, the new season brings Charles Boyer, Joe E. Brown, Herbert Marshall, Una Merkel, Adolphe Menjou, Charlie Ruggles and Robert Benchley. Honors last season for the largest number and variety of guest appearances are probably shared by Constance Bennett and Barbara Stanwyck. Both are again scheduled to guest-star on numerous air productions in the coming months with Joan Bennett, William Powell and Madeleine Carroll as runners-up for frequency of appearance via your loudspeaker.

Don't, however, let this *(Continued on page 68)*

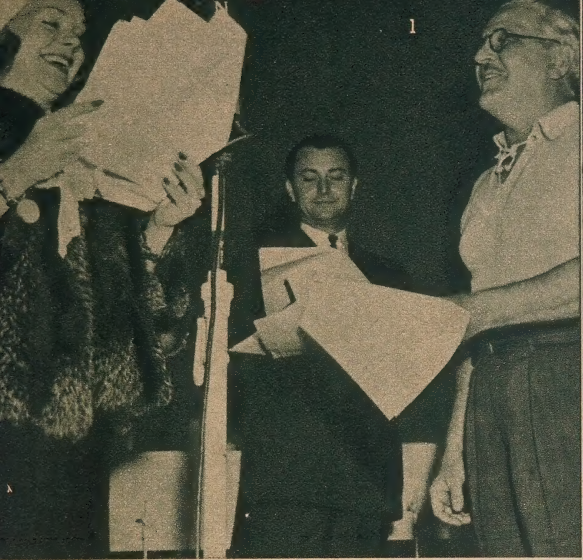
MGM's Judy Garland is a tuneful addition to the *Good News* program. Her appeal on the air has gained new friends.

MGM's Fanny Brice gets in shape for her *Baby Snooks* characterization.

"Gee, kin I play with your watch, mister? Mm, please! I can't? Why?"

Wah! A squall is under way. Stop teasing Baby, she's ready for a yell.

Sniff, sniff! She is all set for a sneeze or hiccup.



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"DA—DEE!" She's off on a tangent again. "Tell him to let me alone!!"

Fanny's grin ends the program. Her next picture is *New York Cinderella.*

1 Warbling Alice Faye, Comedian Frank Morgan and romantic Bob Young have a grand time together over the cues and catch lines in the script for an NBC broadcast.

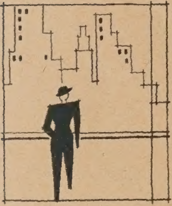
2 *Good News!* Bob Taylor waltzes over to the mike a trifle belligerently. But his resonant voice issues forth with lots of verve for this variety show!

3 Commentator Walter Winchell and RKO'S Fred Astaire go into a huddle about sound effects. Fred tapped out telegraphic clicking with amazing authenticity.

4 Mike fright? Yessuh! Adolphe Menjou who's the soul of assurance before the camera is jittery about broadcasts. Announcer Jimmy Wallington lends support to M.C. Adolphe.

A confidential tete-a-tete! John Garfield, erstwhile stage success, captured screen audiences with his brilliant characterization in *Four Daughters*. Priscilla Lane is an incentive for any fellow's dreams!

Hold everything! Billy Halop scores by a neck in this dramatic episode from *They Made Me A Criminal*, wherein John plays the part of a pugilist hunted by the law due to circumstantial evidence.



"My education . . . ?" the young man who looked as if he were constituted of one third Cagney, one third Muni and one third Edward G. Robinson plus a generous sprinkling of Spencer Tracy hesitated before replying to the question. "No," he replied in answer to our prompting. "Not Princeton or Harvard. I'm an alumnus of the famed Angelo Patri School. You've probably never heard of it, but in the East it's very famous. Famous as one of the finest reform schools in the country."

Coming from this quiet, reserved young man with his dark wavy hair and soft understanding eyes behind which lies stories the world may never learn, it is incredible to think of him as coming from anywhere but the finest environment. But with dogged insistence and with an honesty that is amazing to anyone meeting him for the first time, the revelatory information bursts forth as a surprise. But there is no embarrassment, no uncomfortable pauses, no loss of poise or bearing as this latest newcomer to Hollywood continues with a story that would make ordinary scenarios seem like fairy tales by comparison.

When, several months ago, John Garfield quietly left the New York stage to come to Hollywood there was hardly a notice in the papers. After turning down practically every company in the motion picture field because their contracts would not allow him to do a stage play at least once a year, he was finally tracked down by Warner Brothers when they yielded to his wishes. Today, with the first proof of his capable work in *Four Daughters* acclaimed by every person who has watched his performance, he has suddenly hurtled to the topmost scale of stardom.

To Hollywood he may be another startling discovery but New York is already familiar with him after his work in *Waiting For Lefty*, *Having Wonderful Time* and *Golden Boy*. Like his contemporary, Franchot Tone, he comes to films by way of the Group Theater, but unlike Tone his life before that took a widely divergent course.

If ever anyone was born under an adverse set of stars, it certainly was John Garfield. To be a mugg, a gangster or a second rate prize fighter was what fate had planned for him. Those who were inclined to be less magnanimous in their opinions were downright positive that he would end up in the electric chair somewhere between California and New York. They were not so sure about the state but they were *(Continued on page 72)*

BRAVELY DEFYING A HERITAGE OF FATE, JOHN GARFIELD PATIENTLY LAUNCHED HIS SHIP ON A NON-STOP FLIGHT TO STARDOM

YOUNG MAN OF *Manhattan*

by gene schrott

Sweet? You bet! Rosemary Lane plays opposite John in *Blackwell's Island*, a daring expose of Island crime and corruption.

Siver-voiced Irene Dunne was raised in the blue grass state of Kaintuck. A role in the musical *Irene* marked the beginning of her stage success.

Make it snappy, folks, let's go! Irene and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a hilarious moment from *Joy Of Living.*

On the spot! Guy Kibbee's resistance wavers weakly with Irene and Alice Brady as the high pressure lovelies

THREE-IN-ONE Dunne

"Life is a rainbow, full of all the color and beauty that exists. The various tints which make the ribbon of loveliness arching over the sky, also show up in our own existences, from the delicate tones to the deepest, most brilliant hues. You know how it is—some days are gay golden ones . . . some quiet blue ones . . . others as exciting as the crimson of the brightest rainbow stripe. However, I do think that certain colors are predominant in every person's life, just as they are in mine, and yours. Don't you?"

TRI-TONED IRIDESCENCE WOVEN INTO A TAPESTRY OF ILLUMINATING CHARM AND

Cane-carrying Director Tay Garnett carefully explains the action of a rather difficult sequence to Irene. She is married to Dr. Francis Griffin.

Irene, resplendent in sables, happily sets forth with Hubby Dr. Griffin for an evening's pleasure. She's now working in *Love Match* with Chas. Boyer.

I was quite sure in looking at lovely Irene that *her* life was a complete symphony of exquisite colors. She is so quietly beautiful, so unassumingly charming, and so eager and delightful in her actions, that you can tell her days are filled with rainbows of color!

"Just as my life seems to divide itself into three parts, so do three colors seem to symbolize those particular sections of my time. Green . . . Blue . . . Bronze, for my Acting . . . my Home . . . my Business life."

I was very glad that the setting for this interview was Irene's home, (which represents the blue part of her life) for that color is so particularly symbolic of the true blue sort of person she is, and it also fits the kind of wife, mother and hostess she is in private life. Her home is a beautiful place in Holmby Hills, away from the noise and mad pace of Hollywood, in a section of houses reeking with dignity. The Griffin home (that is her married name, you know!) sits high on the hill, with a wide sweep of drive, and a facade of gleaming white. From the large reception hall where you enter, you can look into various gracious rooms, full of light and delicate colors, and fine pieces of furniture. Many of these Irene and her husband selected in France, for the house is of the French Provincial type. The whole atmosphere seems to reflect Miss Dunne's personality, not coldly formal but vibrant and lovely.

"Just how do those colors work out in your life?" I queried, for I thought the color theory of existence that she advanced was a

(Continued on page 74)

WARMTH IS SYMBOLIC OF IRENE DUNNE'S DESIGN FOR LIVING.

by gwen dew

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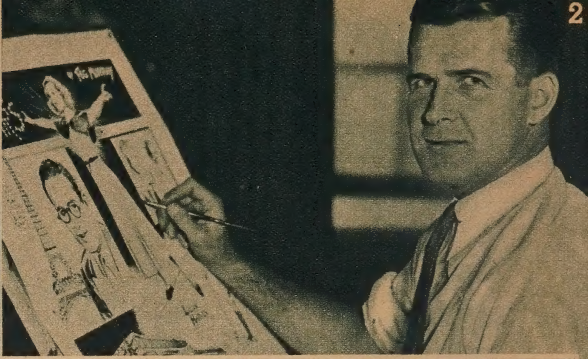

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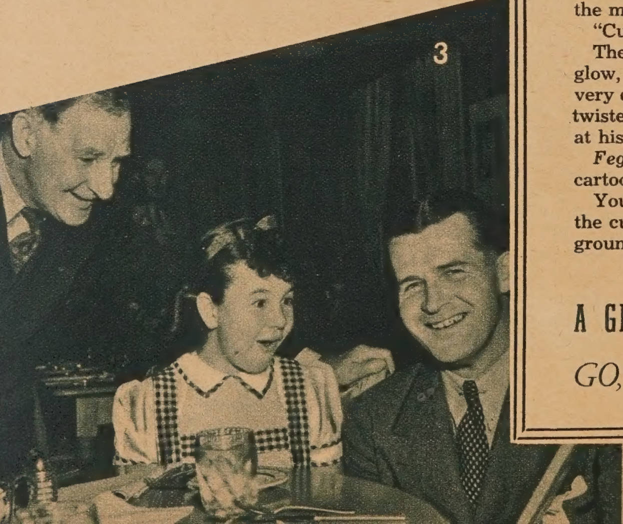
Feg Murray SEES STARS

by joseph willicombe, jr.



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1 Here's one on the house! Cartoonist Feg Murray can see nothing but Loretta Young's intoxicating beauty during a lull on the 20th Century lot where she is currently playing in *Kentucky*.

2 Feg, in addition to caricaturing all the Hollywood stars, accumulates interesting facts and figures about them through research and observance. He is welcome to visit the players on and off set.

3 A starry surprise! 20th Century-Fox's Jane Withers forgets to be prankish in her excitement over Feg's finished sketch. Fred Stone, veteran of the stage and screen, joins in Jane's enthusiasm.

THE giant battery of lights blazed down on the sound stage where a scene of *The Mysterious Mr. Moto* was to be filmed. Extras moved into their places, and Peter Lorre held a last hurried conference with the director.

Seated in a corner, out of range of the cameras, was a husky, loose-limbed young man idly sketching on a small sheaf of paper. It was Feg Murray, famed Sherlock Holmes of the studios, on a tour of the lot to ferret out oddities for his "Seein' Stars" cartoon.

It had been a dull day, and the cartoonist had just about decided to move along to another studio. He glanced down at *Feggo*, the odd Chinese good-luck charm that dangled from his watch chain . . . and decided to stay. For *Feggo* had seemed to frown. *Feggo's* frowns were always portentous omens.

"Action!" shouted the director. In an instant, the stage was a mass of tangled figures, swarming in an exciting fight sequence. The sharp thud of knuckles crunching against flesh sounded again and again. Cries of pain, real pain, arose from the mass of struggling actors.

"Cut!" ordered the director.

The camera came to a stop, the lights faded out to a dull glow, and the actors disentangled themselves. Out of the very center of the melee crawled Peter Lorre. His ankle was twisted, one eye was blacked, and his right hand hung limp at his side, broken.

Feggo had been right again. Here was an item for Murray's cartoon!

You've probably seen *Feggo's* picture many times. He's the cute little dog who cuts capers in the corners and backgrounds of the "Seein' Stars" drawings. *(Continued on page 54)*

A GRIMACING CHINESE CHARM, CALLED *FEGGO*, GUIDES FEG MURRAY'S FEET TO FAME

Joan Fontaine's DREAM TO GLORY

From Dewey-Eyed Dreamer to Smart Sophisticate is Joan Fontaine's Story

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS

A LITTLE over a year ago, Joan Fontaine arrived in Hollywood a dewy-eyed young miss who lived in her dreams.

Today, that same Joan is a practical-minded young woman with an eye to the future, and intent upon the finer gradations of her career.

Hollywood exerts a peculiar effect upon people. It will take an inexperienced maid, say, project her into a new and seemingly-glamorous world and almost overnight turn out a sophisticated product.

Bette Davis—going back a bit—belongs to this classification. So, too, Virginia Bruce, Myrna Loy, and, more recently, Rosemary Lane. During the year just past, though, it is Joan Fontaine who has changed more than any other girl in the whole of the film colony.

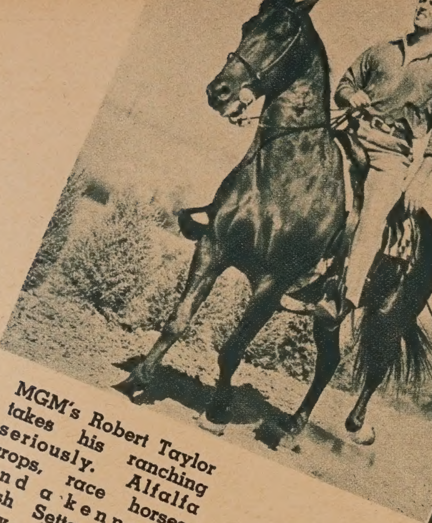
Not that Joan, in her transformation, has gone high hat, or that sudden success has turned her head. Nothing like that. She still greets you with the same warm smile, the same friendliness. She's still as interested in your welfare as the day she became a studio player. It's something deeper than that, this metamorphosis . . . more fundamental. Joan's whole attitude has been diverted into other channels, and the current Joan is far-removed from that dreamy lass who wondered, scarcely seven pictures back, whether the screen with its bustling activity was for her.

Joan had come to Hollywood from her home near San Francisco to be with her mother and sister, who had preceded her to the cinema capital. For a few months prior to her arrival, she had appeared in the Little Theatre presentation of the play, *Kind Lady,* in San Jose, and thus tasted the flavor of the stage. It appealed to her, tremendously.

Originally, Joan had planned upon an artistic career. She possessed a natural flair for painting and drawing and her whole existence seemed wrapped up in the study of art. When poor health—the health that all her life had been a bugaboo—forced her to abandon this course, in an effort to find some form of self-expression she thought of the theatre and through the offices of Homer Curran, the producer, stepped into *Kind Lady.*

To observe Joan today—blondely-beautiful, color blooming in soft cheeks and her attractive head carried like an athlete, keenly interested in everything about her—you would never suspect that (Continued on page 66)

RKO's Joan Fontaine, after a first night performance in *Call It A Day,* was placed under contract for a film career by Jesse L. Lasky. Her current picture is *Gunga Din.*



MGM's Robert Taylor takes his ranching seriously. Alfalfa crops, race horses, and a kennel of Irish Setters, are a few prize results.

Barbara Stanwyck is another advocate of rural life. Her Marwyck Stables are a byword in racing circles and her gardens unusually colorful.

Landowner Clark Gable has a medium sized frame dwelling with corral and game room, where hunting equipment is kept. He won many trophies.

HOLLYWOOD hightails for rural ranching

Long ago someone said, and it must be true, "You can send the country boy to the city, but you can't take the country out of the boy."

Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, surprisingly enough, are two farm lads who came to the big city in quest of fame and fortune and cinematically conquered the world. Perhaps the problem of farm-chores was a motivating force instilling the ambition for city life. But today they have reverted back to the simplicity of rural living.

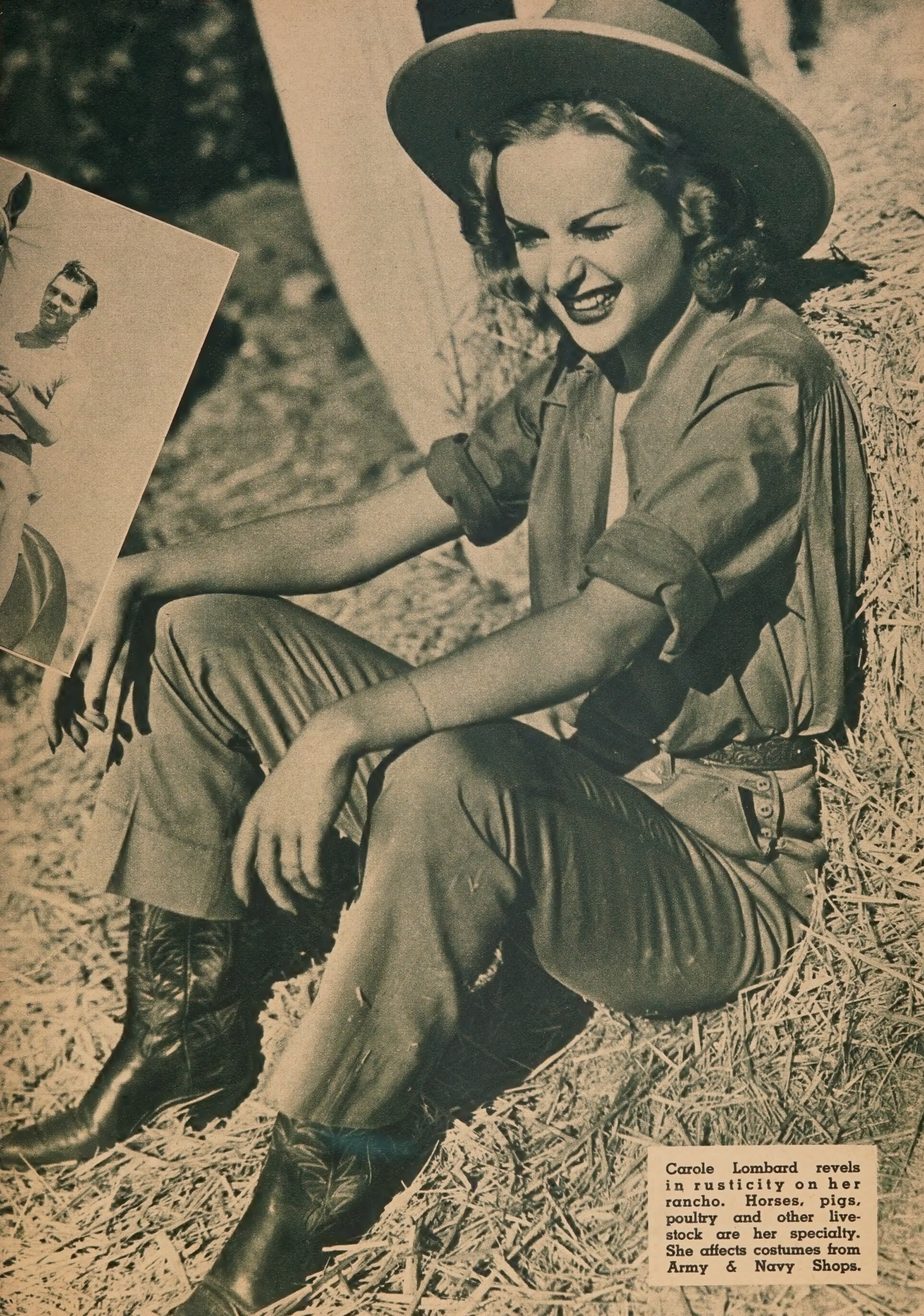
Knowing Clark and Bob to be two of the most unassuming fellows in all Hollywood, whose tastes are simple and far from extravagant, I suppose it isn't so amazing that they'd take up ranch life in San Fernando Valley. But considering that they are the screen's two top box-office actors, regarded by the women the world over, as all to be desired in handsome male romantic personality and sartorial perfection, smart bachelor establishments with butlers, or palatial hill top mansions overlooking Hollywood —plus fast motor boats, smart country clubs and the glamour and glitter of Hollywood, would conform more to their enviable positions on the screen.

But if you went motoring out in San Fernando Valley, you'd probably stop at Clark's place and find that young man in the stable currying his horses. And Bob might even be behind a plow on his thirty acres of alfalfa. So you can conclude that no matter their fame and popularity, at heart they're just farmer boys who've turned their backs on the tinsel of Make-Believe Town.

Now don't get me wrong. Clark dates Carole Lombard and Bob, Barbara Stanwyck. The two C.C.'s and the two B.B.'s respectively motor into town for the racing season, radio broadcasts, luncheon and dinner parties that vary in setting from the Vendome to the

(Continued on page 70)

A VITAL FOURSOME FINDS FREEDOM FROM HOLLYWOOD'S GLAMOUR AND GAY ARTIFICIALITY IN THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY OF CONTENT. ■ ■ ■ ■ by may mann



Carole Lombard revels in rusticity on her rancho. Horses, pigs, poultry and other livestock are her specialty. She affects costumes from Army & Navy Shops.

From Fashion to Fame

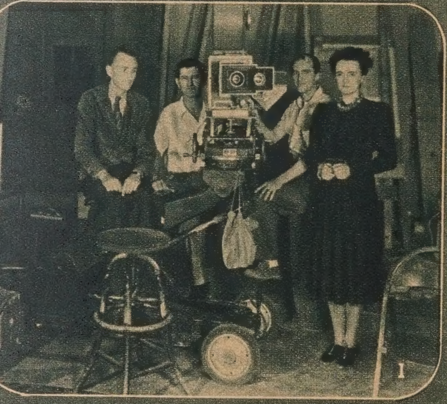
There are a good many ways of breaking into the movies. One way is to go to Hollywood via the legitimate stage. Another is to win a beauty contest. If you marry an angel, or are a relative of a producer, you stand a good chance of breaking in. When a studio is looking for a specific type of player for a specific part, you may be the lucky one. Fly the Atlantic the wrong way, and movie scouts will camp on your doorstep. And one of the best ways of all to get a Hollywood contract is to appear in one of Vyvyan Donner's fashion newsreels.

Michael Whalen, Alan Curtis, Phyllis Brooks, and Priscilla Lawson, all got their first moving picture experience on the Fox Movietone lot, acting in Miss Donner's fashion shows. So did Alice Armand, Janice Jarrett, Anita Colby, and many others. At the present time, there are about a dozen of Vyvyan Donner's "graduates" who have featured or starring roles in Hollywood, and at least sixteen others are playing "bit" parts in the film capital. In fact, the Donner weekly fashion shorts, in addition to the unique position they occupy in the motion picture field, have taken on the status of a Prep School for Movie Stars.

Miss Donner, who is the only woman director of fashion newsreels in America, and one of the few woman directors of any kind, is very proud of the record which the young players from her films are making in Hollywood. She's happy when one of them makes good in pictures, and whenever she sees a model in one of her shows who looks like talent, she spreads the news around to all the New York offices of the major film companies. Because she's loyal to the company, Twentieth Century-Fox gets first pick of the talent; but if Fox doesn't want a player who Miss Donner thinks has promise, she gives a break to the boys on the other lots.

Last year, when Betty Gray and Blanche Brewer of Washington, D. C., made columnist Walter Winchell eat his words about the lack of pretty girls in the nation's capital, Miss Donner, on the lookout for new talent, signed them to appear in her shows. In their first performance, the two beauties were seen by scouts from Hollywood, and shortly afterward were off for the West Coast, with contracts in their pockets.

There are two reasons for the fact that Vyvyan Donner's fashion shows are such a powerful springboard to stardom. In the first place, if a model makes the grade, he or she has to be good. In addition to directing the shows, writing the continuity, selecting the clothes which are to be modelled, and designing the scenery, Miss Donner picks the girls by hand. She has the choice of the models from John Powers'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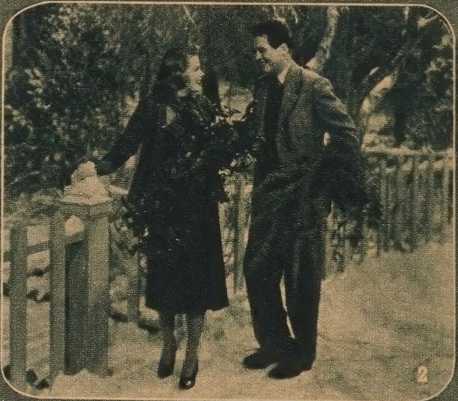
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VYVYAN DONNER, FIRST LADY OF FASHION, HAS BEEN INSTRUMENTAL THROUGH HER

by catherine hoffman

famous agency, in addition to the hundreds of applicants who flock to her office every day, and she goes over them with a fine-toothed comb. If a person makes the grade in one of her shows, that person is past the first hurdle in the race for screen fame.

Secondly, Miss Donner makes a fashion show from a new angle every week. Miss Donner was one of the first to disagree with the usual fashion-model practice of coming out in a trailing gown, turning once, and walking away again.

If a fashion newsreel, for instance, is featuring gowns for older women, the matron is shown attending her daughter's graduation, addressing her luncheon club, or at afternoon tea. Bathing suits are modelled by girls who are doing the things girls naturally do on the beach—rubbing on sun-tan oil, playing ball, and chatting with the life-guard.

1 Vyvyan Donner, Movietone's first lady of fashion, and her technicolor crew. Her first short was produced at a total cost of $50.

2 Handsome Michael Whalen appeared in one of Miss Donner's first fashion films. He is now playing in *Inside Story,* a news epic, with Jean Rogers.

3 MGM's Priscilla Lawson was spotted by a talent scout from this clip of an actual Movietone fashion sequence. Very glamorous!

4 MGM's Alan Curtis is another recruit from Vyvyan Donner's fashion shows. In Hollywood he and Priscilla Lawson met and married.

5 20th Century-Fox's Phyllis Brooks was one of Miss Donner's best models before she was discovered. *Up The River* is her current picture.

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All this calls for acting of the most difficult sort—pantomime. That's what is required of the models in a Donner fashion show. They must be able to convey the impression, while a commentator describes the costumes they are wearing, that they are part of the background against which they are placed. In Miss Donner's latest show, for instance, an all-technicolor production, the actors must be able to convey through pantomime the fact that they are sitting in a box at the opera, at an afternoon tea, or having a hilarious time at a night club.

This has always been Miss Donner's idea in making fashion shows. It is the sort of training that all the above-named young players received when they were on the Fox lot. Consequently, when they went to Hollywood, they were thoroughly grounded in the principles of screen acting. Though new to the film capital, they could not by any stretch of the imagination be called beginners. *(Continued on page 58)*

MOVIETONE SHORTS IN BOOSTING TALENT TOWARD THE SPRINGBOARD OF STARDOM

LUCKY LAD Lew

HE has had plenty of hard knocks. Starting at the top, his career in the movies has been a roller-coaster of swift rises to success and fame and swifter rushes into near oblivion. Hard knocks, adversity, whatever you want to call it, to a sympathetic ear, it seems as if he had had more than his share. But good, bad and indifferent, Lew Ayres doesn't call it luck. And he doesn't call it Fate. And he doesn't, ever, manufacture any sort of alibi.

From the time he was selected by Garbo to play the romantic lead in *The Kiss* and a little later played his unforgettable part in *All Quiet On The Western Front,* to the recently ended three years in B pictures—("Of which," Lew smiles shyly, "the best you can say is that some of them were *not bad* and some of them were terrible, but all were good for me!")—he has been searching for the answer. And he has found it, in books, in solitude, in crowds, in work, in play, in his own heart . . .

"Everything happens for the best," Lew explained. "You make decisions and some of them that for a time seem wrong, turn out eventually to have been right. And even the ones that later you know were wrong, fit into the scheme of things. And it is the same with things in which you have no choice. You may be unhappy over not getting a certain part, sure the role you are playing is less well suited to you or that it is a poorer picture, and either that very role turns out to be a success or it leads to a greater opportunity. I've made wrong decisions that turned out right for me, I've made wrong ones that stayed wrong, I've made mistakes, plenty of them and had plenty of things

MGM's Lew Ayres is gaining new laurels for his performance in *Rich Man, Poor Girl,* with Ruth Hussey and Robert Young.

EQUIPPED WITH THE WISDOM OF MANY ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS, LEW AYRES AGGRESSIVELY HEADS FOR HIS GOAL OF ACHIEVING NEW ACTING ACCLAIM.

by miriam rogers

happen that I would have changed at the time, if I could, but I don't regret anything. And I wouldn't want to blame any of it on *luck*. I prefer to believe that I am free to make my own failures—and my own success . . .

"But all that," he went on thoughtfully, "is so unimportant. Don't misunderstand me. I don't underestimate success. It is important as a stamp of approval on what you are doing, but it is growth that really matters. You asked about the highlights of my career—there haven't been any. What I've done is so unimportant. If I hadn't been an actor, I would have been something else. It just happens that I am an actor. For a little while I was a director and I hope some day to direct again. Now—well, let's see how this works out!"

He smiled engagingly, made a nervous gesture with his sensitive hands. His eyes that show hurt and eagerness and a depth of understanding were bright with renewed hope, interest and quiet confidence. "Acting has its limitations—you aren't free to express yourself, as in music, art. You have to remember the commercial aspect, the box office value. Occasionally you feel that you have put something over, some little scene that means a little more . . . I'd like to play all kinds of parts—I think perhaps I am better at character parts than in straight parts, like this young doctor I am playing. I'd like to do things like *Winterset* and *Night Must Fall*. But that is up to the studio. And it is a matter of growth and ability. We can't all be Munis!

"But however this works out, the important thing for me is to feel that I am building little by little." The flat of his hand presented a gentle incline. "A *(Continued on page 65)*

Lionel Barrymore, as the garrulous old Dr. Gillespie puts Lew over the hurdles of apprenticeship in *Young Doctor Kildare*. This film is one of a series.

The white collars are in again! Lew and Don Castle discuss bills and finance in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*. Lew is a student of philosophy and music.

Will Doc Kildare go to bat for Nella Walker in this dramatic sequence from *Young Doctor Kildare?* Lew's a natural for the role.

Remember him in *Holiday* with Katharine Hepburn? Lew asserts that he doesn't believe in luck. Personal accomplishment is what counts.

Sweet leilani! Fredric March and Director Tay Garnett hash over a Hawaiian sequence for Walter Wanger's adventure film, *Trade Winds*.

Freddie will embark to the Orient as soon as the make-up man gives a deft cosmetic touch to the March physiognomy. The gals are extras.

Clinch! Ann Sothern lends a companionable shoulder to the sleeping Freddie while a cameraman measures distance for correct focus of lens.

on the set

Believe it or not, the dark-haired stunner is Joan Bennett. As the elusive heroine in *Trade Winds*, she dyes her hair to escape detention as a murder suspect. Freddie is an itinerant news hawk who's on her trail.

ON LOCATION

Running like a golden thread through a fabric woven in gunsmoke, the creak of saddle leather, posses, feuding, and pillaging among the James' clan, is the heart-warming romance of Jesse and Zerelda amid the Ozarks.

Shades of sheriffin' and six guns! Tyrone Power goes romantic with Nancy Kelly 'tween outlawin' in *Jesse James.* Ty brings fiery realism to Jesse.

Meetin' at the hitchin' rail! Ty looks suspiciously at the two silent hombres itchin' to grab their smoke poles on the *Jesse James* set at Pineville.

Randolph Scott and Brian Donlevy with a newly grown mustache, relax off set. Authentic frontier backgrounds were built in the Missouri hills.

"Something wrong, David? From your glum expression seems as if you lost your best friend."

The Shining Hour

For the first time since she made *Dancing Lady* five years ago, Joan Crawford will dance for her fans in *The Shining Hour,* and will have as her partner in the intricate routines Tony DeMarco of the famous dancing DeMarcos. Joan plays Olivia Riley, a famous Broadway cabaret dancer, who is persuaded by Henry Linden *(Melvyn Douglas),* a wealthy Wisconsin gentleman-farmer, to give up the tinselled glitter of New York night life, marry him and go to Wisconsin, where he lives with his Aunt Hannah *(Fay Bainter),* Brother David *(Robert Young)* and David's wife, Judy *(Margaret Sullavan).* The quiet country life brings anything but peace to Olivia, whose presence in the family is violently opposed by Aunt Hannah. Then Olivia and David find themselves enmeshed in a mutual infatuation. Judy tries to free David by suicide when a fire destroys the newlywed's house. This shocks them into realizing their mistake.—M-G-M.

"Darling, your sister doesn't approve of me. Her attitude is that of a sacrificing martyr."

Boom, Boom! Here Come the British

POIGNANT DRAMA AND ADVENTURE OF THE KHYBER PASS RUN RAMPANT IN *Gunga Din*

by dorris denbo

RKO-Radio Pictures has discovered something new under the Sun-arcs!

In the picture *Gunga Din*, it is introducing an entirely new menace for screen heroes Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. It is a menace based on a most grewsome historical fact. A menace it took British troops 20 to 30 years of constant skirmishes to wipe out—or perhaps it would be more truthful to say to utterly quiet.

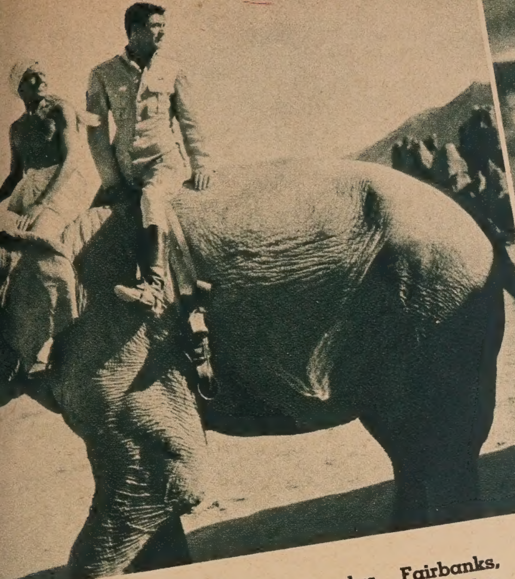
In other words *Gunga Din* is a dramatization of the bloodiest and most merciless murder cult in India. It concerns disciples of the four-armed Goddess Kali, the most loathsome deity in religious history. Her creed was Kill! Kill! Kill! Her worshippers were called Thugges. They believed they must strangle, murder, kill, if they would serve their Goddess. They murdered, robbed and massacred without mercy or compromise. Their rites and ceremonies in the name of their sinister Goddess were unbelievable orgies of horror.

RKO-Radio has reproduced an exact replica of that huge idol for the picture. It has surrounded her with all that she deserves in eerie atmosphere and fearful realism. As you stand before the steps to her shrine she dwarfs you in body and spirit. Her face is set in a horrible grimace. She sits upon the body of a victim, her abdomen is hollow exposing her backbone; twelfth century sculptors who created this concept of the Goddess claim this is to exemplify her unappeasable hunger for victims. Her black face contains three eyes, one in the middle of her forehead. Her tongue hangs out of the side of her leering mouth and is dripping blood. In one hand she clutches a man's severed head by the hair, in another she brandishes a sword and in a third hand she holds a sceptre. She is wearing a necklace of human heads, and another of skulls. Human hands and tongues form her girdle.—A nice apparition to bump into on a dark night—a right convincing sort of menace!

Disciples of this unprepossessive ghoul keep Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen racing through scenes of violence and excitement all during this screen adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's *Gunga Din*.

By this time you have guessed *Gunga Din* is a super-super spectacle with all the elaborate preparation and extravagant effort for mass effects that term means in Hollywood. Incorporated in its treat-

(Continued on page 62)



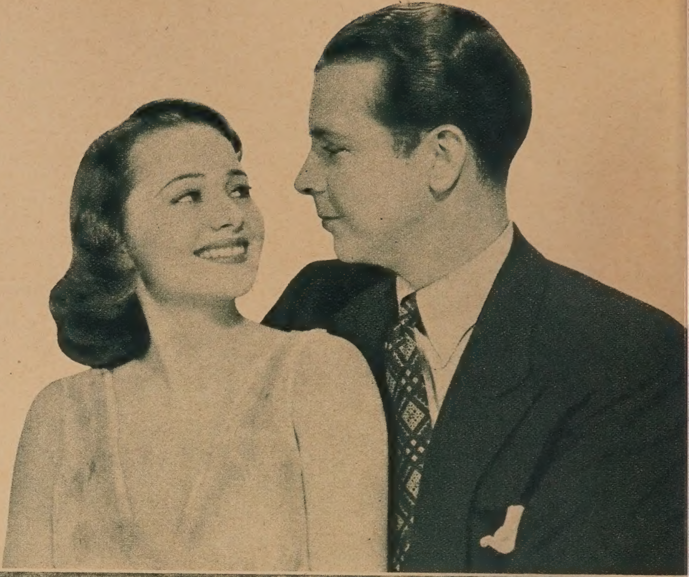
Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din and Cary Grant leave Tantrapur for the hills in search of the gold temple held by Thugges.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Fontaine furnish the heart interest. Tantrapur village was built on 6 acres of land.

One of the lighter moments for Doug and Joan! An amazing plant for housing 1,500 people with 100 modern tents was constructed for the players and extras at Mt. Whitney not far from Death Valley.

HARD TO GET

Genial crooning curley-headed Dick Powell has been frothing at the mouth, champing at the bit, not to mention doing a slow burn over the lightweight parts assigned to him. Warners will give him an opportunity at straight dramatics in his next picture *Career Man,* in which he's cast as a diplomat. Meanwhile he's been busy rejoicing with Joan Blondell over the arrival of their daughter Ellen. Dick and Joan celebrated their 2nd wedding anniversary last Sept. 19th, and he gave her a nice new yacht for a present. Just like that! *Hard To Get* is a romantic comedy with Olivia de Havilland playing a rich society girl to his ambitious-gas-station-attendant role. Her papa invests in Dick's invention and all ends happily.



Love Bites Man

It's not difficult to guess that this story has a newspaper background, but what is not so obvious is that it delves into exciting gangster doings and rescue and reform work. Joan Blondell is a soft-hearted sob sister who befriends an orphaned street urchin (Bobby Jordan) to save him from following in his gangster-brother's footsteps. She rushes into marriage with her reporter boy friend, Pat O'Brien, mainly to provide a home that will enable her to get Bobby out of the state reformatory. To her surprise this displeases her groom, and complications follow thick and fast. This is Joan's first picture since the birth of her baby, embryo glamour girl Ellen Powell. There was talk of fewer pictures and more time for baby, but Joan has signed a new contract for bigger and better pictures . . . Just like a woman.

East meets West! Sabu, while recently in Hollywood, was introduced to Sam Goldwyn's Jon Hall, who has gone over to London to play the lead in *Thief of Bagdad* with Sabu for Alexander Korda of U-A.

Smilin' through! An informal chat between Bob Hope, Shirley Ross, Director George Archainbaud and Cameraman Karl Struss on the *Thanks For The Memory* set. Looks like Bob told another story!

Let 'em eat cake! Jackie Cooper, his mother, Mrs. Chas. Bigelow, and Monogram's crew celebrate his sixteenth birthday during the filming of *Gangster's Boy* in which he's being starred.

The winnah! Lovely Myrna Loy discusses winning possibilities in the Myrna Loy Pooch Contest conducted by Mark Hellinger through his Sunday page. 211,620 letters were received. Boondoggling?

studio close-ups!

BY D. D. EDDY

Frank Capra joined us on the *There's That Woman Again* set. We watched Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce and Margaret Lindsay make some hilarious scenes for the new adventures of the married sleuths in *There's Always A Woman.* Virginia Bruce, playing the Joan Blondell role, amazed us with her surprising flair for broad comedy capers. Poor Melvyn declared he thought he should be permitted to wear full football regalia for self protection. Frank Capra told us that he is going to make *The Gentleman From Montana,* a cowboy version of Mr. Deeds. He hopes of course, to get Gary Cooper for the role. He seemed very pleased with the story and its possibilities. If Jean Arthur is available when he is ready to shoot, it is a safe bet she will play the lady in the case. Capra likes to work with Jean. He feels she has the same sort of interesting restraint on the screen that Gary

A fine physique for Freddie! C. F. "Doc" Roemer, former physical director of Minnesota U., guides the Bartholomew building process as well as of other M-G-M players.

has. . . . They still are searching for a *Golden Boy!* This has become almost as hopeless an endurance contest as the notorious "Scarlett" for *Gone With The Wind*. *Our Wife*, to co-star Jean Arthur and Cary Grant, is getting under way as is *Blondie*, the screen story based on the number one comic strip family. Penny Singleton was very excited about her role as Blondie as "everyone in the world seems to be interested in this picture"—and Arthur Lake is playing Dagwood, the bewildered husband. Little four year old Larry Simms is Baby Dumpling and a cunning little mut pooch named Spook is playing the part of "Daisy." This looks as though it might work into one of those present very popular serials—like the Jones Family.

◆

We watched Bing Crosby in a love scene with Franciska Gaal for *Paris Honeymoon*. Torrents of rain was coming down outside the set windows. After the scene Bing came over to us and said nonchalantly, "Have you ever seen it rain *up*?" We admitted we had not—and moved a little away from him fearing at any moment he might become violent! "I have!" he grinned. "In fact, that's why we are making retakes today. That rain outside the windows in the original scenes was pouring violently *up* the screen when we saw the scenes in the projection room." Franciska Gaal, noting our look of doubt, laughingly assured us this was so. It seems the lights had played a trick on the camera and produced the phenomenon of rain leaping upward. Such a thing had never happened before—and it probably will never happen again. Later met C. B. DeMille on the lot rushing to attend to more elaborate details for the production of his *Union Pacific*. He said he would soon be under way but so far only Joel McCrea, Bob Burns and Akim Tamiroff were the only members of the cast he had decided upon. He is very much enthused about his script for this historic spectacle. Olympe Bradna sang April in My Heart while scrubbing clothes in *Say It In French*. This was a very effective bit of business. That gal has charm!

◆

Connie Bennett had to approve her leading man for *Service DeLuxe* before she would sign a contract with Universal Pictures. After many, many turn downs she decided upon Vincent Price, the young stage actor who played with Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina*. She's right! He seems to have everything. We watched him enacting a smart dialogue scene with Connie and

(Continued on page 82)

SWEET SLUMBER

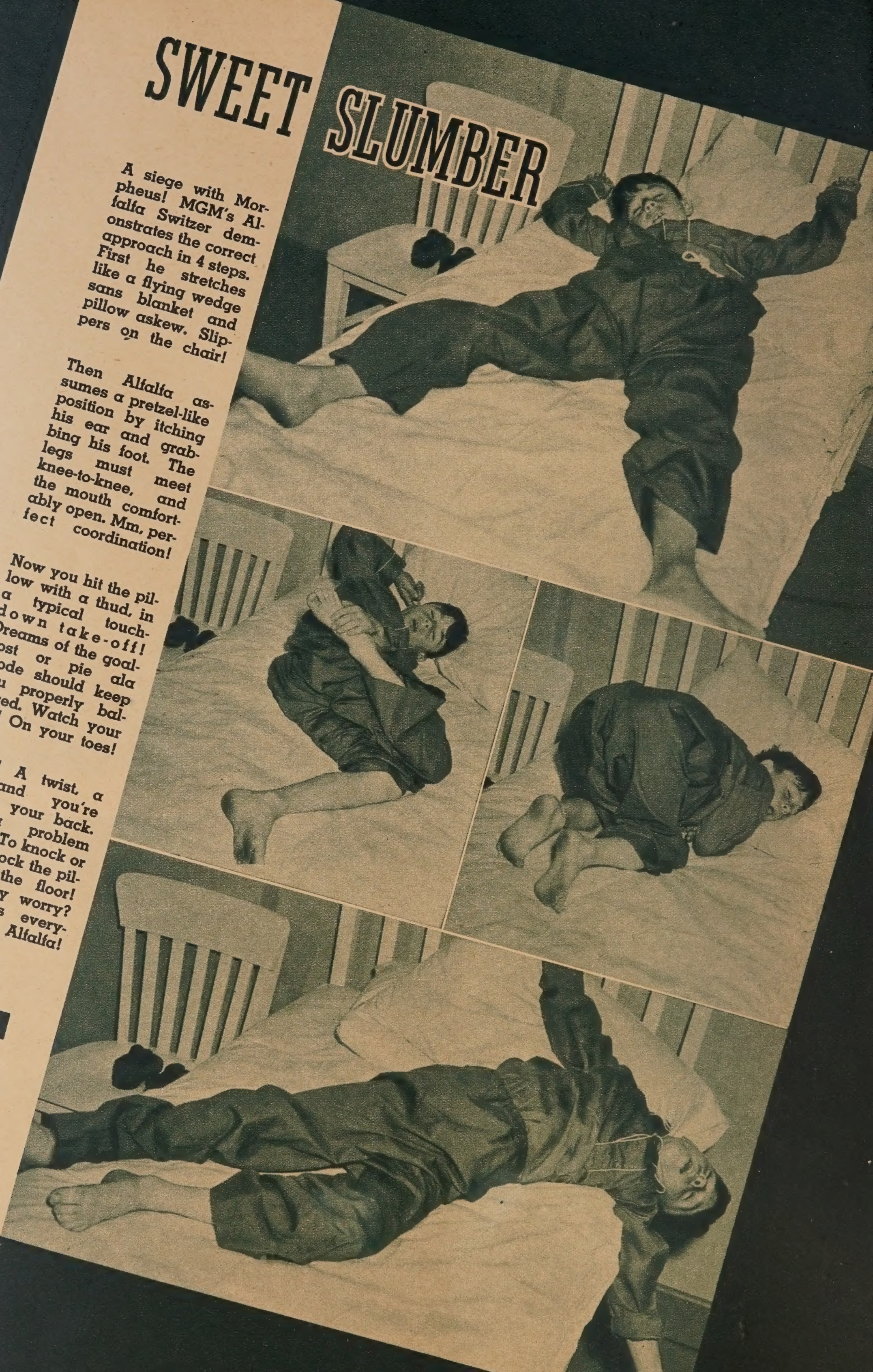
A siege with Morpheus! MGM's Alfalfa Switzer demonstrates the correct approach in 4 steps. First he stretches like a flying wedge sans blanket and pillow askew. Slippers on the chair!

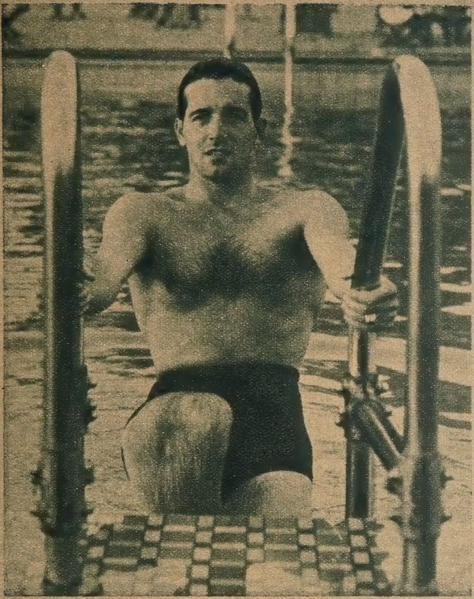
Then Alfalfa assumes a pretzel-like position by itching his ear and grabbing his foot. The legs must meet knee-to-knee, and the mouth comfortably open. Mm, perfect coordination!

Now you hit the pillow with a thud, in a typical touch-down take-off! Dreams of the goal-post or pie ala mode should keep you properly balanced. Watch your feet! On your toes!

Oops! A twist, a turn—and you're flat on your back. But a problem arises. To knock or not to knock the pillow on the floor! Heck, why worry? Position is everything, says Alfalfa!

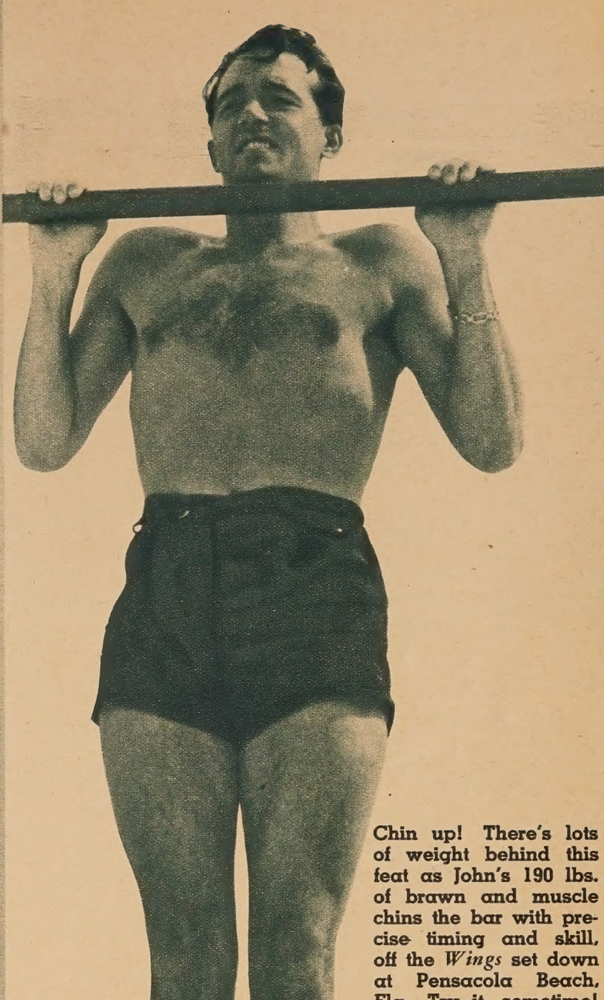
■ ■ ■





Rippling rhythm! Warner Brothers' John Payne enjoys a dip in the seawater pool at Coronado between shooting on *Wings Of The Navy*. He is an authority on fancy diving, swimming and other aquatic sports.

PLAYFUL *Payne*



Chin up! There's lots of weight behind this feat as John's 190 lbs. of brawn and muscle chins the bar with precise timing and skill, off the *Wings* set down at Pensacola Beach, Fla. Try it, sometime!

Brr! It's kinda chilly! John's all set to race Olivia De Haviland across the pool but she won't budge an inch until Old Neptune puts on the heat!

Wow! Does John feel fit? Nothing like a salty set-to. Upon completing this picture he and Wife Anne Shirley will head East to visit his parents down in Virginia.

Facing the feed bag! Among those present at the Warner Bros. luncheon for visiting legionnaires were Rosemary Lane, George Brent and Anita Louise. George looks pensive!

Hold it! Yes, it's Rosemary Lane, Hal Wallis, Warners' exec., J. H. Quinn, Pres. of Convention, Joan, Paul Dee, Georges Rivellec, Dick.

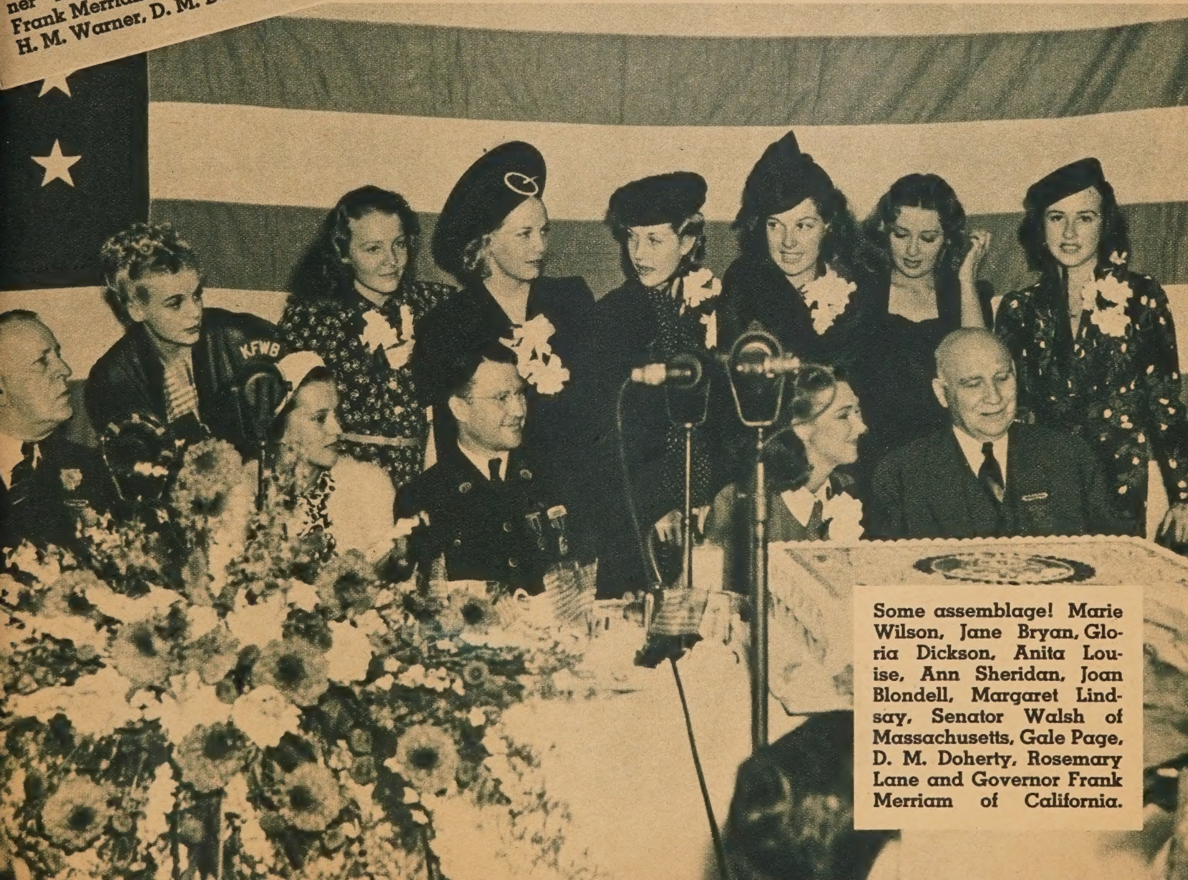
Elbow bending! Bill Browne, Aide to the National Commander, flanks Dick Powell at the left while Spouse Joan Blondell controls the right, amused at Dick's caricatures.

hail, hail the legion's here

Boy, that's a hot one! J. L. Warner regales California's Governor Frank Merriam with a whopper while H. M. Warner, D. M. Doherty listen in.

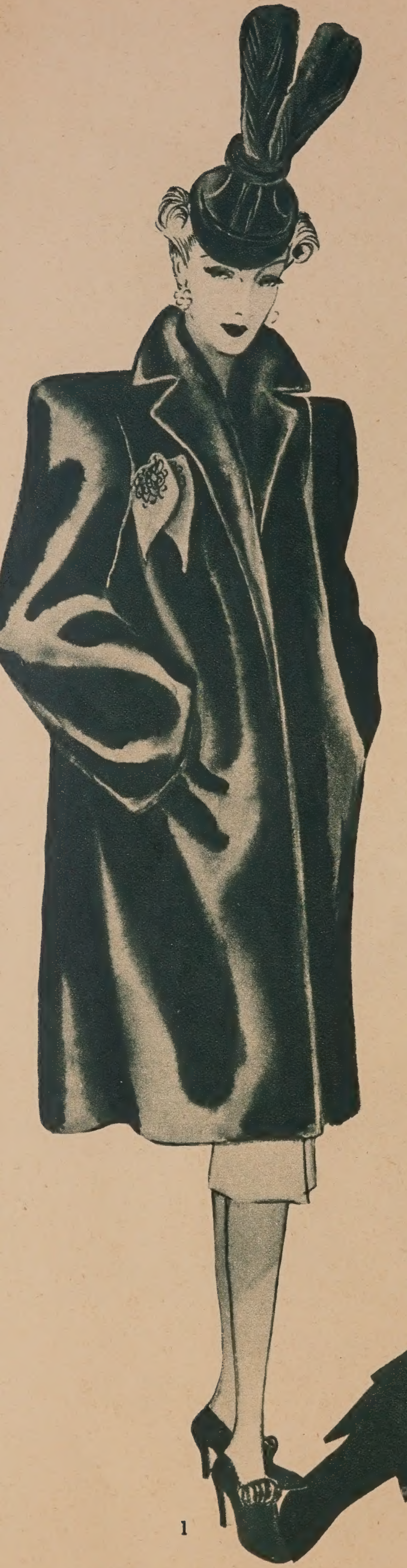
The legionnaires march! Marie Wilson salutes the mike in a cheery farewell gesture to the boys. Everything was done very informally.

Cigar-smoking Edward G. Robinson and Pat O'Brien get a terrific kick out of watching the legion visit the spacious Warners' studio.



Some assemblage! Marie Wilson, Jane Bryan, Gloria Dickson, Anita Louise, Ann Sheridan, Joan Blondell, Margaret Lindsay, Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, Gale Page, D. M. Doherty, Rosemary Lane and Governor Frank Merriam of California.

Win a lovely



1

Miss Anne Nagel, starring in Monogram's *Gang Bulle*

Old Jack Frost nips your nose and fingertips as you promenade along the avenue. You gaze into brightly decorated shop windows. Beautiful Christmas gifts are attractively displayed. . . . Compacts, jewels, clothes and luxurious fur coats. You are especially fascinated by the fashionable furs!

Reluctantly you tear yourself away. Even with a bonus and the most expert manipulation, your purse cannot be expanded to meet the demand of a nice furry garment. Oh, well, why day dream!

Perk up your flagging spirits. Your dreams may not be in vain, for here's a piece of news that will make you shout with joy:

The National Coney Institute has kindly consented to cooperate with *Modern Movies* by offering three girls a chance to win a lovely Coney beaver or seal fur fashion . . . A stunning three-quarter swagger coat as worn by Anne Nagel, star of Monogram Pictures. . . . A pert little bolero. . . . And a swanky over-sized muff-bag!

Imagine owning one of the soft, fluffy Coney models pictured above! And it's incredibly simple! All you have to do is write an honest and convincing reply, in not more than ten words, to the question: I WOULD LIKE A CONEY FUR FASHION AS WORN BY ANNE NAGEL, MONOGRAM STAR, BECAUSE . . . ? Easy as pie! Just try it—you may be one of the win-

Fur Fashion

1 Fashion decrees smart detail and fine tailoring in fur garments. This stunning three-quarter Coney dyed trotteur is designed for utility, style and warmth of soft, selected skins. The notched collar, broad shoulders, and flare back, are outstanding features. You'll adore this all-occasion swagger!

2 Fur boleros are all the rage among elegantly clad women. Cocktails, dancing, formal wear, and even for sports, the bolero has its place. Sleek, dyed Coney fashions this charming little jacket with rounded corners, three-quarter sleeves and full shoulders. Would you like to win this?

3 And now we come to the muff-bag! So chic, so warm, so convenient! Cold weather freezes your fingers but here's an admirable protector against those wintry winds. An over-sized Coney muff-bag of smooth, silky pelts . . . warmth for your hands; a compartment for money and cosmetics. Really grand!

ears a beautiful coat fashioned of coney fur.

ners! Can you visualize yourself in one of these glamorous Coney fashions? You'll be thrilled!

Neatness and appropriateness of text will count and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Send in the coupon at the right on a postcard to Miss Anne Nagel, *Modern Movies*, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. The judges will be the Editor, and the Staff of *Modern Movies*, Louis Lifton, Monogram's Publicity Director and Miss Claire Wolff of the National Coney Institute, and their decisions will be final. Contest closes December 10th, 1938. Send in your entry today. You won't want to miss the opportunity of winning one of these exquisite Coney fur fashions!

Miss Anne Nagel,
MODERN MOVIES,
18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.

I would like a Coney Fur Fashion as worn by Miss Anne Nagel,

Monogram Star, because ....

....

....

Name ....

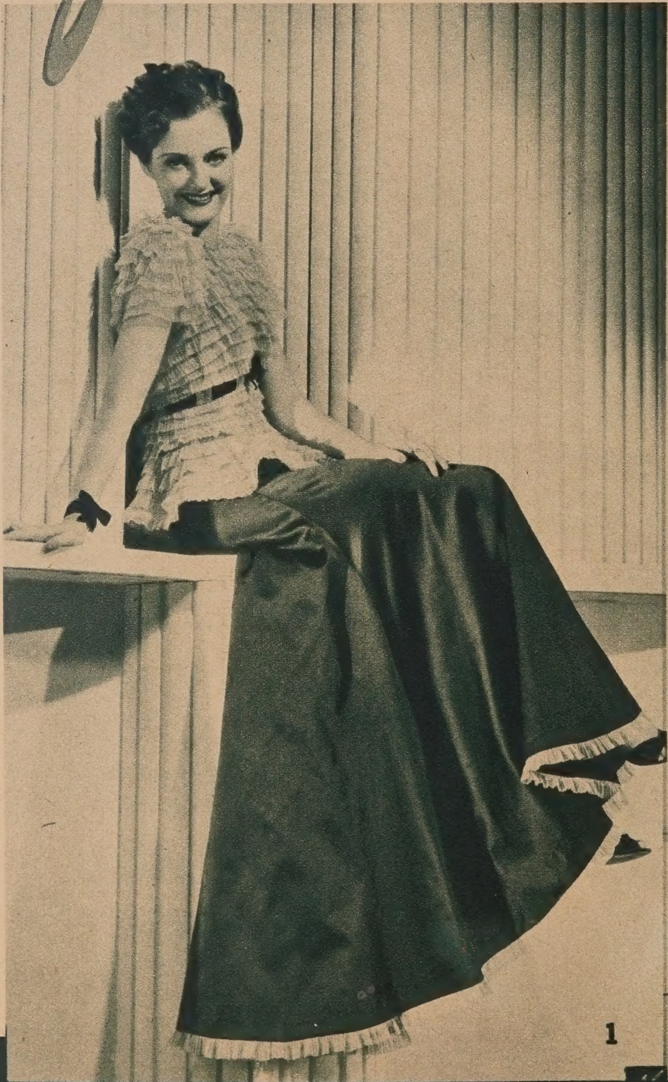
Address ....

Dress Size ....

Joy to behold!

1 Universal's Joy Hodges chooses a dinner frock reminiscent of the gay eighties. Frilled ecru net forms the bodice and peplum, while a garnet-red gored satin skirt saucily trails the floor. Red velvet bows and belt lend a note of demure sophistication. Her current film is *Service DeLuxe.*

2 Joy lunches in this coat-suit of cinnamon Rodier wool with tuxedo front and gauntlet cuffs of Siberian mink. A softly draped belt of the same material holds the coat in place. Moire in bronze fashions the tailored blouse over a smart flared skirt. Bronze antelope is used for accessories.



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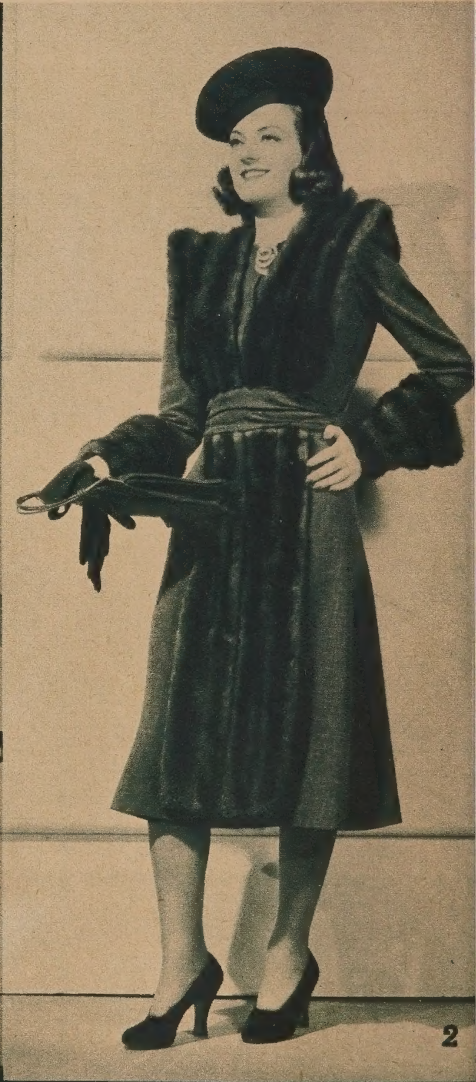
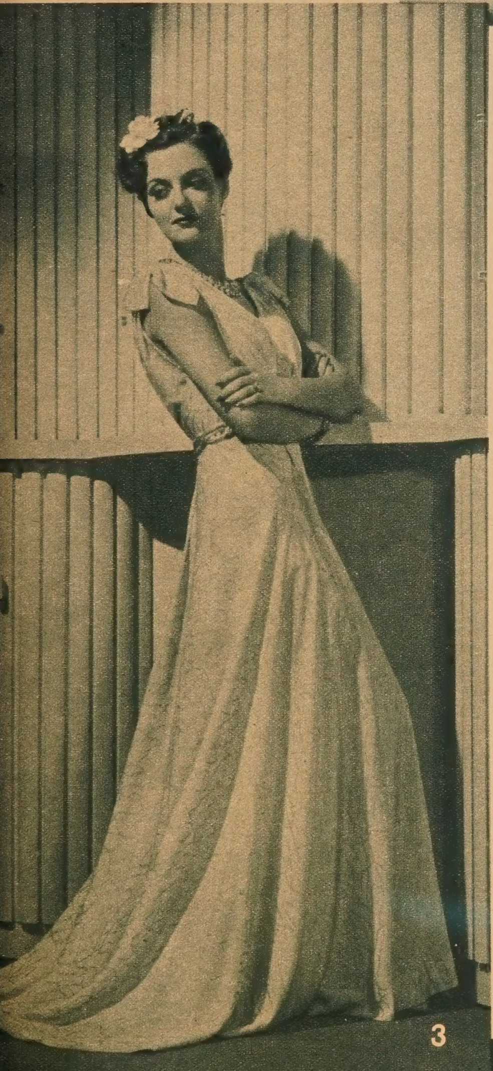


2

3 Joy is an inspiration to her escort at any formal function in this intriguing white and silver Crepe Roma gown with a narrow jewelled girdle of brilliants and beads. Epaulet shoulders and swing skirt of the floor-length variety are outstanding features. Her hair is piled high with a single gardenia.

4 Joy decides to do some snappy stepping in shimmering black satin with the new jitterbug skirt and elbow sleeves that puff broadly at the shoulders. White violets clasp the crushed girdle and trim the large silk beaver brimster. A silver fox muff-bag and black suede gloves 'n shoes complete this stunning outfit.



3

4

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feg murray sees stars

(Continued from page 28)

And his counterpart, the strange Chinese charm which always hangs on Feg Murray's watch chain, has an odd history.

The little ivory figure was given to the cartoonist as a good luck piece before he sailed for war-torn France in 1917. Sergeant Murray carried it into battle one night in the Argonne Forest. Mud-caked and weary after long hours of fighting, Murray and two infantrymen crawled into an old barn near the town of Gesnes. The whine of passing shells signified the opening of a new bombardment, and the exhausted soldiers debated the question of leaving their comfortable straw beds for a safer but less restful shelter elsewhere. Sergeant Murray glanced down at his lucky charm. *Feggo's* grotesque features seemed to wear a frown. Gathering up his equipment the sergeant trudged out into the darkness and spent the rest of the night in a nearby ditch. His two companions, scoffing, stayed in the barn.

As dawn broke, a screaming shell burst through the paper-thin roof of the old barn and tore it to bits.

Never since that time has Feg Murray failed to heed the portents of his tiny charm. It was with him at all the outstanding sports events when he was a sports cartoonist, and now it accompanies him as he mingles with the stars at every important Hollywood preview and premier.

At these events, Feg watches every bit of action on the screen with his "camera eyes." From time to time he makes quick sketches on a tiny pad he always carries. A few days later, readers throughout the country are appraised of the foibles, characteristics and oddities of their screen favorites.

Feg does a lot of prowling behind the scenes at the studios too. It was on one of these jaunts that he learned that Robert Taylor, despite his romantic roles, really has the hardest punch in Hollywood. However, Feg didn't get this bit of information in a hand to hand tussle with Bob. He was tipped off by William Haade, former steel worker, who fought that memorable battle with Wayne Morris in *Kid Galahad.*

On one of his studio trips, Feg learned that Joel McCrea and Loretta Young used up $8,000 worth of moonlight in making *Three Blind Mice.* Twenty-seven moonlight nights were created in one month, something of a record even in California.

Other bits of information Feg picked up on his rounds included the fact that Allan Lane once played baseball with the New York Giants and that Boris "Frankenstein" Karloff likes nothing better than to play a quiet game of cricket when he's not busy scaring people out of their wits. His favorite cricket companions are Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven and H. B. Warner.

The perambulating cartoonist is a walking statistical bureau. Among the data filed away under his hat is the fact that Paul Guilfoyle died for the ninth time in nineteen pictures when he played in *This Marriage Business.* In his grab bag of assorted information is the fact that Lewis Stone, playing in *Yellow Jack* as a U.S. Army surgeon in the Spanish American War, wore his own uniform, the one he wore in Cuba while he was serving with the New York Volunteers . . . that Carole Lombard is taking a course in farming . . . that Lanny Ross amused party guests by breaking three dollar wine glasses due to singing at them in just the right pitch . . . that during the filming of a love scene in *Garden of the Moon,* John Payne sprained his ankle proposing to Margaret Lindsay, and she was accidentally knocked out by a falling cocoanut!

Feg vouches for the fact that *Western Street,* a replica of Tombstone, Arizona, at Universal Studios is the most photographed street in the world and that down this street Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Harry Carey and Buck Jones have ridden to fame and fortune. *Western Trails* was the 1,000th picture in which this much-photographed street was featured.

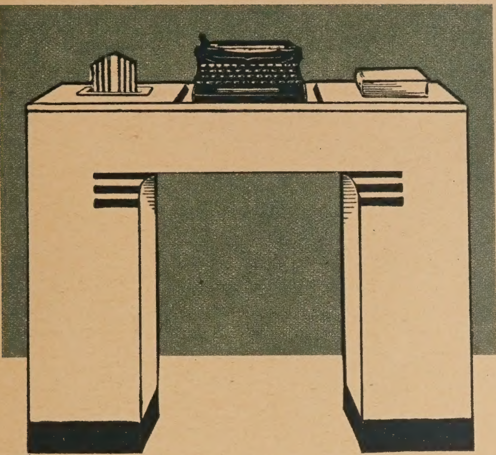
"Seein' Stars" fans have learned that Jean Hersholt once studied portrait painting and that he sketches his fellow players in each of his pictures . . . Ed Wynne has worn the same pair of shoes for 27 years and they have cost him $1,700 to keep in repair . . . John Boles was a southpaw pitcher for the University of Texas and once fanned 19 batters in a single game . . . Gary Cooper came to Hollywood to be a cartoonist . . . Jimmy Dunn always looks at himself in a cracked mirror the day he starts work on a new picture.

Through it all *Feggo,* the little Chinese idol, smiles and frowns, frowns and smiles as he watches the Hollywood parade go by.

COMING NEXT MONTH—

What small investments made by Eleanor Powell, Eddie Bergen, and Fred MacMurray turned out to be their greatest assets? Be sure to read

WE GAMBLED AND WON!



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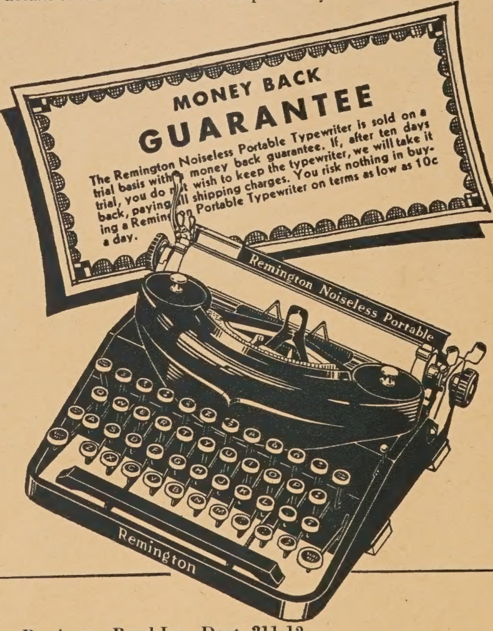

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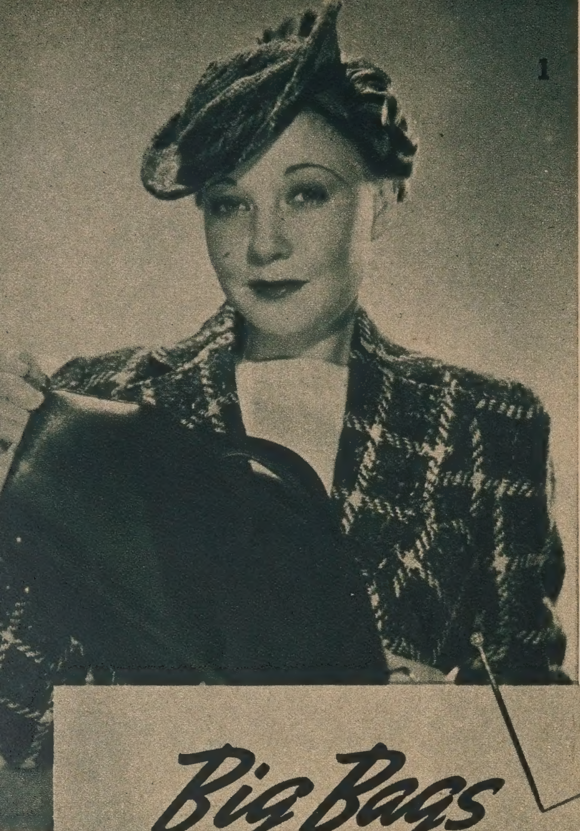

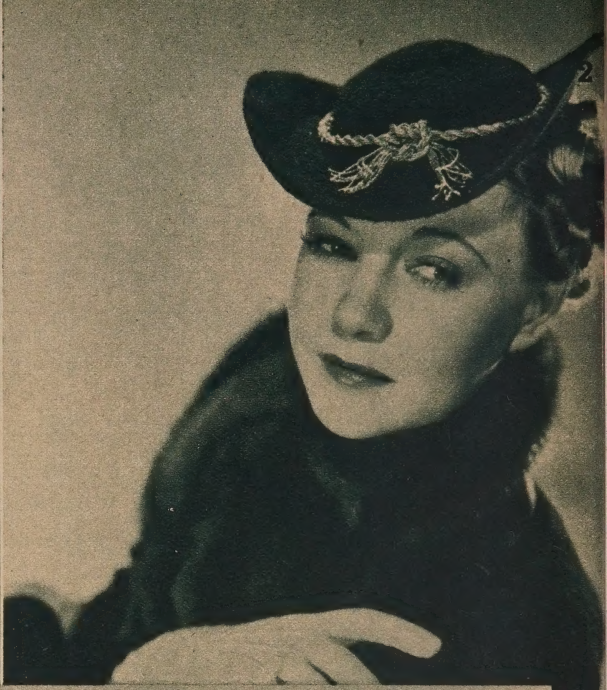

Big Bags little hats

1 MGM's Una Merkel attends luncheon in this bold checked tweed jacket of brown and aquamarine blue, a rolling sailor Tippy-Tippy of matching chenille, and a streamlined brown calf Tasket Basket bag. Perky!

2 Una matinees in a Tippy-Tippy Padre hat of black blocked tweed with a woven military cord of gold. Her curls are piled high for jaunty sophistication and her black coat is sable trimmed. *Honolulu* is her next pic.

Up, up, up in our estimation goes the fashion of big bags and little hats—the hats because they do divine things for those Dresden shepherdess curls, the bags because they are the most practical thing yet evolved for women who go loaded with gadgets, cosmetics and papers.

When the little hats first came in, there was a good deal of skepticism and derision wafted in their direction, but these skeptics had forgotten that as hair sweeps upward in an intricate pattern of curls, bangs and waves, the big bulky hats of yesterday crush such coiffures to an untimely end—and do not show them off well at all.

The newest of the little Tippy-Tippys let you slant your hat at the most becoming and heightening angle. The shirred elastic band not only holds curls up, but keeps the hat on despite the dashing tilt.

There's something very picturesque and appealing about the combination of the big bag and little hat . . . gay little hats . . . first cousins to the opera hat of 1897, but far more versatile, and big functional modern bags—like the ones that Coblentz, American bag designer, talks about. He feels that a good bag is designed to suit living conditions, and since all of us go dashing about from place to place leading a far more public life than Grandma did, and using far more beauty aids, it's only natural that we should have to carry a greater supply of things with us—and because we believe in looking lovely all the time, and in flitting from bus to subway to taxi—we should be able to get at all of our cosmetics and gold quickly and easily.

The modern version of the little hat is smart for all occasions, and each little hat has its own type of big companion bag. For instance, a little hand-made multicolor tweed Tippy-Tippy goes to town with a modern calfskin version of the shopping bag with double handles so that it can be carried tucked under the arm or swinging gaily. It's an enormous rectangle and has soft pliant folds that add immeasurably to its capacity while the change purse (a Coblentz idea) swings on a well-secured rubber elastic so that it is not only get-at-able but non-losable.

Fine little French felt Tippy-Tippys, all hand finished and quite as important as bigger hats, look even more doll-like and giddily feminine when they are contrasted with heavy gilt handled, pouch bags or shirred rectangular antelopes on a ring. These are teamed for a very merry season.

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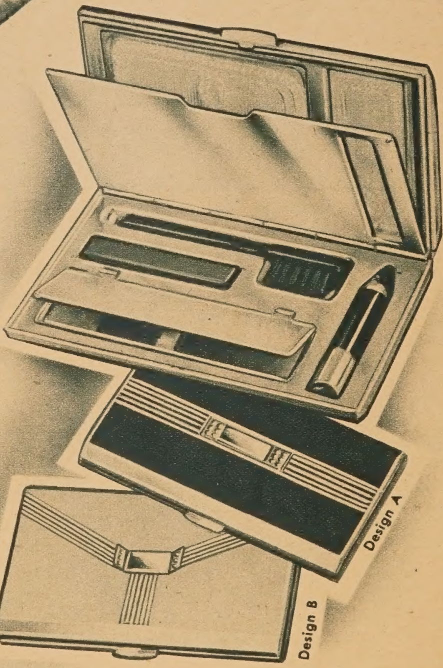

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from fashion to fame

(Continued from page 33)

Michael Whalen, for instance, came to Miss Donner's studio from the John Powers agency, the famous casting bureau for advertising models. Whalen posed for collar ads, toothpaste promotions, hair tonic and shaving lotion photographs, and all the other varieties of advertising for which the handsome male can be utilized; but until he appeared in his first fashion show, he had never had any actual dramatic experience.

"Mike was a very nice boy," Miss Donner recalls. "He was very quiet, but very determined. He wasn't exactly bashful, but he did give the impression that he wasn't at all conceited. Although he was quiet, you felt somehow that he was going to stick to this movie thing until he had it licked. I knew he was bound to make good some day."

Michael Whalen appeared in one of the first fashion films which Vyvyan Donner made after coming to the Fox studios. Before that, Miss Donner had been fashion designer, newspaper artist, scenery designer, and actress. A pupil of George B. Bridgman, she got a newspaper job in which she wrote a daily column of fashion news. Later she was a poster designer. All the while, though, she was interested in getting into the movies, and used to haunt producers' offices with a portfolio under her arm and hundreds of ideas for making movies in her head. When she received no encouragement from the studios, she decided to make a picture on her own.

The studio for Miss Donner's first picture was located above a theatre, so she could tap the current for lighting. Actors were her friends, and all the props came from Woolworth's. The total cost of production was $50. She made a profit of 1000% by selling it to Pathe for $500, and then its travels began. For years after it had left the first-run theatres, Miss Donner was continually coming across her first movie effort in small town theatres. Last year, thirteen years later, when she had forgotten all about it, she saw a piece of the original one-reel production sandwiched into a comedy at the Translux.

In 1929, Miss Donner came to the Fox studios with an idea for making fashion shows. Studio officials were skeptical; it had been tried, they said, and couldn't be done. Fashion movies were spinach. At last, Miss Donner got permission to try one show. She has been making pictures regularly once a week ever since. Her fashion shows play to an audience of 40,000,000 every week, in 8,000 theatres throughout America, and a total world audience of 100,000,000, eventually encircling the globe in French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian and German translations—which also helps make the people who are acting in her shows well-known.

Phyllis Brooks, who is now a featured player with Twentieth Century-Fox, was first seen in a New Year's greeting film which was shown in all parts of the world. She came to Miss Donner very young, being barely sixteen when she appeared in her first picture. A couple of alert talent scouts for Fox, Joe Holton and Joe Pincus, had seen her on a street car, found out where she lived, and suggested her to Miss Donner as a fashion show possibility.

"Phyllis was shy, very timid and very sweet," Miss Donner says. "When she made her first picture for us, she almost shook while the scenes were being shot, she was so nervous. However, she came through like a real trouper. Phyllis made her screen debut in a New Year's greeting picture which I made for the winter of 1933-34. I had chosen twelve beautiful girls, representing the types of beauty most characteristic of various nations, and had each girl say a New Year's greeting in her own language. Phyllis had such a sweet, youthful type of beauty that I chose her as the typical American girl. In spite of the fact that she was nervous about being in front of the camera, she carried that show herself. She was mainly responsible for its being a success."

Phyllis Brooks, recalls Miss Donner, was always very studious. "She was studying, singing and speaking," Miss Donner says, "and was always having lessons in one or the other. Whenever we wanted her for a show, it meant that we were pretty sure to be taking her away from a voice or diction lesson. When she was not wanted on the set, you'd be very apt to find her in the dressing room with a book in her hand, studying. She read everything she could get her hands on. Her favorites were the classics—Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Browning, and a great many others I can't remember. She also studied foreign languages, and used to read books in French, German and Italian for practice. I was sure she'd make a success of her film career.

Priscilla Lawson was first seen by Miss Donner wearing a rubber bathing suit in a fashion show at Gimbel's sponsored by an automobile tire company. Struck with her appearance, Miss Donner offered her a job in her fashion shows on the spot. Priscilla Lawson had never been on the stage or in the movies before, but she had modelled clothes a great deal. Her debut was not marred by the slightest nervousness, Miss Donner recalls. "When Priscilla went before the cameras for her first take, she was as calm as if she had been doing it all her life.

"When I first saw her," Miss Donner continues, "I believed that Priscilla Lawson was better as an actress than as a model. Not that she wasn't a good model—she was very good looking and she knew how to wear clothes. She was the type of girl who is poised and sure of herself at all times. Still there was a certain feeling for the dramatic in any situation that you couldn't help noticing whenever you met her. And, sure enough, in a little while she had a contract and was on the way to Hollywood."

Alan Curtis also came to Miss Donner via the Powers agency. Like Michael Whalen, he had had no previous experience save that of posing for advertising photographs. After making a good many fashion pictures for Miss Donner, he also announced that he had been offered a movie contract, and that he was off for the West Coast.

Of all the Donner fledglings, Mike Whalen was the only one who went to Hollywood "on spec." All the rest were tightly sewed up in contracts before they left New York. Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson were first signed by MGM, while Phyllis Brooks went to Hollywood under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Priscilla Lawson's screen test for Hollywood, Miss Donner informs us, was made in bed. The scene for which she was being tested was from a light, sophisticated drama in which the heroine was supposed to be just getting up. So Priscilla Lawson achieved something which many people only dream about. She went down to the studios, spent two days in bed, and got paid for doing it.

"I just found out recently," Miss Donner says, "that Priscilla Lawson is married to Alan Curtis. Now, that's a strange thing. Both used to work with me in my shows. Both went to Hollywood. Yet Priscilla didn't start working for me until after Alan had gotten his contract and gone to Hollywood. And they never met in my studios, although they have both acted in the fashion newsreel! They had to go to California, where they both turned up in the same lot. After they worked together in one picture, they discovered they were in love and decided to get married."

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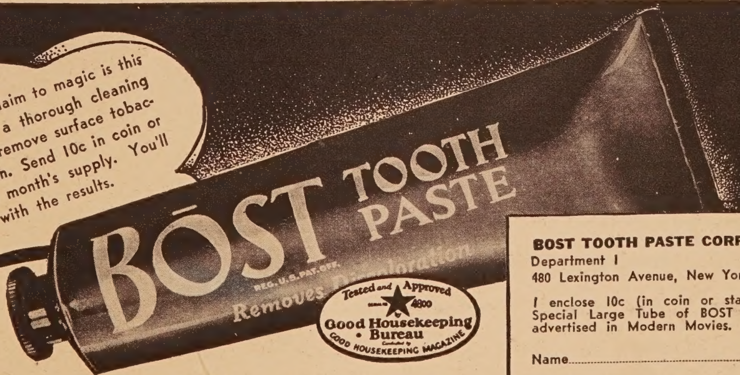
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jeanette eats her spinach

(Continued from page 17)

When a young lady has been singing for so many years, and when she rated top success as a singer for seven of those years, and when she still goes on taking a daily singing lesson come what may—even an Act of God—then that ought to give you a pretty clear picture of her character. It isn't that she can't live without her singing lesson—or, more to the point, that she can't sing without it—but by golly, a rule is a rule, and if Jeanette has seen fit to make a rule about something, then it's worth keeping that rule, right to the letter.

Some years ago a lot of people told Jeanette she couldn't sing. She could dance, yes; she was a lovely dancer and creating fine fame and fortune for herself on her toes—so why try to succeed at something else for which she was not nearly so well fitted? Only one told her differently—this same Grace Adele Newell. "You *can* be a great singer someday," she told her. "But it will mean sacrifices, giving up some of the fun that you enjoy now. It will mean putting your voice first above everything. Are you willing to do that? Because if you are—"

Jeanette's answer doesn't have to be repeated. Her life since has been the answer: Work and career first have been her creed. *But*—and there is a very delightful But—it hasn't made a dull person of her, it hasn't turned her into one of those Talented Bores whom we all know and meet everywhere. Jeanette developed her voice, but she did not develop into a Voice. She retained her personality, her gaiety, her humor. She continued on as the same show-must-go-on trouper which she has always been. She emerged with a great Prima Donna voice, but without any of the Prima Donna characteristics.

It's well known, for example, that singers who want to really take care of their voices never smoke, touch only an occasional cocktail, and keep very early bedtime hours. Jeanette has always regarded all three of these rules; but she bends just as far backward to make sure that her friends aren't conscious of them. She has never been known to complain about other people's smoking, drinking or late hours. The cigarette boxes in the MacDonald-Raymond home are always well filled, with plenty of ash trays handy. They have a bar, stocked with the best wines and liquors. Guests invariably linger until two and three—but that's all right too, because the Raymonds only give parties between pictures, when there's no early set call the next day. Jeanette is really a miracle in that respect—she eats her own spinach but never makes the mistake of trying to force it on others, too.

All this results from her deep-bedded consideration of others. Jeanette is one of the few women in Hollywood who is really quite old fashioned about social niceties: she is meticulous in her consideration for other people, and other people's feelings. It's what makes her such a social success, such a perfect hostess, and an even more perfect guest. There's her strict attention to "thank you notes," for one thing. If you send Jeanette flowers, or some little gift, she may call you right up on the telephone to tell you how pleased she is, but in addition, you'll also get a correct little thank-you note the next day—written by hand, of course. If you entertain her at dinner, she'll thank you for that too the same way. And if by some strange happening she *can't* make the dinner party, "regret" flowers and a regret note always arrive in plenty of time so that you can make other plans. As someone once explained this "correct" quality of hers: "She's from Philadelphia, remember. You know what that means." A city whose sons and daughters are known for their thoughtfulness, kindness, and social correctness.

Because she is so strict about such things herself, she can't understand laxness in others. It's the one thing which upsets her—behind the scenes at least. Not so long ago Jeanette had arranged a dinner party for fourteen people. A day or so before, one of the guests was taken ill. That panicked her. She's superstitious and wouldn't allow thirteen to sit at one table, no matter what happened. She invited two more people, and then breathed more easily. On the night of the dinner they waited and waited for the guests of honor to arrive. At nine-thirty Jeanette finally phoned. They had been confused; they had thought Jeanette's party was for the next night, and were giving a party themselves right then.

To say that Jeanette wasn't angry would be to do her an injustice. She was plenty angry just as you or I would have been. Not only because her guests of honor weren't even showing up, but also because there were again thirteen at the table—the one thing she had been trying to avoid. It had been a bad five minutes there behind the curtain of the dining room while she rearranged place cards. All by herself she stamped her foot and made faces, and let off some real MacDonald steam. But then it was all over; she came out smiling; none of the guests had an idea even of what had happened. When they all filed in to dinner a few minutes later there were twelve places at the big table, and one place laid at a smaller table, adjoining the big one. Jeanette had gotten around her superstition. She and Gene flipped a coin for the small table; he sat at the small one. As far as anyone else knew, it had been planned that way—a sort of whimsical MacDonald-Raymond joke probably.

Jeanette would never confuse her dates: there's that engagement pad of hers which she adheres to strictly. The minute someone phones her about something, she makes a record of it at once, even before the conversation is terminated, and if she once definitely promises to go somewhere, she never fails to keep that promise.

You have perhaps seen pictures of Gene and Jeanette made up as an elderly couple for that Fifty Years From Now Party, which they attended some time ago. On the night of the party Jeanette had to work late on tests at the studio. It was almost seven when she finished on the set and she knew that the make-up would take two hours or more. She also knew that she had to work the next day, and that meant that she must be at home and in bed by twelve-thirty. Most anyone else, at this last minute, would have said, "Oh, let's skip the masquerade and make-up part, and let's go just as we are." It would certainly have been a fair enough compromise. But Jeanette isn't a compromise type—she's a strictly do-or-don't girl, and they did. They arrived at ten-thirty, and along about twelve they left. That is, they slipped out quietly, calling no attention to the fact that Jeanette was a working star at the moment and had to have her rest. Many times she does leave early, but she makes her exits so smoothly that she is never guilty of breaking up a party.

Aside from the early bedtime ritual there is another which she observes, for her health's sake, whenever she is making a picture. That is the half-hour walk which she and Gene always take together, usually after dinner. It's quite a walk too, we might say—often more of a run and romp than a walk. All of the dogs tearing along with them. There is one Newfoundland, two Irish setters, a Bedlington, and then the grey Skye terrier whom Jeanette calls Stormy Weather. They are rowdy rascals, too, all of them, and Jeanette dresses especially for their rowdiness—in slacks and a leather jacket. Low-heeled walking oxfords too. She doesn't mince when she walks! She really goes at it; throwing sticks for the dogs, and often beating them to it! There are some

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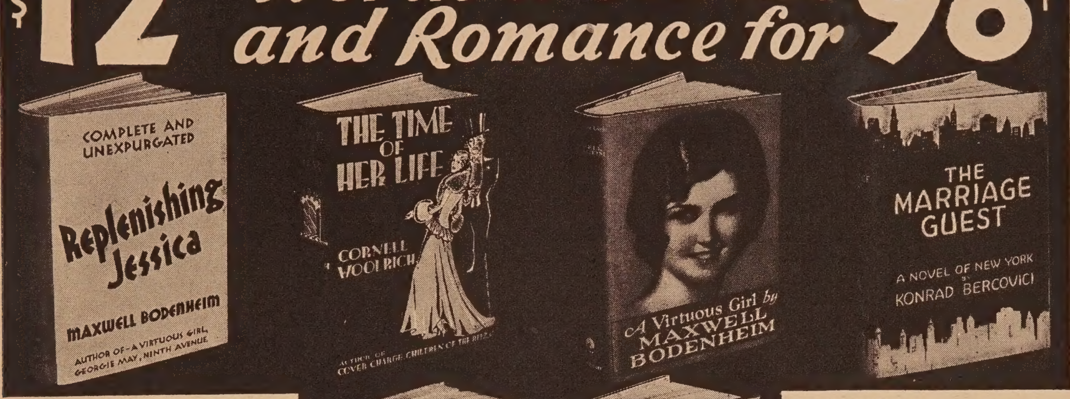

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beautiful walks around their own two acres, up and down hill mostly. When the dogs are with them they keep to the open, uncultivated spaces. However after a half hour or so the dogs are usually worn out; they're chained up again, and then for another peaceful ten minutes, Gene and Jeanette make the rounds of the gardens which are taboo for the animals. There's that rose walk Gene planted for her; it's practically a block long, with every imaginable type of rose planted there. Also there's Jeanette's own little garden, surrounded by a tiny white fence, with a sign, *Jardin de la Princess,* over the white swinging gate. This, too, Gene created for her: Her own retreat, with a flower bed border of all the old fashioned flowers which Jeanette loves best.

Jeanette has been troubled with insomnia off and on for many years. She has tried all sorts of cures, but the one sure one which always works is a half hour of music before she turns in. So after the walk they sometimes stop in at the Music House. This is actually a separate little house, one of the many original things about their home. It is done in white, decorated with the authentic MacDonald Clan plaid. Here there are twin white pianos, and nearly every evening, Gene and Jeanette improvise at duets. Music is the one thing of which neither of them can ever seem to get enough. Jeanette claims that it's not only an inspiration, but that to her it's also a beauty and rest treatment.

Speaking of beauty calls to mind another interesting point about Jeanette. It's quite the usual thing for stars to think a lot about their own looks—both on and off the screen. Beauty, in Hollywood, is so definitely a career asset. Most stars spend a great deal of money and time developing their beauty, just as they spend money and time developing their talents—lessons and coaching, etc. But Jeanette is not one of those: Personally she cares very little for clothes; she doesn't give two cents for the "newest" coiffure, the latest nail polish. Beauty tricks just don't interest her. She likes to dress formally for evening, but daytimes you'll see her most often in "just any old thing." You'll see her around Hollywood getting out of her beautiful town car, attired in slacks and a sweater, with a bandana on her head, and wearing dark glasses. But when it comes to dressing for a picture, that's something else, because that directly affects her work. When she found out that she was to wear "modern" clothes in *Sweethearts,* she shuddered and said, "Oh dear, now I'll have to let my finger nails grow miles long, and wear brilliant nail polish!" It was quite amusing to see how she struggled with those finger nails. She'd forget about their new exaggerated length, get to talking and gesturing excitedly, and suddenly, rip—she had torn a nail on the edge of a chair or desk. She soon had to carry a finger-nail emergency kit, to repair the damages. The minute the picture was finished, the nails were filed down, and the bright nail polish was replaced by her former light-tinted one.

It's interesting, too, that Jeanette regards any comments on her beauty as strictly impersonal. To read that she was "beautiful to look at" in a picture review, doesn't thrill her; but any comment about her voice or her acting is carefully weighed and studied. In fact after *Maytime* was previewed, when all the reviewers raved about how gorgeous she was, Jeanette gave her cameraman, Oliver Marsh, all the credit for that part of her success. She sent him a wire which repeated the usual credit lines: "Miss MacDonald's gowns by Adrian, Miss MacDonald's hats by Dare," etc., and then at the last there was her own added credit, "Miss MacDonald's beauty by Oliver Marsh."

As for the rest, the credit is all hers. The work that she has put on her voice, is all hers. It hasn't always been easy; it *has* meant lots of strict rules, many fun sacrifices. Jeanette has always done what is good, and right, for her, but she has never bored others with it—when spinach has to be eaten, she eats it, and without making a fuss about it! She's a real sport!

boom, boom, here's the british

(Continued from page 41)

ment are all that the vast sweep and rugged wildness of Himalayan mountain peaks; the stubborn bravery and reckless courage of the British colonial troops; the mystic rites and brutalities of a country infested with religious fanatics. To accomplish this purpose RKO-Radio put aside one and one-half million dollars.

Producer-Director George Stevens flew all over California in a chartered plane seeking a spot that would closely resemble the rocky wilderness of the Khyber Pass and the arid wastes of northern India where the action of the story takes place. He finally found it some two hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood in the foothills of Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States.

One week later this wilderness swarmed with builders, art directors, carpenters, plumbers, electricians and every variety of laborer. This former home of coyote and deer, teemed with a bewildering bedlam of human activity, out of which arose a bit of India of the nineties—and a modern 1938 motion picture location camp.

When Editor May C. Kelley assigned me to do this story for *Modern Movies,* Linn Unkefer on the RKO-Radio publicity department suggested we fly up to the location. "From the air you can get the best idea of the entire layout," he said. "Then we can land at Lone Pine and be driven over to see it first hand." This sounded marvelous, so a few days later we took off.

From the air near Mt. Whitney the highest and lowest spots in the entire United States can be seen simultaneously—Mt. Whitney, the highest, of course, and Death Valley the lowest.

Flying over the rocky rugged foothills we suddenly looked down upon a vast British cantonment. It included barracks three hundred by eight hundred feet, officers' quarters, stables, elephant stalls and carefully levelled-off spacious parade grounds. I noticed the peculiarly dark appearance of the soil and Linn explained oil trucks had sprayed some twenty-six thousand gallons of crude oil over the location area to simulate the black loam of northern India.

Not far from this spot we circled over a Hindu village, covering six acres. This, Linn told me, was capable of housing 700 souls. As a fierce fight and flight takes place on the roofs of this village, each roof had to be made strong enough to bear the weight of many running, struggling men.

Circling past this we soon came to an immense clearing. Here we looked down upon an amazing housing plant for some 1,500 people. Linn explained there were more than 100 tents, each with modern plumbing facilities, summer furniture, shades and awnings, and every convenience for the hot summer weather so almost unbearable at times in these foothills.

He pointed out a huge commissary in which four hundred extras were fed at one time; a recreation hall for the cast and players with a sign Gungad Inn on the front; an immense make-up tent housing 120 long tables and mirrors, and another tent containing some 2,000 costumes and uniforms. There were also a complete hospital, a magazine, drug, and soft drinks store, and a weekly newspaper building where the Gunga Din Bugle was published.

I noticed an open air theater where Linn said the rushes were run off each night, together with any other pictures the company wished to see. A little removed from this modern camp was another tent with ammunition and all firearms used in the picture.

Moving below us in all three locations as we gained altitude to fly toward Lone Pine to land, was a steady regulated activity. I could see elephants, camels, sacred cows, and literally hundreds of horses being unloaded from trucks, being ridden, or huddled in corrals. Studio cars, camera and equipment vans, huge trucks and trailers were scurrying about carrying necessary equipment for the day's shooting. Great passenger busses moved in a steady line transporting extras to the scene of the shooting. The entire location was dotted with private cars of workmen, artisans, players and anybody and everybody belonging to this tremendous motion picture production.

Out of the wilderness arose a great clatter of movement and industry. Linn was right, the astounding scope of the accomplishment of the studio for the production of *Gunga Din* never could be realized fully except from the air. On one side it was like viewing a genuine section of the Himalayas with a great native village at its feet, a Hindu Temple in all its bizarre pagan beauty, and a British outpost of the nineties with all its pomp and pageantry—while just around a boulder from all this ancient and authentic Indian atmosphere appeared a very real and earnest group of moderns, housed and fed amidst all the comforts and luxuries of the twentieth century.

And now something about the story: At the opening a British patrol is slain by a group of Thugges, the religious fanatics and worshippers of the Goddess Kali. A detachment of men running a telegraph line to the village of Tantrapur is in the heart of the area where the Thugges are operating. The Colonel sends for his trio of strong-arm sergeants, Grant, Fairbanks, and McLaglen. They are sent out with a special detachment to speed up the work of the linemen.

In the meantime the fanatics are flaming into general revolt. They plan to drive the hated white man out of India. Their headquarters are in a secret temple near Tantrapur.

Gunga Din, a native water carrier, worships Cary Grant. He tells him there is a temple of gold in the nearby hills. He begs McLaglen to make him a soldier, but McLaglen refuses.

Thugges attack the line builders and drive them back into the village. The three sergeants, their ammunition gone, leap into the river, after a period of bitter fighting and an exciting escape across the roofs of the village. They reach headquarters and report the attack. The Colonel orders them to get replacements and return.

Fairbanks is engaged to Joan Fontaine, the daughter of a tea company official. His enlistment is to expire

MARCHAND'S TONIGHT
MEANS NEW GLAMOUR TOMORROW

BEFORE—Gladys S. used Marchand's—her hair was dark, faded-looking, contrasting with her light complexion, this did much to age and dull her beauty.

AFTER—Gladys S. used Marchand's—notice the blonde highlights that blend into perfect color harmony with her fair skin and light eyes. Now she is younger looking and more glamorous.

AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
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And now we have another grand contest! How would you like to win a stunning Coney fashion? A lovely three-quarter swagger . . . A darling bolero . . . And an oversized muff-bag that will keep the fingertips hidden from old Jack Frost. For full details turn to page 50 of this issue of MODERN MOVIES. You'll be happily surprised!

$150.00 in Cash Prizes

Name .... Name .... Name ....

THESE ARE YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STARS

Stars of the air today are as popular as stars of the screen. Few do not know these men of the ether as well as they know their movie favorites.

We are making the fun of naming these stars profitable by cash rewards. In addition to the above mentioned prizes there will be a promptness prize **of a complete 12-volume de luxe Encyclopedia for the first THREE PRIZE WINNERS.** Get your answer in early. Cut out the three above and piece them together with the proper mates and write the name of each rearranged completed picture below the picture. The contest closes Jan. 31, 1939. Send at once to

First Prize, $75 — Second, $25 — Third, $15, and Seven $5 Awards

Stars of the Air Contest, Dept. IP, 2206 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

very shortly so someone else is assigned to take his place. This displeases McLaglen, so he creates a situation in which at the last moment Fairbanks is ordered to go with him after all.

At Tantrapur, Cary Grant gets restless and decides to go in search of the gold temple Gunga Din had said was nearby. Gunga Din goes with him. They enter the temple not knowing it is filled with sleeping Thugges. Grant is captured but Gunga Din escapes.

The Colonel organizes a searching party to find the missing Grant. A short distance from town Joan Fontaine and the man who was supposed to replace Fairbanks, are approaching with Fairbanks' discharge. They are attacked by a small group of Thugges but rescued by the Colonel's searching party. They return to the village and there find Gunga Din. He tells them of Grant's capture.

They realize if they wish to save Grant it must be by some ruse, so Fairbanks disguises himself as a native and with Gunga Din goes to the temple as a Thugge recruit. They take McLaglen, who pretends to be their British prisoner. They finally rescue Grant and capture the Master of the Thugges, but are driven into the tower of the temple. Here they are temporarily safe as the fanatics fear they will kill their leader if they fire upon them.

Finally, as a rescue party approaches, the three Englishmen see their colonel walking straight into an ambush. They fight their way out to join their Colonel. There is a terrific battle, but the Colonel and the three sergeants with a few others are captured. They are strapped to crosses and fastened to the mouths of cannons. Long fuses are lighted . . .

What happens to save them from this situation and how Gunga Din at long last wins his right to a soldier's cross for honor and bravery, must be seen to be appreciated.

Blood and thunder, excitement and thrills, rugged beauty in backgrounds, plus three romantic and hard fighting heroes like Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—well, that should make sure-fire entertainment of the most welcome sort! Sam Jaffe plays the hero-worshipping Gunga Din, and Edwardo Cianelli makes a most convincing and bloodthirsty master of the Thuggee cult.

This is one of these super-specials of the rugged adventure type, which is to be our screen fare throughout the winter months according to all studio production plans. I wouldn't miss it for anything, for one, and I don't think any of you will want to miss it either.

hollywood happenings

(Continued from page 14)

and also alone. He looked very grim and lonely. Knowing that Joan and Cesar were expected momentarily there was not a little breath-holding until Cesar showed up all by himself. Was Joan afraid of a scene? Everyone was wondering what would happen—and everyone is still wondering.

✦

Cesar Romero appears to be Hollywood's official heartbalmer. Remember it was Cesar who helped comfort Sonja Henie after Tyrone Power? And by the way, Sonja and Tyrone seem to be finding a special kind of pleasure in each other's company again. So anything may happen from now on.

✦

Gary Cooper called a Los Angeles theater to find out what was playing, and what time the next features went on the screen. The impersonal voice of the information gal came back with, "*Meet The Girls* at 9:05; *Too Hot To Handle* at 10:15." I guess the girl was somewhat mystified when Gary blurted "Wow!", and she's probably still wondering why the voice at the other end carried such shocked surprise.

✦

Danielle Darrieux had Universal executives in a dither over her prolonged silence, continued away past the date of her expected return. The war scare was to blame for that, too. Her husband, Henri Decoin, is one of France's war aces. With the crisis in Europe he waited for developments—so Danielle waited, too. She forgot all about the picture she was scheduled to start for Universal. War dwarfs everything else in individuals' lives—even important picture contracts. The studio finally located her and postponed her starting date.

✦

Anita Louise and Buddy Adler, with Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott, compose an inseparable foursome. Jane Bryan had Eddie Albert *really* worried over those rumors of a heavy romance with Phil Kellogg while he was in New York. Odds are even that the Janet Gaynor-Adrian romance will lead to the altar; Adrian will tell anybody he hopes so, but Janet says practically nothing.

✦

Walter Catlett rushed onto a set where Dick Powell, Allen Jenkins and Minna Gombell, all yacht owners, were enacting a quivering slice of drahma. In the middle of the scene the irrepressible Catlett yelled, "Hey, your boat's burning!" All three yacht owners chorused shrilly, "MINE?"

✦

Ann Evers celebrated the completion of her first important screen role with Barbara Stanwyck in *The Mad Miss Manton*—by taking her friend and apartment-sharer, Beverly Higgins, to the movies. When they returned they found the apartment stripped of every article of clothing they owned. Even lingerie, toilet articles, a camera and a check for $25 had been taken. Neither girl had insurance, and the evening's outing left them owning nothing whatever except the clothes on their backs.

✦

Irene Castle still preserves all the dresses she wore during her dancing career with her husband, Vernon Castle, one of America's war martyrs. She has kept them as some people treasure mementoes of other sorts, to bring back memories. She can show you a gown twenty-five or thirty years old and tell you exactly when she wore it, and what happened while she had it on. The lovely blue and silver dress delivered to her for a new dance routine on the very day Vernon enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps at the beginning of the World War—a dress she laid aside and never wore—will be worn by Ginger Rogers in the screen version of the Castles' life and career. Those old gowns, oddly enough, are completely modern, for they had the same long flowing lines so popular now.

✦

War was too realistically dramatic for June Lang and her mother when military authorities came around to their hotel in London to measure them for gas masks. Everyone in the city must have one, they were informed. It brought the fearfulness of bombs in the night, death and violence a bit too close. June and Mamma managed to snare a cancelled passage on the Queen Mary and hurried home to the comparative peace and quiet of Hollywood. An English actress will play the role intended for June in *So This Is London*. June said she was sorry to give up the part, but there's no place like home under such circumstances.

✦

It must be love! Howard Hughes is going to "angel" a play in which heart-throb Katharine Hepburn will be starred. The play won't be seen on Broadway, however, according to present plans. Katie feels she needs a little more sangfroid before tackling the Great White Way again. If you believe in romantic omens, the Hepburn-Hughes nuptials may be Hollywood's next important wedding.

lucky lad lew

(Continued from page 35)

steady rise," he explained. "Even if it isn't the sort of rise visible to others—do you see what I mean?"

Yes, I could see clearly that not the outward and visible signs were important to Lew, but the inward satisfaction that comes from trying and from accomplishment according to the ideals and standards he has set for himself, so much higher than the actual success which he is rapidly winning again in such pictures as *Holiday* and *Rich Man, Poor Girl,* and now as the earnest young doctor Kildare in the picture of that name, his first since his nice new contract with MGM.

"You need to understand success," he continued earnestly, "to be strong enough to take it . . . "

The depth of Lew's philosophy amazes you, knowing how young he is, seeing him superficially as a handsome, likeable boy and not expecting him to be so much more than that. You know in brief the outline of his life: how he was born in Minneapolis, came to California when a small lad, went to the University of Arizona and joined the college orchestra as a banjo and guitar player. Then a few of the boys who felt college was a waste of time organized their own band and Lew went with them, on a tour of the Mexican border towns. At seventeen, minus most of his illusions, Lew was playing with an orchestra in Culver City.

He owes his first test to a talent scout and six months later Garbo chose him for her picture and he was made. To Lew, all that is as unimportant as the oblivion that was to follow, and the sky-rocket fame that was too much for so young a boy to take. For little by little, while he has been one of Hollywood's almost forgotten men, Lew has built up an enduring philosophy. Not a *pattern* for living but a *way* of living that is as satisfying as it is profound.

Some months ago he built a house, the highest on Lookout Mountain in the hills back of Hollywood, a short drive in his old but stalwart Buick from the studio. It is just a small house, unpretentious but well built. Soon after he moved in, storm and flood took its toll of the surrounding terrain. Lew stood looking down on scenes of destruction, saw other houses washed away, saw part of his own grounds disappear before his very eyes and knew that if the wind were a little swifter, a matter maybe of twenty-five miles per hour more, the waters a little stronger, his own sturdy domicile would go careening down the mountainside.

1938
HEALTH GREETINGS

CHRISTMAS SEALS

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The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MODERN MOVIES published monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois, for October 1, 1938.

State of Illinois }
County of Ogle } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. S. Dies, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Modern Movies and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Ideal Publishing Corp., 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, May C. Kelley, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, May C. Kelley, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, A. S. Dies, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Ideal Publishing Corp., 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; W. M. Cotton, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Lucile D. Cotton, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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A. S. DIES, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1938.

(Seal) GLENN W. WHITEMAN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

That was part of the lesson learned, part of the deep experience lying behind the words: "You can't count on material things, on any sort of security in this world. You put your money in insurance, in bonds, the companies fail, the government declares a moratorium—anything can happen. You can't depend on people—you think a person is your friend—" he shrugged away from that subject and begged for understanding again. "I am no *escapist.* I believe in spending, in enjoying what you have while you have it. My personal way of enjoying it is in my own home, with my music and books and quiet. But not to build a wall around myself, to get away from life, you understand.

"Shutting yourself away can be selfish, unless it serves some purpose. You have to be a part of life, to contribute to it. You know how it is, how in art and music, you create better against great odds. Perhaps you think you will go away, plan to work better at the shore or in the mountains and then find the time is gone and you have accomplished nothing and you come back and write a novel, with the baby squalling and meals to get and all the rest of it. No great things are accomplished except against odds, against adversity. Think of Beethoven—yes, everything contributes, helps us to grow. . . ."

And so, in his little mountain house, Lew thinks long thoughts and studies and works, not to get away from life but to bring to life a better understanding.

His studies are serious. Primarily interested in physics and astronomy, he is striving now for a more general education. "Not that I expect to be a walking encyclopedia," he deprecates, "but because right now I am not certain where my interests lie. But I count a day lost if I don't have at least two hours to study."

And so when Lew quotes philosophers, ancient and modern, you know it is not to display his erudition, but because he has found a way of applying their wisdom to his daily living. That it is far more vital to him than three meals a day.

Besides his reading, Lew has his music. He plays, is the possessor of a really fine voice, and also composes. And he has records of his favorite symphonies and operas. "It's a lazy way and only a substitute, but it's good. Good to get home and put my feet up and read or listen to a good recording. . . ."

Lew has only one servant, an elderly Czech who is an expert cook and an unobstrusive worker. "I can't bear hearing servants tramping through a house," he admitted. "I don't think I could stand more than one in a house!"

He also has a gardener who comes two or three times a week. Beyond that, the place runs itself and is enjoyed by uninvited wood folk too, birds and squirrels and rabbits and an occasional fox who seem to have decided it is a protected area. Formerly Lew had a dog who was his devoted companion for eight years. But some miserable misfit of a person shot him and Lew has never found another to take his place.

"Getting a dog isn't like buying furniture," Lew explained. "After all, a dog is a companion and also a great responsibility. They are so dependent on you! It ties you down—you can't just go away and leave him. It is not a relationship to be entered into lightly. I have put it off, not finding just the right one, and now the birds and animals are enjoying the place so, I'd rather hate to get one."

So Lew is discovering nature, and quite recently he has discovered another phase of it, too. Returning from a visit to his mother in La Jolla, where he had admired her beautiful flowers, he decided to plant some.

"Everyone told me it was the wrong season, and they told me, too, that you didn't plant seeds anyway—nothing would grow unless you set out little plants. But I went ahead with my little packets of seeds and just tossed them around." His eyes glowed. "I really didn't expect anything to happen but you'll hardly believe—a week or so later, everything was coming up! It was a strange sensation—you can't imagine how it felt—to see things growing and know you had had a part in it."

"Almost Godlike?" I ventured.

"Oh, no," his denial was quick. "Not that at all, rather as an instrument, perhaps, a part of something so big—"

He stopped trying to explain, fearful, I knew, of my misunderstanding, but I sensed then as all through our luncheon conversation, the solid rock of his faith in what lies beyond this world and all our little efforts.

"I believe," he had summed up his workaday philosophy, "that when you are ready, things come. You have to be in tune, eyes and ears open to recognize opportunity and accept it." His shyness swept over him again with a quick disclaimer, a nervous laugh. "I don't mean in tune with the infinite—just being awake, alert, receptive, ready. . . ."

Yes, Lew has gone to a hard school. He has lost his illusions, as we all have to lose our illusions in order to grow up. And for them he has substituted ideals and faith based on a clear intelligence that isn't afraid of what it sees but finds in it all a purpose that makes everything worth while.

He is not lonely—no one is lonely who knows the value of books.

"It is nice to have a companion," he says, "though sometimes a person may be near you, a physical companion, who still isn't *with* you. . . ."..

Two unhappy marriages were a part of Lew's schooling. But sometime he will find the right girl, a girl who shares his love of books and music and an occasional "spree" such as dining and dancing and having fun where lights are bright and crowds are gay. And a lucky girl she will be, because Lew will be dependable as well as a stimulating companion.

It all adds up to a man who is emerging out of the bewilderment of disillusioned youth into the understanding, the breadth of vision of an integrated personality. He has made his adjustments, gained poise and confidence, untinged by bitterness.

Still waters run deep. Keep your eye on Lew Ayres, whose career promises bigger and better achievements than those he has so blandly put in the discard.

"Things come when you are ready for them."

And Lew is ready now, a bigger man than any success—or any failure—that might lie ahead of him. He's headed for the top!

joan fontaine's dream

(Continued from page 29)

since babyhood her health had been so delicate her life at times was despaired of by her family. That is why, at the age of two, Joan had been brought from her native Tokyo to San Francisco. Physicians in that Japanese city declared she must be taken to a different climate were she to live.

After a short period spent in the Bay City, Mrs. deHavilland—that is Joan's real name—and daughter Olivia, moved to the little hamlet of Saratoga, some miles to the south, where Joan spent alternate weeks in bed and at play in her struggle for health. In that small hill town, Joan grew to lovely young womanhood, her life a lonely one because she was not strong enough to enter into the pastimes of the other girls.

Almost Cinderella-like was her advent into motion pictures. Henry Duffy, an old friend of the family and a Hollywood theatrical producer, knew of her ambition to carve out an acting career. He offered her a chance to try out for a role in *Call It a Day,* which he currently was casting for his El Capitan Theatre in the heart of

Hollywood, and Joan acquitted herself so well, that she immediately won the part. Jesse L. Lasky glimpsed her work the opening night, and straightway placed her under personal contract.

The tremendous appeal she exerts was evidenced in her first motion picture appearance. Shortly after Lasky had signed her, she was tested and cast in a "bit" for *Quality Street,* co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone. It wasn't much of a part, but there was one close-up with a young army officer . . . When the rushes were thrown on the screen in the studio projection room, executives were amazed and thrilled at the loveliness and alluring presence of this slender young newcomer. All were unanimous in declaring she possessed that compelling "something" which makes a player click with audiences, as well as a rare, flower-like beauty.

Among the most enthusiastic persons in the projection room was Katharine Hepburn. "There," she exclaimed, "SURELY is your next great star". . . and urged the studio executives to cast her in some important role immediately to try out her talents. So earnest were her pleas, and so deep and lasting an impression did Joan make upon studio officials, that Cliff Reid, one of the producers, selected her to play the lead opposite John Beal in *The Man Who Found Himself.* She was off!

There is a certain brittle quality about Joan that at times recalls the charm of Jean Arthur. Again, she can be softly feminine. In *Music for Madame,* with Nino Martini, she proved herself a capable dramatic actress, just as she demonstrated her ability to interpret lighter roles with Fred Astaire in *Damsel In Distress.* Personally, she prefers drama to comedy, but she enters into the latter with equal enthusiasm.

When first she entered studio life, Joan admits it was an enchanted land.

"Naturally, to be thrown suddenly into so wholly different an atmosphere would tend to change any girl," she says, "but in my case it was particularly true. I had led a sheltered, confined sort of existence. Most of my life had been spent indoors, or with older people. To find myself, then, the center of attention in the most fascinating city in the world—catered to, coddled—well, that was an experience beyond even my wildest dreams.

"I tried to keep my head, though. And I sincerely believe I have. But life opened up new channels, vistas unsuspected. How could I know that life could be so wonderful, so full, when I lay in my bed too ill to leave the house more than once or twice a month? In those early weeks at the studio I found more to engross me than I had thought possible."

That accounts for the vast change wrought in this young Joan Fontaine—she's only twenty—and why today she is so vitally alive to everything that goes on about her. Joan has grown up emotionally during the past year, and has fortified herself to take whatever happens in stride. Her mind is attuned to the change, and she accepts it as part of her destiny.

Joan's mettle was tested from the very first of her screen career. She proved herself in the eyes of Hollywood . . . and when a young actress can do that you may depend upon it that she is a very unusual sort of person.

Joan would not trade on her sister's name!

She insisted that her name not be linked with Olivia de Havilland's!

If she were to make good as an actress, she would do it on her own!

If she needed her sister's support, then she would prefer to abandon that career, and devote herself to some other line of endeavor!

Joan lives with her mother and sister in a charming vine-covered home reminiscent of a small bit of England. Her mother, you know, comes from the Isle of Guernsey. There, now, in a flower-filled patio, Joan sits on those days she isn't working at the studio, reading and regarding the distant hills.

When she's tired—and she still must not tax her strength too strenuously—she likes to talk to people. It relaxes her, she declares. She doesn't care for parties, because she's lived too entirely within herself to engage in the life of any party. For that reason, she seldom goes out socially, although her name has been linked romantically with Conrad Nagel.

For one who has lived so quietly, it's a revelation to watch her order a meal. She says herself that she "eats like a horse." At home, she has two servings of everything, and not dainty helpings, either. Hiking and horseback-riding are her two favorite forms of exercise, and whenever she can shoo the cook out of the kitchen she'll putter around with pots and pans, turning out the most amazing and tasty delicacies. Cooking is her one grand passion. (The truth of this assertion is borne out in the fact that half the men in Hollywood try to wangle Sunday-night invitations. She's a girl whose nature and activities seemingly are paradoxical.

From dreamer, Joan Fontaine has developed into a very modern young woman with a broad outlook upon life. She owns a directness of approach that spells success in any language, and has especial talent for forging ahead. Joan is on her way to glory!

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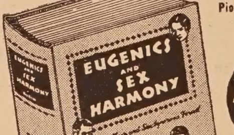

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they've got the air

(Continued from page 22)

lineup of stars blind you to the fact that a show doesn't have to come from Hollywood in order to be good, nor does it even have to boast big names. In fact some of the best shows—judged from the interest of the listeners and the returns to the sponsors—originate in Chicago and New York. I have in mind the daytime serials, many of which have run for three and four years. Averaging three to five weekly episodes of fifteen minutes each, the housewives of the nation have taken these little-known, unballyhooed shows to their hearts. The movies have only recently discovered that the public will go in a great big way for such homey fare as the Judge Hardy and Jones Family series, but radio has known that for a long time.

Shows like *John's Other Wife, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Dan Harding's Wife, Romance of Helen Trent, Pepper Young's Family, Story of Mary Marlin, The Goldbergs,* and *Backstage Wife* have acquired their intense following not because they deal with glamour but with the everyday problems of people like you and me. Once when the heroine on a certain show had to catch cold in the script, her acting was so realistic that her mail was flooded with cold cures. At another time when little brother looked as if he were blindly getting himself entangled with a scheming hussy, hundreds of letters advised how he might escape her clutches. These listeners couldn't have been more concerned if little brother were in their own family.

Did you know that Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, Gale Page, Nancy Kelly and the Mauch Twins, to mention a few, got their radio background on such daytime serials?

* * *

Recently *Variety,* the trade paper of show business, commented on Frank Morgan's radio work and called him "a character merger of Major Hoople, Don Juan and Baron Munchausen." After your reporter heard Frank sing, she would like to add that his vocal effort favors Donald Duck swinging an operatic aria.

* * *

Dropped in at the Ben Bernie rehearsal and find it's becoming a regular rendezvous because of the Ole Maestro's highjinks. Ben directs most of his heckling at Manny Prager and Bobby Gibson, who give him the needles when the show is on the air. Bobby was singing, so Ben grabbed another mike and kidded the song to pieces. When Bobby sang the words "You thrill me," Ben swished away mincingly and said, "Yowsah, so do you." At which Bobby strangled on a high C. He confuses Prager by mixing up the pages of his script and then gives him a bawling out for reading the wrong lines. Only Lew Lehr is safe from his horseplay because Lew is famous for his ribbing and Ben acknowledges he can't compete with the news-reel tongue-twister.

* * *

Did you know that if your home town church has a new roof, it's better than even money that Edward MacHugh had a hand in putting it there? As the Gospel Singer of the Columbia Broadcasting System, he has lent his talent to thousands of church benefits throughout the country. When he puts in a personal appearance, he not only draws a record crowd, he even stimulates a new interest in religion. In three years devoted to helping out poor congregations, he has travelled more than 57,000 miles by auto and has given about 300 concerts a year. That's certainly being neighborly in a great big way.

* * *

Ran into Benny Goodman the other day as he and his boys were going into a little jam session. Listened to him call on the various instruments to take the lead, and what he called 'em had no relation to what the instruments actually were. So, after the session I got him aside and asked him for a glossary of swing lingo. Here's what the instruments in the band are called, swing speaking—clarinet, licorice stick or gobble pipe; saxophone, horn or pipe; trombone, sliphorn; trumpet, tooter; piano, stomp box; string bass, doghouse; French horn, pretzel; flute, peanut whistle; violin, scratch box; banjo, skillet; drummer, hide-beater. If you'd like to have a complete list of definitions of the daffy phrases swing fans use in talking about different things, write us and we'll run them.

* * *

Bob Benchley who waxes hilarious in such shorts as *How to Vote* and *How to Care for Baby,* prides himself on being radio's worst-dressed man. His collar and tie hang loosely, his trousers are baggy, and his hat is as battered as a sparring partner. No fashion plate, as you can surmise. That's why when a young lady who had never seen him, asked Bob Montgomery to point him out to her. The usually mild Montgomery replied: "You can't possibly miss him. He looks exactly like an unmade bed."

And if Benchley reads this and is inspired to make another short, we want a cut.

* * *

We watched suave Adolphe Menjou put so much force into his master of ceremonying that by the time the broadcast was over his usually immaculate suit was as wilted as a damp wash rag. Just as soon as he saw the signal that the program was off the air he made a wild dash for his hat and shouted over his shoulder: "Excuse me, folks, I've got to get out of these wet clothes and into a dry Martini."

* * *

Even autograph-collecting has acquired a new wrinkle. The more zealous of the hounds are trying to lay hands on old scripts used by the stars, for it is the custom of each player to put his name on the script he uses. Robert Taylor, Bergen-McCarthy, and Fanny Brice scripts, in the order mentioned, are the most sought after.

Another phase of autograph-collecting was started by a pretty college girl. Seems that this particular co-ed, who has a yen for Herbert Marshall, got the bright idea of asking him to autograph her handkerchief at a recent broadcast. Bert complied and the handy lass got herself some embroidery thread and went over his signature in fancy stitches. Her sorority sisters soon copied the idea which in no time at all spread all over the country. That's why now hankies as well as books are offered for the celebrities to inscribe their names.

* * *

Speaking of clothes as we were a while back, it may be only manufacturers' propaganda, but even so it's a good story. And that is, there's a rumor afoot that Jack Benny is having his suits equipped with zippers so that it's a cinch, when he wears these ultra-fashionable numbers, to out-fumble all comers for the dinner checks.

* * *

When you are in New York, you might have occasion to telephone Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager and program producer. If so, you can do it easily by merely dialing his name. Thus, C-O-L-L-I-N-S is the same as Co-5-5467 on the automatic phone. You're welcome!

* * *

Charles Correll (the Andy of blackface Amos 'n' Andy) has lost none of the proficiency he acquired when he earned his living as a bricklayer. After watching the construction of his new swimming pool he called the foreman and said: "That pipe isn't right. It's at least two and a half feet out of line." Plans and specifications were then examined. Result: the pipe was found to be two feet six and a quarter inches out of line.

* * *

Speaking of odd facts found in strange places, a radio-minded attorney friend of ours showed me a page in the staid *Congressional Record* where, in a section devoted to Senator Carter Glass, it was revealed that: "His radio favorites are Gang Busters and Amos and Andy."

* * *

Funnyman Hugh Herbert was a recent guest star on the coffee show which features Dorothy Lamour. In case you've never known, offstage Herbert is the same mad zany he is when performing. When he exited from the NBC studio, he was besieged by autograph hunters. "Woo, woo," yelled Hugh, grabbing at the books, "I bet you think I'm Dotty."

* * *

Leave it to Carole Lombard to start a new innovation in radioland. After a guest shot on a drama hour, for which she incidentally received a healthy fee, she presented all members of the supporting cast as well as the technicians with gifts. That has long been the custom on the movie lot at the completion of an opus, but it's the first time this Santa Claus gesture has been made on the airways.

* * *

The movies aren't the only ones that can manufacture unique sound effects that are often better than the original. Jimmy Lyons, NBC sound effects man, had a tough one to solve when he had to produce a "volcano erupting with escaping steam." As no volcanos would obligingly erupt in the studio, Lyons combined the sounds of percolating coffee and bacon frying. Over the loud speaker, experts said it sounded so much like the real thing they were speculating which one it was. All of which disturbed Mr. Lyons not a whit because after the show he thoughtfully added a few slices of toast and sat himself down to a belated breakfast.

* * *

When Ralph Bellamy appeared on the same program with Harriet Hilliard, radio and screen songstress, he revealed to her orchestra leader husband, Ozzie Nelson, that he used to be a leading man in a stock company run by her father in St. Joseph, Mo. Small world, isn't it?

* * *

The other day Ruby Keeler showed up at a rehearsal to watch hubby Al Jolson put his company through its radio paces. During a lull he overheard Martha Raye tell her how good-looking was the unusually attractive hat Ruby wore. At which Al chirped up: "It ought to look good. It cost me two broadcasts. They were good too." And from the appreciative grins of other spouses present, he thought the sequence good enough to include in his script. That's how gags are born.

* * *

Swing-ician Tommy Dorsey as you know, has been touring the country with his band offering a $75 prize to the winner of his weekly swing contest. When he hit the Hollywoods, he found the following Babes had crowded out all other competition: Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Shirley Ross and Ken Murray. With Crosby at the drums, Powell tampering with a trumpet, Benny getting involved with a violin, Murray tempting the clarinet as Shirley attempted the piano—and nobody agreeing on what they were going to play—about the only key on which they could agree was the one located in the NBC studio door.

* * *

Fred Allen is not a man to be daunted by the seeming impossible, no matter how un-possible it may seem. Since he originates, writes, directs, produces, rehearses and appears in his hour-long broadcast, a chart of his daily activities looks like a graph of a man working himself up to a nervous breakdown. How to do all of these things and yet get in the exercise and recreation—handball is his favorite on both counts—that all success stories say are necessary in order to keep fit, was quite a problem. But as usual, it was a problem that Fred solved in his own inimitable fashion. Does he simply brush aside his program duties and thus slight your entertainment interests, in order to hie himself to a handball court to bat the pill about? You should know better than that. No, he doesn't go to a handball court, but he gets in a good bit of footwork "chasing the spots that dance before my eyes."

* * *

If you know your Walter Winchell, you know he's in the habit of tossing a vocal orchid to anyone who does something noteworthy. Orchestra leader Paul Whiteman, however, goes him one better. For the King of Jazz actually gives his publicity gal real, genuine orchids everytime a nice yarn appears about him. With Christmas cheer so near, I hope she cops a corsage for what I'm about to say about Pappy. Whiteman, even more than prolific Rudy Vallee, has planted a lot of first-rate stars in the entertainment sky, folks who started with him and then went on to form orchestras of their own or to become featured singers on shows of their own. Some of his best known graduates are Bing Crosby, Jane Froman, Bob Burns, Helen Jepson, Mildred Bailey, et al.

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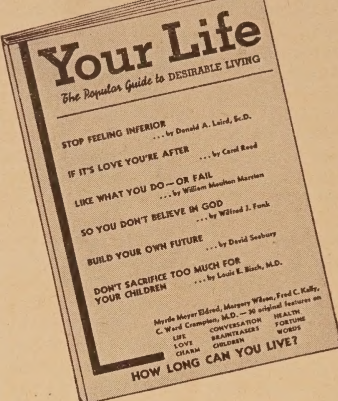
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hollywood hightails

(Continued from page 30)

new and very gay La Conga. They're much in evidence in Hollywood life (all farmers make weekly treks into the city, pleasure bent—and Clark and Bob follow the rule) when they're not working at the studio. Glamorous Carole and beautiful Barbara are eyefuls well worth escorting for the public gaze. Usually, however, they spend their time horseback riding, fishing and hunting. Of course both Carole and Barbara keep very busy making pictures at their respective studios, and though the group rarely if ever make a foursome, they have been pairing in twos for two years or more.

"I'm going house hunting this afternoon," Clark said one day as he obligingly gave me a lift from the studio in his sixteen cylinder black convertible.

At the first stop sign I mentioned something about forty room houses and servant problems and Clark laughed right in my face: "If I get the place I have in mind—it will be a little farmhouse in the country and I won't have any servant problem—because I'll only need a cook and my colored boy." (The colored boy is Carole Lombard's former house boy). But, as he explains when anyone asks him how he came to work for Mister Gable: "Well it was this way, Mister Gable spent so much time at Missy Lombard's house, that I was always waiting on him, running his errands and everything. So Missy Lombard, she's a terribly smart woman, she said 'You go right over to Mister Gable's house and tell him to put you on his payroll.' "

A week later Clark told me he'd found his house all right. He'd leased the Rex Ingram Ranch in San Fernando and he was really excited about living out there where he could have his dog "Smokey" and his horses with him. The inconvenience of driving the many miles between there and his studio at Culver City was negligible. Even during the recent flood, when the only bridge connecting his place with civilization was washed away, Clark took his horse and detoured for miles finding a way to get across the torrent of water rushing down the river beds.

"The funny thing about my living out here," Clark admitted "is that when I was a little boy, I lived with my Grandfather and Grandmother Hershelmen on a farm in Pennsylvania. I vowed I'd never be a farmer every morning, because Grandfather called me at dawn to help him with the chores. There were the cows to be milked, the horses to be fed, and the chickens. In the Spring it was plowing and sowing, the summer weeding and in the fall harvesting. I had no appreciation nor particular talent for farm chores, and I decided then and there I'd become a doctor and live in the city.

"I didn't have enough money to go through medical school, though I did make a start, so I became an actor. Broadway and my name in lights was all that mattered for a long time, and then the movies, and making good. But now that I've realized my ambitions, I can think of nothing better than living out here in the fresh country air, rising in the morning to the cock's crow—rather than the hum of traffic and city rush, riding the hills with a gun to hunt a stray rabbit or two in the brush—or perhaps a quail, I tell you it's great!"

And Clark standing there in the breeze with an unruly forelock of hair blowing over his eyes, his body lithe and virile, his skin tanned by the winds and the sun, surveying his plot of ground in the open space of the mountainous valley, was the epitome of his remark. Typically outdoor was the soft woolen shirt and the gabardine slacks he wore. He looked—great!

Someone should put a sign lettered *This Way To Happy Valley* at the fork of the road leading to the homes of Clark and Bob and other members of the picture colony residing there. Clark's old fashioned frame house is tucked away in a cluster of oak trees with a barn near by and plenty of garden stuff. Up the road some fifteen miles a simple four-room rambling structure set in thirty acres of alfalfa is Bob's house. Nearby are Carole Lombard's acres and three and a half miles away lives Barbara Stanwyck. Cafe society and Hollywood's dazzle and social swirl are far removed and play little part in the sun-drenched, blue-skied California days and moonlight nights fragrant with the smell of blossoms from the fruit trees and clover fields.

It's coincidental that both Clark and Bob started out to become doctors to escape farm life; that they'd both catapult to film stardom at the same studio, and should both return to settle down to ranch life at the very height of their careers. Of course California doesn't call farms by that name. It dignifies them as ranches—and barns are referred to as stables. It was lack of finance for medical school that made Clark a movie hero and college dramatics that turned the trick for Bob—but it is the country breeding in both of them, their love for the great out-of-doors, that hied them back to the countryside.

Girl friend Carole Lombard, during a lull in production, went over to Clark's bachelor domain to do her bit. A reading lamp here, a vase for flowers there, and a list for stocking the Gable larders with edibles was the result of her visit. It is said the fair Lombard even rolled up her sleeves, donned an apron and baked Clark a custard pie—for the fun of it.

Barbara completely supervised the furnishing of Bob's house, and often runs over to whip up some scrambled eggs and toast as a tempting morsel for lunch on the small patio. And Bob spends as much time as possible over at Barbara's home. These two are completely devoted. Pictures of Barbara are very much in evidence at Bob's house. It's all very neighborly. When the Taylor cook runs short of flour or sugar, or perhaps it's butter, she sends over to the Stanwyck cook to borrow a cup or so. It is feminine Barbara who cuts and arranges fresh flowers in the Taylor domicile. One beatifully framed portrait of Carole adorns Clark's room. Some faded water colorings, painted by the mother who died when he was but seven months old, also hang in respected reverence there.

Neither Clark nor Bob sought to escape the public by retiring to ranches. They humanly enjoy people, but are given to the more worthwhile things in life.

Clark's house is frame and small with a big living room heated by an open fireplace. It has a kitchen and a dining room. Like all old houses it has an attic. Clark recently added a storeroom to the house, where he keeps all of the gifts sent to him by his fans. He never gives these presents away and prefers to keep them.

"Some people must think I have a sweet tooth," Clark said with a twinkle in his eyes as he exhibited the treasure room. "Last Christmas a fan club in New York sent me a Christmas box in which each of the 620 members had contributed a pound of home-made candy. I kept passing out candy at the studio and here for weeks. Those kind of presents I share with my friends who don't mind adding a few pounds. As for me—I've seen some pictures of my ancestory, and it seems the Gables are inclined to be a bit bay-windowish, so keeping that thought in mind, I just kept passing around the candy."

Clark's furniture is of heavy oak, covered with leather. All the chairs are comfortable. Everything in the house is entirely masculine. Clark does very little entertaining, and then on rare occasions only invites small groups. There are many trophies about, including beautiful hunting rifles, heads of moose and mounted lions, cups won trap-shooting, etc.

The Gable garage contains two cars, the large convertible coupe and a small station wagon. The farm is maintained by a man who lives in the valley.

"If I'd only had a plane when I was marooned here by the flood and the washouts," sighed Clark.

If you were to drive out to Bob Taylor's you'd find the simple four room farmhouse rambling and built of sturdy stone. Though unpretentious it is exceedingly comfortable. The living room is enormous with deep comfortable chairs and a large stone fireplace—big enough to be used as a barbecue. Off one side of this room is the kitchen and service rooms and off the other side is Bob's bedroom, which has a large over-sized bed and deep thick carpets. Off the bedroom is a large dressing room and bath. The dressing room is completely panelled with clothes closets.

Surrounding the house are the thirty acres which comprise the farm. At present much of it is planted in alfalfa, but Bob's plan is to have a small truck garden, quite a large citrus grove and just enough ground in alfalfa to keep his horses.

"Barbara completed the selection of furnishings that was interrupted when I hurried to England to make a picture," he remarked boyishly and with a decided note of pride. "And she did a very nice job of it," he added.

Explaining why he'd chosen this simple life in the country, Bob recalled that his boyhood idols were Tom Mix and William S. Hart. His sole ambition had been to go West and buy a cattle ranch. He thought of breaking horses and branding cattle at the round-up, with now and then a hanging bee for rustlers. But his ultimate goal was city-life, the former boyhood fancy.

"I had a pony named Gypsy that I used to ride out to my grandfather's farm sixteen miles from Filley, Nebraska," he reminisced. "We'd start out well enough, but the direction was away from her feed box—and about four miles on our way she'd oppose the trip on general principles of good horse sense.

"I remember the first time she balked, her will was stronger than mine. I let her turn back to a lonely farmhouse, and there I telephoned my mother. 'Gyp won't go any farther, so we're coming back home,' I told her.

"'You just cut yourself a switch, young man, and make her go. Never let a horse be your boss,' was mother's advice. So I remounted Gyp and with the persuasion of a switch, she worked up a good lather for several miles, then halted abruptly, and I went sailing off over her head. I woke up some time later where I'd fallen to find the Nebraska prairie in darkness, my head bloody, my knees and hands cut and aching. But Gyp was standing there by me—with a sorrowful, but comforting look in her brown eyes—and I've liked horses ever since.

"Out here on my place I have seven horses—one pure blood Arabian and another riding horse and five stock horses, which I'm raising for stock shows. The other—so-called 'Livestock' consists of my two dogs, a setter and a scottie—and two cats."

One of the qualities I have always admired in Bob Taylor is his candid honesty in answering questions concerning himself, rather than evasions.

During the recent barrage of "Beautiful Bob Taylor" stuff by certain newspaper reporters and magazine editors, I have again had occasion to more than ever admire the courage of Bob Taylor. He has neither tried to escape nor evade the issue. "You have to take the bad breaks with the good," he remarked.

Bob has a sensitive nature, and he suffered under a similar cruel thrust when he first appeared on the Pomona College campus. Because of his good looks the boys nicknamed him *The Sheik*. Bob was lonely and bewildered. A dozen times on application of the unwanted title, his hands clenched and the dark flush of anger mounted to his face, but he controlled himself. A professor sensing Bob's feelings asked him if he was going to quit college. But Bob hadn't thought of that. "You can't run out on a situation because it's bad. You have to see it through."

And Bob saw this first barrage on his masculine good looks through to win the admiration of all of his classmates—and he's done it again. The press reporters who fastened the "beautiful" appelation on Bob have been forced to admit their display of bad taste and unfair play. Bob's commendable attitude brought a general public rebuke and forced publishers to phrase their Taylor stories from a more complimentary angle.

I couldn't help recalling and thinking what a really simple, wholesome personality Bob Taylor is—appreciative of his career, and yet choosing the simpler things in life—content living in a tiny house on a little ranch out in San Fernando Valley.

He has traded his large town car in favor of a run-about in which he can commute on the country roads between his ranch and the studio. When he is not working, he's devoting all of his time to his ranch, raising horses and leading the life he once thought a chore as a kid back on a Nebraska farm.

Clark and Bob haven't forsaken the real Hollywood—just its glamour!

WHICH IS YOUR "Beauty Weak Spot"?

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young man of manhattan

(Continued from page 24)

willing to wager their last nickel that his last look at this world would be from the "inside looking out."

With a heritage and an environment pointing toward the fulfillment of the dire predictions, Garfield was well on his way toward realizing the prophecy. Born in the cradle of gangdom where his contemporaries were such men whose eminence is immortalized in the famous Rogue's Gallery, he hardly had a fifty-fifty chance at life. In the toughest, most hard-boiled spot of this or any other land, Manhattan Island's lower east side, John Garfield first saw light of day.

In an atmosphere where crying babies are nursed by underfed mothers in full view of the passing public, where pushcart vendors drown out the screaming of the hungry little children, where the four corners of the earth meet to eke out a meager existence by labors grudgingly performed for a begrudged pittance, young Garfield grew to boyhood. Living in windowless hovels, without sanitary conveniences, where the noises of street car, elevated and populace blend in a raucous cacophony of music that sings the story of Manhattan, this was the heritage of young John Garfield.

Certain that his life's pattern had already been laid out for him at his inception into this world, he stolidly went about conforming to it. What else was there for one reared among the poverty-stricken element of humanity concerned with getting its daily dole of bread and a sheltering roof over its bowed head? What else was there to do but start on a career that led unswervingly toward the great stone mansion on the Hudson, with its iron bars and armed guards keeping endless vigil? Born with two strikes against him, John Garfield was merely waiting for the third to come along.

At this point in his young life, fate suddenly underwent a change of heart and proved that it too can be swerved from its original course—just as his own life had been.

There was hardly a school in New York that didn't remember the presence of John Garfield among its students—even though in the majority of instances his attendance was brief and invariably ended with his expulsion.

But John alone was not to blame for the mold he was following. Aside from environmental influences, there were other factors under consideration. When he was eleven, his mother died. John and his brother, Max, were left in the care of their father who labored in a garment factory turning out uniforms. After a day's work over the whirring machines, the elder Garfield could hardly wait to get back to his cheerless home and eat the improvised suppers mustered from the corner grocer's. He was too weary, too exhausted by the daily grind to inquire too deeply into John's daily activities. It was only when complaints were made to him that he did his fatherly duty and followed the usual procedure of reprimand administered across the parental knee.

In an effort to improve the future possibilities of his son, the elder Garfield decided to move him to a better neighborhood. With his brother Max entrusted to the guardianship of a New Jersey uncle, John and his father moved to a somewhat less disreputable neighborhood in the Bronx.

"But the slightly genteel atmosphere didn't seem to help," he recalls. "It worked the other way, in fact. I was so bad that the mothers of the neighborhood kids forbade their youngsters to play with me. Having spent my childhood on the sidewalks and in the gutters of New York's lower east side, I learned from the older children, all the meanness, all the toughness it's possible for kids of that age to acquire. My father was away all day, of course, and that left me pretty much to my own devices. He'd put me in one school and then another but I'd promptly proceed to get myself expelled from them all."

As you hear young Garfield relate the experiences of his early childhood today, there is scarcely a trace of those early years left. On the contrary, he is a determined, sensible, soft-spoken young man with very definite ideas and with a determined goal in life. He has both feet firmly planted on the ground and doesn't let his mind go soaring away in the clouds or become fogged with far-fetched dreams.

Seeing him today and talking to him, you think his background is one of the very best. You visualize intelligent parents planning and supervising his education. You expect him to reel off an impressive list of schools to substantiate it. And unless you actually hear it from his own lips, you would never realize that this same, clear-minded, sensible young man could possibly have been a guttersnipe at the age of five; a vegetable-swiping, cop-baiting brat at the age of twelve.

But Garfield will tell you his formative years followed exactly that pattern—the pattern that most of New York's lower east side youngsters accept with stoic fatalism.

Even he himself wonders that he didn't end up in a reformatory. According to his own confession, he was always in hot water . . . disgrace.

After school—that is when he did go to school—he sold newspapers on a street corner. Much earlier in life he had learned to use his fists to good advantage and protected his domain from the tougher kids who thought they could usurp his territory by merely demanding it.

"I kept that corner until I surrendered it of my own accord," he adds.

When he reached the age of thirteen, the authorities felt that their burden was becoming far too heavy for them to bear without collapsing under it. After a serious period of deliberation, they decided that he was progressing from bad to worse and the prophesied end was too plainly in view. He had fallen into casual contact with two criminal gangs, for either one of which, he says, he was ripe material.

"Then they packed me off to Angelo Patri's school," he recalls unabashedly. "And it was really the luckiest break I had in my life up until then. They decided if Mr. Patri couldn't do anything with me, nobody could."

While the Patri school is not exactly a reform school in the broader sense of the word, it is in the true definition. Students are not imprisoned or subjected to punitive treatment; they return to their homes each evening. Nevertheless, it is an institution for problem children and most people would be hesitant to admit they were alumni of the school. But not Garfield.

"I'm mighty proud I know Mr. Patri," he says now. "I think he is doing one of the finest things with his school that any man has ever done. He's making useful citizens out of countless thousands of underprivileged children who get off on the wrong start. And he certainly is responsible for changing the entire course of my own life."

Garfield hadn't been at the school for more than a few days when he made up his mind that he didn't like it. Instead of making his premeditated exit by the front door—as is customary—he decided to add a dash of adventure to it. Climbing down a mysterious looking wall, he found himself in an enclosed garden. Thoughtlessly, he trod heavily over the beautiful flowers and was making good his departure.

But he had completely forgotten about the monitors who promptly caught him and returned him to Mr. Patri's office. Trying to imagine the brand of corrective punishment that was awaiting him this time, John fidgeted restlessly outside the educator's office.

"When I was taken into his suite, I was immediately ushered into Mr. Patri's private office," Garfield recalls. "He asked me to sit down and in a very kindly manner explained that he was not angry because I was trying to escape from the school but that I had thoughtlessly crushed some of the loveliest flowers in his garden.

"He said other things, too; which might have sounded a little silly to an adult but which made a very deep and lasting impression on me at the time. He explained that flowers were living, beautiful things that had a right to live. He asked me if anyone had a right to ruthlessly crush the life out of anything so lovely—anything that was entitled to its existence.

"I was dumbfounded. I had never experienced such kindness in my life. Usually, when I broke a rule or violated a law, I had been beaten or at least spoken to harshly. My worship of Mr. Patri began from that moment and it grew with boundless strides ever since. It was Mr. Patri who was responsible for steering me toward my present career.

"At various other times during the weeks following our first meeting, I spent many hours in his office," Garfield continues. "I didn't realize then what he was doing, but later I learned that he was trying to find some interest that would appeal to my imagination. Eventually, he told me I would make a good actor. The idea had never occurred to me but it sounded fascinating the moment he mentioned it. For the next three years, there was nothing in my life but my intense ambition to become a good actor. The stage, the screen, the films—all meant nothing to me. What interested me was becoming a perfect actor so I could justify Mr. Patri's faith in me. After that, well . . . one cannot say what he might do. He can only try and hope."

During his very first year at school, John Garfield realized the rewards of study and hard work. When he came out on top in a national oratorical contest which he entered, he magically found himself the neighborhood hero.

"It was an entirely new kind of respect that I commanded. My head and chest must have expanded several inches with the feeling of pride that possessed me. Where the neighborhood kids had previously feared me for my fistic prowess, they now respected me for my great accomplishment in besting several thousand boys and girls in an entirely different field."

At this period in his life, John—then known as Jules—realized that the spoken word was much mightier than the fist. His newly earned laurels rested lightly on his dark, handsome head and propelled him eagerly toward following up his newly chosen profession. He even tried his hand at producing and writing his own plays and learned the hardships of both actor and producer. Of course, his productions at the time were confined to sandlots—and the standing-room-only sign was rarely in demand. Occasionally when feeling the urge for a purer form of art, he would attempt something by another fellow playwright—Will Shakespeare.

But the smooth running pattern of John's life ended when he graduated from Mr. Patri's school and was looking around for a chance to continue his dramatic studies. For weeks, he wracked his brain and exerted every effort to advance his yearning for the stage. Finally he decided to seek advice from someone already established in the field and he wrote a letter to Jacob Ben-Ami, the brilliant Russian actor who was then appearing with the Guild theater. He explained his circumstances, his burning desire to go on the professional stage. "But how should I proceed?" he asked.

Much to his amazement, a few days later a letter came from Ben-Ami. The great actor suggested that he enroll at the Hecksher Foundation. But even at the Foundation, he would need money to finance his training. He was still selling newspapers and averaging six dollars a week but that certainly would not be enough to put him through school.

Desperate, but determined, he visited the Foundation and explained to the head that he was financially unable to pay his way through.

"But," he added, "I was recommended to you by Jacob Ben-Ami and I simply must do something about it."

"Then by all means, you must be given a scholarship" was the unexpected reply.

Garfield couldn't get out of the place fast enough. He was afraid he might drop some remark that would disclose that Ben-Ami had simply mentioned the Foundation but had not actually recommended him. He dashed back to Patri with the news.

"But even with a scholarship you won't be able to finance yourself through the Foundation," Patri pointed out. "How much do you earn?"

"About six dollars a week," Garfield told him.

"Then let me lend you an additional five dollars a week," Patri suggested. "That should see you through."

For the next seven months, John soaked up every bit of information his eager, youthful soul could possibly absorb. And when he left, he got a job with the Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Theater. He remained there until his nineteenth birthday, getting no salary but plenty of experience, carrying spears, doing walk-ons and speaking an occasional line. Then he decided it was time for him to develop his cultural background..

He thumbed his way clear across the

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continent to California where he spent the summer working in the fruit orchards. Early in the fall, he started back to New York but this time he "rode the rods." In Nebraska one of the three hoboes with whom he was traveling fell between two freight cars and was crushed to death under the wheels. This was enough to end John's brief career as a non-paying railway traveler.

In Nebraska, he got a temporary job as a farmhand and one night he left the bunkhouse to get a drink of water. He didn't know it but he drank from a stagnant well and he reached New York with a steadily mounting fever.

"Typhoid," said the doctor and John was rushed to the hospital where he remained on his back for the next eight weeks. But he had plenty of time to think during his convalescence and finally decided to return to Eva Le Gallienne's company in a play called *Lost Boy*, a story of life in a reformatory. Although the play lasted three weeks, it served one good purpose—it brought John to the attention of another producer and he was shipped off to the middle west to play in the Chicago production of *Counsellor At Law.*

From that time on the sledding was smoother for the fellow who was destined to tread the last mile to the big gray house on the Hudson.

During all this time, the Broadway producers were continually re-discovering him and tried in vain to inveigle him into accepting a Hollywood contract. In one month, he received more than a dozen offers but his stock refusal to them all was, "I'm not ready for Hollywood. Anyhow, I won't sign a contract unless it contains a clause saying I can come back to the stage to do a play anytime I want."

After making a test for Warner Brothers during February of last year, Garfield turned them down because they demanded his exclusive services. But a year and a half later, they capitulated and inserted a clause in the contract which granted him his wish.

Short-statured, broad-shouldered and slim-hipped, Garfield has all the seriousness, ambition and soft-voiced determination to slate him for one of the foremost places in filmdom. On the screen he has all the electric personality that catches the audience and he projects himself into their minds.

Off stage, he is a quiet, modest young man, far removed from the young guttersnipe.

Meanwhile his brief film career is affording him ample scope for his possibilities. In *Four Daughters* he was a musician, in *They Made Me A Criminal,* he plays the part of a prize fighter and in *Blackwell's Island,* he is a crusading newspaper photographer. But to those who know him, he is a vivid personality who was sidetracked by destiny for a worthwhile career in which he'll be remembered.

three-in-one dunne

(Continued from page 27)

most interesting one. I had to know.

"Well, you see, blue is a favorite color of mine. I find that it fits the mood of my living at home. It represents peace, quietness and happiness to me. And besides, blue is the color of Missy's eyes, and there is nothing more beautiful than those. Have you seen what my Missy looks like?"

I hadn't—in fact I'd forgotten that "Missy" is what the Griffins call their small adopted and beloved daughter. Irene fairly ran to a drawer, and came back with some large pictures of one of the most exquisite bits of baby femininity I have ever seen! Little golden ringlets covered her head, dimples danced in her cheeks, and wide big eyes smiled up at me. She is adorable, and I wasn't at all surprised at the love and devotion that was expressed in Irene's voice as she talked of Missy's doings. So that this precious addition to the family may have a perfect life, the Griffins are considering the adoption of another child to keep the little girl company. No half way methods of making a home for them!

"And the sky is blue, and represents so much of what we love in the world about us. Water, and many flowers—oh, so many nice things are azure-hued, that to me it has become symbolic of my home, my baby, and the love of my husband."

And since this fine actress looks particularly fascinating in blue, I thought she was right to choose it as her "home color." This afternoon she wore a simple blue sports dress, with a touch of white, and a blue and white scarf around her head, for she had been playing with Missy. As soon as I left, Charles Boyer was coming to talk over some scenes from their new RKO picture . . . and they were going to sit in the sunny garden for this work. (Very nice work, if you can get it!)

"It's funny, you know," Miss Dunne smiled at me, "not only my life seems to be represented by three colors, but I'm told that my eyes change from one color to another, depending on what I am doing. Sometimes they are blue, sometimes they are flecked with bronze, and I've been informed that when I'm disturbed they have green tones in them. I guess it is no wonder that I'm three color-minded, is it?"

Since my own mental pictures of Miss Dunne are divided into three sections too, I couldn't help but agree that Irene's life must be the perfect triangle shape!

My first memory of the star (other than the ones I gained in hours of enjoyment watching her on the screen in her various successes), goes back to New York. Following an interview, Miss Dunne suddenly said to me, "My fan club is coming to the hotel tomorrow, and I'm entertaining for them. Wouldn't you like to come and help me?" Of course I loved the idea, so the next day I was johnny on the spot.

Miss Dunne wore a simple black and white dress and no hat. There were a few gay flowers in the room to make it seem friendly, but there was no great display. Fifty girls gathered in those rooms, and poured their adoration out to Miss Dunne. Some were extremely shy at first, for, after all, wasn't this a great star entertaining them? And great stars have been known to be pretty haughty individuals. But if that was the thing of which the girls were afraid, the idea soon vanished, for here was only a quiet charming young woman, friendly and interested in all the girls had to say.

She wrote endless autographs. She answered questions. She asked for suggestions and criticisms. She served tea and cakes. The afternoon was nearly over, and we all sat in a group around the star—some on the floor, some perched on arms of chairs, but all laughing and happy, and as unreserved as though this was a meeting of a neighborhood high school club.

"Miss Dunne," one of the girls ventured to ask as the afternoon seemed about over, "will you do one thing for us?"

"Of course I will if I can," she smiled.

The answer came almost in a full chorus.

"Please sing *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes!*"

Instantly the room was quiet. After all, the girls were asking for many thousands of dollars worth of talent to sing for them. And there was no piano accompaniment, which is the hardest way to sing.

But softly, clearly and beautifully the voice came into the room. And the song for which they asked was sung in just the way we all remembered and loved—Irene Dunne singing that charming song which has become so famous because of her lovely interpretation.

That was the Actress I was seeing. And green could well express the cool lovely person she was that day.

Soon after the girls had gone home,

Dr. Griffin came into the room. His arms were full of gorgeous long stemmed roses for his wife. But it was his smile and his greeting that really told of the great love he has for her—and it was the soft glow in her answering glance that returned that intimate message. Quickly the room seemed filled with life being expressed in another color—changing from exciting green to caressing blue.

Not long ago I had a chance to see the Actress in public again. In the meantime I had been away from America for two years, and we were to broadcast on the Theater of the Air, conducted by Cecil DeMille from Hollywood. I was only to give a three minute chat on the things I had done while I wandered over 50,000 miles of the globe—Miss Dunne was the star of the show, giving her delightful characterization of *Theodora Goes Wild,* with Cary Grant.

I was sitting on the stage during rehearsal when Miss Dunne came in—nodding at everyone and seeming to know the entire company. She went into the pit to wait for her part, and looked up at the stage where I was sitting. I saw a puzzled look there for a minute—a searching back in her memory, and then a welcoming smile flew into her eyes, and she waved to me over the footlights. (I've known some stars whose memories seem to fade with their success, but not Miss Dunne's!)

I had an excellent chance to watch her during those rehearsals, having fun with all of the cast, enjoying the work, laughing with the people around her, and giving a marvelous performance of amusing Theodora. To watch the ease of her acting is a treat, for only great talent could work this way. I saw that Mr. DeMille, the great maestro of the directors, was delighted with her work and interpretation.

(And just to prove to you how good Miss Dunne was on this program, it was reported that she received $5,000 for the night's work, the highest amount paid any one star on this Lux hour. Furthermore, she was immediately signed up to do another program. You've *got* to be good to have those things happen to you!)

It was a grand experience to see this actress carry on her part, get out of the way for others to do their bits, and to be so earnest about making a success of it all that she carried everyone into the mood of the thing. There was no longer just an empty stage around us—but a staid New England town, a New York studio, and a "shady nook beside a babbling brook." That was the Actress I was watching, and clear brilliant green would certainly express all of the earnestness and depth of purpose of which Miss Dunne is so truly representative.

I've never seen Miss Dunne in action as a Business Woman, but I do know that she has carefully invested her money, that she directs the activities that divide her life, that she keeps in touch with the business end of all her acting, screen and radio. And she also plans for the future with the same keen mind and judgment that raised her from a small town girl to one of our foremost actresses.

As we chatted in the flower-filled room of her home, I was able to get an intimate picture of all the things this exquisite person holds important. She was tremendously interested in her work, and she remembered with a merry laugh the first awkward efforts of the young high school girl she had been when she started out. She studied countless hours—she practiced endless voice exercises—she spent months on dramatic training. Finally there was success and recognition, but there has never been a minute's slowing down of interest in her work. She still studies voice, coaches, works like a veritable beaver when she is in a picture.

The beauty of her home and the charm of the garden beyond the window, were indicative and representative of her own character and personality. I've really never seen more exquisite arrangements of flowers in a flower show, than those in the room where we were sitting. A fine white porcelain bowl had a trail of fragrant hibiscus across it. A grand piano was in one corner, and low lounges and chairs invited us wordlessly to their comforts.

Miss Dunne is an exponent of all the finest things for which womanhood stands—she is a real *lady* in the full sense of the word. One star recently became very indignant when she was called the "first lady of the screen."

"I'm not a lady," she said—"I had no social position, education, or training that would fit me for that title." And I writhed inwardly, for to me the word "lady" connotes charm, dignity, understanding, compassion. One doesn't have to be educated in schools to attain those things, or be born with money or social position. They are things of the soul, and they shine through the eyes, in the smile, and in the bearing of a woman who is fortunate enough to earn the title of "lady."

Miss Dunne is, and always will be, symbolic of all the finest things a woman should represent.

Upstairs I heard the pattering of tiny feet, and Miss Dune's interest fled from the room like the wings of a bird. Her eyes lighted, she smiled.

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my son mickey rooney

(Continued from page 21)

Mickey MacGuire, once the delight of the two reeler fans, is now Mickey Rooney, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's youngest star, but before he was Mickey MacGuire he was Sonny Yule and that's how I'll always think of him.

Sonny Yule, the blonde baby, born to the footlights of vaudeville, making the hops before he was two weeks old, dreaming not of blocks and toy soldiers, but of box office and tag lines. Sonny Yule is sixteen and his new name is linked in large square letters with Spencer Tracy's in *Boy's Town.* The world has discovered Mickey Rooney as a real actor. He made vaudeville discover him as an actor twelve years ago.

Tonight, as it has been for almost all of the past six years, my name is on the marquee of the Follies theatre, my picture beside that of other comedians, of strip dancers. Mickey's tonight is on the marquee at hundreds of theatres; in lights that flash on Broadway, in lights that flicker in every little hamlet; in mazdas that spell out the story of Andy Hardy, new rave of the moviegoers and son of that celluloid father, Judge Hardy.

That's the way people think of us. Burlesque contrasted to Hollywood; a once thriving industry against a billion dollar field; a modest comfortable apartment in a downtown Los Angeles building that sometimes is a bit noisy from grinding brakes and the rumble of heavily laden street cars, pitted against a swank filmdom apartment that on its hilltop looks down on the preview searchlights on the boulevard, up to the low hanging clouds that mirror the silver ray.

Yet these people who profess amazement at the father of a famous star living more or less the economic life of the better white collar class of the nation; these people who have a cracked laugh in their voices for "poor old Joe Yule" and a pseudo-sentimental "alligator tear" in their cutting eyes are all wrong.

Mickey is happy and a success in his world. I am happy because I reached the top in mind. Actually our worlds are the same, not far apart as some sob writers have put them. We're both in the world of the theatre. True, burlesque isn't paying Hollywood salaries, but burlesque has had a stability for me that isn't normal in the city where a person's reputation frequently passes faster than a shadow scene itself. Nearly twenty years I've been tossing quips to the wide-hipped, flowing curved principal girls and bantering gags—some good, some bad—with fellow comedians. I've seen my pay checks reach hundreds of dollars a week and I'm still seeing a pay check every week.

As one columnist said "Joe Yule is really an unusual character. He is a movie father who works!" And I've worked because I'm Joe Yule, not because I'm Mickey Rooney's father. As yet I haven't appeared in any motion pictures. Perhaps, if the studio people want me, I'll do a film appearance on the strength of my years in vaudeville and burlesque.

I have always thought that actors were born actors. Talent schools, scouts and plain chance may make actors out of laymen, but Mickey and I had the same thing born in us: The desire to step before the footlights; the desire to hear the applause of the crowd at the end of our "turn"; the desire to be above all things an actor!

Sometimes I think in Mickey's life—I'll call him Mickey instead of Sonny—my own youth is being relived. He seems to have nine out of ten of my traits and looks. He's a real son of mine and don't think I'm not proud of him. Nothing stopped Mickey from being an actor, nothing stopped me.

Although I was born in Scotland, my family soon moved to Brooklyn. When I was a small child I ran away from home to be on the stage. My first part was in a lurid melodrama *Child Slaves of New York.* My first hop was when the show went to Worcester, Massachusetts.

Soon the family had spotted me and I was brought back only to run away again. My father, understanding the unconquerable beat in my body that meant nothing but acting, recalled that my Uncle Arthur was a minstrel man with the great "Doc" Lew Dockstader. So with parental blessings I worked my way from kid parts to first rate stock where I played for eleven years.

I ran away to become an actor and I know that Mickey would have done the same thing if we'd tried to stop him. But we didn't.

Nevertheless I ran into some difficulties that Mickey so far hasn't encountered. Shortly before the war I was forced by too much "at liberty" time and the resultant shrinkage of pocket money to turn stage hand. This was a bitter blow to me. Even as Mickey I liked to dress. Mickey, with his checked trousers and sports coats, looks like a college boy out of a fashion magazine. I looked like an actor out of a fiction book. My earnings had been invested in numerous silk shirts, patent leather shoes, and an elegant opera cape. Frankly I was an actor on the stage and off.

Imagine the way I felt when I put on overalls, picked up a hammer and saw, pulled on work gloves so that I could push around flats! But the worst blow to my pride was yet to come.

As the old saying goes, "then came the war." I was gripping on *The Tailor Made Man* starring Grant Mitchell. Many of the cast gave their notices to join up. No, this isn't a fairy story with Joe Yule stepping into Grant Mitchell's shoes. I did step into shoes, though, and they were made of heavy leather and hob-nailed.

The fatal day for me commenced as any other day. I started to the store to get ham and eggs for breakfast. My mother had asked me to do this. On the way I happened across a recruiting station where the sergeant had been previously taunting me with "the army wants only good men." For some reason that morning I decided that I'd let the sergeant know I was in that class. I signed up and forgot all about my mother's breakfast.

Oh, yes, what did I do in the army you ask? That's where the blow to my dignity came.

"What do you do as an occupation?" I was asked as I enlisted. I replied that I'd been a prop man.

The officer looked puzzled, "I don't know what we can do with a prop man. Haven't you done anything but shift scenery?"

That was my chance. Thinking of my silk shirts, my ivory topped cane, I replied, "Yes, sir! I was a leading stock company actor for eleven years and before that I played in—"

"Good," the officer interrupted me, "you'll be put in aviation!"

Aviation! I'd never flown anything bigger than a box kite and the only flying I knew was when the hook carried Little Eva up to Heaven in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Aviation! Joe Yule shooting down enemy planes! Joe Yule flying over Berlin! Anyway, you know an actor's imagination? I was so engrossed in my own mental pictures I almost forgot to listen to the next three words the officer said.

"—as a cook," he concluded.

And so Joe Yule, the dandy of the stage, who hadn't so much as made a piece of toast, or burned a pot of oat meal in all his life became an army cook!

Not so long after the armistice was signed, I met Nell Carter, a talented girl in vaudeville and we were married. Mickey was born September '23, sixteen years ago. Nell and I had teamed up as an act and the arrival of Sonny (or Mickey) couldn't throw off our bookings. When the baby was twelve days old we took him on a hop from Brooklyn to Newark.

You want to know how Mickey became an actor? Truthfully there've been a number of incorrect stories published in the newspapers. When he was about a year old he slipped out of his carriage, onto the stage, and for some unaccountable reason made derogatory noises at the drummer in the orchestra. The unexpected appearance drew a huge laugh from the crowd.

Nevertheless, Mickey really made his debut when he was about four years old. If you'll let me put on the make-up for my act while we talk, I'll tell about it.

Nell, Sid Gold, and I were doing an act on Keith's circuit, the cream of vaudeville. Mickey often would catch the show from a front row seat in the audience. He took an interest in all acts as well as ours. This was remarkable for a kid not long out of baby clothes.

One afternoon in Rochester shortly before our number went on, Mickey, who was backstage started to sing something like "Cross my heart, mother, I love you, Cross my heart, mother, my dear," a song taken from our spot.

"So you know the song," I remarked, pleased at my son's efforts. Jokingly I asked him if he knew any more of the act. "I know the whole act," he replied without any trace of baby talk. I bet the youngster a dollar he wouldn't go on the stage and do it.

The result was that a dollar bet made in jest started Mickey on his stage career!

The number made such a hit that we put him in the show. He moved across the footlights to the stage, finished out the season with us.

Joe Yule and his son had made vaudeville history, if a bit of bragging on my part is excusable. Mickey wouldn't stick to his lines, but would improvise. He'd pick up bits from acts he'd seen, conversation he'd heard, make up sequences for our act. His ad libbing kept all the cast on its toes.

Mickey's style was unique. He'd suddenly depart from his routine with "Wait, Pop, I've got something that will knock 'em cold. Now you say so and so and so and so and I'll answer you with so and so. Isn't it a wow? Let's try it out." The audience loved the kid who worked up his act as he went along.

When we played in New York City, I had a lot of fun passing Mickey off as a midget to unsuspecting persons. With his mother I'd take him to 47th and Broadway where the small people congregated. Mickey would go up to them, talk as though he were one of them. The smart-appearing youngster carried his part so well that even the midgets themselves were fooled!

Although Mickey had established himself in vaudeville, a family conference landed him in Kansas City and from the call sheet to the classroom roll call. We decided that vaudeville was too strenuous so Mickey went to

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school. While he stayed with Nell's sister in Kansas City, I went back to burlesque on a long term contract at the Haymarket Theatre in Chicago.

School life looked too tame for Mickey. Soon he and Mrs. Yule packed up and headed for Hollywood.

My reaction? Naturally I wanted Mickey to make the grade in pictures. It would have been foolish for me to leave the Haymarket, where I was making an excellent salary, to risk Hollywood's whims.

Every day when I went through my comedy routine with the girls of the chorus, while I let prop scenery be dropped on me, or wrote new skits for my collection of two hundred original sketches, I wondered what Mickey's fate would be in films. I had seen many of my friends answer the call of western gold. And I had seen them steal back.

One day I got a telegram that wrote the first chapter in Mickey's career. The wire, from my wife, said Mickey had landed a spot in Colleen Moore's *Orchids and Ermine.*

I was like an author waiting for his book to appear. The author waits only for his brain child, I was waiting for my child. Several months later when the picture opened in Chicago, I was at the box office long before it opened. At the first sight of Mickey on the screen, I excitedly nudged a woman sitting next to me, said, "that's my son, that's my son!" The woman in the semi-darkness of the theatre haughtily surveyed me, then looked back to the alleged midget on the screen. "Your son, absurd!" she snapped, changed her seat to one where she wouldn't be annoyed by a crank. Did my face turn red?

Nell had written me how Mickey got his break when he appeared in a vaudeville presentation staged by Will Morrisey at the Orange Grove Theatre. The lad did a song and dance number with soft shoe, ended up with a fast Russian bit. Film scouts signed him and Mickey was in pictures.

The rest of his movie career? Well, Mickey appeared in more feature pictures, many times as a midget. Then his mother blackened his blonde hair with charcoal and he won the role of Mickey MacGuire in the Larry Darmour comedies. These clicked so that Mickey changed his name to Mickey MacGuire and played in these comedies for six years.

When the comedies ended Mickey changed his name to Rooney and went on a successful vaudeville tour. Following this he came back to Hollywood and began climbing up in feature pictures. A few years passed and now Mickey is a star in his own right in big photoplays.

When Mickey drops down to visit me he talks about going to college. One time it's UCLA, the next USC. I'm not going to influence the boy. He can make up his own mind. I made mine up when I was a youth. Except for the incident when I became a military chef.

Say, there goes my last warning bell. It means I've got forty seconds to be on the stage for my act. And I can't miss the curtain. Remember those steps I have to rush up. All I can say is to the picture world the young actor may be Mickey Rooney and Andy Hardy, but to me he's Sonny Yule, Joe Yule's boy!

we drive studios crazy

(Continued from page 19)

idea. Soon the plan began to take shape in the form of an effigy that the gang had made out of rags—a derelict replica of Mischa. Then the face was painted on the effigy, and, in order, came the eyes, ears, mouth, etc. Auer gradually took shape, at least the Auer his cohorts pictured. When this was done they hung it inside his dressing room by the door, so that when the door was opened, the effigy would swing forward and slap him in the face. When Mischa went into his room later that day, he was more than a little surprised at his unusual greeting. The slap in the puss he received was bad enough, but Ann and her pranksters hadn't stopped there. They had also put a lot of carbon paper in the waste paper basket in Mischa's room and had then proceeded to set it on fire.

And that brings me to the point of this story. Have you ever come in contact with burning carbon paper? No? Well, have you ever run into a stink bomb that had just been turned loose? Then you know what it was that greeted Mischa. A thoroughly chastised Auer spent the next hour cleaning out his room, airing it, and sending his very odiferous clothes to the cleaners. Of course, shooting was held up until the odor had left the set, but no one seemed to mind. Auer had been gotten! (What awful grammar!) And from then on, he was all sweetness and light.

One of the funniest gags I ever heard of was the one pulled on Roland Young during the production of *Topper Takes A Trip* at Hal Roach Studio. In this picture, there is an elevator, operated on cables, that plays quite a part. In this particular scene, Roland was in the process of "going up." He reached the top. Then, appropriately enough, the lunch whistle blew.

The gang below decided here was a gag too good to be missed. They knew Roland couldn't get down unless they let him, so they merely waved a flippant farewell and went off to lunch, mumbling to themselves, "Oh, he looks so nice up there. Let him rest for a while." They didn't even look back to see Roland's wild gesticulations.

An hour and a half later, the company was back on the set. A few of those on the "know" just cast a sly glance at the now very much upset Mr. Young. The director, not knowing about the gag, lined up his next scene and started the action. Just as the scene was being "shot," there came a distant cry of "Hey, how about me?" Naturally, the director called "Cut!" for the scene was ruined by Roland's offstage treble. When the source of annoyance was discovered, Roland was immediately brought down again. But when he got out of his "cage," his pranksters had suddenly disappeared.

A prankster's holiday! Such was the order of every day's shooting on Samuel Goldwyn's *The Cowboy and the Lady.* Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon figured prominently as the two "gentle feuders."

Since everyone was required to throw lariats in the picture, it was no uncommon sight to see Gary, Walter Brennan and Fuzzy Knight trying to lasso everything in view. One day Gary saw Merle sitting in her chair discussing a scene with the director. Gary saw his chance! He twirled his rope and let go! Merle found herself abruptly unseated and facing a grinning Gary. She smiled back and said, "Okay, Gary. One for you, but my time is coming."

And so the feud started! Merle's time *did* come! For an entire day's shooting, Gary, Merle, Walter, Fuzzy and Patsy Kelly had to eat beans in a supposed cowboy "hashery." At the end of that day, they each swore they never wanted to see another bean. In fact, the mere mention of the round little vegetable was enough to induce a murder.

But the next day there were some more shots of the scene. And some more beans to be eaten! Here was the chance Merle had been waiting for! She and Patsy bought some stuff resembling buckshot and secretly put it in the plates of Gary, Fuzzy and Walter. The lights were set up, everything became quiet, the cameras rolled, and the three unsuspecting gentlemen bit into their beans. With one sudden bolt they stopped and grimaced together. The scene had to be shot over, but Merle and Patsy (who was "feuding" with Walter) had evened the score.

Any set that is involved by the presence of Bob *(Thanks for the Memory)* Hope is a fertile field for gags and broken-up scenes. Bob is just about the most professional prankster in Hollywood. A director assinged to a Hope picture prepares himself day by day for any outburst on Bob's part.

I happened to be on the set one day during the shooting of *Thanks for the Memory,* in which Hope is co-starred with Shirley Ross. A rather virile scene was being rehearsed. Suddenly I noticed a twinkle in Bob's eye. George Archainbaud, the director, caught it, too, but went on with his business, although with perhaps a little less assurance. Bob, however, was waiting for the right moment. It came! Just before the scene was to be shot!

Archainbaud had everything set and was just about to call a "take" when suddenly Hope stopped and got everyone's attention. Then, with a sidelong glance at the director, he let go on one of his many inimitable jokes, accompanied, naturally enough, by appropriate gestures and movements. The cast and crew started to howl. Archainbaud just looked at him, smiled weakly, and let the company laugh. There was nothing else for him to do. It took him about fifteen minutes, though, before he could get everyone back in shape again for the scene.

Over at Selznick's, a picture called *Made For Each Other* was being made. In its cast is the unpredictable Carole Lombard. Carole had been conducting herself so nicely that everyone was wondering what had happened to her. Then one day it happened!

Carole has been going in for hunting a lot recently, due largely to the influence of one, Clark Gable. On this certain morning, an air gun arrived on the set for Carole. She was in the middle of a "take" when it came, so she couldn't do much but look at it longingly at the time. But as soon as the scene was finished, she dashed over to the package, unwrapped it, and began a thorough investigation of her gun.

Everything was merely a buzz for a while. A buzz that always betokens a coming storm on a Lombard set. Suddenly, Carole pushed back some of the fellows around her and said, "Stand back, boys! I want to see if it works!" She took aim at the ceiling and at the big flood lights on top of the set. Then she fired! The gun worked all right. A shattering of glass testified to the success of her gun—and her marksmanship. Carole looked around, grinned, and said, "Didn't know I was getting to be such a good shot!" Production of the picture was held up while new lights were installed. But Carole's gun was carefully watched from that time on.

Joan Crawford is credited with a prize gag. Since there are many big

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names in her picture, *The Shining Hour,* the cameraman honked—or squeaked—a horn a certain number of times for the star who was needed for a scene. Joan got one honk, Margaret Sullavan two, Melvin Douglas came in for three, and Robert Young answered to four.

One day just before lunch the cameraman gave Joan her signal. She didn't hear it, so she arrived late. After lunch, the signal came again. This time she heard it and called back that she'd be there soon. But the cameraman on the set didn't hear *her.* So more squeaks and honks came for Joan. Again she yelled back she'd be right there. But still the cameraman failed to hear her reply. So, a little disgruntled, he sent a prop boy after Joan.

After this mix-up on hearing and answering honks had gone on some time, Joan decided she wouldn't be caught the next time the call came. Later in the day, she got the call again. A loud shriek soared across the set in answer, practically disrupting every production in progress within a radius of two blocks. Joan had calmly answered her call with a siren.

In the case of *Sweethearts,* the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy musical, it was "Woody" Van Dyke, the director, who pulled the gag—almost on himself. For several days, Van Dyke had been tearing his hair because every time Jeanette would need added touches to her make-up before going into a scene, her maid would have to go back to Jeanette's dressing room to get her make-up. Each time this happened, there was a delay in the "take."

Van Dyke stood it as long as he could. The next time the maid started for Jeanette's make-up again, he called to her, "Wait a minute!"

He went off the set and returned in a moment with a portable dressing table which he pulled on the set right in the middle of the "take." He turned to the maid and said, "Now you won't have to do so much running about for Jeanette's make-up. It's all here on this table. So when you want it, just wheel it in."

The last I heard the maid was still having to run and wheel the table on the set.

Over at 20th Century-Fox a trio known as the Ritz Brothers hold forth. They have just finished another epic, *Straight, Place and Show.* To these three screwballs goes the credit for carrying on the tradition of the "hot seat."

No, I'm not talking about a little chair used in some of our best houses of retention. The "hot seat" I'm talking about is just another gag that has been as much a part of Hollywood as cameras. The idea for the prank has always been floating about. The Ritz Brothers have merely developed it until it has become an art.

On the set of every picture, there is a chair for the director and the stars. The old gag of the "hot seat" had almost been forgotten when one day the three Ritzes got together in a huddle.

While David Butler, the director, was giving some instructions, the boys got a long stick and put a lighted candle on the end of it. Then they placed the candle on Butler's chair. In the middle of a difficult "shot," Butler jumped up in the air and let out a screech. Immediately suspecting the Ritzes of some more pranks, he turned around quickly, saw the burning candle, and then spied the boys. There they were, in a corner, and working, oh too industriously, on a number for the picture. Innocent as little lambs. They smiled sweetly at the director and went on with their work.

However, the Ritz Brothers don't stop there. They even gag up on visitors to the set.

One of their favorite jokes is to put a wire on a visitor's foot and tickle him. They have it all perfected so that it is almost impossible to find out where the strange irritation is coming from. They do this three or four times until the visitor gets nervous. Then one of the boys goes up to the visitor and asks what is wrong.

"My foot seems to be bothering me," the guest will reply.

"Does it itch?" a Ritz will ask.

"Yes."

"Does it tingle?"

"Yes."

Then, very seriously, the Ritz will say, "Too bad. You have static foot."

Of course not all of the stars are exactly gagsters. But most of them have some pet fault that escapes every once in a while and brings about a nervous collapse on the part of the director.

Naturally, you'd expect the *Dead End Kids* to be any place but where they should. It is very seldom that they are ever on hand when they are needed for a scene. Production just stops while a search is conducted for the boys. Usually they are located just driving idly around the lot or visiting other sets.

Speaking of the *Dead End Kids,* they indulge in a very "cute" little trick quite often. It is known as the "hot foot." (Sounds like dialogue for a gangster picture!) This prank is simple and usually effective. A match is placed between the soles of the victim's shoes. With constant rubbing about, the match inevitably lights, and when the flame reaches the foot the expected reaction occurs.

But the kids don't stop at gagging.

Just before an important scene was to be shot, Bernard Punsley, one of the kids, was drenched to the skin when the others turned a hose on him. The director had to wait until Punsley dried off before he could shoot the scene.

Marie Wilson forgets everything. She's always running out of gas and, consequently, is usually late to work. She loses her wardrobe, and when it's lost it stays lost. One night she wore a whole costume home from the studio, an outfit that belonged to the Warner's wardrobe department and the only one of its kind in stock. Suddenly, the next morning, she couldn't find the costume, and, to this day, she hasn't any idea where it is. The studio had to make her a new one the next day, and making new costumes isn't exactly conducive to a punctual shooting schedule.

Errol Flynn is another "forgetter." Invariably, he will leave a set, go to his dressing room, take off his tie, and relax. When it's time for him to return to the set, nine times out of ten he has forgotten his tie. He gives the script girl the screaming jitters keeping track of his outfit. Errol also drives everyone more than a little batty with his bad case of "telephonitis." He is always getting or making calls. It's a standing gag at Warner's now that if Errol can't be found when he's due on the set, just go to the telephone and there he'll be.

As for the absent-minded class, Jimmy Cagney heads the list. Without his secretary-valet, Jimmy would forget everything. His secretary reminds him of appointments, of interviews, of wardrobe for pictures—in fact, of everything. He is definitely Jimmy's existence!

Trumpet-blowing, saxophone-voiced Johnnie Davis is "the life of the party" type, a guy who enjoys doing everything. In fact, he enjoys doing things so much he generally holds up production while he repairs himself. He's always clowning, and since he's rather energetic, his make-up usually suffers. He's forever having to dash over and slap on some make-up to repair the damage brought about by his over-exuberance between takes.

As for Wayne Morris, his contribution to the hair pulling director and executive is his remarkable faculty for forgetting lines. No matter how well he knows them, he usually forgets them for the first couple of hours shooting. Naturally with each "blow," on a line, another shot must be taken. Once Wayne gets going, he's okay. It's just those first slips of memory during the early morning that throw him—and everyone else.

Fred MacMurray is the bane of a director's existence because he just doesn't want to stay on a set. He's always disappearing. And where do they find Fred when they need him? Why, having a cup of coffee, of course.

Ray Milland disappeared whenever he had the chance during the making of *Men With Wings*. For some time, no one could imagine where he could be. Then, one day, he was found! In the research department of the studio reading the funnies in the English newspapers. Ray's definitely a "hider-outer." To stop his frequent disappearance, William Wellman, the director, had the funnies brought on the set for Ray.

The case of Claudette Colbert is an unusual one. A hard worker, dependable, and conscientious. But therein lies her fault. She never looks at her lines before she comes to the studio, so she spends every spare moment on the set rehearsing. If she's needed for a scene, and she can't be found, they'll eventually locate her in a corner rehearsing. In fact, Claudette drives them crazy with her incessant rehearsals.

The laziest man in Hollywood—that's Bing Crosby! And it's his complete indifference to everything that goes with acting that drives the studio insane. He won't sit for portraits except at the specified time. He hates interviews. He won't come in to rehearse anything. He'll just do his scenes and go. Bing's the only player who has a definite contract with the studio which requires him to come in once a year and sit for portraits. That time is the most dreaded moment in Bing's life. It's his lazy man's life that both puzzles and annoys his studio.

Martha Raye is always late getting to the studio and about two hours late getting her make-up on. But once she gets on the set, she's about the most dependable person in town.

John Payne is another who is always late. He continually oversleeps. In fact, he came to work one day recently in bathing trunks, because he got up so late he didn't have time to dress.

Gracie Allen drives everyone batty, but hilariously so, with her constant ad libbing. She's continually throwing every one in stitches with her own inimitable way of rewriting her lines.

A rather different and somewhat amusing case is that of Frances Dee. She is always surrounded by hairdressers and make-up artists. It's almost impossible to get her out of the "maze of femininity" and on the set.

And so it goes! Gags, gags, and more gags. Idiosyncracies that go on—like Tennyson's brook. There are mighty few stars in Hollywood who don't slip up some place. In the perfect class, Bette Davis and Ronald Colman head the list.

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FASHION FLASHES

Myrna Loy steps smartly into fall in a mustard-colored wool dress, one-piece, with high neckline tucked and scalloped the only relief in tailored severity. A narrow belt of self-material is worn at the normal waistline.

Complementing the dress is a full-length coat of the same material with a round shoulder yoke and wide front panels of sable extending to the belt of self-material. From the belt, the skirt of the coat flares to allow for a glimpse of the frock beneath, and smart back fullness. Sleeves are full and cuffless.

With it, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star wears a dark brown saucer felt hat with intriguing flat bow accenting the left side of the brim; shoes, gloves and purse of dark brown suede.

• • • •

For her role in *Dramatic School*, Paulette Goddard wears an Adrian-designed suit of black velvet with short jacket of graduated length from back to front, fastened with a front zipper, shoulders tremendously squared and slightly raised, and the richest of gold bead embroidery for relief in the form of tiny tabs marking the neckline at either side in front, and an inset, V-shaped piece in the neckline itself. Stitched scalloping in double rows relieves the severity of jacket design; the skirt is straight with front kick-pleat.

Miss Goddard's turban of black velvet is held in place with a headband of all-over gold bead embroidery, matching in design that on the dress and the handle of her very large black velvet purse.

studio close-ups

(*Continued from page 45*)

decided here was a new heart throb that would challenge all the Clark Gables and Robert Taylors in pictures. Later, we saw Charlie Bickford, that red-headed he-man, playing a scene for *The Storm.* He declares this picture has everything in thrills. An oil tanker explodes, a speeding ocean liner crashes into an iceberg and a typhoon and hurricane rips and snorts a path of wild destruction and violence through many scenes. To top all thrills Charlie performs an operation on a ship at sea instructed by a doctor on the shore in every surgical movement by means of wireless telephone. We met Deanna Durbin on the lot and she was very much excited because she had just been told the studio had bought a story based on the early life of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. She has always wanted to play this silver toned diva, she said, but she didn't believe the opportunity would come so soon.

◆

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is certainly ice-minded. The huge stage they have arranged for their *Ice Follies* is constantly filled with visiting stars and players from other sets. Joan Crawford, Jimmie Stewart and Lew Ayres are to be featured. One would think everything spectacular that could be done on ice had been done by Sonja Henie, But Metro evidently intends to out-spectacle Sonja Henie with cast and effects. Robert Taylor and Clark Gable both came in while we were there and admitted they were looking over the situation because they were both scheduled for skating thrillers. Robert Taylor and Jimmie Stewart are to be co-featured in *Hands Across the Border,* and Clark is to star in *The Great Canadian.* Both are ice hockey stories they said—and they are spending every spare moment practicing on ice. Then they asked if we wanted to see something funny and led the way to the wardrobe where Buddy Ebsen was being worked on by two tinsmiths. They were tailoring his suit of tin for his role as the Tin Woodman in *The Wizard of Oz.* Buddy said if we thought he was funny we should go find Jackie the lion, and watch Bert Lahr making him roar so he will be prepared for his Cowardly Lion part. He said the first day Bert visited the lion he was scored to death—the *lion*—not Bert. "And Ray Bolger is working out his scarecrow dance routine with a real skeleton moved by wires, believe it or not," said Buddy. All this for *The Wizard of Oz.* What a picture that is going to be! We visited Joan Crawford on *The Shining Hour* set and found her breathlessly lovely in an ice blue silver lame backless evening gown. We watched her do a fascinating dance routine with Tony DeMarco, and we predict that Joan will regain all the fans she ever lost and a lot of new ones with this picture.

◆

Everywhere we went this month we found Connie Bennett! 20th Century-Fox's picture portraying the women of aviation history has Connie Bennett, Alice Faye, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis in its list of stars. Titled *Tail Spin,* it is to have all the elaborate production attention for which 20th Century-Fox has become so famous. We watched a knock-down drag-em-out fight between Alice and Nancy Kelly. It was actually funny to see how nervous Alice Faye was. She was terrified lest she really hurt Nancy. She won a reputation for hard socks in other screen fights and she says she is trying so very hard to learn to "fight like a lady." "I don't seem to have the knack," she laughed. "When I fight I just can't seem to learn to pull my punches." We found Shirley Temple in the studio cafe, and she told us she was very thrilled that her *Little Princess* was to be shot in color. "Mr. Zanuck received so many letters from people asking that it be shot in technicolor," she said sweetly, "he decided he'd better." This is the third big production in color for this lot, all being made at the same time. *Jesse James* starring Tyrone Power, with Nancy Kelly and Henry Fonda in the cast and *Kentucky* co-starring Loretta Young and Richard Greene are the other two.

◆

Roy Seawright, head of special effects department at Hal Roach studio looked wild-eyed when we saw him on the *Topper Takes a Trip* set. And it's no wonder for he said he had to make pencils write notes all by themselves—a cocktail must be sipped by nothing and the liquor must diminish without spilling—a pair of woman's bathing trunks must leap off a fortune hunting baron's lap—and Connie Bennett must be made to appear and disappear at will. Asta, alias, Atlas, must leap about after his mistress, sometimes the front of him visible and sometimes the rear. There are over 36 such goin's on all through this picture. Seawright had some experience doing these kind of things in *Topper* but this time he declares the writers went crazy. "They should worry," he said in disgust. "They only have to think 'em up—I have to *do* 'em!" Watching Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray and extras making some scenes for this picture we predict it will be a honey. . . .

◆

Paul Muni had to be introduced all over again when we saw him on the Warner Brother's lot. He had been having tests made for his role as Juarez in his new starring picture of that name. As usual the make-up was superb—a regular Muni masterpiece of characterization. Watched the night prison sequences for *Crime is a Racket* at Warners' ranch. One hundred convicts break prison in a wild dash for freedom. Led by Humphrey Bogart and Billy Halop the convicts scurried toward safely, but the glaring spotlights manipulated by guards in the towers made them pitiful targets for the machine guns. The noise of the escape sirens, the powerful spotlights, the machine guns were just a little terrifying, but terribly dramatic. There was a fine lunch at midnight for cast, players and visiting press. Billy Halop told us the *Dead End* kids' next will be *Wha' Da Ya Hear From The Mob.* It seems a wealthy Park Avenue family adopts one *Dead Ender* and he introduces the others to society with startling results. Bonita Granville will play the role of a Park Avenue sub-deb, he informed us.

◆

Little 12 year old Suzanne McGinnis, of Pitcairn, Penn. has returned home a very happy little girl. She had been very ill indeed, and so when she was better her father took a two week's vacation to bring her to Hollywood to see the screen stars as he knew this was the most absorbing desire of her heart. When they arrived at Lone Pine, 250 miles from Hollywood, Suzanne fell ill again and the doctor said she must be taken back home as soon as possible and stop traveling. Her father knew how deep was Suzanne's disappointment, so when he saw Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Cary Grant in the hotel lobby later, he approached them and told them his story. Doug Jr. and Cary went right upstairs to the child's bed and made her the happiest child in the world by talking to her and promising her that she should be taken out to the *Gunga Din* set before she left and watch them make pictures to her heart's content. They kept their promise and now a very happy little girl is back in Pitcairn telling of her exciting experience.

◆

And last, but not least, Dave Selznick promises that *Gone With The Wind* will definitely start at or before the first of the year. It will be released by MGM. It will be in technicolor. George Cukor will direct and Clark Gable will still play Rhett Butler?????

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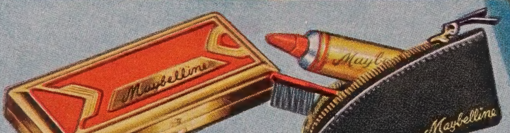

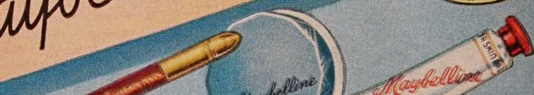

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